ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 00824 4144

REYI
GENE Gc 973.74 Aalcoa v.18
The Confederate Veteran
magazine

Gc
973.74
AAlcoA
v.18

2230674


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/confederateveter18cunn_0

The Confederate Veteran Magazine

1910

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

BROADFOOT'S BOOKMARK
ROUTE 3, BOX 318
WENDELL, N. C. 27591

Confederate Veteran.

Vol. XVIII. JANUARY, 1910. No. 1.

2230674



MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER McSHERRY, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

Mrs. McSherry is an eminent representative of Southern womanhood. Richly gifted by education at home and abroad, she is well equipped for her exalted position in the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. McSherry is the daughter of Charles J. Faulkner, Member of Congress and Minister to France in the sixties. He was arrested on his return—suspected of "disloyalty." Her brother is U. S. Senator Faulkner, of Martinsburg, W. Va. She is the wife of Doctor McSherry, a successful physician of Martinsburg.

STRONG AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

"ONLY MILLION-DOLLAR NATIONAL BANK IN TENNESSEE"

This Bank Furnishes the Greatest Security to Depositors of any National Bank in Tennessee

CAPITAL	$1,000,000.00
SHAREHOLDERS' LIABILITY	1,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS (EARNED)	750,000.00
SECURITY TO DEPOSITORS	$2,750,000.00

TOTAL RESOURCES OVER $7,000,000.00

MANY SMALL ACCOUNTS Are Being Opened with Us Daily. We Appreciate your account, whether large or small. The small account of to-day is the large one of to-morrow. LET'S GROW TOGETHER.

OFFICERS

W. W. BERRY, President A. H. ROBINSON, Vice President N. P. LeSUEUR, Cashier

The Direct Route to

Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest

is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to

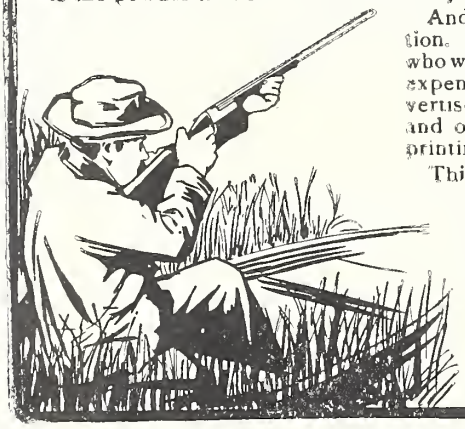
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.

W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

A THRILLING AND TRUE HISTORY

By the Chief of Artillery, Captain John Watson Morton, just off the press and now ready for delivery—

The Artillery of Nathan Bedford Forrest's Cavalry

Large octavo, about 400 pages, basket cloth binding, gilt top, $2.50. Order to-day of

SMITH & LAMAR, Agents
Nashville, Tenn. Dallas, Tex.

The Veterans' Corner

Is the name of a department in The Jeffersonian, a weekly magazine edited by Tom Watson, the eminent Southern historian. It contains stories, reminiscences and letters from the old soldiers of the Confederate Cause, their sons and daughters.

Mr. Watson writes from 12 to 20 columns of editorials each week, and there are also Home and Farm Departments, a Children's Page, Letters from the People, and "Summary of Events as They Happen," besides poetry, fiction, jokes, and prize contests.

In order to introduce you to THE VETERANS' CORNER we will send you the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and THE JEFFERSONIAN both one year for $1.25.

THE JEFFERSONIAN, THOMSON, GA.

Don't break your Back



In sweeping up the dust. This dust pan has a long handle and its edges fit the floor tightly. No danger of spilling contents because it tilts back automatically when raised. Will outlast 10 ordinary dust pans. Sent postpaid on receipt of 88c. stamps.

FREE—A useful article will be given free to any housewife for 5 minutes of her time. Address for particulars.

CECIL M. GIDEON, 828 East Rockdale Ave., Cincinnati, O.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Every Southern Man Should Have This Book

"The Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson"

By E. A. MOORE Introduction by CAPT. R. E. LEE

Highly indorsed by the press in this country and in Europe. Price, $2.00, postpaid. Address

E. A. MOORE, Lexington, Va.

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principals
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1910. | No. 1. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS ISSUE.

General Evans's Appeal to Sons of Veterans..... 3
Arlington and Shiloh Monuments..... 4
Points in General Reunion Plans..... 4
Jefferson Davis Home Association..... 6
Gen. J. F. Shipp's Imprisonment..... 7
Judge H. H. Lurton and Associates..... 7
Editorial—Georgia Division, U. D. C..... 8
Georgia Daughters' Annual Convention..... 9
Arkansas Veterans in Convention..... 12
Florida Veterans in Annual Reunion..... 13
Nashville Battlefield Association..... 14
Forty-Fifth Anniversary Battle of Franklin..... 15
Franklin, Tenn., Wants National Park..... 16
Battle at Champion Hill, Miss..... 21
Georgia's War Governor..... 23
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn..... 24
Veterans at Vicksburg..... 25
Battle of Reams Station..... 26
Escape of Breckinridge and Benjamin..... 26
Daring Exploit of a Confederate Ram..... 27
Last Battle of the War..... 27
Battle of Galveston—The Harriet Lane..... 29
"The Wonderful Catostomus of Kentucky."..... 30
The Wytheville Raid—Another Account..... 31
Alabama Veterans in Reunion..... 31
Sherman at Columbia..... 32
Tennessee Division, U. D. C.—Crosses of Honor..... 33
The Buckingham (Va.) Monument..... 33
Last Roll, etc..... 34
Review of Many Books for Sale..... 42

GENERAL EVANS TO SONS AND GRANDSONS.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., makes a worthy appeal to the sons and grandsons of Confederate soldiers to active coöperation in the cause for which they should ever be on the alert. He says to them:

"You are now in your active manhood, more numerous than all the young soldiers of the Confederate armies, and by your intelligence, energy, and patriotism as well as by lineage you have come into the possession and use of all the great civil rights and advantages in our present prosperous country for which your fathers fought and your mothers suffered. All their lives your fathers stood firmly by their views and did not falter because of war, poverty, or delayed restoration. They have been faithful to the end, and now in the last decades they are made happy by your possession of our Southern land in the full glory of its restored prosperity. Under these circumstances I am sure you will respond to the earnest wish of the soldiers of the magnificent armies of the Confederacy that you sustain with enthusiasm the organization of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans and immediately establish a Camp in every county of the South.

"This appeal is urged through me by the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose fidelity to all sentiments and principles we hold dear has never been surpassed. What a glorious tribute to manhood has all their inflexible faith in the Confederate soldier displayed! How indestructible the glory with which they have crowned the lofty chivalry of their fathers! How irresistible is the invitation they make that the sons of the South join them in the patriotic work they are doing! How deserving is Southern womanhood of a bronze monument in every State which shall signify to all ages what the Southern women were and what they are!"



GROUP OF SONS AT MONTGOMERY COUNCIL.

The above engraving is that of the group of Sons in council as reported on the first page of December. The central figure in the lower line is that of Commander in Chief Clarence M Owen, of Abbeville, Ala.

POINTS IN THE GENERAL REUNION PLANS.

The official notice from General Evans and William E. Mickle, Adjutant General, by General Order No. 26 in regard to the Mobile Reunion states:

"The twentieth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Mobile, Ala., on April 26, 27, and 28, 1910.

"Mobile possesses peculiar claims as a Reunion city. Her geographical position in the center of our territory, her beautiful bay, her delightful and invigorating climate, the charming weather which usually prevails at the time of the year when the Reunion is to be held, her numerous palatial hotels, restaurants, and private boarding houses are arguments for the practical side; while the many events in her history connected with the war, around which the hearts of the old soldiers ever linger with interest, represent the sentimental view.

"Within the borders of the State of Alabama was born 'the storm-cradled nation that fell,' and Montgomery was the first capital of the Confederate States of America and the first official home of its only President. On the beautiful bay of Mobile the greatest naval battle of the war took place. For many weary months a handful of men and boys, under the command of Gen. D. H. Maury, numbering about 9,000, held in check and delayed the advance of General Canby's 45,000 trained soldiers almost at her very doors. In Mobile was constructed by a Mobile man the first and only submarine boat that performed the duty required of it. There rest the ashes of General Bragg, General Gladden, Father Ryan, and the great naval commander, Raphael Semmes. Then the men of Mobile are second to none in patriotic fervor, and they promise to give their best efforts to promote the enjoyment of those whom it will be a delight to entertain; while the ladies of the city, famed for their great hospitality and wondrous beauty, have determined that no Reunion ever held shall compare to this one.

"The General Commanding with much pleasure announces at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time and place."

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1909

Receipts.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $10. By Black Horse Chapter, No. 9, U. D. C., Warrenton, Va.

Mrs. J. D. Roberdean, Chairman Committee on Arlington, Texas Division, U. D. C., $2. Contributed by William P. Rodger Chapter, No. 44, U. D. C., Victoria, Tex., $1; T. C. Cain Chapter, No. 1020, U. D. C., Bastrop, Tex., $1.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, $5. Contributed by Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 763, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex., $100.

Mrs. D. S. Pratt, Sacramento, Cal., $10.

Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, $17.40. Contributed by Floresville Chapter, No. 765, U. D. C., Floresville, Tex., $5; E. S. Rugley Chapter, No. 542, U. D. C., Bay City, Tex., $5; X. B. DeBray Chapter, No. 303, U. D. C., Lockhart, Tex., $5; Katie Daffan Chapter, U. D. C., Denton, Tex., $2.40.

Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, $275.

Mrs. Nannie Duff Silva, Director for Oregon, $30.

Mrs. Mary E. Wiltberger, Director for Ohio, $10. Contributed by Ohio Division, U. D. C.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, $8. Contributed by W. C. Sloan Chapter, No. 871, U. D. C., Imboden, Ark., $2; Malvern Chapter, No. 431, U. D. C., Malvern, Ark., $1; Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 135, Batesville, $5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $30. Contributed by Eighth Virginia Regiment Chapter, No. 352, U. D. C., Haymarket, Va., $10; Martha Custis Lee Chapter, No. 7, Alexandria, Va., $18; sale of ribbon badges, $2.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $5. Contributed by William Wallace Chapter, No. 660, U. D. C., Union, S. C.

Dixie Chapter, No. 153, U. D. C., Grenada, Miss., $5.

J. J. Whitney Camp, No. 22, U. C. V., Fayette, Miss., $6.92.

Balance reported from last month, $13,852.33.

Expenses, none.

Balance on hand, $14,366.65.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*



MAJ. GEN. W. C. HARRISON, PACIFIC DIVISION.

The others are: Maj. J. A. Wilson, Lieut. Col. Leo Waterman, Joe. Sigle, Col. L. Tiemann, Capt. Ben Weller, and Charles F. Harper. The group represents the Commander and other officers of the Pacific Division. At the recent election there were no important changes. The usual order of proceedings was carried out.

SHILOH MONUMENT RECEIPTS FROM THE U. D. C.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, PADUCAH, KY., TREASURER, FOR MONTH ENDING DECEMBER 6, 1909.

Marengo Rifles Chapter, Demopolis, Ala.	$ 2 50
Tennille Chapter, Tennille, Ga.	1 00
Liberty Chapter, Flemington, Ga.	1 00
Thomson Chapter, Thomson, Ga.	5 00
Americus Chapter, Americus, Ga.	5 00
College Park Chapter, College Park, Ga.	1 00
N. B. Forrest Chapter, Rome, Ga.	5 00
Jefferson Davis, Jr., Chapter, Shawnee, Okla.	10 00
Thomas Wills Chapter, Sapulpa, Okla.	5 00
John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, S. C.	5 00
Mary Anne Binns Chapter, Johnston, S. C.	2 00
John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, S. C.	5 00

COLLECTIONS BY STATES (SEE DECEMBER VETERAN).

Alabama, $11.50; Arkansas, $3.50; California, $93; District of Columbia, $10; Florida, $29.56; Georgia, $181.75; Illinois, $25; Kentucky, $141.25; Louisiana, $35; Maryland, $50; Mississippi, $170; Missouri, $193; Minnesota, $10; Nebraska, $1.25; New Mexico, $5; New York, $30; North Carolina, $30.60; Ohio, $30.80; Oklahoma, $15; Oregon, $20; Pennsylvania, $20; South Carolina, $108.72; Texas, $273.97; Tennessee, $388.70; Utah, $5; Virginia, $125; West Virginia, $26.35.

INTEREST.—January 1, 1909, $57.99; October 1, 1909, $76; October 2, 1909, $11.57. Total, $145.56.

SUMMARY.—Total collections for the year 1909, $2,179.51; total collections for the year 1908, $3,256.71; total collections for the years 1908 and 1909, $5,436.22; less expense of Treasurer's office, $6, total in hands of Treasurer, $5,430.22.

TRIO OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

(They once comprised the Sixth District United States Circuit Court, and now all are highly promoted.)



H. H. LURTON. W. H. TAFT. WILLIAM R. DAY.

The friends of Judge H. H. Lurton who know him best are most gratified by his membership in the Supreme Court of the United States. Confederates will be comforted in the fact that a faithful comrade holds a seat in that high place.

Horace Harman Lurton was born in Newport, Ky., February 26, 1844, and was a gallant Confederate soldier under Morgan. He graduated in law at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., in 1867. He and Miss Frances Owen, of Lebanon, were married that year. They resided for a time at Clarksville, Tenn., but have resided in Nashville for several years. He was chosen to the Supreme Bench in Tennessee in 1886, and was made Chief Justice in 1893. Then he was given a Federal judgeship, and for several years he was the presiding official of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, until his appointment to the highest court of this country. The press reported him as a Democrat "at the time he was appointed to the Federal court by President Cleveland," which statement he corrects, asserting that he is still a Democrat.

That very painfully remembered libel suit against the VETERAN had gone badly until the appeal to the Circuit Court (Federal), when Judge Lurton wrote the opinion, reversing the decision of the lower court, his associates being Day, now of the Supreme Court, and Severens. Gratitude of all who appreciate the VETERAN and its work, to the painstaking care of that court, will continue.

Included with many delightful things connected with Judge Lurton's appointment was a telephonic congratulation upon his confirmation by the Senate from President Taft. He has had several banquets at home.

"GIVE ME ONE PENNY."

"Please, master, give me one penny," was the plea of a venerable old negro man standing very erect on a street corner one cold night as the writer passed him, his palsied hand being extended modestly. "Yes, uncle, with pleasure," and a quarter was handed. The writer had patience.

Now will you "give me just one penny?" It is desired to send twenty thousand sample copies of the VETERAN to persons who are not getting it. Will you buy a postal card and send the addresses of from one to five persons? Let this be your Christmas present, and send it soon.

NO LAW FOR PAYING CONFEDERATE PENSIONS IN ARKANSAS.—The bill to appropriate one hundred thousand dollars for pensions passed the House and Senate in Arkansas unanimously, but in some way was never carried back to the House for enrollment; nor did it receive the Governor's signature, without which it was not law. Every one, including Auditor Jobe, thought the bill was legal, and he filled in certificates and issued warrants on the Confederate pension sum to the amount of $462,000, most of which has been collected. The published acts of the 1909 General Assembly did not embrace the pension bill.

The bill passed both Houses unanimously, and its failure to reach the Governor was apparently a clerical error. Arkansas has eight thousand Confederate pensioners, to whom she gives five hundred thousand dollars.

GEN. J. F. SHIPP'S IMPRISONMENT.

Most loyal devotion to and most worthy effort in behalf of releasing Comrade J. F. Shipp, serving a sentence of ninety days for "contempt" of the United States Supreme Court in connection with the lynching of a negro who was in the Hamilton County (Tenn.) jail under the gravest of charges, has been manifested by comrades generally. An elaborate presentation of the case was sent out by Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Texas, while his Tennessee friends have been diligent to serve him. The VETERAN has not printed these petitions, since it evidently could have done no good and was likely to irritate conditions. It being the first sentence of its kind in the history of the government, there is no established custom whereby relief might be asked. The President would hardly take the responsibility of issuing a pardon against the Supreme Court, and it is argued that the court declaring the sentence could not change the time nor otherwise favor the prisoner and his associates.

General Shipp (he may be considered the founder of the United Confederate Veteran Association and has been its Quartermaster General throughout its history, and he has been potent in the councils of the organization all the while), like his comrades, was destitute at the close of the war. He removed from Georgia to Chattanooga, and became prominent in business as the partner of a Union veteran. The business card of Temple & Shipp had as a sort of trade-mark a picture of clasped hands. Comrade Shipp is widely known and very popular. He is dignified and yet so gracious as to command the esteem of all men who come in contact with him. If the members of the Supreme Court had known him well personally, he would never have been sent to prison.

AT KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE HOME.

BY DR. JOHN R. DEERING, LEXINGTON, KY.

The VETERAN for October had too brief a notice of the Reunion of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V. I trust that you will now grant larger space for mention of one of our happiest assemblies. It was on the beautiful grounds of the Home at Pewee Valley October 1, 1909. The day was as fine as the season ever brings us. As its hours wore away the air made both shine and shade agreeable. The Home, with its offices, halls, library, infirmary, parlors, dining room, and kitchen, its yard, walks, grove, and galleries, had been set in order for our welcome, reception, and inspection. Under the noble trees

the tables were in long lines well laden and politely served. Our exercises were held in the L. Z. Duke Hall, which was decorated and crowded. In the two sessions we heard reports, resolutions, speeches, songs, piano and band music. There were yells and enthusiastic applause also, in which canes and crutches, hats, handkerchiefs, flags, tongues, and tears all had part, attesting that it was good to be there and that that multitude was of one mind and heart.

The crowd came from near and far, from farm and store, office, shop, bank, courthouse, schoolroom, ball grounds, from old Kentucky homes in town and country. Its pleasure and joy in comradeship cannot be portrayed. The soldiers in gray, the band boys in military array, the Sons of Veterans in admiring groups, the lovely girls wearing Confederate colors, their glorious mothers with flags and badges and Chapter pins, the rosy-faced children with wide-open eyes, the sober sires approving and sometimes applauding and waving, and above all the glorious stars and bars with our beloved blood-red battle banner under which so many gallant Southern sires and sons had bled and died—all these made a scene and called out a shout such as no other people ever exhibited! The heroes of the fight—the veterans, weary and worn, sick and wounded—seemed to forget their pains and poverty, their cares and sorrows amidst their friends and in the peace, plenty, and honor they enjoyed.

Several things gave unusual interest. The regard and regret expressed for the family of Mrs. Margaret H. Hayes, whose recent death had official recognition in the eulogies spoken and resolutions adopted, were foremost among these. Dr. John R. Deering, Chaplain of the Kentucky Division, read and spoke to these; so did Gens. Bennett H. Young, Thomas W. Scott, and Maj. John H. Leathers.

Our annual election of Commanders resulted in the choice of Brigadiers James R. Rogers, D. Thornton, and Thomas W. Scott. The Third Brigade will elect its leader later.

Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, was on motion and without opposition chosen by the cast of one ballot to command the Division. He is thus made his own successor for the eleventh time. Only promotion or death can part him and us! Kentucky has many popular and devoted men with whom General Young stands far in front. He is a brave, generous, enthusiastic, eloquent Confederate. In his zealous example, inspiring speech, liberal contributions, official fidelity, and magnetic influence he is simply peerless. And he is as kind and noble as he is strong, and as modest as he is loving. In professional and political life he is a leader in our chief city as well as in the great Church (Presbyterian) of which he is a brother beloved and in which he is doubtless the ranking Sunday school superintendent, if years in the service determine it. He has served the Veterans long and devotedly. His great voice, his long purse, his good name, his wise head, his true heart have been ours in dire need. They are ours still. They helped greatly to charter, build, furnish, and govern our splendid Kentucky Confederate Home, and they saved and secured forever for all the Southland the birthplace of our Confederate President. If this were his only service to "the land we love," it should enshrine him in all Southern hearts. Few will ever know its cost to him! Long may he live to help the poor, inspire the timid, cheer the sorrowing, and bless soldiers, Sons, and Daughters!

Now, Comrade, if I omit the speeches and cheers, will you not print "the thanks" voted in official recognition of General Young's patriotic effort and success? I did not write these. They read like Maj. John H. Leathers.

The Jefferson Davis Home Purchase.

Resolved, That this association has heard with profound pride of the effort to purchase the birthplace of Jefferson Davis and to erect thereon a fitting memorial to this noble son of Kentucky, and its members are grateful that a Kentucky Confederate and the Commander of the Veterans has at the crucial moment, when the grounds were about to pass beyond the control of the association, endeavored to further this scheme, so promptly and generously advanced the funds necessary to put the property where its loss is impossible, and thus assure the early consummation of this patriotic purpose. And this association in common with all loyal Confederates thanks Gen. Bennett H. Young for his unselfish conduct in this matter so dear to the hearts of Kentucky Confederates.

Resolved, That this association urges upon all its members to do all in their power to adequately carry on this plan of honoring Jefferson Davis and his memory, and asks for this cause, peculiarily endeared to Kentuckians, a splendid and most generous response.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

In reporting some contributions to the Jefferson Davis Home Association Mrs. I. W. Faison, former State President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., mentions the appointment of a committee for the State to arouse interest and coöperation for this Memorial Home, and says she will assist them all she can. This spirit of coöperation is what is needed to insure the success of the movement to preserve the birthplace of President Davis, and it is hoped that the other States will coöperate as heartily.

The Veteran has not so many contributions to report this month, but with the new year better things are expected.

Additional Contributions through the Veteran.

Col. G. W. Howard, College Park, Ga.	$1 00
U. C. V. Camp Pelham, Anniston, Ala.	5 00
U. C. V. Camp Cabell, Vernon, Tex.	6 50
E. G. Wilder, Socrum, Fla.	1 00
Mrs. J. P. Glenn, West, Tex.	1 00
Dr. W. R. Stevenson, Winnsboro, Tex.	1 00
Dr. John Cunningham, Ravenna, Tex.	1 00
Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Linwood, W. Va.	1 00
Miss Rosa Townes, Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
Miss Julia Townes, Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
Miss L. M. Townes, Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
Dr. J. C. Steger, Gurley, Ala.	1 00
Mrs. T. J. Jarvis, Greenville, N. C.	1 00
Mrs. Thad Thrash, Tarboro, N. C.	1 00
Mrs. M. O. Winstead, Rocky Mount, N. C.	1 00
Maj. M. A. Spurr, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Rent	7 00
W. P. Roberts, Gatesville, N. C.	1 00
T. Witcher, Cotopaxi, Colo.	5 00
Camp No. 752, U. C. V., Oxford, Miss.	5 00

An itemized list of collections by Dr. C. C. Brown is to appear in the February Veteran.

Contributors reported by Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky., since November 15, 1909:

Camps.

Granbury Camp, No. 1323, Temple, Tex.	$ 5 00
Camp Winnie Davis, No. 108, Waxahachie, Tex.	32 50
Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 88, Cleburne, Tex.	2 25
E. C. Walthall Camp, No. 92, Sweetwater, Tex.	5 00

(Concluded on page 41.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF MUCH IMPORTANCE.

Ell Torrence, Esq., of Minneapolis, Minn., wrote the VETERAN on November 23, 1909: "Your letter of the 17th inst. has been received and also the volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN IV. to XVI., both inclusive. They are now with the bookbinder, who has promised to deliver them to me handsomely bound in one-half morocco, seal brown, by the middle of December, so that they can reach the veterans in the Home at Mountain Creek, Ala., by Christmas. You sent no bill and I take the liberty of inclosing you my check for $13; and if that is not sufficient, please advise me, and I will promptly remit. I wish to add to my extensive library on the Civil War a complete set of the VETERAN, and wish your assistance to secure that result. One thing more: I note with pleasure the favorable comments made in the public press of the country regarding Judge Lurton's probable appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is my pleasure to know Judge Lurton and to number him among my friends, and for a great many good and sufficient reasons I would be delighted to have him receive the appointment."

It will be recalled by many readers that the distinguished gentleman while Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic made an extensive tour of the South and that he was diligent to create the most fraternal spirit practicable with Confederates. This beautiful compliment to our comrades of the Alabama Confederate Soldiers' Home merits the delight and the gratitude of all Southerners.

SOUTHERN WOMAN BECOMES A PLAYWRIGHT.—Miss Elizabeth Hanna, a noted educator of Georgia and President of the Children of the Confederacy in Atlanta, is the daughter of James J. Hanna, of New Orleans, and granddaughter of Thomas Cooper, second President of the South Carolina College in Columbia. Miss Hanna has one drama being played, "The Court of Juno," and has recently written another, "High Mountain," which is a wartime story of a romantic spot near Atlanta. It abounds in dramatic situations, and introduces many songs dear to the days of the sixties.



MISS ELIZABETH HANNA, SOUTHERN PLAYWRIGHT.

This was played in Atlanta for the benefit of the Uncle Remus fund with great success.

PRESENTED A FLAG BY SPONSOR.—Company B of the Confederate Veterans of Nashville, Tenn., was presented a handsome flag by the ladies who have served as sponsors for the company at different times. It is of heavy silk fringed with gold and is the Confederate battle flag with its thirteen stars. It will be used for all occasions of ceremony by the company.

SECRETARY OF WAR FAVORS COTTON OVER JUTE.—Secretary of War Dickinson has acted favorably on a recommendation that is of importance to the South, from the cotton grower to the millman—that is, that the bags for use in the army for the transportation of grain, food supplies, etc., shall be in future made of cotton instead of gunny sacking or jute, as is now the general usage. As the number of sacks used run up into the hundreds of thousands, this modification of the present law which reads "Cotton or Jute" will mean a large addition to Southern revenue and a distinct triumph for the National Farmers' Union, particularly of Texas, which have been striving for some time to carry out this change in the law.

DAUGHTERS IN COLORADO.—In the October VETERAN a brief account was given of the organization of the first Chapter of the U. D. C.'s in Colorado through the efforts of Mrs. B. A. Calhoun Emmerson and Mrs. I. M. Porter Ockenden (not Ackenden, as printed in the VETERAN), formerly of Montgomery, Ala. These devoted women were ably assisted by all the Southern women of Denver, and success crowns their labors. The new Chapter, which organized with twenty-six charter members, has received the name of Margaret Davis Hayes. They have had several enthusiastic meetings and many applicants for admission to their Chapter. With so noble a beginning and under such enthusiastic workers Colorado may soon honor herself by having several Chapters, and possibly the day is not far distant when the State will be represented as a Division in the General Conventions.

PHILADELPHIA DAUGHTERS ENTERTAIN COL. ROBERT E. LEE.—Col. Robert E. Lee, a grandson of the noted commander, recently visited Philadelphia, and the Dabney H. Maury Chapter gave in his honor a "Southern Evening" of entertainment. Colonel Lee made a forceful address, gratifying the audience by his eloquence. He was followed by Maj. Albert Akers in his inimitable vein of Southern story-telling. Mrs. Harden Burnly, a Southern woman from New York, gave most amusing character impersonations. During his stay in the Quaker City Colonel Lee was the guest of his cousin, Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee. The patronesses of the entertainment were matrons and maids from select families of Philadelphia as well as the membership of the Dabney Maury Chapter, U. D. C.

STATE REUNIONS U. C. V., CONVENTIONS U. D. C.

Places and dates of reunions and conventions for Divisions of Veterans and Daughters as well as the general Reunion U. C. V. and Convention U. D. C. should be published regularly in the VETERAN. Request for such data has been made in part. One Division Commander writes that it will be the "second week in the month." Will not every Commander of a State Reunion U. C. V. and every State President U. D. C. and the Division Commanders of the Sons be diligent to supply this, so that next month's issue may contain a complete list? Fix dates specifically whenever practicable.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.



This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.

THE VETERAN SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

During the seventeen years concluded with the December issue, without the loss of a number, the VETERAN comprised nearly four million copies. The founder has been at the helm with every issue save parts of two, once being in a New York hospital in 1901 and then on account of an almost fatal illness in the early fall of 1909. He has been faithful to the best of his ability all the time.

During this period it is estimated that more than sixty per cent of veterans who were interested in the publication have died, and yet there has been no decrease in the patronage, and its ardent supporters have constantly grown stronger.

The VETERAN has many faults, but the best possible has been done with it all the while. The accumulation of manuscripts continues far in excess of the space practicable to use, and contributors are often disappointed by delay of their papers. When some contributors send good articles, they conclude that they must write more, seeming to forget that thousands of others have some important data that should be used. Plea is made to give as much of fact as possible in smallest space, anticipating that many others are waiting.

With profound gratitude that all is well, the new year is begun with the determination that in so far as is possible succeeding issues will be made better and better. Friends who can do so will confer the greatest practicable benefit by procuring new subscriptions.

CONCERNING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

At much expense and labor the date is kept as an accurate guide to the time subscriptions are paid. It is never necessary to write for "a statement." It would be a great favor to keep that date. Real friends will please see to this. It would save at least one thousand dollars a year, whereby the VETERAN would be improved. Will you attend to this?

CONCERNING CORRESPONDENCE.

It is imperatively necessary to condense everything. Don't forget that the actual cost of every page is about $15, so after writing an article see if change of sentences may be made to express what has been written in less space. Remember that thousands of people have some valuable data, and it is very necessary to be as brief as practicable. Correspondents could in this way help the cause.

CONCERNING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Many people underestimate the prominence and influence of the VETERAN because of its very limited space given to advertising. The rate is so low that agents work for periodicals giving a higher rate; therefore "mail order" patrons should see the advantage in giving orders direct. The very low rate of $25 net per page each insertion cannot be excelled. It is impossible to reach the best class of people throughout the South as cheaply. The VETERAN has no advertising agents, and will not take business of doubtful merit; hence there is faith by patrons in the merit of what is offered. Friends might suggest this to the benefit of all concerned.

Other suggestions are important also. Preference is due patrons in all things. Where comrades die who have been patrons some record should be made. It is pitiable that a man's family will after months, perhaps a year, write that he is dead and to stop the VETERAN. Respect should be shown the memory of old soldiers by those who are of his blood. They should at least furnish a brief tribute to his memory. There is no expense to it, and the editor yearns to make record to their honor. There is no expense for this feature unless a picture be engraved, and that sum ($2) should be paid by the family or some friend. Nobody should share the benefit of any favor by the VETERAN without reciprocating.

The very popular plan of paying for three years with $2.50 is cordially commended. It is better for the VETERAN. All who are in arrears are requested to pay in this way or pay $4 for five years! The latter is becoming popular also.

The article on "General Grant's Magnanimity at Appomattox" in the December VETERAN, page 596, requested the name of the author. Answer comes from former Chief Justice James B. Gantt, of Missouri, who states: "This article was written by Chief Justice Leroy B. Valliant (of Missouri), who was a Confederate captain from Mississippi. He is so modest I am afraid he will not write you."

Later Judge Valliant responded to the notice of desired authorship, explaining that he intended his name to appear for the reason that he has quite a number of short pieces relating to the South and to the War between the States which it has been his intention to collect sometime hereafter and publish in a small volume as a legacy to his children rather than, as he states characteristically, "any hope to add materially to public history." Of course he would use the article in question, for, to use his own words, "this article treats the subject from a point of view that I have never seen in any other publication."

Both of these eminent jurists were Confederate soldiers.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

More than usual attention is given the West Point Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia. Report was due in the December VETERAN, but delay was necessary. The proceedings are reported quite fully now, and an interesting story of "the last battle," it may be conceded, of the Confederate war—anyhow, east of the Mississippi—is published in connection with the proceedings.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian of the Division, electrified the magnificent audience in telling about Georgia, and those who heard her will never forget the eloquent address. She had no notes; but, being so familiar with her great subject, she was as fluent as a trained Senator until the close. She thrilled her audience from beginning to end, and in occasional interruptions of an inquiring nature she showed that her theme could hardly be exhausted; and if there was any deficiency in her knowledge about great achievements of Georgians, her audience did not ascertain it. What a pity that all Americans do not know Miss Rutherford as do Georgians! To those who do not know her it would seem extravagant to halfway tell of her achievements. As a Georgian—a Cobb on the maternal side—as an eminent teacher, as author of one of the finest works on Southern literature, her life counts for much to her State, the South, and the nation.

As reference to Miss Rutherford was sought to be encompassed in a paragraph, only the faintest idea is given in the foregoing of her marvelous tribute to the men and women of Georgia

GEORGIA DAUGHTERS' ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Unexcelled Hospitality Shown the Delegates.

Mrs. W. B. Higginbothem, President of the Fort Tyler Chapter, U. D. C., was most efficient in entertaining the State Convention of Georgia U. D. C. at West Point. Her praise was on the lips of all who realized her efficiency in every way. Her address of welcome was charming. Although prevented by recent illness from its satisfactory preparation, she said: "My message must be simple; but, like the modest violet, I trust it will bear its own wealth of perfume and fragrance from our hearts to yours and make you feel how very glad we are to have you with us."

In a historic sense the address was valuable. She said:

"Just across the river on the east side stands our Confederate monument which every child attending our flourishing public school must pass. It was erected by our Chapter in memory of our dead, and teaches silently its lessons of noble deeds and courage to the men and women of the future.

"Just a little farther northeast is our Soldiers' Cemetery, where rest the bodies of General Tyler, Captain Gonzales, and other noble braves, each of the one hundred and twenty-five graves marked by head and foot stones. On the northwest of our city is Fort Tyler, for which our Chapter was named, and which is distinguished as being the last Southern fort to surrender to the enemy. Its history is doubtless familiar to



MRS. W. B. HIGGINBOTHEM, PRESIDENT FORT TYLER CHAPTER.

most of you; but it will bear retelling, for, like the song of the lark, it never grows old with oft repetition, but thrills the Southern heart each time it is heard. Would that my words were golden that they might worthily chronicle the deeds of the immortal band that defended that old fort! But the bare facts are enough, for 'great deeds can never die; they, like the sun and moon, renew their youth,' and the deeds of April 16, 1865, will live forever.

"The facts are: Brig. Gen. Robert C. Tyler, of Tennessee, was wounded at Missionary Ridge, and, being unfitted by his wounds for active service, was put in command of this post, and the fort here was named in his honor. The ladies of the town presented to him a beautiful silk flag, in accepting which he said he would defend it and its fair donors with his life.

"On Sunday morning, April 16, 1865, the enemy, more than three thousand strong, advanced from the South. Not having heard of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox on April 9, all available soldiers, a part of Wailey's Battery, old men and young boys, only one hundred and twenty-one all told, were collected in the fort.

"From ten o'clock in the morning until half-past six o'clock in the afternoon the unequal conflict raged. General Tyler was killed, Captain Gonzales, next in command, was mortally wounded, ammunition gave out, and Col. J. H. Fannin (a brave, noble man, recently called to join his comrades on the other shore), seeing the uselessness of further resistance, had the white flag hoisted, and the sun went down and the light went out of many homes both North and South. That was forty-four years ago.

"Our united country is now at peace. Peace and prosperity prevail. But to Fort Tyler Chapter, U. D. C., the darkness of that day is holy. To us it has become a thing of beauty, an inspiration to all that is noble and heroic, a sacred memory. And we offer you our best, beloved Daughters of the Confederacy, when we would share with you these sacred memories which our hearts hold so dear. So to our city, to our homes, to our hearts, to our memories, to our best and dearest we bid you welcome, thrice welcome, hoping that your stay among us may be pleasant and believing that your presence will be a benediction and blessing to our entire city and people.

"At sunset this afternoon stand on the bridge which spans our river and behold a scene worthy any artist's brush. Turn your eyes eastward and see our Confederate monument and remember for what it stands; then northwest and see Fort Tyler, grand, glorious, immortal Fort Tyler; then look into our hearts and see how glad, how happy, and how proud we are to have you with us."

Proceedings of the Convention.

The fifteen annual Convention of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., was held in the hospitable little city of West Point, Ga., November 2-5.

Royally the Mayor, the Veterans, the U. D. C., D. A. R., and Woman's Club welcomed the great delegation which flocked to their home for a patriotic conference, and cordially Mrs. E. K. Overstreet, of Sylvania, in behalf of the guests expressed the Division's appreciation.

Busy days were those in which the work of the year was recounted and plans for another twelve months formulated.

Miss Alice Baxter, President of the Division, and Miss Mattie B. Sheibly, Recording Secretary, were keenly alert and dispatched business without delay.

The Registrar's report showed the membership of the Division to be 6,708 with 103 Chapters.

Mrs. Trammell, Registrar, told of the request from the Registrar General for a complete roster of members of this Division to file, whereupon the Convention ordered the roster made at the expense of the Division.

Mrs. A. B. Hull, of Savannah, moved that all application papers now in the hands of the Registrar be bound, a motion which carried unanimously, as this method of preservation is most important.

Mrs. C. C. Sanders, Treasurer of the Division for six years, rendered a splendid account of her stewardship for the year and proved the treasury in good condition to begin the new year. It was deeply regretted that by a clause in the amended constitution the Treasurer could not succeed herself indefi-

nitely, else the beloved Treasurer would have a lifetime tenure of the office.

Miss Anna Caroline Benning, of Columbus, made a report upon text-books used in the schools. As chairman of this very pertinent committee Miss Benning reviews the histories critically, commending them or stamping them with her disapprobation by reason of their inaccuracies. Because of the author's unfairness to the South, the committee condemned Fiske's history as a text-book.

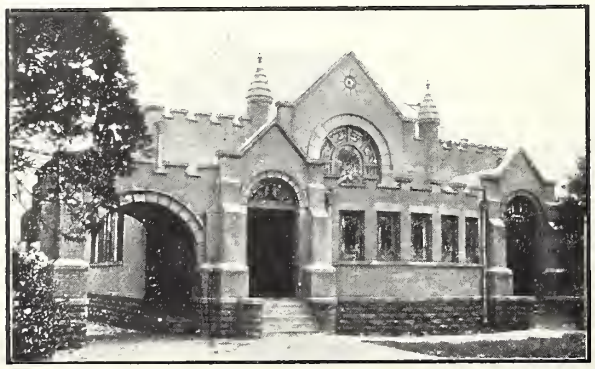
Mrs. A. F. Marmelstein, of Savannah, organizer of the Children of the Confederacy, reported three new Chapters formed and several others in the early stages of formation. There are eighty-three completed Chapters.

Mrs. A. B. Hull, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Frances S. Bartow Dormitory Fund, submitted her report as chairman of the committee and read the report of the treasurer of the same committee. As the need of scholarships at the Raben Gap Industrial School is greater than the immediate use of the dormitory room, it was moved and carried that the funds paid in be made the nucleus of a fund to be known as the Frances S. Bartow Memorial Educational Fund and the interest be used at once for scholarships here.

The Nominating Committee, elected by the representatives from the five sections of the State, brought in the following report: Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Honorary President; Miss Alice Baxter, Atlanta, President; Miss Anna C. Benning, Columbus, First Vice President; Mrs. Walter Lamar, Macon, Second Vice President; Mrs. Trox Bankston, West Point, Third Vice President; Mrs. E. K. Overstreet, Sylvania, Recording Secretary; Miss Sallie H. Melone, Atlanta, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Oswell Eve, Augusta, Treasurer; Mrs. Lee Trammell, Madison, Registrar; Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Historian; Zebulon Walker, Canton, Auditor.

Most delightful was the Georgia Evening. The program was in charge of the brilliant Historian of the Georgia Division, Miss Rutherford, a most impressive and enthusiastic speaker, who touched upon every branch of the historic work of the Division, commending especially the splendid achievements of the Medal Committee, with Mrs. Howard McCall acting chairman, and the Historical Program Committee, with Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin chairman. The eloquent speaker recounted the vast achievements of Georgia men and women, declaring that Georgia is not only the Empire State of the South, but must be the greatest State of the empire. She emphasized the good of inculcating and encouraging local and State pride in the children, and pleaded earnestly for the preservation of Confederate history.

A liberal sum was donated to the Arlington monument fund, Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, chairman, securing contributions by declaring that, since out of two hundred and eighty dead buried at Arlington one-fourth were Georgians, Georgia must do her part generously toward erecting this monument.



CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN WHICH THE CONVENTION WAS HELD.



MISS ALICE BAXTER, ATLANTA,
President Georgia Division U. D. C.

Cartersville and Athens craved the 1910 session, and by Chapter vote the next Convention will meet in Cartersville.

THE GEORGIA U. D. C. CONVENTION—SOCIALLY.

BY MISS SALLIE HANSON MELONE, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

The pleasant task has been assigned me of saying briefly something of the social features at the Convention of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., held in West Point, Ga., November 3-5.

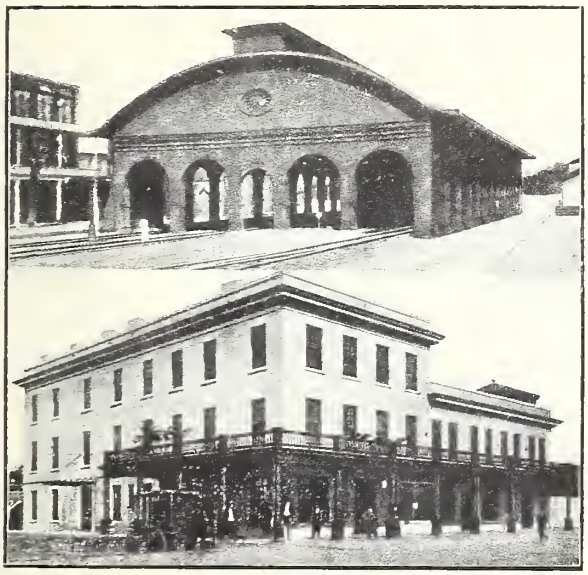
Mrs. Trox Bankston, Chairman of the Home Committee, met the delegates in Atlanta and escorted them to West Point. Her very gracious act gave the ladies some idea of what to expect from the hostess Chapter. On our arrival a large committee met and gave assurance of the warmest of welcomes.

All of West Point had assumed a gala attire in honor of the occasion. It was the fifteenth annual Convention. Our hearts swelled with pride when we beheld our colors flying from all buildings, vehicles, and private conveyances. Delegates were taken to their respective homes, where true Southern hospitality was extended.

On Wednesday after the morning session the delegates were escorted to the Charles Hotel, where they were served with a most delicious and appetizing luncheon by the Woman's Club of West Point. Music added very much to the enjoyment of this pleasant occasion. That evening an elegant reception was tendered visitors by the Fort Tyler Chapter in the beautiful new home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Harvey Hill. Con-

federate colors were carried out in all of the decorations. Quite a galaxy of charming Southern women assisted our attractive hostess in receiving. Later in the evening the dancing contingent was entertained at the Charles Hotel by the young men of West Point. Right here I will say that the gentlemen played quite a prominent part throughout our stay. Quite a number of "boys and girls" who resided in this attractive and patriotic city during the turbulent times of the sixties were present, prominent among them being Dr. Scott Todd, of Atlanta.

On Thursday morning the Convention was served with a beautiful luncheon by the Confederate Veterans and served



WARTIME RAILROAD STATION AT WEST POINT.
ALSO THE PRESENT RAILROAD STATION AND HOTEL.

by a bevy of beautiful girls. Our hearts were stirred by the presence of many of the old soldiers, who served us gallantly.

Mrs. W. B. Higginbothem, President of the Fort Tyler Chapter, a most capable and charming woman, is to be congratulated upon her able coworkers.

PIANO IN THE GEORGIA SOLDIERS' HOME.

BY PROF. JOSEPH T. DERRY, ATLANTA.

In the November (1909) VETERAN there is an account of the new piano given to the Georgia Confederate Soldiers' Home which gives all the honor to the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C. Now the Atlanta Chapter does not claim all the credit. Because of its proximity to the Home, the Atlanta Chapter appoints committees of its members to look after the comfort and pleasure of Georgia's honored guests; but these ladies are acting for all the State. When they proposed the purchase of a new piano, the Atlanta Camp, No. 159, U. C. V., responded liberally and enabled them to make their first payment and have it placed in the chapel at the Home.

The Cable Piano Company, which has generously furnished instruments for Confederate gatherings at the State Capitol, contributed $110 on the piano selected. In response to letters to the Georgia U. D. C. Chapters asking for one dollar from each more than a score complied promptly, the N. B. Forrest Chapter of Rome sending $5. The committee has made a second payment. There is still due on the piano $114. If other Georgia Chapters and Camps wish to share in the honor of this gift to the old veterans, they can send their contributions to Mrs. J. T. Derry, chairman of the Soldiers' Home committee, 571 North Jackson Street, Atlanta, Ga.

These ladies give an entertainment of some kind in the chapel of the Home on the last Wednesday of each month. In the summer a watermelon cutting was had in the grove by the Home, followed by recitations and songs in the chapel.

Dissatisfied with the discordant notes of the old worn-out piano, they resolved to get a new one. Since the placing of the new instrument in the chapel the ladies have had two entertainments, in which some of the best talent of the city participated. In consequence of the improved music the religious services also have greatly increased in interest. These devoted women have since last January made curtains for the hospital of the Home, purchased a croquet set and thirty good army hammocks to hang in the grove, supplying seventy-five sofa pillows for the hammocks or for chairs, as the veterans may prefer, and they are still at work planning other comforts and pleasures.

FATHER AND SON IN GEORGIA SOLDIERS' HOME.—A remarkable circumstance is the presence of a father and son in the Soldiers' Home in Atlanta. James M. Brown, who is eighty-eight, is so feeble that he is not able to leave the bed, and his son, Wesley J. Brown, aged sixty-five, has been appointed to nurse him. The father and three sons entered the Confederate service. James and Wesley Brown were in the same company, E, of the Georgia Reserves. The father and son were together appointed guards for the prisoners at Andersonville. One other soldier son of James Brown died a short time ago, and the third is a prosperous farmer near Covington and is seventy years old. The family longevity is well exemplified in the spinster sister of the elder Brown, as Miss Polly Brown is now ninety years of age.

On Monday morning, December 13, the senior Brown went to sleep as a child and did not wake any more.

PRIZE FOR BEST ESSAY OFFERED BY THE GEORGIA DIVISION.—The Georgia Division, U. D. C., have offered a medal for the best essay written by a school boy or girl eighteen years of age or under, the subject being "The Battle of Gettysburg." The C. A. Evans, the local Chapter, have made a supplementary offer to the children of Brunswick—that is, that an extra prize will be offered these children which, however, will not prevent competition for medal offered by the Division.



MONUMENT TO MAJ. HENRY WIRZ, ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

ARKANSAS VETERANS IN CONVENTION.

The convention held in Little Rock in October was one of the most successful meetings of the State Division, U. C. V. The speeches were very fine, music excellent, and attendance large. The business sessions under Maj. Gen. James F. Smith, presiding officer, were well conducted and a large amount of good work was accomplished.

The question most discussed was the cotton tax, as a late decision of the Supreme Court declared the collecting of a cotton tax from the Southern States after the war was unconstitutional. Dr. Junius Jordan presented a resolution adopted by the Pine Bluff Camp asking the State Convention to take up this question with the National Convention, which will meet in Mobile in April, requesting them to prepare a memorial to the President of the United States asking him to secure the enactment of a law whereby this money shall be returned to the various States having paid this tax. The James A. Adams camp sent in a similar resolution.

Dr. Jordan read a substitute resolution in the form of a memorial to Congressman Joe T. Robinson, which had been prepared by Camp James A. Jackson, of Monticello, as follows:

"*To the Hon. Joe T. Robinson, of the Sixth Congressional District of Arkansas, and the Honorable Members of the House and Senate Representing the Cotton Tax States:* Your memorialist, the State Association of Confederate Veterans, in session at Little Rock, Ark., would respectfully state that the cotton tax levied and collected by the United States government in 1866, 1867, and 1868 amounts in the aggregate to $68,072,388.99. Of this amount, Arkansas paid $2,555,638.43. Out of this vast amount a small amount has been returned for the weight of the bagging and ties.

"Your memorialist would further show that at the time this tax was collected the cotton States were almost in a destitute condition; that it has been a grievous burden on the citizens of those States to be taxed for the education of the colored children in addition to the education of their own children; that after a lapse of forty years it would be impossible to refund this tax to the original producers of the cotton taxed, as thousands of them have departed this life, and many thousands received no receipt for the taxes paid, as a large amount was paid by commission merchants for the owners; that a very large per cent of the receipts for the tax, if in existence at all, are in the hands of brokers or others who did not produce the cotton or pay the tax; that the tax was without constitutional authority unless placed upon the cotton States as conquered provinces to reimburse the government for the cost of the war.

"Therefore your memorialist would pray that a bill for an act be introduced in Congress making an appropriation of money to be distributed to the several States from which it was collected, according to the number of bales of cotton produced in each State during the years for which the tax was paid, and that said fund so appropriated be paid to the Treasurers of the respective States and that one-third of said fund be placed to the credit of the pension fund for disabled Confederate soldiers and their widows and two-thirds to the credit of the common school fund in each State respectively."

Some animated discussion followed the reading of this memorial in regard to the disposition to be made of the sum which would fall to Arkansas. Many said that it was so long ago that it was impossible to trace the individuals who had paid in the sums of money; therefore it belonged as an aggregate to the State of Arkansas, and should be disposed of by her. Gen. B. W. Green said he served in the Treasury Department under President Cleveland, and he knew the book of reports was intact, and it would be an easy matter to trace those who had paid these taxes. This was negated by the fact that much of the tax was paid for their clients by cotton buyers under their own name, that they had long ago been reimbursed by their clients, and were not entitled to the sums named as having been paid by them. Discussions followed in regard to the relative importance of schools, Old Soldiers' Homes, monuments to Southern women, and cemeteries as recipients of this money.

Gen. B. W. Green offered a resolution asking to have the Brigades reorganized, as there were thirty-six Camps in the First Brigade and only twelve in the Second. A resolution



GROUP IN LITTLE ROCK DURING THE ARKANSAS STATE REUNION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

was unanimously adopted to invite the National Convention to meet in Little Rock in 1911, which invitation the delegates to Mobile were authorized to extend.

In the election of officers General Smith was chosen to succeed himself as Commander. B. H. Crawley, of Paragould, was elected Brigadier General for the First Brigade; Gen. Thomas Green, of Pine Bluff, Second Brigade; M. H. Baird, of Russellville, Third Brigade; Gen. W. W. Folsom, of Hope, Fourth Brigade.

One of the decided features of the reunion was the speech of the General Commander, Gen. Clemant A. Evans, who spoke with force and fine oratory, and was listened to with the most profound attention. At the close of his speech the veteran orator was given an impromptu but whole-souled ovation which lasted till every man present had grasped his hand.



LOVING CUP TO GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

The inscription on the handsome cup is as follows: "To Gen. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga., Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, by Gen. James F. Smith, Commander Arkansas Division, U. C. V., on behalf of the Division, October 21, 1909."

FLORIDA VETERANS IN REUNION AT LIVE OAK.

The nineteenth annual reunion of the Florida Veterans was held in Live Oak with a larger attendance than any previous convention, delegates and visitors numbering over twelve hundred. Hotel accommodations as far as possible were used, and all over the city the homes were opened in welcome, till all were accommodated as guests of the city.

The auditorium, where the business sessions were held, was elaborately decorated in the colors of the Confederacy, the stars and bars being much in evidence, and on the platform were seated distinguished guests, veteran officers, and the orators of the occasion, with Major General Magill presiding. Adjutant General Love was ill at home.

Rev. R. V. Atchisson, of the Methodist Church, made the invocation, and was followed by Col. Cary A. Hardee, who welcomed the visitors for the city, and Col. J. E. Wood, who spoke for the Joseph Finegan Camp, and in a brief speech extended their welcoming hospitality to delegates and visitors. The response of General Magill to all these courtesies was a very happy one. He was followed by Col. Ira J. Carter, who made an able address.

The afternoon session was devoted to the appointment of committees and the annual address by Col. L. E. Robinson, of Live Oaks, which was most gratifying to his audience.

The night session was the occasion of great pleasure to the visitors. Much beautiful music was rendered, and Judge J. O. Wright gave his famous talk on "The Confederate Navy." The lecture was illustrated and was highly appreciated.

A long and well-conducted parade was one of the events of the second day of the convention, and the city of Live Oak entertained visitors at an elaborate barbecue dinner, at which the Daughters of the Confederacy saw that every guest was most bountifully served.

The Daniel Tedder Chapter gave a reception to the visitors at the auditorium, at which the refreshments were furnished by a Jacksonville caterer. A beautiful program of music and recitations was rendered at this entertainment.

Gen. John C. Davant was elected Commander of the Division, and C. V. Thompson, W. H. Logan, and J. A. Cox were reëlected Brigade Commanders. Bartow was chosen for the next annual convention.

RANDALL'S INSPIRATION TO WRITE "MY MARYLAND."—"Maryland, My Maryland," the anthem of which the South is proud, had an inspiring effect upon the Confederate troops next to "Dixie," and it still ranks second to that immortal song in popularity. Its author, James R. Randall, was a native of Maryland, but was at the time of the war a professor of English literature in Louisiana. When he read of the attack by the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore, the event excited him, and in telling the story of his writing "Maryland, My Maryland," he said: "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight I rose, lighted a candle, and went to my desk, and almost involuntarily I wrote the song, 'My Maryland.' I remember that the idea appeared to take shape as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly. I was stirred with a desire in some way to link my name with that of my native State. But I never expected to do so with one supreme effort, and no one was more surprised than I was at the widespread popularity of the lyric I had been so strangely stimulated to write."

ALABAMA CHILDREN TO ENDOW A SCHOLARSHIP.—Mrs. Pickens, Director of the Alabama Children of the Confederacy, has announced that the school children of Alabama will collect a sum of money sufficient to endow a scholarship for daughters of Confederate parentage. This will be called the "Virginia Clay Clopton" in honor of the distinguished woman who is the honorary life President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C. Under the direction of Mrs. Pickens sufficient money was collected during the past year for the endowment of the Lee scholarship for sons of Confederate veterans.

NASHVILLE BATTLEFIELD ASSOCIATION.

MOVEMENT TO ESTABLISH BOULEVARDS AND MARKERS.

At a recent meeting of the Nashville Battlefield Association there was manifest much zeal for carrying forward the movement. The Nashville member of Congress, Hon. Joseph W. Byrns, was present and has the cause well in hand. He has introduced a bill, No. 6179, which sets forth:

"That the Secretary of War be and he is hereby directed to cause an examination of the battlefield near Nashville, Tenn., on which the battle of December 15 and 16, 1864, was fought, to be made and to locate and determine as far as possible the positions held by the different corps, divisions, and brigades of both armies, and to cause a map of said battlefield and surroundings to be made and printed showing the said several positions, together with the roads, principal residences, and other landmarks as they existed in 1864, and also that the roads and principal residences, etc., as they now exist be so indicated that they may be readily distinguished from those of 1864.

"That the Secretary of War be further directed to cause said positions of historic interest connected with said battle to be indicated and marked by durable markers upon the surface of said battlefield, and also to cause suitable roads or driveways to be laid out and constructed connecting with the present public roads on said battlefield, so as to facilitate visiting said points of historic interest.

"That in order to properly inform himself so as to carry out the provisions of this act the Secretary of War may detail such person or persons as he may deem proper from his department, and may associate other persons with him or them to visit said battlefield and report thereon to him as to any details desired or necessary to the work.

"That before placing said markers and constructing said roads or driveways the Secretary of War shall indicate to the State of Tennessee what cessions of authority or jurisdiction, if any, are proper to be made to the United States, and he shall not be required to place the markers nor to construct the roads until such cession be granted, if he deems the same necessary, nor until the necessary rights relating to land shall have been acquired.

"And that the sum of ten thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be deemed necessary by the Secretary of War, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury, to be paid on the demand of the Secretary of War to carry out the provisions of this act."

In the absence of the President, Hon. James D. Porter, S. A. Cunningham was chosen chairman of the meeting. Later on it is expected that a committee will visit Washington in the interest of this movement. Mr. Robert L. Burch, President of the State Fair Association and one of the most progressive of Confederate sons, suggested that Mr. Cunningham write to Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, the last of the Union army commanders of the sixties, and Maj. Gen. Frederick D. Grant to secure their coöperation in so far as they favor the movement. Such letters were written, and in reply General Dodge states:

"I will take great pleasure in writing Captain Hull, who is at the head of the Military Committee; but I doubt if you can get it through, as Congress has taken the position that it will make no more national parks. The War Department has recommended that roads be built through these battlefields and tablets set up along the roads. I think if you would add to the bill that these roads should be maintained after they are laid out and built by either the State or city of Nashville you would have a very good show of getting it passed. That is one of the objections that they have had to all the other bills, and there doesn't seem to be any other way for the States to donate these roads to the United States government. I suppose they can give jurisdiction of them as your bill proposes. However, I am in favor of all of these things and will help you all I can.

"I am, truly and cordially, G. M. DODGE."

The General's suggestions about having the city or county take care of the roads after they are constructed will probably be adopted by the local workers. General Dodge mentions that nearly half of his command was engaged in the battle.

General Grant's letter to Mr. Cunningham is very gratifying also to the association members. He writes:

"*My Dear Sir:* I hasten to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 3 containing House bill for an appropriation for the Secretary of War to make a map of the battle near Nashville. Of course I think an authentic map should be in existence of that great battle, and have always supposed that one existed, not in the detail that your bill mentions, but that could be arranged by documents that are now in existence in the War Department. If this is not the case, the sooner the government gives the money for the purpose the better, so that the historic points can be established before the soldiers who participated in that action have passed away.

"I certainly approve of your efforts; and if I can be of any service to you in any way, do not hesitate to call upon me.

"With warm regards for all my Nashville friends, believe me, very sincerely yours, FREDERICK D. GRANT."

The movement set forth above should contemplate a boulevard from the National Cemetery, east of Nashville, via the new Broadway bridge, and on to Franklin. There should be enthusiastic sentiment in the extension of this proposed boulevard to Franklin, as patriotic men and women have determined that these important historic matters shall no longer remain dormant.



THE W. W. BERRY RESIDENCE.

The superb residence as illustrated above indicates the most advanced position that was fortified by Confederates during the siege of Nashville. It is located about three miles on a direct line south of the Public Square. The breastworks were very formidable, and there were mounted perhaps four six-gun batteries on the works, while in the rear of the house there were two or three times as many cannon in ambush hidden by evergreen bushes to be used in the event of an attack upon that part of the works. The Confederate sharp-

shooters were located in what is known as the Armistead house, about a quarter of a mile in advance and to the right of the Confederate front. The Federals had some large guns in Fort Negley, but they overshot the Confederates at the Berry place, their shells extending into the woods, about the present residence of Mr. Joseph H. Thompson. Confederate skirmishers were nearer the city still at the Rains place, by the N. & C. Railroad cut, but that was disputed area.

The Berry home is still owned and occupied by members of the family, including Mrs. J. A. Trousdale, who gave their home at Gallatin, Tenn., after Mr. Trousdale's death to the Confederate Chapter, and it is the most valuable Confederate asset in Tennessee. Though a half century old, this house is, as may be seen, one of the most attractive homes in Tennessee.

The lines of the battle of Nashville could be quite accurately marked now, but in a few years those who remember the locations will not be accessible for historic work.

The spirit in behalf of this movement is such that some of Nashville's most prominent citizens contemplate supplementing what the government may do by the purchase of monument sites and supplying additional markers.

STATUE OF CALHOUN IN HALL OF FAME.

A fine statue of John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's eminent jurist and statesman, has been placed in the Hall of Fame at Washington. It is a splendidly carved figure, life-size, with his hand resting upon the Federal Constitution, typifying patriotic principles for States rights and the Union. It will be dedicated in January.

In this connection it is well to mention the fact that the Vice President laid before the Senate at Washington a resolution which had been adopted by the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion as following the great fight being made against the acceptance of the statue of Lee in Confederate uniform as a permanent addition to Statuary Hall. This resolution characterizes as an insult to the nation Virginia's ultimatum that on the rejection of Lee the statue of Washington will be removed also.

ELKS REMEMBERED THE OLD SOLDIERS.

The Nashville (Tenn.) Elks held their beautiful memorial services for their lamented dead early in December, and, as usual, the occasion was deeply interesting. Later they announced through the newspapers their plans for Christmas, which were far-reaching. They gave a very fine dinner to the old soldiers of the Confederate Home, with turkey and all the Christmas accessories. For the poor children of Nashville they filled the boughs of a large tree that abounded in gifts to please every child, with an additional box of "goodies." Every child was given a ticket to the theater, where a program especially for them had been prepared.

MONUMENT TO WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.—Col. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, Tenn., Secretary and Adjutant General U. C. V., has addressed letters to members of the committee recently appointed for the different parts of Tennessee urging great activity in their efforts to raise a suitable fund for the erection of a monument to the women of the Confederacy. A sum of money is now in the treasury for this purpose, but not sufficient, and the appointed committee will endeavor to increase this till Tennessee is the proud possessor of a monument that will suitably honor the noble women of the sixties.

FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AT FRANKLIN.

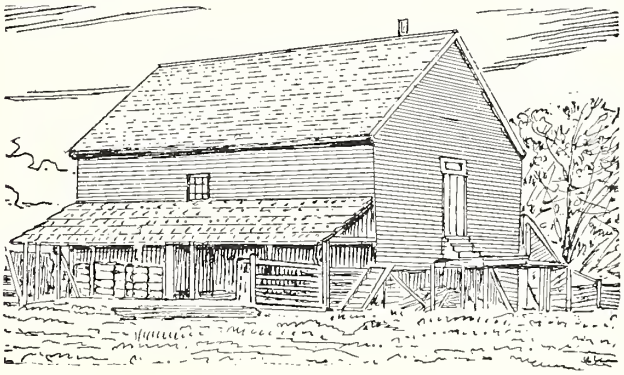
THE FRANKLIN CHAPTER UNDERTAKES A GREAT WORK.

The women do things, the Daughters of the Confederacy leading. A small Chapter at Franklin, Tenn., named for the historic town has done its general U. D. C. work most efficiently, and all the while it has been getting ready for its most cherished achievement—that of showing worthy esteem for the sacrifice of heroic blood in the suburbs of the town on November 30, 1864.

A committee headed by Mrs. N. B. Dozier has secured options on the most valuable area on liberal terms for sacred preservation, and they are seeking a small appropriation from the government in aid of the undertaking. Earnest plea will be made to Congress as soon as practicable to carry out their feasible plan and to give it the dignity of government protection. There is no spot on the American continent more deserving of such distinction to the men of both South and North, and the women of Franklin will leave no worthy act unperformed to carry out the project. If the government declines to make a park, it can build a memorial arch over the Columbia Pike and provide such other features as will enable these women to do that which every American considers worthy of the place. Surely, however, a plea so modest as that about twenty acres of land be purchased and owned by the government should induce the authorities to change their plans if need be to establish a small area on which every foot practically has been drenched with patriotic blood.

These women have resolved to hold an annual memorial service on the 30th of each November, to which they invite especially men who were in the battle from both sides.

On the forty-fifth anniversary of the battle there was a large assembly, including college students, in the auditorium of the Battle Ground Academy. The hall was beautifully decorated, and the young people of the town contributed appropriate and exquisite music. The leading speaker at the meeting was Capt. John W. Morton, of Nashville, who was chief officer of Forrest's Artillery. His theme was general.



THE MEMORABLE COTTON GIN AT FRANKLIN.

In it he gave statistics of losses in the wars of the world, and paid a glowing eulogy to the women of the Confederacy. He paid special tribute to Gen. P. R. Cleburne, the ranking Confederate general, who was killed in that battle. Another address is published herein (see page 17).

Mrs. N. B. Dozier made a report of what the Chapter has done and of its plans for the future. Her paper is given herein. Miss Susie Gentry, of Franklin, introduced the speakers with an ease and grace that made everybody feel at home.

The attention of every soldier who fought in the battle is requested to the extent that every possible influence be

exerted with Congress, so that by the fiftieth anniversary of the battle the place will appear worthy in honor of the men who fought so gallantly in the great battle.

NATIONAL PARK FOR FRANKLIN.

[Extracts from paper read by Mrs. N. B. Dozier, Chairman of the Franklin National Park Committee, at the memorial exercises of Franklin Chapter, U. D. C., on the forty-fifth anniversary of the great battle.]

Franklin Chapter, U. D. C., is again making an earnest effort to have a part of the historic battlefield of Franklin converted into a national park, and we trust that this long-deferred hope of ours is soon to be realized.

We as a Chapter feel that there is no more historic ground in Tennessee—nay, in this country—than is the battlefield of Franklin, and we know that no other battle was ever more grandly fought.

As Daughters of the Confederacy, daughters of the South the deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice that on every battlefield distinguished "the men who wore the gray" is our heritage; but we feel that the heroism of the men who made the battle of Franklin one of the grandest in the history of this country is peculiarly ours to commemorate. It is our duty as well as our pleasure to perpetuate the valor displayed by them on that fated November 30, 1864. That we may do this is why we are endeavoring so earnestly to have here a national park.

When appointed chairman of this committee I determined to leave no act unperformed whereby we might have here in Franklin a national park. Knowing that the coöperation of the men who took part in this battle would be helpful and that the surest means of interesting them in this work would be through the columns of the Confederate Veteran, I told Mr. Cunningham of our undertaking. Always ready and willing to help the Daughters of the Confederacy in every good work, he at once assured us of his most hearty coöperation. In the March Veteran as chairman of the committee I requested every living man who took part in this battle to urge the Congressmen and United States Senators of his State to work for and to vote for the bill asking of the government an appropriation for a national park at Franklin. Letters from every section of this country have been received in response to this plea pledging hearty coöperation and expressing a sincere wish that Franklin Chapter may be successful in the noble undertaking.

Many letters have been written in the interest of this park. I wrote to Senator J. B. Frazier, of Tennessee, and asked him how best to proceed in this work, and requested him in the name of the Franklin Chapter to introduce in the Senate the bill asking for the necessary appropriation. In reply he says in part: "I will take pleasure as well as pride in doing everything I can to further this most laudable enterprise which your Chapter has in contemplation. I shall endeavor to introduce the bill in December. Please give me as a part of the necessary data the number of acres of land, description of same, and the owners' price at which it can be purchased to file with the committee. In addition to this, there should be such petitions and resolutions from the town of Franklin as would be proper."

We have secured the necessary data and shall forward same to him and to Hon. L. P. Padgett, Congressman from this district, who will introduce the bill in the House and give to it his most cordial support. We shall send at once the proper resolutions and petitions, also map of the land to be included in the park. Hon. Robert L. Taylor and other Senators and Congressmen have promised their active and most cordial support. Capt. John M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., and our venerable ex-Congressman, Col. N. N. Cox, are being of great assistance.

Franklin Chapter, U. D. C., wishes to ask again the most active coöperation of every living man who took part in this battle. Please act at once. If any member of the Committee on Military Affairs (I suppose our bill will go into the hands of this committee) is your friend, please urge him to consider it favorably.

The ground to be included in this park lies on both sides of the Columbia Pike. We hope to have it connected by means of a beautiful memorial arch which will be a monument to the soldiers of 1861-65, both those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue.

[Although Mrs. Dozier does not mention the options secured, they are such as to include the most important of the area on which the battle was fought and on terms very fair indeed. If all veterans who were in the battle on both sides will do as requested, the result will doubtless prove a sure means of success in securing the battle ground as a permanent memorial.—Editor Veteran.]



BULLET-SCARRED SMOKEHOUSE AND THE CARTER HOUSE. VIEW FROM POINT OF WORKS CAPTURED FROM THE FEDERALS.

EVENTS LEADING TO THE BATTLE.

ADDRESS BY S. A. CUNNINGHAM ON 45TH ANNIVERSARY.

Daughters of the Confederacy, Veterans, Ladies, and Gentlemen of Franklin: Gratified that your faithful women have inaugurated an annual memorial service here for November 30, I cordially accepted the invitation of the Daughters to take part on this anniversary. I have chosen to tell the story of the battle and the events leading to it as if talking especially to the young students of this and the other schools in Franklin.

The Confederate army was in three departments: Army of Northern Virginia, Army of Tennessee, and the Trans-Mississippi. This latter department was not as conspicuous as the others until the closing events, when Lieut. Gen. E. Kirby Smith was promoted to general with temporary rank, and he had the concluding surrenders to make.

In Virginia, after the first year or so, Gen. Robert E. Lee was the only commander. He became dissatisfied with his services, and after the battle of Gettysburg sought to resign; but all the Confederacy opposed it, and President Davis positively declined to consider his retirement.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston sought release from command of the Army of Tennessee (it was called the Army of Mississippi at the time he was killed) after the disasters at Forts Henry and Donelson and the evacuation of Tennessee. President Davis was equally as persistent in having him remain in command; and so General Johnston, with the determination to win or die in the attempt, was successful to the very acme of victory, when in the providence of God his life was taken.

From that time there was much dissatisfaction with the commanders of the Army of Tennessee. Beauregard succeeded Johnston at Shiloh; then General Bragg was made commander with all the strength, moral and physical, that the President could give him. Beauregard failed to carry out the purposes of General Johnston and Bragg failed to follow up the victory of his army at Chickamauga, and dissatisfaction resulted; then Bragg was succeeded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston after the army had fallen back to Dalton and established winter quarters in 1863.

The campaign of 1864 began at Rocky Face Ridge, north of Dalton, early in May. General Johnston had so reorganized and rediscipline that army as to restore confidence and create marvelous devotion to him by the soldiers. There was never in the history of wars doubtless an army that had more implicit faith in its commander than all had in General Johnston. His soldiers and his officers believed that everything he did was for the best. In the "hundred days' fighting" between Dalton, Atlanta, and on to Jonesboro the men believed whatever he did was the best possible, and somehow there was no doubt that in the end he would win. This condition of faith in Gen. J. E. Johnston could not be exaggerated to his army. Not so, however, at Richmond. Mr. Davis felt that he could not spare so vast a territory, and he was urged by many leaders in other sections to remove General Johnston, which he did when the army had fallen back to the Chattahoochee River, six miles north of Atlanta.

Gen. John B. Hood was appointed as Johnston's successor. The shock to the army was greater than ever befell it before the carnage at Franklin. Battles were fought and lost about Atlanta, and to meet a flanking force of Sherman's army at Jonesboro, twenty miles away, Hood sent a large part of his army there at night, and a disastrous battle occurred near Jonesboro the next day. Then the Confederate forces fell back to Lovejoy, five miles in the direction of Macon, and the Federals moved speedily there soon afterwards. Strangely, with the Confederate forces dreadfully depressed, Sherman ceased the pursuit and withdrew to Atlanta. Hood's forces returned to Jonesboro, and after some days moved across to Palmetto.

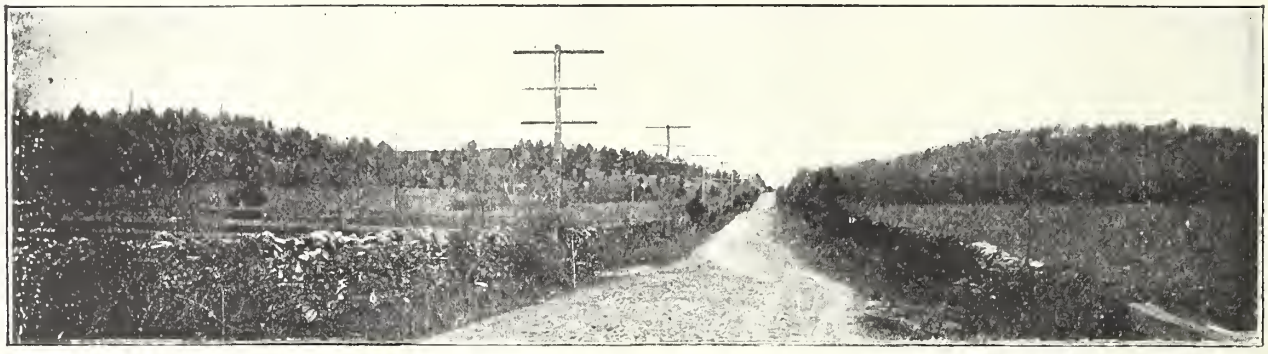
At that period the game of war was made up of startling events. President Davis came from Richmond, and on a memorable night, September 28, 1864, with wind blowing strong and flags fluttering over the pine-knot fires, he made a remarkable address to the army in which he gave the soldiers the plans that were to be followed, which were that the army would go into Tennessee for victory. Gov. Isham G. Harris and Gen. Howell Cobb also addressed the army, by which speeches much enthusiasm was aroused. It was great news to Tennessee soldiers especially.

As soon as practicable the army moved. Gen. B. F. Cheatham was put in command of Hardee's Corps, and Gen. John C. Brown was given command of Cheatham's Division.

Progress of the movement was as rapid, I assume, as practicable. The Federals holding the Western and Atlantic Railroad, the Confederate forces, west of it, moved north, attacking the Federals at Allatoona, where Gen. S. G. French with his division made a gallant fight at great disadvantage. Resaca was taken possession of, and largely during one night the Western and Atlantic Railroad track was destroyed for perhaps twenty miles extending to and north of Dalton. It was awfully hard work to loosen the rails, pile the ties, burn them, and across those fires heat the rails until they could be bent around trees and posts. A Colonel Johnson with a regiment of negroes in a very strong fort at Dalton persistently refused to surrender until General Cheatham, who demanded his surrender, assured him that not a man would be left alive if his men should be compelled to assault them in their works. Johnson finally surrendered without a fight.

During those days a part of Sherman's army was on its "march to the sea"—to Savannah, Ga.—while the remainder, perhaps two corps, were following Hood's army or paralleling it. A mysterious delay occurred when our army reached Tuscumbia and Florence. Delay of supplies was perhaps the unavoidable cause. However, there was inspiration in the march toward Tennessee, especially after reaching Mount Pleasant, which was on Saturday forenoon of November 27. That afternoon the army marched to the vicinity of Columbia, still occupied by the Federals. Sunday our army rested. On Monday morning, November 29, a large part of the army crossed Duck River a few miles above Columbia and marched along and across country roads, etc., in the direction of Spring Hill. It seemed so clear that the Confederates had stolen a march on Schofield that thrilling enthusiasm was created for General Hood. Before sundown Cheatham's Division (commanded by Maj. Gen. John C. Brown) arrived at Spring Hill a little before sunset, and it was there that the private soldiers realized as they never did before the great importance of taking possession of the turnpike—and cutting off all of Schofield's army then south of Spring Hill. It was believed implicitly that that part of the army in the rear could have been captured.

Regiments and brigades were put in line of battle, and the men expected the command, "Forward!" every minute, but such command was not given. The Federals were in plain view between us and the setting sun. In great haste they piled rail fences for breastworks, while the officers, manifestly much excited, were galloping back and forth along their lines. The Confederates believed they could brush the enemy



WINSTEAD HILL ON THE LEFT. TO THE RIGHT THE FEDERALS WERE IN LINE OF BATTLE WELL UP THE SLOPE.

away and take possession of the pike. Still orders did not come, and after nightfall the soldiers began to build camp fires, although the Federals were moving toward Nashville.

On Tuesday morning, November 30, the Confederate forces began to move north about sunrise along the pike toward Franklin. On that bright morning as the Confederate army moved this way from Spring Hill there was animation of spirit, and the soldiers remembered the banner at the crossing from Alabama, "Tennessee, a Grave or a Free Home." The movement of the troops was at quick step, but steady. The soldiers were cheerful as usual. Evidences of consternation with the enemy the night before tended to merriment. I counted thirty-four abandoned wagons in a distance of seven miles of the march, and in a number of instances all the four mules had been killed; whether by Forrest's Cavalry or by the enemy to prevent capture, I could not learn.

We saw nothing of the enemy until approaching the gap by Winstead's Hill. Then east of the pike and well up the slope of the hill there was in line a column of infantry, and their fixed bayonets appeared as sheen of silver. They soon disappeared, however, and our men moved promptly on, my regiment, the 41st Tennessee, going to the top of Winstead Hill. It was then very attractive. There was hardly any undergrowth, much less rock on the surface than now, and a good stand of blue grass made the area very pleasing.

So far I have discussed organization and movements of our armies briefly, but in a way that approval, my comrades, is expected. The account of the battle will be very personal.

Personal Experiences in the Battle.

If this story of the carnage, the area of which could not be seen better than from this Battleground Academy, gives a suspicion of boastfulness, remember that such is not my purpose. There is no heroism in it whatever, only the performance of duty that would have been performed by the average soldier. If I might claim credit for heroism in any sense, it would be in running from the Yankees. This is not a joke. I had been in prison for six months, and on different occasions in close quarters, when comrades and even company officers surrendered, I took the peril of escaping.

It is perhaps given to me more than to any soldier of arms to know—by my position in that awful carnage—certain extraordinary facts of this battle. In the first place, I happened to be when my regiment was halted on the apex of Winstead Hill near where General Hood, leaving his staff on the southern slope of the hill, rode over a crest and down to a linden tree—the only tree near in any direction—and with his glasses examined the area to Franklin—the breastworks in front of the town and the Fort Figures across the Harpeth River. I watched him closely while there, meditating upon his responsibility. When he returned to the top of the hill and near where I happened to be standing, a general officer (I thought Lowry or Loring, but have never known what officer),



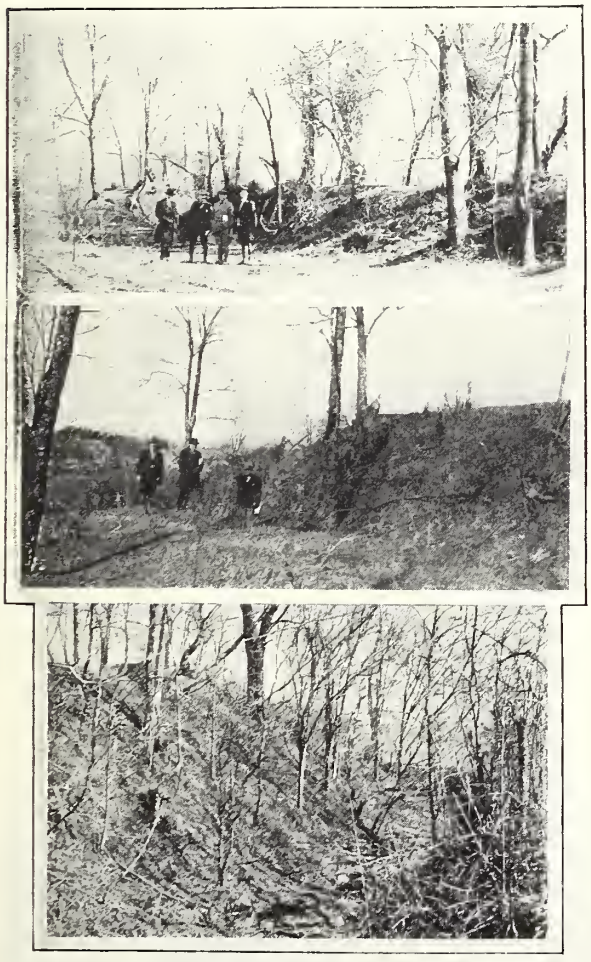
THE LINDEN TREE. NEARLY HALF OF THIS TREE WAS BROKEN OFF BY A STORM SOME MONTHS AGO.

dressed handsomely and riding a magnificent black horse, met him and Hood said, "General, we will make the fight," and the two clasped hands.

Orders were speedily dispatched to various commanders, a band of music on the slope across the pike began to play, and the Army of Tennessee was soon in motion. Cheatham's Division was deployed to the immediate left, its right resting on the Columbia-Franklin Pike, while Cleburne's Division was deployed on the eastern side, with its left resting on the pike. I was right guide of the 41st Tennessee Regiment, my position being four paces in front, which was the second regiment in the line from the pike. Gen. O. F. Strahl, my brigade commander, had presented his horse that day to Chaplain R. T. Quintard, and went into the battle on foot, selecting as his place in the line to march by my right side. Over that open area of nearly two miles he rarely spoke, and



POINT FROM WHICH GENERAL HOOD EXAMINED THE WORKS AT FRANKLIN, BY THE LINDEN TREE.



PRESENT CONDITIONS ON FORT FIGURES.

then directly upon the alignment of his command. A sadder face I have never seen. In this account it will be observed that I give simply my personal experience. It is all I know, but it is as vivid after forty-five years as any event of life.

Fortunately for us, the Federals undertook to maintain a second line of works about a half mile in front of their main line; and when we closed in upon that force, it broke for their main line, which was across the garden south of the Carter house and extended east by a cotton gin, which, I think, was about seventy yards east of the Columbia Pike. Our men, seeing the opportunity, ran after the fleeing Federals so closely that from their main line of works they could not fire until many Confederates were at their works. Many got across, and there was much hand-to-hand encounter. The *chevaux-de-frise,* made largely of locust bushes, with limbs sharpened and piled, was about forty feet in front of their works, so that it seemed an impregnable barrier, even if there had been no enemy over the works. Three lines of battle—meaning closed-up six rows abreast—worked their way through these thousands of spears and got into the wide ditch, the dirt of which the enemy had used for its breastworks. The dirt was thrown to their side and that embankment capped by heavy head logs of green timber. It was impossible to shoot effectively from the trench mentioned, so that some of the soldiers took position on the side of the embankment and fired while others loaded the guns. There was no order of companies after getting through the *chevaux-de-frise,* nor even of regiments or brigades.

It happened that General Strahl, however, got a position in the intrenchment, where he stood for a long, long time and passed up guns to the men firing from the embankment. I could get no place in the intrenchment, and, as did many others, I lay as close to the ground as possible (this was a voluntary position), loaded the short Enfield rifle that I had been permitted to carry on account of my size, and had passed it to General Strahl the fourth or fifth time, I think. The man on the embankment had cocked it and was taking careful aim, when he was shot dead and fell on the heap below him.

Night was on now, so that every soldier's gun by the flash of powder made him a target; and as the intrenchment was practically leveled up with our dead, volunteers ceased, when General Strahl persuaded others. He said to one man: "Have you shot any?" To another: "Have you?" Then he simply pointed toward me. I arose, stepped on to the pile of dead, resting one foot on the man killed while aiming my gun and the other in the embankment. A strong, large man took posi-

tion to my right and close by me, and the two of us fired a long, long time. It is impossible for me to reckon as to the time; but I became thirsty and dry down into my chest as the dust from the street, and my shoulder was black for weeks from the jar of firing so many times. The enfilade fire from the cotton gin (Cleburne's brave men failed to take the line across the pike) was so severe that our dead were piled upon each other and far on in the battle. I felt that there was no rule of warfare whereby all the men should be killed, and said to General Strahl suggestively: "What had we better do?" His reply was instant: "Keep firing." It became more and more difficult to get the loaded guns, and eventually the soldier who had been firing by my side was shot and fell against me with agonizing groans. Utterly unable to do anything for him, I simply asked him how he was wounded; but he sank to the pile of comrades back of him, and, I presume, was soon dead. At the same instant this soldier was shot General Strahl was struck; and throwing both hands above his head, almost to a clasp, he fell limber on his face, and I thought he was dead. Not so, however. When I asked the soldier how he was wounded, the General thought I spoke to him, and he said he was wounded in the neck, he didn't know how badly, and then he called for Colonel Stafford, the senior regimental commander, to turn over the command to him. He crawled away, his sword dangling against dead soldiers, in search of Colonel Stafford. Members of his staff started to carry him to the rear, when two bullets struck him, either of which, it is said, would have been fatal.

There being no resistance to the right of the position I had held (nobody seemed alive but the dreadfully wounded), I moved to the westward, where in getting a loaded gun I would climb up the embankment and fire. Lieut. Henry B. Morgan (yet living), of Lynchburg, Tenn., was in the trench at this latter place, and in getting up and down for this firing I pressed against his shattered arm until he said: "O, Sumner, you hurt my arm!"

By this time the firing had practically ceased. I had done what I could; and feeling the great importance of other soldiers coming to the relief, I ran to the rear, hoping to report the conditions. I met Maj. Henry Hampton, of General Cheatham's staff, and asked for General Brown, when he said that General Brown was wounded and that General Strahl was in command of the division. This induced me to ask at once for General Cheatman that I might report directly to him. The battle was over practically, however, so that reenforcements were not needed.

How I wish that I could describe the battle to you children and older people under fifty years of age! On the charge across the plain in front of us and a little farther out I see as if but on yesterday. Lieutenant Marsh, of General Strahl's staff, who had been so badly wounded in artillery service as to be inefficient there, was in advance. Seeing that this battle was as the man made it who said, "War is hell," Marsh stopped, turned his horse at right angles, and was looking back with an expression in his face of anxiety and disappointment. A minute later we passed the gallant officer as he lay dead beside his dead horse.

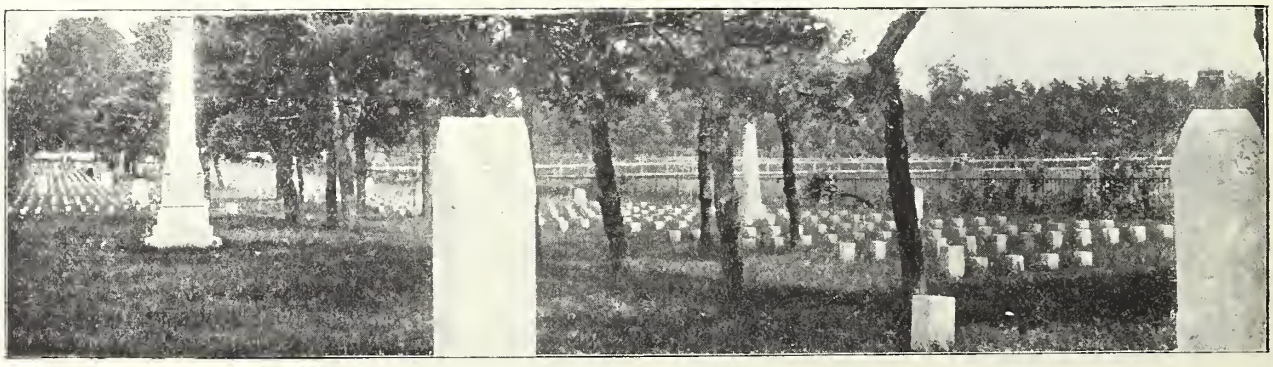
A student of military operations who was author and preacher was thrilled with the story of Franklin. After twice visiting the field of Waterloo, he came three times to Franklin, and said he regarded the latter as the worse of the two. "Modern times" is a term frequently used in qualifying great military deeds. Let it be your lesson to study this battle of Franklin with a view of establishing, if true, that there was never a battle in any time or clime or at any place wherein greater valor was displayed than by the soldiers on both sides in this beautiful valley, which was indeed "the valley of death" on November 30, 1864.

Early on the morning after the battle I went along the line of works in search of a messmate. Two soldiers who evidently were not in the battle, manifestly in search of their command, inquired: "What regiment is this?" The wounded and part of the dead had been removed, and they regarded the remnant of dead left as if a regiment of men asleep! I found Colonel Stafford a little in rear of the intrenchment almost standing, packed around by soldiers, all dead.

My gun happened to fall to the bottom of the intrenchment and became submerged in blood which soaked into the earth during the night, and when found early the next morning the gun, lock, stock, and barrel, was of a brighter red than could have been expected by any paint and varnish.

This brief and very inadequate account of the battle has been printed for complimentary distribution in the hope that the greater interest be aroused among all the people of Franklin that they will always celebrate this day and coöperate in every practicable way to have the battle area preserved and suitably marked as the spot on which American valor was unexcelled.

In what I have said concerning dissatisfaction with generals in command I would not be understood as justifying complaints. There were grave mistakes made, but the ability and the faithfulness of Confederate generals are a source of pride and gratitude to which we should cling for all time. Even at Spring Hill, where the greatest of misfortunes occurred, I have no word of reproach.



SCENE IN CONFEDERATE CEMETERY ON LAND DONATED BY COLONEL M'GAVOCK.

VIVID EXPERIENCES AT CHAMPION HILL, MISS.

BY PRIVATE A. H. REYNOLDS, CAMDEN, ARK.

(The original 19th Arkansas Regiment that bore the brunt and did the fighting at Champion Hill, Miss.)

Just at sunrise on May 16, 1863, three days before General Grant invested Vicksburg, the left wing of Grant's army opened the engagement at Champion Hill with artillery which lasted some time before a general engagement followed with musketry from all along the line. I belonged to Company F, of the 19th Arkansas Regiment, commanded by Col. Tom P. Dockery, then attached to Green's Brigade and Bowen's Division.

When the Federal battery opened we were lying just over the brow of the hill on our extreme right, where we had lain since about two o'clock that morning. The firing commenced from the batteries which were in our immediate front, and we moved out on top of the hill and a little to our left in plain view of the batteries, but did not answer them. They were not firing at us, but at some troops that were marching to the attack near the Champion negro quarters and about the center of our line. Some general and his staff were near by watching the maneuvering of Grant's army. The hill was high with a plain view and about half a mile or more southeast of the negro quarters on the road leading toward Grand Gulf.

I could not see that their batteries were doing any great damage. However, it was one of Colonel Dockery's hobbies to volunteer to take some battery or storm some difficult stronghold with his legion, as he often called the old 19th Regiment, which was a good-sized one then.

The Colonel had just volunteered to take his regiment and capture that battery. He was refused, but shortly got a job without volunteering. There was some heavy fighting going on near the center at this time, and occasionally a courier would come dashing up. By this time several officers had congregated near us, with Colonel Dockery in their midst. He had just ridden back to where we were when some fellow came down the road as if racing for life. He rode up to the little bunch and halted. Colonel Dockery was given orders to take his regiment and reënforce (somebody) in the center. As the adjutant rode off Colonel Dockery, as cool as an iceberg, gave the command: "Attention, load at will; load." My heart got right in my mouth, and I believe every other fellow was in like condition; but not a word was spoken by any one. The next order was: "Forward, double-quick, march." As we passed the squad of officers one of them said: "Turn in at those quarters." When we got there, Colonel Dockery had preceded us and was sitting on his horse as cool as ever and gave a ringing command, "Halt on the right; by file into line; double-quick, march;" and quickly we were in line and facing a regiment of thoroughly routed soldiers. I should like to know who they were. The next command was: "Fix bayonets and hold fire until ordered." With a forward march we passed those troops that were falling back, and then we were ordered to charge. We had caught the enemy with empty guns, and they gave way easily. We were charging up the long slope from the negro quarters to the highest peak of Champion Hill and almost parallel with the public road to Bolton. At the top of the hill we met another long line of blues climbing the steep hill. They were within eighty feet of us when we gained the top of the hill, and without orders it seemed as if every man in our ranks fired at once. Never before nor since have I ever witnessed such a sight. The whole line seemed to fall and tumble headlong to the bottom of the hill. In a moment they came again, and we were ready and again repulsed them. And again and again for several hours in this way we held them at bay, when we charged them and gained the top of the next hill, the spindle top to which place Gen. S. D. Lee always contended the Arkansas troops advanced.

Last February on my way from New Orleans I stopped off at Edwards, three or four miles west of the battlefield, and in company with Captain Montgomery, of that place, visited the old battlefield. Captain Montgomery informed me that prior to the death of General Lee he, General Lee, and a Federal general, whose name I have forgotten, went out there to look over the field. General Lee contended that the Arkansas troops ascended to the top of the second and last high hill, when the Federal officer contended that we got no farther than where we had contested our ground so long on the top of the first hill. I could convince him that we advanced to the top of the last hill.

When we reached there we were ordered to fall back, as we were being flanked by Logan's Division. About twenty of us, mostly from my company, were left to cover the retreat, being sharpshooters. We stopped in a hollow that headed up near the Bolton road. After waiting until the command was clearly out of sight, six of our number, Hat Hogg, Billy Watts, Joel Moody, Frank Smith, a half-blood Indian by the name of Busic, and I, went out where we could see over the hilltop. A regiment of Federal infantry was just filing out of the big road to our right and about eighty yards away and advancing at trail arms in an oblique direction toward us, their commanding officer riding just in front and to our right. When they had covered about half of the distance between us, Billy Watts knelt beside a little oak tree and fired, when the officer fell as if dead or mortally wounded. Each of us singled out a man and fired. Immediately I primed my gun, a Springfield rifle, and was loading it and watching for another shot and walking backward down the hill, dragging my gun butt on the ground, intending to get my man when they came over the hill, and had just rammed the ball home when my foot came in contact with a root of a huckleberry bush that had been rooted up and I fell sprawling with my head down hill, and before I could recover they were upon us. They fired a volley just as I fell, and I have always felt that the fall saved my life. The next instant they were at us with bayonets. I raised on my right elbow just as a big fellow was in the act of thrusting his bayonet through me and fired. The muzzle of my gun was within four feet of his breast and loaded with a Springfield rifle ball and a steel ramrod.

I had fallen within ten feet of the hollow where we had previously been. With what strength I had left I sprang over the precipice of the cave; but before I could scramble down the lifeless corpse of my antagonist preceded me with a heavy thud in the slush below. In the next minute we were prisoners of war and passed by where Billy Watts had killed the officer just as they were conveying him off. I noticed then that it was not over forty yards from where he fell to the public road leading to Bolton.

We were carried in that road and taken to a ginhouse about three hundred yards in the direction of Bolton. A negro cabin now stands on the spot where the ginhouse was. It is about two hundred yards from where we were captured and in a line from where we fired our last volley.

About two hundred yards from where we were captured and in a line from where we fired our last volley we passed

General Grant and his staff. General Grant was dressed in a fatigue suit with a blouse coat, similar to those worn by the private soldiers. He wore no insignia of rank. After some little stops, he rode up the hill in the direction where we were captured. From the direction we fired and the time that elapsed after our last volley I am satisfied that General Grant and his escort were in range of our rifles and in line with that volley.

Now if that Federal general of whom Captain Montgomery, of Edwards, Miss., spoke as saying we did not reach the top of the last hill toward Bolton will call to memory the above incident, he will be convinced that we captured the last hill-top before we were made prisoners and that that officer was killed by the last firing on the field.

Perhaps some of those fellows who captured us are still living and will concur in what I have said. Comrades Hogg and Moody are still living in Union County, Ark. Moody received a wound through his right shoulder by one of the last guns fired, fell in the cave below, and was made prisoner with the rest of us.

I should like to know about the officer who was killed and the regiment that captured us. I think he was a colonel and of Ohio or Pennsylvania troops.

While visiting there last February, after the lapse of forty-five years, I found the field well preserved and could locate all the surroundings. The tree where Billy Watts knelt when he killed that officer is green and still standing. I should like to hear from or about Billy Watts. He belonged to Company G, 19th Arkansas Volunteers, while I belonged to Company F. We went to prison together and were confined first at Camp Morton, Ind., for about a month, and were sent from there to Fort Delaware for three months, thence to Point Lookout, Md., and were paroled at City Point, Va., December 27, 1863. I rejoined my command near Camden, Ark., while General Steele was in possession of that place.

When I returned to my command I found Colonel Dockery promoted to brigadier general, promoted for bravery at Champion Hill, Farmington, Corinth, Hatchey Bridge, Iuka, all of which battles were inscribed on our battle flag. It found a watery grave in the hands of Captain Godbold, who perished with it in the Big Black River on the morning of May 17, 1863, as our command was falling back into Vicksburg. No officer was truer or braver than Captain Godbold, and he sacrificed his life rather than see his colors in the hands of the enemy. Heaven bless that noble soldier!

The Natchez Democrat says of General Dockery's war record: "A more gallant soldier never wore the gray. With his own means he equipped the 19th Arkansas Regiment. He became its colonel, and served with distinction in Cabell's Brigade at Corinth, Miss. His men were devotedly attached to him and were fond of telling that he never said 'Go on,' but 'Come on,' in the thickest of the battle. He was in Bowen's Division at Vicksburg, and there he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. He was one of the leaders at the battle of Baker's Creek and Big Black; but perhaps he served with most credit for unflinching bravery and military skill at Champion Hill. Here his men did notorious fighting and were cut to pieces. The General had two fine horses shot under him and barely escaped himself. He was known afterwards as 'the hero of Champion Hill.'"

General Dockery was loved by his friends and dreaded by his enemies. His Christian spirit reminds us that the loving and the daring and the bravest are the tenderest.

He died in New York City on Saturday, February 26, 1898, and was laid to rest in the Natchez Cemetery March 5. The pallbearers were Confederates—viz.: Capt. James W. Lambert, T. Otis Baker, S. E. Reamble, and Maj. John Rawls.

MUCH HONORED AND FURLOUGHED.

Col. E. V. White wrote from headquarters 35th Battalion of Cavalry, which he commanded, on September 21, 1864, to Col. William H. Taylor for Gen. R. E. Lee as follows: "Colonel, I have the honor to testify to the very meritorious conduct of Corporal Rodney Mathews, of Company C. In the charge on the enemy at Sycamore Church and in the very stubborn fighting on the plank road the same day Corporal Mathews volunteered to carry the flag on that occasion, and in the charge at Sycamore Church rushed with it into the very midst of the enemy, striking terror into the ranks. His conduct on the Plank road was no less praiseworthy, and won for him the gratitude of his officers and admiration of all who witnessed his daring acts. Believing that such valor deserves reward, I respectfully ask that he be granted a furlough of thirty days. I will also state that his horse is scarcely fit for duty, and he will remount himself while absent."

The application was approved all the way to General. It was for thirty days, but the brigade and division commanders suggested fifteen days. It was forwarded from Gen. Wade Hampton and approved, as stated, by Colonel Taylor for General Lee.

"Poet of the South" Named by Mr. Jefferson Davis.—A personal letter from Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle gives an account of a beautiful episide in connection with a tribute by Mr. Davis to her: "Did I ever tell you that when I was a young girl on a visit to Beauvoir, and while walking in the beautiful rose garden with my father, Mr. Davis, Mrs. Davis, Winnie, and others, Mr. Davis broke off a branch of poet's jasmine and, twining it into a wreath, gravely placed it on my head and, turning to the others, said, 'See, I, Jefferson Davis, disfranchised, poor, and old, have crowned her poet of the South; the world will do it later, but remember I have done it first?' * * * Looking over some old papers last summer, I found a spray of the pressed flowers, and written on the paper in which they were folded was the memoranda in my precious father's handwriting. I was too young to realize the value of such a thing then. It really teased me to wear the crown at dinner. But when we are older, all those little things of life are precious." Mrs. Boyle is the poet laureate for life of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

A Veteran Whose Nerve Holds Good.—Gen. J. Floyd King is sixty-seven years of age. In Washington, D. C., recently three negro men attacked the old veteran for the purpose of robbery. Although he was armed only with a small pocket knife, he put the assailants to flight after one of them had been cut so severely that he had to be carried to the hospital, and may die. General King is a native of Georgia, but is living in Louisiana, having represented that State in Congress for eight years in the eighties.

Reunion of a Tennessee "Brigade."—The annual gathering of the "Reunion Brigade" was held at Sparta, Tenn., October 15, many being present. A parade of cavalry and infantry, escorted by the Sparta Brass Band, the U. D. C.'s, and U. S. C. V.'s, marched to the grounds, where a splendid dinner was served. After dinner several interesting speeches were made, interspersed with spirited music.

"GEORGIA IN THE WAR OF 1861-65."

The little book, "Georgia in the War of 1861-65," may be called history in a nutshell, for in its pages Charles E. Jones, of Augusta, Ga., formerly Historian of the U. C. V. Camp No. 435, has collected all the historical facts that have made the State famous. He gives a brief synopsis of the State's history from its founding under Governor Oglethorpe, June 9, 1732, up to the present date. He touches lightly upon the salient points of interest and makes every necessary item stand out in prominence. Mr. Jones gives a detailed account of all the fighting on Georgia soil; but the principal advantage of the book is the tables which are invaluable for consultation. In easy reference form he has tables of the Governors of Georgia, counties of Georgia and dates of founding, field officers, regiments, battalions from Georgia in the Confederate army, five Georgia infantry regiments, cavalry, artillery, general officers commissioned by Georgia and in State service, general officers appointed from Georgia, their staff and previous military record, officers of the Confederate navy appointed from Georgia, members of the Confederate Congress from Georgia, Confederate Cabinet officers from Georgia, campaigns conducted, battles, engagements, and skirmishes in the State with their dates and location, roll of honor, names of officers killed or who died of wounds not mentioned in formal report in the battles of Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, near Petersburg, Va., Murfreesboro, and of Gettysburg, volunteer force United States army from Georgia, and local designation of Georgia's troops in the Confederate army.

As will be seen, this book, though small, is a full Georgia military library under one cover, and the price of one dollar is very small in comparison with the great value of the information given. The book can be obtained from Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.

GEORGIA'S WAR GOVERNOR.

SKETCH BY JUDGE GEORGE HILLYER.

At the war Governors' celebration which was held by the Daughters of the Confederacy in Atlanta recently Judge George Hillyer took as his subject the character of the late Gov. Joseph E. Brown, and in summing him up in his eulogy Judge Hillyer spoke of him as being "a man of towering mind and will which made him a marked man among his contemporaries."

The speaker stated that he was in many ways closely associated with Governor Brown, and followed his career with interest throughout his four elections to the governorship, and that there was nothing finer handed down to posterity than the State papers of his administration.

A brief extract from one of his messages to the Legislature during the struggle between the States was quoted: "Cruel, bloody, desolating war is still waged against us by our relentless enemies, who, disregarding the laws of nations and the rules of civilized warfare wherever either interferes with their fanatical objects or their interest, have in numerous instances been guilty of worse than savage cruelty. They have done all in their power to burn our cities when unable by their skill and valor to occupy them and to turn innocent women and children who have escaped death by the shells thrown among them without previous notice into the streets, destitute of homes, food, and clothing. In numerous instances their brutal soldiers have violated the persons of our innocent and helpless women, and have desecrated the graves of our ancestors and polluted and defiled the altars which we have dedicated to the worship of the living God. In addition to these and other enormities, hundreds of thousands of valuable lives, both North and South, have been sacrificed, causing the shriek of the mother, the wail of the widow, and the cry of the orphan to ascend to heaven from almost every hearthstone in all the broad land once known as the United States. Such is but a faint picture of the devastation, cruelty, and bloodshed which have marked this struggle. War in its most mitigated form is a terrible scourge and cannot exist without the enormous guilt resting upon the heads of those who have without just cause brought it upon the innocent and helpless people who are its unfortunate victims."

"What a terrible arraignment!" said Judge Hillyer. "The sunlight of truth is already dawning and the verdict of history will be that his arraignment is true."

In speaking of his war records Judge Hillyer said: "He was a tireless worker and never neglected to give most liberally of his own means. He constantly pressed upon the Legislature and Confederate authorities the claims of the Confederate soldiers for blankets and shoes and clothing and guns and powder and balls for those at the front, and medicines and comforts for wounded and sick in hospitals."

Governor Brown was universally popular in spite of the fact that he was hampered by Confederate authorities at Richmond during the war and by State authorities at Milledgeville. The soldiers at the front were unanimous in their approval of the war Governor, and at election time, when they could not return to their homes to vote, ballot boxes were passed among the camps, and most all the votes cast were for Governor Brown.

Besides being aggressive and wise in the handling of the larger affairs of State, Judge Hillyer in continuing stated that no man could have been more careful in the attention to minute detail. "No man had a more voluminous correspondence. The sick and wounded in distant hospitals and often in other States sent him doleful complaints by the thousand. They all were read and promptly and satisfactorily answered, as well as all letters from officials and influential people. This was before the day of stenography. He performed most of the reading and answering himself."

In conclusion Judge Hillyer said: "His kindness and charity to individuals of the poor and needy shine brightly by the side of his great services to the public. No wonder the men of his day trusted and honored him and four times elected him, and that for all times our 'War Governor' lives in the hearts of his people."

FLAG OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.—Tyler P. Jay, of Waldo, Miss., Rural Route No. 2, asks what became of the flag of the 24th Alabama Regiment. He was a member of its Company C and was wounded and captured at Missionary Ridge. While lying in the hospital after that battle a Federal soldier came in the room and inquired for a member of that regiment, saying: "Your major deserted in the battle and brought us your flag." This publication is made for the purpose of ascertaining definitely as to the truth of the statement. If it is untrue, the officer should be exonerated from the slander.

"Their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names, without stains for us;
The glory they won shall not wane for us.
In legend and lay
Our 'Heroes in Gray'
Shall forever live over again for us."

THE ASSAULT ON FORT SANDERS.

BY J. A. H. GRANBERRY, SERGEANT MAJOR 20TH GA. REGT.

Before I pass over the river I wish to put on record what I know in relation to the assault and repulse of the Confederate forces at Fort Sanders in front of Knoxville, Tenn., on November 29, 1863. My regiment, the 20th Georgia, was on the picket line in front of the fort and about one hundred yards from it in rifle pits when the assault was made, which pits we occupied before and after the assault. We held them until about ten o'clock that night.

Some time after the battle of Chickamauga Longstreet's two divisions, Hood's and McLaw's, with Wheeler's Cavalry Corps, were detached from the Confederate force before Chattanooga, crossed the Tennessee River, and moved toward Knoxville. We drove the Federal cavalry and infantry that we encountered. After crossing the river we moved rapidly to within a few miles of Knoxville. The enemy made two stands on their retreat which might have been used to advantage by General Longstreet. It was thought too that the pursuit should have been continued to the works around Knoxville and the attempt made to carry them at once.

We advanced but a mile or so each day, however, so that several days were consumed before we arrived near Knoxville. Soon a Federal force was sent from Chattanooga in our rear. On the night of November 28 my regiment, the 20th Georgia, Benning's Brigade, and a Mississippi regiment drove in the picket line in front of Fort Sanders, capturing some of the men, and by daylight had dug and occupied the rifle pits above mentioned. While our picket line was advancing we were heavily shelled from the fort, but the shells passed over us. Some of the shells exploded as many as three times like skyrockets, such as we never encountered before.

Before sunrise the assault upon the fort was made by troops from both divisions of the army. I estimate three brigades. The heavy picket line kept up a constant fire upon the walls of the fort, though not a Federal was seen above the rifle pits. Neither was a cannon or a small arm fired upon the advancing column. But no provision was made for crossing the ditch around the fort, six or eight feet wide and of equal depth. The charging columns could go no farther. Hand grenades were then thrown over the walls of the fort into the ranks of our men, their explosion causing a panic and a retreat. Then the enemy appeared above the walls of the fort and fired one volley into the fleeing columns, and there was one discharge of the artillery. There was no other firing done by the enemy. If a head appeared above the walls of the fort, it was at once fired on from the heavy picket line.

It was not long before a flag of truce was displayed from the fort. The Federals swarmed out of the fort, and our men met and mingled with them between the fort and our picket line, where the dead and wounded lay. The Federals claimed the wounded; but those who could walk paid no attention to the order, but returned to our lines. Our dead were collected and we buried them, ninety-seven in number, in one grave. A few were mortally wounded. Among these was a Colonel Ruff, of Wofford's Brigade of Georgians, probably the only field officer killed in the assault. Captains Moore, of the 8th Georgia Regiment, and Robert Wellburn, of the 9th Georgia, Anderson's Brigade, were also killed. Private Moon, of my regiment, was killed. He left our regiment and went with the attacking troops as they passed by and was shot in the retreat. Private Seaburn Shepherd, of the 9th Georgia, managed to get across the ditch and reached the flagstaff on the fort; but, receiving a scalp wound, he fell back to his regiment. The shot came from beyond the fort. At last accounts he was still living. Private Robert Thompson, of the 9th Georgia Regiment, seized a hand grenade that seemed to have a long fuse and threw it back into the fort, where it exploded.

The weather was clear and cold. It was Sunday morning and inspection day with the Federals. With their clean linen and polished shoes they presented quite a contrast in appearance to the Confederates just from their long march and from around their camp fires. The flag of truce went down after our dead were buried. The enemy went in the fort and we to our rifle pits. The sentinel was permitted to walk the walls of the fort the remainder of the day, though our boys were strongly tempted to make him seek cover. That night we took up our line of march eastward. General Longstreet in his work says we remained before Knoxville four days after the assault. Some of the cavalry might have done so. My command marched till ten o'clock next day before halting.

But for the fact that Sherman with a large force was following Longstreet the latter might have postponed his attack on Fort Sanders and even remained before the city after the attack; but the infantry marched off at once in quick time.

General Burnside's telegram to Washington after the assault on Knoxville was that "two thousand Confederate soldiers assaulted Fort Sanders, but not a score of the gallant stormers escaped." He might more correctly have stated that more than nineteen hundred escaped. The "score" left of these three brigades on May 6 following saved the day in the battle of the Wilderness; not only checking the Federal hordes that were forcing back our broken ranks on both sides of the memorable plank road, but driving the enemy from their front far beyond the battle ground of the day before.

On page 117 of "General Gordon's Reminiscences" an incident is related which is without foundation. General Gordon heard the incident from others, for he with his gallant command was in Virginia at the time. There was no "galling fire" upon the attacking force at Fort Sanders in its advance, for the men on the front line, secure in the pits, under instructions kept up a "galling fire" upon the fort on the hill, and especially upon the embrasures made for artillery. Not a gun was fired from the fort nor a man seen above its parapet until our forces broke in retreat from the explosion of the hand grenades thrown into their ranks; and as I have stated already, just one volley was fired into our retreating lines. Our front line held its position and kept up the fire on the fort. No youth brought water to the wounded lying under a "sun pouring its withering rays." Our wounded were removed in less than an hour after the assault. It was a cold, freezing day, the 29th of November. On the night following on our movement east we waded a stream, and our clothing froze upon our bodies as soon as we emerged from the water. General Gordon accepted the story as true from some one else.

Our regiment deployed as skirmishers in heavy line the night before, advanced to the ditch around the fort, and knew it could not be crossed without being bridged. If this had been done, the fort could have been taken easily. Lieutenant Bostick, of our regiment, afterwards killed in the battle of the Wilderness, by great effort crossed the ditch and from the top of the walls saw the infantry within. They were lying down and making no resistance.

The East Tennessee campaign was a failure. General Longstreet must have thought that Gen. LaFayette McLaws, commanding a division, and Gen. E. M. Law, commanding a

CONCERNING PROF. JOHN URI LLOYD, OF CINCINNATI. HIS VISITS TO NASHVILLE.

[The extraordinary tribute paid to Prof. John Uri Lloyd, of Cincinnati, by Miss Alice Baxter, of Atlanta, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., who on historic evening read from the platform the very pathetic story which is copied in this issue of the VETERAN, page 30, and his great tribute to the VETERAN in May, 1903, furnish the occasion for the following sketch prepared by Dr. W. N. Holmes, of Nashville, for many years a close personal friend of Professor Lloyd.]

Prof. John Uri Lloyd was born in the State of New York, son of a civil engineer whose work brought him to Logan County, Ky., when the boy was in his infancy. He settled near Stringtown, which has been forever memorialized by the Professor in his most excellent book of folklore, "Stringtown on the Pike."

At the age of fourteen years his mother, believing that this delicate son would never be successful by manual labor, decided that he should go to Cincinnati and try to secure employment. With three months' schooling, a few dollars in his pocket, and a carpet satchel on his arm he set out on foot for the city. He applied to a druggist on Central Avenue and Fifth Street, who told him that he did not need a boy; but on finding him determined to work somewhere consented to allow him to sweep floors, dust shelving, and wash bottles. This soon led to young Lloyd's efficiency as a prescriptionist.



DR. JOHN URI LLOYD.

Prof. John King was on the lookout for a man to take charge of a pharmacy in connection with the Eclectic Medical Institute, where he and the renowned John M. Scudder were teaching specific medicine and specific medication —considering the therapeutic value of remedies, applying them clinically as to their medicinal value as against those who accepted their worth from a poisonous standpoint. Having observed the ability of young Lloyd, Professor King selected him. What he has done since along the line of specific medicine the great world knows. He is now recognized authority on botany, chemistry, and pharmacy throughout North America and extensively known in Europe.

He has accomplished in the Lloyd's Library in Cincinnati for medicine and allied subjects more for the world than was accomplished for history and philosophy in the great library of Alexandria in Egypt. It is open to everybody, and everything that has been written can be found there. The Lloyd library is the only scientific collection of its kind in America.

Professor Lloyd is not only profound in chemistry and pharmacy, but he has written books of legends with a brilliancy of style never offered before which have charmed and thrilled a multitude. "Etidorhpa," "Stringtown on the Pike," "Red Head," "The Right Side of the Car," "Warwick of the Knobs," etc., are all worthy a place on the shelves of "peasant, priest, or king." He is broad and liberal in his views, and is sought everywhere.

In 1903 the Tennessee State Eclectic Medical Society deferred their regular convention thirty days that they might enjoy his presence, the change being made that he might go on a fishing and hunting expedition with his friends, Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson. Readers of the VETERAN will remember the tribute he paid to it on that occasion. I have never heard as much said in the same number of words as he then said in praise of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

His practical and scientific ideas have been accepted by some of the greatest of men. The late Surgeon General James Pattison Walker, of England, left a clause in his will giving to the Lloyd Library $30,000, together with his entire private library and manuscripts, known to scientific men as one of the most valuable of collections. In the bequest from General Walker he states that the fund shall be used in the work of investigation along the lines of specific medication and the specific action of medicines, clinically and not theoretically, this being in conformity with the lifetime work of Profesor Lloyd—a work which no man had hitherto been willing or able to perform.

His energies and his utter unselfishness have yielded to him riches more priceless than gold in the admiration of a practical and scientific world.

While in Nashville some two months ago he was invited by Prof. W. M. Dudley to address his classes, which he did, making many "practical suggestions."

Dr. Holmes concludes: "From Nashville I accompanied him to Dallas, Tex., where upon the invitation of Professor Eberlee he addressed the medical and pharmaceutical student body of Baylor University, which was done in a masterly and pleasing way. Professor Lloyd has arisen through adversity and 'made sunshine in shady places,' brought out of intricacies developments more beautiful than landscapes and flowers. I feel that, while that mysterious something we call life keeps him with us, an occasional rose placed upon his lapel now is more to be admired than all the floral tribute that could be offered after the 'golden bowl has been broken,' after his eyes cannot see and his ears cannot hear."

WHAT PROFESSOR LLOYD SAID ABOUT THE VETERAN.

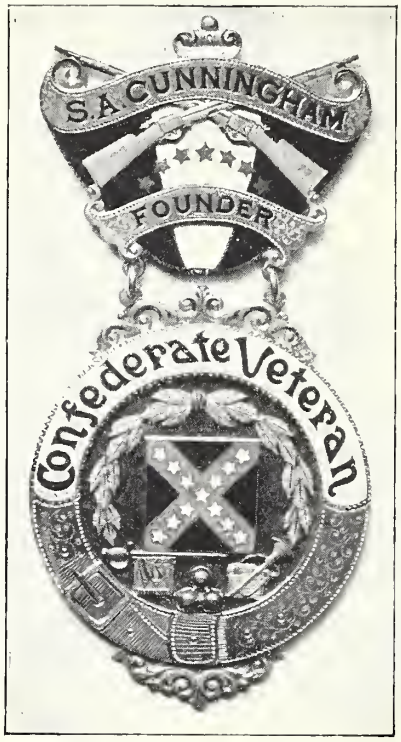
When Dr. John Uri Lloyd, the gifted author and chemist, of Cincinnati, Ohio, delivered an address before the Tennessee State Eclectic Society, as stated in the foregoing, at Nashville, he referred to the fleeting quality of the works of many men and the more enduring monuments erected by others. In his impromptu response to the words of welcome by the Mayor of Nashville Professor Lloyd said concerning a Nashville enterprise which surprised and pleased his auditors:

"*Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* I have listened with great pleasure to the words of welcome spoken by your worthy Mayor, and deeply appreciate the greeting extended

by him to the members of our society and their visitors. I have long looked forward with the most pleasant anticipation to this meeting and to a second visit to this beautiful city. * * *

"Mr. Mayor, I am not a public speaker, but a chemist. In that life work I have plodded along and tried to accomplish some good results, and as a chemist I shall presume to speak in behalf of my profession. This is an age of change, of evolution, of progress. It is an era of sky scrapers, of immense mechanical and architectural structures, of magnificent bridges, of great railroad constructions, of telephones, of telegraphs, of wireless telegraphy, of the study of force expressions unperceived by our fathers. Behind it all stand the chemist and the physicist, the laboratory and the crucible. Those who are interested financially now reap the monetary benefits. They see money only; their eyes are closed to the plodding scientist of the past, whose patience and skill enable others now to become rich and powerful leaders in the industrial world. They get the money out of their numerous enterprises, but the men to whom they are indebted, but of whom they never think, are the scientists, whose brains stand back of it all. This monument of the modern era is one to science—this monument of iron and gold and brass and stone and motion and wonder.

"All material works pass away in time. The monuments that are built by hands, whether of brass or stone, crumble and are seen no more. You have heard the story of the lost Atlantis, the myth land that mysteriously disappeared in days lost to history. Gone is Atlantis, but the story of its past existence, the charming legend of its extinction, still remains. Her monuments of stone and bronze, her cities and her people, her hard-built treasures are buried from sight, lost are they ever to cold history. Alone stands the charm of legend, which from heart to heart has passed on, a legend of romance built on love and passion in a time lost to years. Alone that monument stands to-day; all else is gone. Atlantis the material is lost.



GIFT FROM CONFEDERATE FRIENDS.

"In every city of our land monuments are built for various reasons; but in the flight of time, like those of Atlantis of old, they too will disappear. Yet, when stone crumbles and iron rusts, golden legends will be left to tell of events that happened in lands where now the stone is seen and the heart is touched. As I think of my last visit to Nashville comes to mind the story of the war that surged, just previously, over this section of our now peaceful country. As I now see Nashville come to view the structures of stone, speaking now of her work in civilization's army. These latter are her visible monuments. Yet there is a monument now being built here in Nashville which is destined to outlive your uplifted piles of brick and stone and iron and wood. It is the greatest monument that can or will be built here. It will remain to speak to generations to come when your bronze has turned green with rust. I refer to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN [applause], that monument of love which records the story of the sacrifices, of the heroism of men and women of the South in their day of trial. The editor is unknown to me personally, but I say to you that he is through this publication erecting a monument the lines of which will live forever. A copy of this journal comes to my desk every month, and I never fail to read its pages. It records the history of the past, as only men who know the past can tell it. Each page touches a heart. The lesson is one of passion and of sorrow, of pain, disaster, and death, of woman's sacrifice, of man's heroism, of the giving of life and property, of family and kindred, in behalf of principle. The pages of this monument to the whole South, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of Nashville, teem with records of devotion in the past. It speaks too of good will to all men, and by its courteous treatment of the veterans who wore the blue, its kindly words for men once foes, is even now bringing the people of both the North and the South together in a way which could not be achieved otherwise. [Applause.]

In a time to come, when brick and mortar now builded here have crumbled, hearts will feel the touch that comes from the stories these veterans have recorded in this record of the past that Nashville is uplifting. And in time to come from out these heart touches legends will grow into form and speak to distant peoples, legends that know no North, no South, no East, no West.

"Some may disagree with me. Let them make their protest and rest; they cannot wait the end. Some may say that I make these remarks because Mrs. Lloyd is a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy; but I say to you they come because I believe that the work being done by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is monumental and just what I have said."

COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF VETERANS.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, the Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., makes appeal personal and official in behalf of the VETERAN to the U. C. V., U. D. C., U. S. C. V., and the C. S. M. A. "to take into special practical consideration the very important matter of greatly increasing the subscription list and the general distribution of our official organ throughout the Southern States especially and in all other States as well. The Confederate Associations above mentioned are members of one great body, each bound to the others by the most sacred ties which ever united a patriotic people. They are united in the spirit of perfect patriotic allegiance to our own great country, and they all heartily indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

A patriotic appeal from an old patron living far away induced the publication of the picture on adjacent page. This gentleman, speaking for a group of patrons, said: "We have been reading the VETERAN for years and we want to see how the editor looks." Many, many times request has been made so earnestly to publish a good-sized picture that its use will please enough to counterbalance the idea of egotism by others. Do not imagine that the editor is bald-headed. The very small picture on page 8 was made on the same day. It will be easy to get rid of the picture by raising the wire stitches to this center sheet. The four pages are not numbered.



Greeting, with Gratitude from S. A. Cunningham

To Patrons of the Confederate Veteran

Mt. Vernon, Knox Co. O. July 31st 1895.

J. A. Cunningham, Esqr.

My Southern friend.

I appreciate your coming all the way from Nashville, Tenn. for the sole purpose of seeing me. Your kind assurances of the friendship of the Southern people are very gratifying to me. My parents were Southern born. My father: Abraham Emmett, was a native of Staunton Va. and my mother Sarah Zerick of Fredericktown Md.

In compliment to you and the messages of good will you bring, I hand you to engrave for the Confederate Veterans the original copy of "Dixie," made on that rainy Sunday in New York city in 1859.

Daniel Decatur Emmett.

Let it be accepted that sober, honest, sincere "Dan" Emmett wrote "Dixie."

brigade, were in some degree to blame for the failure, for they were not permitted to remain longer in his command; yet by their own men no officers were ever more popular or more highly esteemed.

HISTORY BROUGHT OUT IN PRIZE ESSAY.

BY DR. H. B. OSBORN, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Your published article in the October VETERAN, page 899, on Jackson's Florida Seminole campaign was a fine historical article, and explains much that is left in doubt in the Hon. Joshua Gidding's report of that campaign, which hinted at secret collusion of President and Cabinet in the General's conduct of the Seminole war. Had that bit of secret history been known in its true light, there would never have been a "radical abolitionist" or a "Southern fire eater;" but you and I had to suffer for it many years later. Thank God it is all past! If we could abolish the carpetbagger or the memory of him, how nice it would be! The army man was kicked by a wheel mule, when he said, "I can't blame the d— mule, for it's his nature;" but I never can forget that kick or how it hurt.

THE LAST OF THE CONFEDERATES.

BY DAVID J. WEISIGER, VIRGINIA.

I stood on the streets of Atlanta to-day
As the noble old heroes passed by,
And pardon me, friend, for the weakness I showed,
But a tear slowly dropped from my eye.

The curious crowd little knew what it meant
As they saw that old battle flag wave
Which Lee and brave Gordon and Jackson loved
And followed so gallant and brave.

But I knew what it meant, for I stood years ago
On the streets of old Richmond and saw
These same gallant men, this same flag unfurled,
As they bravely marched off to the war.

I watched by the bedside of wounded and sick
And carried them food day by day
In dear old Virginia, that noble old State,
As the war slowly dragged on its way.

Well, their number grew less, while the foe still increased,
Till all hope of resistance was gone;
And I saw them leave Richmond on April the third.
In ashes, forsaken, forlorn.

That grandest of chieftains, brave Robert E. Lee,
Whose watchword was duty through life,
Unwilling to slaughter his brave, noble boys,
Gave orders which ended the strife.

The years have flown by, the days are forgot,
When that old tattered flag used to wave;
But I love it, I love it, I honor it still,
And I will till I go to my grave.

So I thought as I stood with uncovered head
Of that sad but fast-coming day
When the last old Confederate shall hear from his Lord
The summons to march and obey.

And in vision I see him pass through the bright gates
Of heaven and meet with our Lord
'Neath the shade of the trees with his comrades of old
To enjoy everlasting reward.

VETERANS AT VICKSBURG.

About six hundred veterans assembled in Vicksburg, Miss., November 11 for their annual convention, and the city for the second time in its history made complete surrender, this time in hospitable welcome to the grizzled soldiers, many of whom had fought bravely in the memorable siege.

Carroll Hotel was headquarters and the hub of the wheel of pleasure that made so many evolutions. Here was the buffet that served perpetual refreshments to all who wished them, here was held the grand reception, and here was stationed the fine band that played the stirring airs so warmly applauded.

Automobiles took all who desired to the battlefield, where hundreds of seats had been erected for the use of spectators at the unveiling of the monument. Governor Noel made the presentation speech, and Mr. Blewett Lee, who officialy represented Secretary of War Dickinson, received the monument in the name of the nation. When Mr. Lee took the stand to speak, he was enthusiastically received in memory of his father. The musicians of the city had banded into a chorus of wonderful force and ability, and the soul-stirring airs rendered thrilled every hearer.

This new monument is one of many in the National Park, where States have memorialized their unforgotten dead in bronze and marble; but it is exceptionally handsome, and Mississippi may well be proud of it as well as the enterprise through which it was attained.

The business sessions were held in the Baptist church, and here Congressman W. J. Collier bade all the visitors welcome in appropriate words of choice oratory. His address was followed by several notable speeches and some excellent music.

The ladies of the various Churches served free meals to all the veterans, and each rivaled the other in the variety and perfection of their menu, the Catholic Church adding military terms or some significant reference to each article served.

Many special features for the pleasure of the veterans and visitors were arranged, one of the most delightful being a boat excursion to which the entire convention was invited. The program, social and business, was beautifully arranged and well carried out, and Vicksburg was the recipient of many compliments on her hospitality and grateful thanks from all the receivers of her Southern courtesy.

Found His Sword After Forty-Six Years

M. D. Ellington, of Durant, Miss., took part in the memorable siege of Vicksburg, and on July 4, forty-six years ago, he buried his sword upon the battlefield, lest he should be called upon to yield it in surrender. When in November, 1909, the Mississippi Confederate veterans met in Vicksburg at their great annual reunion, Captain Ellington was in attendance. He had a vivid remembrance of the old days of '63 and of the burial of his sword. With a party of friends he visited the battlefield and the sword was exhumed, rusty and dulled, but still a prized relic, which the proud owner carried home.

A Proposed Confederate Memorial Building in Memphis. —Following the announcement that Memphis had been selected as permanent headquarters for the Sons of Confederate Veterans, a movement was begun by the N. B. Forrest Camp to establish a memorial building in that city which is designed to serve for a museum and as a meeting place for all patriotic organizations. The Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy will be asked to assist in the furthering of this plan.

REGARDING BATTLE OF REAMS STATION.

James E. Larkin, 164 Linden Street, Everett, Mass., sends the VETERAN a letter and papers in regard to his controversy with General Miles over the battle of Reams Station. General Miles says that with two hundred men and much fierce fighting he turned the tide of battle. Mr. Larkin replies that there was practically no fighting at all after the Yankees were driven from the works and were in disordered retreat, pursued by the Confederates, save some scattering shots, one of which killed Lieutenant McGee, of the 8th Pennsylvania.

General Miles says he fought and recaptured Danchey's Battery, carrying three guns from the field. Mr. Larkin replies that as he was in retreat he heard the men of the battery calling for help; that, taking the colors from the 5th New Hampshire Regiment, he called for volunteers, and they rushed back with a yell. There were only a few Confederates around the guns, who retreated, and no fighting of any kind took place. The men removed the guns till they met the provost guard, who took charge of them. Some of the 81st were in this recapture of the guns, but most of them were the 5th New Hampshire.

Mr. Larkin wants to hear from Confederates who were in this battle and any of the Federals who helped recapture the guns.

MASONIC BURIAL OF AN ENEMY.—In the burial of Lieutenant Commander J. E. Hart with Masonic honors in an enemy's country one of the few pleasant sides of war was revealed. On June 11, 1863, Lieutenant Hart died on board the United States gunboat Albatross, which was then stationed opposite St. Francisville, on the Mississippi River. Not wishing to bury him in the river the officers of the Albatross sent a flag of truce on shore to see if there was a Masonic Lodge near, as Lieutenant Hart was a devoted Mason and entitled to burial by their rites. There were two Masons, two brothers named White, who lived near the river. These two, being told of the mission of the flag of truce, hunted up W. W. Leake, who was acting Master at the time. They gathered all the Masons to be found and these in the regalia of their order stood by the grave and assisted as Lieutenant Hart was buried with military and Masonic honors and with the service of the Episcopal Church read over him. The government marked the grave with a small stone, and the U. D. C. of St. Francisville keep the grave in good condition.

ESCAPE OF BRECKINRIDGE AND BENJAMIN.

BY THOMAS D. JEFFRESS, CHASE CITY, VA.

Gen. John C. Breckinridge and Judah P. Benjamin are inseparably connected with the rise and fall of the Confederacy. In every stage of the long conflict between the States the former was conspicuous in the military and civil and the latter in the civil departments of the Confederate government. But how they escaped from the country after starting out with Mr. Davis in his retreat is not generally known.

In the summer of 1874 I happened to be sitting with General Breckinridge on a quiet Sunday afternoon on the portico of the Ballard Hotel, Richmond, Va. No others were present. I knew him by sight, but had no previous acquaintance with him. Knowing, however, that truly great men were more approachable than men of smaller caliber and unmerited fame, I told him it would gratify me to hear from him about his escape after the downfall of the Confederacy and how he became separated from Mr. Davis and Mr. Benjamin.

With a graceful wave of the hand, acknowledging my recognition of him, he replied: "I will cheerfully do so."

I told him that I had often seen him when I was at college in Washington City. He playfully said: "You do not mean to say that you were at college with me?" "O, no, I replied. While at Columbian College in Washington in '57 and '58 as a student I saw you often as Vice President preside over the United States Senate."

He then said: "I followed Mr. Davis a long distance, sharing with him the discomforts and perils of the flight. He was as heroic and resolute amid reverses as he was grand and matchless as a leader when fortune smiled upon him. But after accompanying him a considerable distance I became satisfied from the geography of the country that Mr. Davis had chosen the most dangerous route, and to continue under his guidance capture would be inevitable. He was inflexible in his determination to follow the line of escape he had mapped out for himself. I decided to pursue a different course, and we bade each other a friendly adieu. Taking with me Mr. Benjamin and a few trusty men, I struck off for the Florida coast. Soon after our separation Mr. Davis, as I predicted and as you know, was captured. Soon after leaving him I met some soldiers of the Federal army who did not recognize me, supposing my party was doubtless Confederate cavalry privates returning home. I passed a squad of them in a gallop; but no demonstration was made against me and my few followers, and they seemed to regard us as unworthy of any particular notice. These were the last Union soldiers I saw."

Then I suggested that as he rode a long distance through a strange country he must have encountered some dangers and hardships.

To this he replied: "We found accommodations along the journey and fared quite well with strangers but sympathizers who considered us Southern men making for home. Having been familiar in early life with hunting and traveling in Kentucky at night, I recalled the experiences of my youth and adapted myself to the change of circumstances, going night and day *incognito* with my faithful and fearless followers. In a comparatively short time, considering the distance, during which nothing specially interesting or perilous to relate occurred, we reached the coast in safety. We then procured a small boat and a supply of provisions, which were easily obtained. I was supplied with some gold, a temptation the boat owner could not resist, and I had a small pocket compass, which I always carried with me. With Capt. John Taylor Wood* and two others in an open boat we started for the coast of Cuba. After two days and three nights of the most delightful and propitious weather, we landed within one mile of the point we started out for, our only guide being my pocket compass. Captain Wood accidentally fell overboard during the voyage, but was soon hauled in and appeared not the least alarmed or disconcerted. He was one of the bravest of men. After reaching Cuba I found friends and accommodations. I remained there a short time, and then went to Paris and eventually to Canada. The rest you are no doubt familiar with."

Asking what became of Mr. Benjamin, he replied: "Well, he remained with me only a day after leaving Mr. Davis. Horseback riding was a great struggle with him. He was altogether unaccustomed to it, and said he could not endure it. He was a remarkable man, and could adapt himself to any society or circumstances except roughing it in the saddle.

*John Taylor Wood was a nephew of Gen. Zachary Taylor and a member of the staff of Jefferson Davis. He went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, after the war and engaged in business. He died a few years ago.

He could speak German, French, and other languages fluently. I learned after leaving us that he traveled through the country as a Jew merchant to Charleston, and from that South Carolina port he sailed for Europe. Of course with his reputation, attainments, and acquaintances he found no difficulty in securing good associations and reaching the eminence that he soon obtained in the English government."

General Breckinridge was exceedingly pleasant and courteous during the conversation; but increasing age, disappointed hopes, and his varied experiences in life had changed his appearance from the well-proportioned, handsome, and erect physical manhood that excited my admiration when I saw him as Vice President in Washington.

An incident occurred upon the conclusion of our conversation which deserves mention. A farmer-dressed gentleman passed by us going into the hotel. General Breckinridge asked me if that was not Maj. William Allen, of Claremont, on the James River. I informed him that it was. He then called him back, introduced himself, and thanked him for some act of hospitality extended by Major Allen to himself on one occasion down on the James River many years before. A brief conversation followed and a glass of Kentucky bourbon was proposed, when I distinctly remember General Breckinridge said: "I thank you, I cannot accept, as I am so constituted that if I were to partake of one glass I would not stop wanting more for two weeks."

DARING EXPLOIT OF A CONFEDERATE RAM.

BY J. A. TEMPLETON, JACKSONVILLE, TEX.

In recounting deeds of daring and heroism on land it appears that our Confederate naval heroes have to some extent been neglected. A reckless undertaking occurred just at the close of the war in the attempt to escape with the crew of the Confederate ram William H. Webb, under command of Lieut. C. W. Read, which was fitted out at Shreveport and Alexandria, La., in April, 1865.

Lieutenant Read made his official report to Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy, from Alexandria, La., April 22, 1865, in which he gave the armament and equipment of his vessel, together with a list of his officers and crew. He entered the Mississippi River via Red River on the 23d of April, intending to run past all the gunboats in the Mississippi and out to sea through its mouth. This was indeed a daring undertaking when it is to be considered that the great river was at that time bristling with gunboats of every description and they had notice of the Webb being on the way. Nearly every vessel took a shot at her. She passed New Orleans at 12 M. on April 24, but was run ashore below New Orleans when it was seen that escape was impossible, and it was blown up by her commander.

On pages 168, 169, and 170 "Official Records of Union and Confederate Navies" will be found the report of Lieutenant Read to the Confederate Secretary of Navy with a list of the names of the officers and crew of the Confederate steamship Webb.

MAJ. JOHN H. MILLER, A "FIGHTING PARSON."

BY N. P. DAVIDSON, AXTELL, TEX.

Seeing in frequent issues of the VETERAN articles in regard to "fighting parsons" brings to mind one grand old man of this class who made a fighting record during the first year of the war. Rev. John H. Miller, a Presbyterian minister of Pontotoc County, Miss., organized a company of cavalry in Pontotoc early in 1861 and was elected its captain. In June of the same year a battalion of four companies was organized at Union City, Tenn., and Captain Miller was elected major. He proved himself a strict disciplinarian, a born commander. He endeared himself to those under his command by his consideration of their rights and comfort.

When the battle of Belmont, Mo., was fought, his original company had been stationed there for some time, while the other companies of the battalion were held at Columbus, Ky. When the alarm of battle was given, Major Miller proceeded to the river, got his horse on board a boat, crossed, and took command of the one company, and by his utter disregard of personal safety proved that duty was his ruling characteristic.

After the battle this company was transferred to Columbus. We remained there until in the spring of 1862, when the battalion was sent to Lexington, Tenn. We engaged in scouting on the Tennessee River while the Federal army was being concentrated at Shiloh. During that battle there was but little for cavalry to do. Major Miller with his battalion had position on the extreme right of our army, on the enemy's left. Seeing a battery of artillery posted on a hill firing into our infantry, the Major by a circuitous move behind heavy undergrowth gained the enemy's flank, ordered a charge, took the battery in flank and rear, and captured it without firing a gun or the loss of a man. In fact, so unexpected was the charge that we were in the midst of the battery and Major Miller with his sword over the head of the commander before they realized what had happened. The battery had no infantry support, which evidently accounts for our easy success.

After the battle of Shiloh we went into camp at Poplar Springs, Miss., where, with the exception of a few elderly men, we reënlisted, and with other companies formed the 1st Mississippi Cavalry Regiment. Capt. R. A. Pinson was elected colonel. Major Miller, being a man far advanced in years and very frail, retired from the army, returned to his home, and was soon after killed by a party of Federals in the road on a Sunday morning on his way to an appointment to preach.

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR.

BY S. F. POWER, NATCHEZ, MISS.

[From an old New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

I was ordered to report to Brig. Gen. Henry W. Allen, of Louisiana, at his special request. Being unable to do so, the order was rescinded. (Paragraph IV., S. P., No. 275.) On January 5, 1864, I was ordered to relieve Maj. E. W. Baylor, post quartermaster, West Point, Ga., where I remained until the fall of that plucky little city, which event took place a week after the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee at Appomattox.

West Point, Ga., a town of some importance to our armies, on the banks of the Chattahoochee River, being the key to the situation at this juncture, was splendidly fortified against attacks by stockades, redoubts, and long-range rifle pits, and by the erection of a large fort on the west side of the river. The fort commanded a great portion of the place, and under more favorable conditions would have proved a veritable Gibraltar. This fort was manned by a portion of Wailes's Battery from Columbia, S. C. The post was under command of the intrepid Gen. R. C. Tyler, of Tennessee. Rumors came of the advance of the Federals from the direction of Montgomery, Ala. Saturday afternoon, April 15, 1865, everything was set quickly in motion for the defense of the place. Sunday morning the pickets were posted along the roads leading into town and in the rifle pits and in the redoubts.



GROUP GATHERED ON FORT TYLER, A HIGH HILL IN WEST POINT, GA.

Mrs. W. B. Higginbothem, President Fort Tyler Chapter U. D. C., is indicated by sword in her hand. The Fort hill is perhaps over 100 feet high.

The military contingent from the hospitals and militia were soon ordered into the fort. Schoolboys responded to the call, and there were in all one hundred and twenty-one effective men to cope with the three thousand Federals under Colonel LaGrange. The women and children were ordered to places of security early in the day. The fort contained one gun, denominated a siege gun, a 32-pounder, and two 12-pounders. The large gun occupied the eastern corner of the fort, while the two smaller ones commanded the southern and western approaches. The small arms consisted of one hundred and thirteen smooth-bore muskets.

At ten o'clock the enemy came in sight, and Trapanier, a young South Carolinian, aimed the siege guns on their columns and brought down Colonel LaGrange's horse and two pack horses. The Federals planted their brass cannon on Ward's hill, just a half mile from the fort, a most commanding position, and began a rapid and effective cannonade on the fort. They soon drove in the outposts and began to sound the bugle for charges on the coveted trophy. The valiant soldiery in the fort, though but a handful, were equal to the occasion, and repulsed attack after attack. The cannon in the fort was silenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, every gunner having been either killed or wounded. General Tyler while recklessly exposing himself at the portcullis, viewing the enemy through his field glasses, was shot by a sharpshooter from a flower or kitchen garden below. The first shot, though fatal, was followed by a second, which cut his crutch in two and precipitated him to the ground. He was tenderly borne to the foot of the flagstaff, where he died an hour later beneath the flag he had sworn to protect with his life which had been presented by the noble ladies of West Point and vicinity. The command of the fort then devolved upon Captain Gonzales, of Florida. He too soon received a death wound, but survived until Monday morning. Next in line was Col. J. H. Fannin, of LaGrange, Ga., who, after seeing the ammunition was about exhausted and the fearful odds against him and the hopelessness of contending against three thousand picked men inured to warfare and thoroughly equipped with improved repeating carbines, raised the white flag at 6:30 o'clock after a gallant stand of eight hours and a half in such an unequal contest.

Our losses were thirteen killed and twenty wounded, among the killed being Licutenant McKnight, of Louisiana, the author of many beautiful poems.

While the battle was in progress there were other details to carry out. My orders were to take charge of the supplies and government stock, all of which I sent up the river about three miles, on the Winston plantation. My wife and daughter, Callie, accompanied the train on horseback, with a Mr. Leonard in charge. They would have been captured but for a thorough knowledge of the country and the fleetness of their horses.

I was superintending the men under me in tearing up the flooring of the large foot bridge to prevent the enemy from passing over with their cavalry and heavy ordnance, as Beauregard was thought to be rapidly pursuing this part of Wilson's command. Here the noble young McKnight was killed, and he was on leave of absence from "Leed's Light Horse," New Orleans. My servant, Andrew Walker, received a slight flesh wound; but from his wild expression, showing so much of the white of his eyes, it was evident that he "thought that his time had come." Mr. W. C. Camp, proprietor of the hotel, who left the bridge for the fort to report, had both eyes shot out. So sad! Lieutenant Lee, of Tennessee, was anxious to help out; but his horse was killed, and he could not reach the fort.

Young McKnight, one of our brave boys, who fell by the hand of a sharpshooter, was carried to the residence of Mrs. Ann Winston, and there, unattended by a physician, died. Mrs. Winston, one of the true-hearted women of that day, had his remains interred in her lovely flower garden; and although far from home (New Orleans), he rested beneath the sweet shadow of rose bower and the feathered songsters kept watch over his grave. Old man Baker, Mrs. Ann Winston, Miss Tinsley Winston, and my wife buried McKnight, assisted by some of the old servants.

After the battle had ended the victorious Federals cheered and climbed upon the parapets of the fort, and were dumfounded to find so few inside, and praised their valor in no uncertain words. "You fought like demons," they said. "We thought you had at least two companies."

Fourteen of the Point Coupee Battery, of Louisiana, who

fought a week before at Selma, were in the fort and did valiant service. One of their number named Delmas was killed. Three of the quartermaster's department, Lieut. John W. Bryant, George Williams Blackwell, of New Orleans, and Julius O. Metcalf, of Natchez, were in the fort.

All the prisoners were marched to the outskirts of the town and bivouacked for the night on the east side of the river. The next morning the Federals burned the two commodious depots filled with government supplies and hundreds of freight cars loaded with machinery, merchandise, etc., together with about sixteen locomotives. The magazine in Fort Tyler was blown up and the two magnificent bridges were burned, after which the enemy with the prisoners were again on their march, carrying destruction on their way.

A Federal captain whose leg was amputated was taken to the residence of the Mayor for treatment. He was robbed of his sword, pistols, watch, and cash by the Federal stragglers—"The Devil's Own Vagabonds." They found one of the wagons of my wife's train in the woods and plundered the trunks and boxes and took the clothing of the officers and men, etc.

After the Federals reached Macon they learned for the first time of Lee's surrender. The prisoners were paroled and sent home. The day after the battle I was reading the burial notice over the joint grave of General Tyler and Captain Gonzales, when firing was heard in the direction of the town, and a panic almost ensued. Some cowardly stragglers had returned and shot into the wards of the hospitals, killing a wounded soldier in his bunk and desperately wounding a small lad. They cut up a large zinc yawl, the only means of ferriage, and departed.

The Federal loss at West Point was about two hundred.

The daughter of Mrs. Potts, sister of the late Charley Marsh, fired twice from a rifle pit in the rear of their residence at the Federal skirmishers. This daring exposure of herself was observed. Colonel LaGrange was informed and learned that the bodies of the gallant Tyler and Gonzales were in the house. He said: "Were it not for the honored dead that lie in the house, I would teach the female sharpshooters a lesson." The order to burn the house was rescinded, and it is still in good condition.

West Point, Ga., is midway between Montgomery and Atlanta, which distance is 187 miles, and there was a difference in the gauge of the track of five inches. The telegraph lines were cut before the surrender of General Lee, leaving us without the means of communication with the outside world.

It is with regret that I cannot recall the names of the six Louisiana boys who assisted in throwing the planks from the bridge into the river. Their timely aid was thoroughly appreciated.

The heroic defense of West Point, Ga., on April 16, 1865, cannot be forgotten, and will rank with the hardest contests of the war of 1861-65.

BATTLE OF GALVESTON—THE HARRIET LANE.

BY COL. S. T. FONTAINE.

[The "Story of the Harriet Lane" in the October Veteran was written from notes collected from old newspapers. Mr. George Sibley, of Lonoke, Ark., writes that the story was erroneous, and referred the subject to Col. S. T. Fontaine, of Galveston, who was engaged in the battle.]

I have read the article over carefully and the statements are substantially correct, while others as stated (by friend George Sibley, of Lonoke, Ark.) are erroneous. But in order to fully explain myself and my means of information I will necessarily have to show my part in this battle of Galveston on January 1, 1863. Maj. Gen. J. B. Magruder had relieved Brigadier General Hebert from the command of the district of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. This was soon after the evacuation of Galveston, Tex., and its occupation by the Federal troops.

Some twenty days before the battle of Galveston General Magruder sent me with dispatches to Gen. T. H. Holmes at Little Rock, where he had his headquarters, then commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, for permission to retake the city of Galveston, then occupied by the Federals. I returned with this permission about one week before the battle. On the 31st of December, 1862, General Magruder moved his land troops to Virginia Point, on the mainland. The only connection between the city of Galveston and the mainland was a wooden railroad bridge built on posts, in a bad state of repair. On the night of December 31, 1862, at about nine o'clock the troops silently marched over this railroad bridge. This was tedious work, but we crossed the bridge and were on Galveston Island by 12:20 A.M. January 1, 1863. General Magruder then assigned the troops to their various positions. My position was to take the heavy guns to Fort Point, located on the east end of Galveston Island, and to open fire upon the enemy immediately after my arrival, so as to notify the rest of the troops that I was in position. Sydney Sherman, my first lieutenant, was placed with his guns at the foot of Twentieth Street and Bay Shore. Here he was mortally wounded. We had him taken to the Ursuline Convent, where he died. His body was then taken to St. Mary's Cathedral, where the Catholic Church services were performed for the dead, and then my company (A), Cook's Regiment of Heavy Artillery, myself in command, accompanied his body to the grave in the Catholic burial grounds, where he was buried with military honors.

Lieutenant Lea, of the Harriet Lane, who was mortally wounded in this battle and died soon after, was buried in the Episcopal graveyard by the Federals with honors of war. They were not buried in the same grave or graveyard.

[Comrade S. T. Fontaine was lieutenant colonel of the 7th Battalion Light Artillery and chief of artillery and ordnance district of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, C. S. A.—Ed.]

CHRISTMAS OFFERING FOR SICK SOLDIERS.

Camp Morgan-Pettus, of Birmingham, Ala., in November issued a circular letter saying that the Old Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek was badly in need of an adequate hospital in which to care for the sick and bedridden of the Home, many of whom require constant attention. The idea is that all Southerners will be glad to aid in so noble a work, and it is suggested that your gifts be made in the name of some one dear to you who either fell in or suffered for the cause. The yearly dues of the Camp are three dollars, and they make this sum their measure. Give this at least in the name of each of your loved ones.

Christmas, the time of joy and merriment in happy homes, is dreary for the sick and lonely old men who fought so bravely for you. Do what you can for their comfort; let the honored dead speak to the suffering living in silver sentences that will help them more easily to bear to the end. Address Hill Ferguson, Chairman Camp Morgan-Pettus, Birmingham, Ala.

"THE WONDERFUL CATOSTOMUS OF KENTUCKY."

BY JOHN URI LLOYD, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

[The pathos of this little sketch is only excelled by the fact that we know it contains more truth than fiction. It is copyrighted and published by permission of the author.—ED.]

"A penny for your thoughts, Professor," said a member of the village circle gathered about the stove of the Stringtown grocery store.

"I am thinking of a child. What leads my mind from these scenes and your trivial stories to him? They have nothing in common. I am thinking of a face, a dirty face," he repeated, and lapsed into silence.

"Tell us about the dirty face."

"You are acquainted with the little house just above the mouth of the Mount Carmel Pike, the house in which old black Ephraim lived, and which since his disappearance has been deserted; windowless it has stood these many days."

Professor Drake rested his voice a second and then continued: "It is empty again." Following this short sentence came another interlude, when, as though by an effort, he added: "A very dirty face."

What could be troubling our village teacher? Never before had we heard him speak in such a desultory manner.

Then he proceeded: "Shorty after the beginning of the last school session a gentle tap came on the schoolroom door. I opened it and ushered in a boy about ten years of age leading a younger boy by the hand. They stopped and looked about in a frightened manner and seemed inclined to retreat, when I said in a pleasant tone: 'Don't be afraid, children. Do you wish to attend school?' 'We do, we do, Jim and me,' spoke the older one in a drawling monotone. He held out his hand, and in its palm rested a bright silver quarter. 'Mam said fer us ter come ter skule till the wuth of this war taken out in l'arnin'.' Dirty and ragged were these two boys, dirtier and more ragged than ever children before were seen in the Stringtown school. I returned the money and seated them on the bench away from the other children, with whom it was questionable whether they should come into personal contact. That afternoon they were detained after school, and I got their history. They came from Grassy Creek, and with a sot of a father (as I learned afterwards) and a mother little, if any, better than he lived now in the house deserted by black Ephraim. 'Be sure to wash your faces before coming to school to-morrow morning,' I said as they were dismissed. Next morning they came with clean faces; but in a few days they were as dirty as before. This time I spoke more positively: 'You must wash your face and hands before starting to school.' And again the faces were clean, but within a week they were as dirty as when I first saw them. Gentlemen, I pleaded with, scolded, and threatened those children. I exhausted every power of persuasion and vainly exerted every influence. Had they seemed at all provoked, or had they resented my attempts to reform their slovenly habits, I should have been delighted; but their disposition was amiable and their deportment exceptionally good. 'Yes, sir,' they would answer when I gave my customary order concerning clean faces, 'we'll be clean to-morrow,' and for that once they would be clean, but not clean again until I gave the next order. Friends," and the Professor now spoke to us directly, "men should weigh carefully their words. Who can tell when a hasty expression will turn to plague one's self? 'Jimmy,' I said one day to the younger boy, 'you provoke me beyond endurance. Do you intend to go through life with a dirty face? Do you intend to be a dirty-faced man?' The child had been languid all that day. I can see now what I did not observe then—languid, spiritless, dirty. He looked up at me quickly; his black eyes peer at me yet. Ignoring my reference to the dirty-faced man, he asked: 'Kin a dirty boy git inter heaven, teachah?' 'No; only clean children go to heaven.' 'I wants to go to heaven, fer I'm tired of livin'. Mam, she's in her cups ag'in and pap's in jail. Guess these clean children in skule hain't got sech a mam and pap, else they wouldn't always be clean.' He looked at his little brown fingers. 'We hain't no soap in the house, teachah, and we hain't got no stove to heat water on. We fries our bacon and hominy in a skillet when we have any bacon and bakes our corn pone in the ashes. Guess ef some of them other children hadn't no soap and no hot water and had a drunk mother, their faces wouldn't be so clean frosty mornin's. I breaks the ice in a pan when I washes. It's awful cold, teachah, and the dirt sticks mighty bad. Does God keep children out of heaven fer havin' dirty faces ef'— The child did not complete the sentence, but abruptly added: 'I'll have a clean face, teachah, when you see me ag'in. I'm awful tired now, and I didn't have no breakfast.' The two children turned to go, and go they did without a word from me. My heart was in my throat, remorse was in my soul. 'I will apologize to-morrow in some way,' I said to myself; but no dirty children came on the morrow, nor yet the next day nor the next. Never again did those little ones, dirty or clean, come to school hand in hand, as was their wont, never. [A tear glistened in the teacher's eye.] One morning a gentle knock sounded on the schoolroom door, just such a knock as ushered in the children that first day, and strangely enough I thought of Jimmy and his brother before opening the door. In stepped the brother alone. He stood before me with a clean face, but his countenance was peaked and thin, very thin. 'Teachah,' he said, 'Jimmy wants you to come and see him.' 'Why did he not come with you?' 'He can't come. He's dead.' Could any blow have crushed more directly on my heart? I stood stupefied. 'Tell me about it, child.' 'Jim took the fever the nex' day after you told him 'bout heaven. He died this mornin'. But he knowed he war goin' to die, fer he said to me: "Brothah, I wants to go to heaven, whar there ain't no dirt ner fights ner whisky. Take the quarter the teachah giv' us back and buy soap with it and scrub the shanty floah and my duds and wash me clean, fer I may die sudden." And I did, teachah, and the good doctor brought Jim some fruit and some goodies, but 'twan't no use. He war awful hungry all his life; but when the goodies come, et war too late and he couldn't eat. He just fingered the orange a minit and then handed et to me. "Eat et, Johnny, and let me see yer eat et." And I did, teachah. Thar wa'n't no one in the room but Jim'n me, and he laid still and smiled as pleasant like es ef he had eaten it himself. Yisterday mornin' Jim said, said he: "Brothah, wash me clean and put the sheet on the bed." We hain't but one sheet, teachah. And then he said: "I want a clean face, fer I'm goin' to try and git inter heaven, brothah; and when I'm dead, tuck the clean sheet close 'bout me and comb my hair, and then go fer the teachah. Tell him to come and see how clean I am in the new sheet and ax him ef he thinks I'll git inter heaven."' The child stopped. I could not speak. He mistook my emotion for a denial of his request. 'Please, teachah. You told Jimmy how ter git ter heaven, and he war clean when he died. Won't you come and see him?'"

Professor Drake covered his face with his hands.

"Is that all?" asked Judge Elford.

"That is all," replied Professor Drake. "As I have said, the cabin is empty again."

Then up rose Chinny Bill Smith. His bushy hair fell about his shoulders; his unkempt beard covered his chest. "Perfessor, thet child you told 'bout war not buried in the Stringtown graveyard, war it?"

"No. The mother was sober the day I called. She shook her head when I offered to stand the expenses of the funeral. 'Teachah,' she said, 'guess we'll haul Jimmy to Grassy Creek and bury him back of the old cabin. It don't cost nuthin', and he's got a little sister thar.'"

"You sent the flowers, teachah? Johnny war awful proud of 'em," said Chinny.

"Yes, I sent the Egyptian lilies."

"Fellers," continued Bill, "I'll give you the endin' of the story, fer to people what ain't used ter thinkin' a story's got to have a storybook endin'. Everything 'bout the shanty war loaded inter an ox wagon, and the coffin of the child war put on top of it. The brother, Johnny, sat beside the coffin and the mother drove the oxen. The old man couldn't go jest then; he war in jail. The old woman war high-strung and awful proud; she wouldn't take no help. She jest started alone fer Grassy Creek."

THE WYTHEVILLE RAID—ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

BY T. C. ANDREW, SWEET SPRINGS, MO.

The writer was a boy in Wytheville, Va., and remembers vividly the desperate, strenuous, and intensely anxious day, the 18th of July, 1863, when Federal cavalry made a memorable raid and the stubborn resistance with which they were met and which was most disastrous to the raiders.

Wytheville was a splendid town of fifteen hundred to two thousand people, and was so situated that it was coveted by the Northern foe. Camp Jackson, in which was drilled and equipped the brigade of Gen. John B. Floyd, was there. It was his home. It will be remembered that he was Secretary of War under President Buchanan, and that he had caused to be stored at Wytheville, as at a number of other Southern places, muskets and other war equipments.

The town was on the railroad between Richmond and the southwest, and was a great artery through which must pass vast stores and the Confederate forces from Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas, Louisiana, Georgia, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Three miles west was a large bridge and a few miles east was the long bridge across New River. Then the New River bridge was deemed so important that a fort was constructed and a garrison was maintained for its defense. If this raid had been successful, all these bridges no doubt would have been destroyed.

The accounts of the fight by Capt. V. M. Johnson, Rev. J. M. Whary, and others are substantially correct except as to the time of day. The fight lasted about an hour and a half, when the bugle sounded the recall, and the enemy withdrew.

The old brick Methodist church on the east side of the street mentioned by Captain Johnson was still there not long ago, a scarred reminder of the fierce storm which raged around it. There were many dead and wounded near it, including Colonel Toland, who was killed. The next morning Col. W. H. Powell, of the 2d West Virginia Regiment, was brought in a prisoner and severely wounded. He was taken to the home of Mrs. Spillar, near the courthouse, and while being borne up the steps of her residence citizens gathered around (the writer being present), when some one in the crowd in a passion shouted, "Hang him!" and another said, "Yes, hang him." It looked as if something deplorable might occur, when a gallant Confederate faced the crowd and said: "No, you shall not harm him. This man is a wounded prisoner in my care, and I will defend him at the cost of my life." That settled it. Honor and bravery go together, and they usually win. He was tenderly cared for at Mrs. Spillar's till able to be removed to Richmond a prisoner.

A few years ago I learned of this officer (then General Powell) and wrote to him. He answered immediately, saying he would be glad to see me. He was in the revenue service at St. Louis, Ill. In connection with the raid he said that when they got to the top of the hill overlooking Wytheville they held a consultation and he advised Colonel (acting general) Toland to deploy the men to right and left and endeavor to get in that way, but that Toland rejected his suggestion and ordered a charge straight ahead. Toland was soon killed and Powell assumed command. He expressed lasting gratitude to Mrs. Spillar for her kindness to him. I told him she had gone to her reward, but that her son, W. H. Spillar, was there in the same home and would no doubt be glad to hear from him.

Our quiet little city had been overrun by the enemy, and a number of her citizens had been killed and wounded in defense of their homes. Many of the best residences had been burned. The excitement and disorder had furnished occasion to the lawless to break into and pillage stores. Misfortunes and dark pall hung heavily over every home, and these conditions seemed to cause the rage that called for hanging Colonel Powell. * * *

Such incidents teach us that below the storms of passion there is a better spirit innate.

ALABAMA VETERANS IN REUNION.

On November 17, 1909, the State Divisions of Veterans and Sons of Veterans met in convention at Montgomery. Gov. B. B. Comer welcomed the convention in the name of the State and Mayor Gunter for the city, the response being made by Gen. George R. Harrison, commanding.

It is estimated that fifteen hundred were in attendance, and every arrangement for their entertainment was liberal and well carried out, the program consisting of parades, dances, and banquets. As the long parade passed the historical spot marked by a brass star on the portico of the Capitol, on which Mr. Davis stood to receive the oath of office as President of the Confederacy, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Thirteen shots in salute were fired from a near-by lawn. Later the parade passed the first "White House" of the Confederacy and uncovered in homage. The band from the Boys' Industrial School furnished fine music.

The business sessions showed there were eighty-two Camps in the State and that the death rate was eighteen per cent. It was decided to ask the government to give the cotton tax to the old soldiers, to make special watch over all histories for any matter detrimental to the cause, and to give all possible aid to the movement for monuments to Southern women. The Sons of Veterans adopted resolutions urging Secretary of War Dickinson to revoke the order preventing United States soldiers from wearing buttons or badges of Confederate organizations. There were few changes made in the roster of officers, most of the present incumbents being re-elected.

SHERMAN AT COLUMBIA.

BY MAJ. G. W. F. HARPER.

I have read with interest the articles in the VETERAN for November by Gen. M. C. Butler and others on the burning of the Congaree bridge at Columbia, S. C., on February 16, 1865, and I note your comment that "other reports on this subject will be of interest." As I happened to be all along there about that date, I will state a few facts that were then and there recorded.

On February 4 the writer was on the north bank of the Edisto near Branchville, S. C., in command of the 58th North Carolina Regiment. This regiment with other troops of Palmer's Brigade, freshly arrived from the Augusta train, was moving to meet our old antagonists of Sherman's army. This veteran brigade of infantry, led by that model soldier, Gen. Joseph B. Palmer, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., then numerically small, was the van of the Army of Tennessee.

From our bivouac on the river bank we were aroused at a late hour of our first night in South Carolina by the command: "Take up your blankets and fall in at once." Our route was across the county bridge here spanning the river, then west over a road running south of the river to the village of Midway, through which we passed before dawn.

It was a bright cold winter's night and the fields in the moonlight were white with frost. At 4 A.M. of the 5th the brigade halted, stacked arms, and sought rest and repose. I recall that without fire, upon a single blanket spread upon the frost-covered leaves and one for covering, with a young lieutenant as bedfellow, the couple slept soundly and sweetly until the bugle call at sunrise. The men, thinly clad, each carrying a single blanket, often on short rations, passed the severe winter of 1864-65 in active field service.

In the prime of life, strong, active, cheerful, fun-loving, living in the open air the year around, a great part of the time on the march, they became inured to hardships, and complaints of exposure to the winter's cold were rarely heard. The question of rations gave them more concern. All of this applies with like force to the field and company officers, who were equally exposed with the private soldiers. The old veterans who marched with Lee and Jackson and with Joe Johnston and Hood are familiar with all of this. It was so common that they rarely speak of it. It is recalled here as information for a later generation.

After breakfast from our haversacks, the brigade recrossed the river (here known as South Edisto) at Kennedy's Bridge, where we halted and threw up some light intrenchments, covering the bridge and the wide swamp which bordered the south bank. The enemy appeared in the swamps before us on the 7th. The picket firing and skirmishing which began here continued at various crossings of the South and North Edisto; in all cases the enemy being repulsed in front, only to find unoccupied or undefended points above or below us at which they crossed.

The brigade marching on the State road reached the position above Congaree Creek, two miles from Columbia, on the 14th of February and proceeded to fortify it. We were glad to meet here Pettus's splendid Alabama brigade of our division, but it was greatly reduced by its losses in Hood's Nashville campaign. We had hoped to meet important reenforcements here—possibly a division from Lee's army—but none appeared.

On February 15 the enemy deployed in large force in the open bottoms in plain view of our position, and we witnessed here the skirmishing by our cavalry under General Butler with the enemy's infantry. The cavalry moved as orderly as on parade, squadrons frequently charging the foe's advance, and were not forced to retire until the enemy in large force with artillery was brought about sunset to bear upon them. Our small brigade witnessed the action of our cavalry in this little encounter with unbounded admiration.

A corps of Sherman's army being in sight and in a fair way to capture our small force, the position was evacuated early in the night. Pettus's Brigade had been hurried to the bridge in the afternoon when the cavalry was engaged. On reaching the bridge the brigade was halted, when General Palmer ordered the writer to move his regiment so as to occupy the "short line of rifle pits covering the bridge heads, have the men stack their arms and remain in easy reach, that the infantry pickets would be brought in about ten o'clock, when small picket guards from the regiment must be posted at proper distances on the approaches in front and the regiment would resume their arms at the rifle pits, and that you will hold the position at all hazards until sunrise unless sooner relieved;" that "some men were at work cutting down the west span of the bridge before firing," and that I would be notified when the work was completed with orders to call in our pickets and report to brigade headquarters in Columbia.

At a little after 3 A.M. on the 16th orders were received to call in our pickets and march. On reaching the bridge we found two or three bridge men at the entrance, in which were piled a lot of combustibles. The regiment filed by us into the bridge, and, seeing that our little rear guard had left none behind, the writer brought up the rear of the regiment, and in a short time the entire bridge above the masonry was burning furiously.

The bridge was built of rich long-leaf pine, covered with shingles of same, and burned so rapidly that the effort to save any part of it was a failure.

Mr. Lake, who writes of this affair, and his commander, Mr. Leaky, were doubtless the men we met and talked with at the bridge entrance; and as they quickly followed the regiment after applying the match to the combustible, they were the last persons to cross the bridge.

On February 16 the brigade picketed the river bank, with its reserves in the nearest streets receiving the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, which it was not permitted to return. The enemy, nevertheless, threw shells into the city, several of them striking the Capitol, leaving permanent scars which serve as reminders of Sherman's visit.

The horses of the field and staff officers, excepting one for the general and two for his staff, were left with the wagon train in Mississippi, and only reached their owners April 1 at Smithfield, N. C., the officers of the regiments meanwhile having marched on foot from Branchville, S. C., to Columbia and Charlotte, N. C., and later from Smithfield to Bentonsville and return. Fording or rather wading the icy waters of the Catawba at Landsford in February was an incident to be remembered.

TESTIMONY FROM JOHN H. WATT, MORGANFIELD, KY.

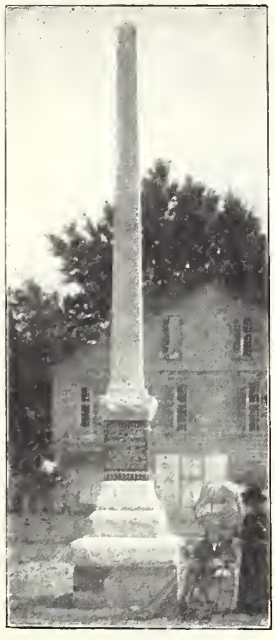
In the issue of June, 1909, I find that Clement Saussy denies the correctness of Gen. Joe Wheeler's report of the burning of Broad River Bridge, near Columbia, S. C., and in the September issue a statement from Comrade John A. Lewis confirming the report as to the burning of said bridge. I was of a company from this county under General Wheeler and at the burning of said bridge. There are comrades who will confirm the statement of Comrade Lewis—F. B. Brown, Wil-

liam Frazier, H. W. Howel, and S. H. Bingham. We had been fighting for several days, and after crossing Congaree Creek were sent to our right, and there we skirmished with the enemy until we were ordered to fall back to the bridge. We did so by passing along under the bank of the river until we got to the foot of the bridge, where we came up on the bank. When we got to the road, we found General Wheeler sitting on his horse. When he saw us, he exclaimed: "Here are my Kentucky boys. They will stand by me."

Just after forming our line of battle it was discovered that the bridge had been fired, and we were ordered to fall back immediately, the rear part of the command having to run through blazes of fire from twenty to fifty feet or more, so that some of our men were badly burned, notably Capt. John L. Howell and P. B. Coleman. Before getting clear out of the bridge a piece of cannon set ranging with the comb of the bridge was fired, splitting the comb some distance, and some of our men had to be carried from the bridge. General Wheeler was about the last to come through, and his hair and the mane of his horse were singed.

THE BUCKINGHAM (VA.) MONUMENT.

On June 30, 1908, a double ceremony took place in Buckingham, Va., when the corner stone was dedicated and the shaft unveiled for the beautiful monument, the occasion bringing to that city the largest crowd that had ever assembled there. Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the women whose part in the war had been so noble had gathered to do honor to the well-loved soldiers. Mr. A. C. Garnett read Lee's farewell speech at Appomattox, and Judge R. T. W. Duke, of Charlottesville, made a very fine address, as did Col. R. T. Hubbard and Hon. E. W. Hubbard.



The corner stone had a vault for receiving relics, and was laid by Masonic ceremonies, after which the handsome shaft was unveiled by Comrade Megginson, who, being an invalid, was wheeled in front of the monument in his chair. The selection of this comrade for the honor was in compliment to his well-established reputation as a soldier. His cool daring was well exemplified by one incident in his career. He had been sent by Gen. Stonewall Jackson to reconnoiter and came upon twelve men in close conference. Megginson at once shouted, "Here they are, men. Charge!" adding a peremptory call for them to throw down their arms. Thinking at least a company of men must be behind their unseen challenger, the Federals obeyed at once, and Megginson "double-quicked" them to the camp of General Jackson, who in surprise asked if the men were unarmed that they allowed one man to capture twelve!

The inscription on the handsome shaft is to commemorate the devotion and heroism of the Confederate soldiers of Buckingham County, who valued principle more than life and fought for a cause they knew to be right.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.—CROSS OF HONOR.

BY MRS. RICHARD H. SANSOM, PRESIDENT.

A few echoes from the Houston Convention may not be amiss even at this date. And since I have recently received numerous inquiries as to what changes were there made in the rules applying to crosses of honor, I shall engage this medium in communicating with all the Chapters of our Division to say to them that no changes were adopted except in extending the time limit for their bestowal from 1910, as fixed by the Atlanta Convention, to 1912.

This will afford opportunity to bestow upon many more of our veterans the little bronze cross which, while only a very simple emblem, symbolizes so much that its value is beyond computation to those who love patriotism from the standpoint of the South. So now each Chapter in Tennessee is appealed to that it may immediately exert itself to secure crosses for all worthy of them within its territory. For we cannot be too much interested in seeing to it that not one old veteran is overlooked in giving him this small meed of praise, so richly earned long ago by his suffering and patient endurance in behalf of the Confederate cause.

The question of allowing collaterals as well as lineal descendants to receive the cross was brought before the Convention, and the discussion was very earnest, almost reacting to the exclusion of the latter. But, although many favored restricting the bestowal to only the veterans themselves, this was not carried, and the rules remain unchanged.

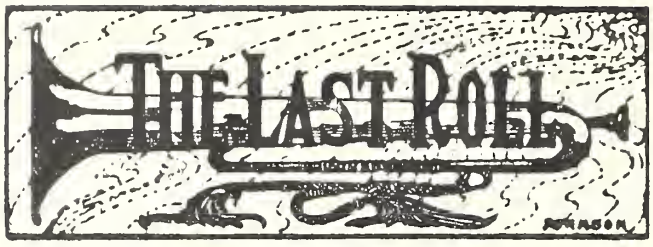
IN HONOR OF MRS. W. G. BROWNLOW.

An unusual event took place in November at the home of Mrs. W. G. Brownlow, in Knoxville, Tenn., where the veterans of Chattanooga journeyed in honor of the widow of the famous "Parson" Brownlow, Tennessee's war Governor. The occasion was Mrs. Brownlow's ninetieth anniversary, and she was officially presented with resolutions adopted by the N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, thanking her for her efforts in 1870 to restore the franchise to Southern soldiers. Mrs. Brownlow replied in person to the speeches, and said that she knew both of Tennessee's great heroes, Andrew Jackson and Bedford Forrest, and told pleasantly some incidents connected with both. She said that, while her husband was on the Union side, she had many close ties with the South; that her brother was a Confederate soldier, and while General Burnside held Knoxville she had nursed this brother back to life from wounds received in the defense of the South.

Mrs. Brownlow in appearance and manner was very much like Mrs. Raphael Semmes. Her situation in connection with the war was very peculiar. Ardently devoted to her husband, she appeared to be entirely submissive to his radicalism; yet she has often referred to her brother, O'Brien, of the Confederate army and for many years an editor of a Mississippi paper. She is a generous-spirited woman.

CHILDREN HONOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Thanksgiving entertainment at the Old Soldiers' Home in Atlanta was significant and impressive. The Children of the Confederacy and the boys of the Technological Institute, themselves the wards of the State, just as the veterans are, met at the Home and gave the beautiful program of song and recitations, interspersed with selections from the "Tech" band. The youngest "Confederates" in their zeal to give of their best to the oldest Confederates did very fine work, and showed the great care and consideration given the preparation of a fitting entertainment for the well-loved soldiers.



Dead heroes! Did we hear one say?
Dead, never! They will live for aye
In hearts of love; on story's page
They'll live through every coming age;
They'll live while valor's deeds are sung
In praises from heart and tongue;
While virtue, honor, love shall flow
Their deeds and fame shall brighter grow.

MRS. BASIL DUKE.

Not only the State of Kentucky but the entire U. D. C. organization has suffered an irreparable loss in the recent death of Mrs. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville. She was the founder and active organizer of the society in Kentucky, being twice President of the Division and several times President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter.

She was also a most important and influential member of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association and was Vice President of the general order, repeatedly and persistently refusing the highest honor in the gift of the U. D. C., that of its President General, believing that she could not consistently with her more pressing duties give the necessary time to the demands of the office. Having the loftiest ideals, she was impatient of all that fell short of the highest standards.

The spell of her magnetism was irresistible and made for her hosts of friends wherever she went, and her most attractive personality was further enhanced by a brilliant mind and great beauty of person. Wonderfully tactful and sympathetic,

"Age could not wither
Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

She bore a strong resemblance to her famous brother, General Morgan, not only in person but in many of his most striking characteristics, and the same ready alertness which served him in many critical moments of his leadership also manifested itself very often in Mrs. Duke. A little incident will serve to illustrate my meaning. Our Division Convention was to meet in Newport on one occasion, and among the delegates was one who lived in the suburbs of Louisville and who was expected to join the delegation *en route* at the railroad station near her home. In order, however, to get the through train to stop at this out-of-town station, it was necessary to get a special order, which was duly promised to be forwarded to the agent; and as the hour grew near for the train to pass, the would-be passenger, waiting in palpitating suspense on the platform, heard it in the distance. The agent assured her that he had received no order to flag it and did not expect it would stop; and when it appeared in sight in full speed, the delegate quickly resigned all hope of getting aboard. But presently as it neared the station three sudden and violent rings of the bell caused the speed to slacken and the train to come to a full stop. The solitary passenger was hastily assisted aboard, while the conductor was angrily investigating the cause of it all. Mrs. Duke had rung the danger signal!

Much of her young married life was spent on the border amidst the stress and strain of the early war time, and her experiences then were most varied and interesting, being one day within the Confederate lines and possibly the next surrounded by the enemy; but her inimitable naïveté and ready tact tided her successfully over many of the difficult situations thus encountered. Her faith in the ultimate success of the Confederate cause never once faltered, and her efforts to preserve the true history of that tragic time and to perpetuate the glory of the South's heroic struggle never waned.

The old and helpless veteran was her especial care, and she never turned a deaf ear to an appeal from one of them. With energy untiring she sought out the men who were too modest to make known their own claims to the cross of honor and proudly pinned it on their breasts, and may we strive to emulate her shining example!

[The above sketch, by Flora McDonald Williams, was too late for the December VETERAN.]

DANIEL WHEELER, JR.

The son of Daniel and May Mickle Wheeler and grandson of Gen. and Mrs. William E. Mickle entered into rest on Monday afternoon, November 22, 1909, at the age of six years less twelve days. Dan was in many ways a most unusual child. He possessed a brilliant mind, which was broadened by constant association with the grown men and women. He delighted in all that was beautiful—in music, in flowers, in furniture, in pictures, in books—and often astonished those who did not know him by reading numbers into the millions with ease and precision or humming in proper time and with feeling "The Carnival of Venice" or other beautiful air, or pointing to parts of an engine and naming them with exactness.


DANIEL WHEELER, JR.

He was but a child, and had the temper and failings of childhood, but these were moderated and controlled by principle. With the most charming and expressive eyes and the martial carriage of a long ancestry, he would be picked out in any number of children. He was of the most buoyant disposition, and his cheery laugh and pleasant greeting would charm the most despondent and come like a ray of sunshine into any gathering. He gave fine promise for usefulness, and a sad loss has occurred in his early death. There were many things in his brief life that could be imitated with advantage by those of maturer years.

In a personal letter General Mickle states: "The little fellow was a most unusual child, who did nothing with any consciousness that what he was doing was out of the ordinary. He was my constant companion almost from the day of his birth, and I would go about the city with him and talk with him as with a grown man. I looked forward all the week while hard at work here (in New Orleans) to spending Saturday and Sunday with him."

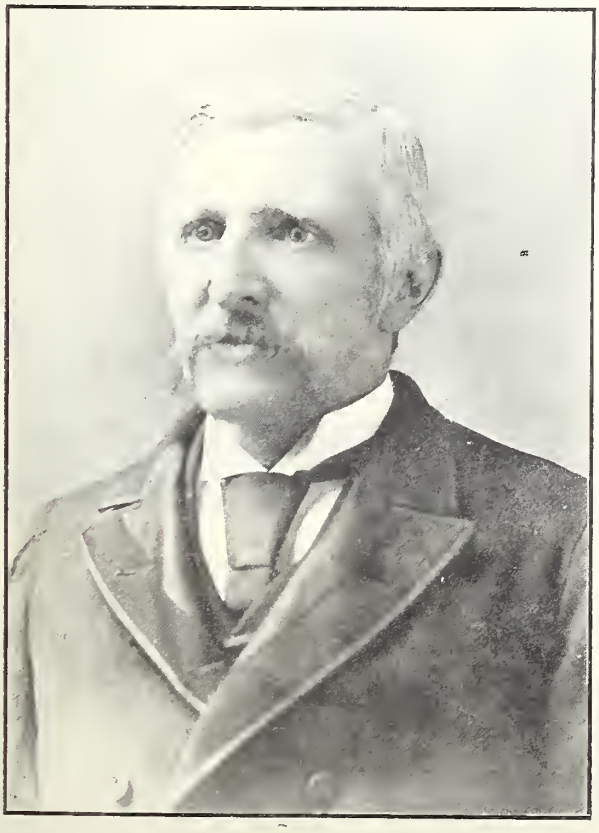
GREEN.—Ely R. Green, who served in Company C, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, died at his home, in Wilson County, Tenn., November 6, 1909, in his seventy-second year. A good citizen as well as a good soldier, he sleeps well. Comrade Green is survived by his wife and eight children, three of whom are married.

Col. V. M. Johnson.

In the spring of 1865 an elder brother of the writer was standing at the big gate of a plantation in Middle Florida when his attention was attracted by a cloud of dust down the road. In a few moments horses and men were distinguished and a battery of Confederate artillery swept through the early dawn. This battery had traveled through the night *en route* from Georgia and was hurrying to the Natural Bridge fight. That same morning the cadet battalion from Tallahassee was *en route* to the same battlefield. To these forces and others that had been brought up was added another Confederate victory. Forty years later it was the writer's privilege to meet the colonel who commanded the cadets on that historic day, and now in the waking hours of a starless night he announces that officer's death.

Col. V. M. Johnson was born in Spottsylvania County, Va., that tremendous caldron of the civil strife, in which more men were killed and wounded than in any other region of corresponding size in the world. After an active and honorable existence of seventy-one years, he died at his country place, Resting, near Mountville, Va., October 19, 1909. He was the youngest of five children, all the others of whom are living. He was buried at Middleburg, his sons and son-in-law acting as pallbearers. The battle flag on the Confederate memorial building was at half-mast. The burial service was conducted by Rev. Henry Branch, D.D., now of Baltimore, but formerly of Loudoun County. Dr. Branch was assisted by Rev. Mr. Balthis and Rev. Mr. Gibson. The grave was decked by old comrades with garlands from the fields, and the Leesburg Chapter sent a flag and floral offerings.

In his youth Colonel Johnson attended the Virginia Military Institute, graduating after a four years' course. While there he joined the Presbyterian Church, and afterwards while residing in Kentucky was made an elder. At the time of his death he was an elder in the Church at Aldie, Va. While at Lexington he was one of the cadet corps on its trip to Harper's Ferry at the time of the John Brown raid. While he was a cadet at the institute Stonewall Jackson was military instructor.



COL. V. M. JOHNSON.

Following his graduation in 1860 Colonel Johnson went to Alabama and taught for a time in the family of a Governor of that State. He next moved to Florida as commandant of the Tallahassee Military Academy, and was commissioned as colonel on the staff of Governor Milton. When Sumter was fired on, he returned promptly to Virginia, and was mustered in as first lieutenant of Company D, 30th Virginia Infantry, and soon he was elected captain of his company. He soon had the best-drilled company in the regiment. But he had a fondness for the artillery service, and after a year he was commissioned to go to Southern Virginia and organize a battery of artillery. While in that region he participated in the battle of Wytheville (see July, 1909, Veteran, page 335), after which his battery was incorporated. Just before the close of the war his health failed so seriously that he returned to Tallahassee as commandant of the Military Academy. While in Florida the Federals threatened the capital city, and Colonel Johnson led the cadets in the battle of Natural Bridge, which resulted in a Confederate victory, as stated.

After the war Colonel Johnson returned to Virginia, and in 1874 settled in Loudoun County. Like his great commander, Lee, he taught school. In the eighties he taught school in Kentucky and afterwards in Texas. President Cleveland appointed him special examiner of the Pension Bureau, in which position he was successively stationed at Memphis, San Francisco, and Savannah.

On a fine farm of ample acres in the Loudoun Valley of Virginia Colonel Johnson later led the agreeable life of a country gentleman. Besides a devoted wife, he leaves a family of seven sons and one daughter, all grown. Colonel Johnson belonged to that strong type of men who, having survived the war, set about to restore the civilization of the South, and his declining years were tempered by the peace that had come to his once distracted land. He always took a helpful interest in Confederate organizations. In his lifetime Colonel Johnson discharged every duty of citizenship, and leaves to his children the priceless heritage of a name without blemish. He has gone to sleep pillowed on the bosom of his native Virginia, fit resting place for so devoted a son.

[From a sketch by his personal friend, William A. Pratt.]

Prof. Thomas Hart.

Prof. Thomas Hart, who died at San Ignacio, Tex., on October 15, was a veteran of the Confederacy, having served with the 30th Mississippi, under Col. G. F. Neill. Since the war he had been a teacher, and was with the public schools of the State up to the time of his death. He was splendidly educated, and there were many he had fitted to better fight the battle of life. Judge Neill, of the Civil Court of Appeals of Texas, who is a son of Colonel Neill, said his father often spoke of Hart as a soldier with high commendation of his worth.

Inquiry comes from Clarence Jefferies, of Laredo, Tex., for some information of Comrade Hart, who was very reticent in speaking of himself.

Maj. John H. Britts.

John Henry Britts was born November 1, 1836, in Indiana; and died November 14, 1909, at Clinton, Mo. At the age of nineteen he began the study of medicine with his grandfather, Dr. Henry Rogers, and attended lectures at the St. Louis Medical College in 1857 and 1858.

In 1861 he responded to the call of Governor Jackson for State troops to serve six months to repel the Federal invasion of Missouri. He raised and was made captain of Company B, Hurst's 3d Missouri Regiment. This regiment took part in the battles of Carthage, Wilson Creek, and Lexington. At the end of the six months' service he and Colonel Hurst began to raise a regiment in Cass and Bates Counties; but Colonel Hurst was killed by Kansas jayhawkers, when Captain Britts with a company united with Col. Waldo P. Johnson's battalion. This battalion participated in the battles of Crane Creek, Cross Hollows, and Elk Horn. Later it united with Colonel McFarland's command and formed the 4th Regiment Missouri Infantry. Captain Britts was promoted to surgeon of the regiment with the rank of major. In this capacity he served through the campaigns in Tennessee and Mississippi.

At Vicksburg he was promoted to brigade surgeon. On the 9th of June, 1863, while on duty at the city hospital, he was severely wounded by the explosion of a large shell in the room he was in. His right leg was carried away, and he was wounded in the lungs and in his left knee. He recovered, and when exchanged he was assigned to hospital duty at Montgomery, Ala. In this capacity he served in a number of other places till the surrender.

After the surrender he returned to his home, in Clinton, Mo., and formed a partnership with Dr. P. S. Jennings, which lasted for thirty years, until the death of Dr. Jennings.

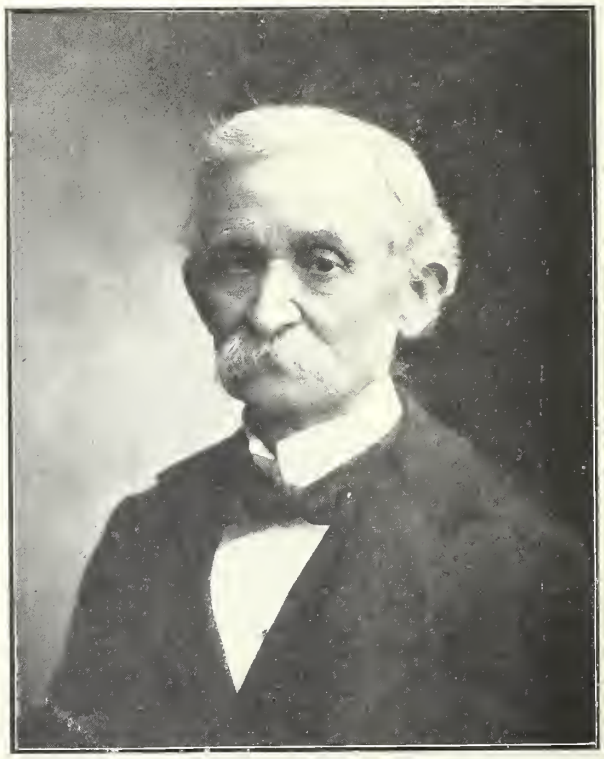
In 1882 he was elected State Senator by the Democrats, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining. He was the author of several bills upon the subject of geology and held several important positions on the medical boards of the State. He was also a member of the Kansas City Academy of Science. He was always much interested in the improvement of his town and county. As Mayor of Clinton he inaugurated many of its most substantial public improvements.

[From sketch by J. M. Weidemeyer, Clinton, Mo.]

In another sketch W. F. Carter writes of Dr. Britts: "In the homes throughout Missouri there is sorrow that this heroic citizen, soldier, and statesman is no more. A man of broad and comprehensive views, with the courage of his convictions, he conquered where others went down to defeat. A young physician at the commencement of the war, he quit his practice and raised a company in defense of the Southland, and was elected captain, afterwards recruiting a regiment. He served as a surgeon during the campaigns of Mississippi and Tennessee. On the night of June 9, 1863, during the siege of Vicksburg he was severely wounded in the lungs and in the left knee, losing his right leg; but owing to a good constitution he recovered and resumed hospital work, where he remained until the close of the war. In 1865 he commenced the practice of medicine in Clinton, Mo., in which he continued until his death. He was married to Miss Annie E. Lewis, a member of a historic old Virginia family, on November 1, 1865, and leaves a devoted wife and three daughters, Mrs. W. E. Owen, Miss Louise, and Miss Annie, to mourn their loss. His ability as a statesman, his courage as a soldier, his devotion to his wife and daughters did not exceed the tenderness of this hero as with untiring vigilance he battled against the 'king of terrors' over many a pain-racked patient. Death could not have chosen one that would be a greater loss or bring more profound sorrow to the community."

Robert Fidelio Sloan.

Robert F. Sloan was born near Old Columbus, Polk County, Tenn., August 5, 1830; and died May 8, 1909. In early life his parents moved to the Ocoee section of that county. In 1861 upon the call for soldiers to defend Virginia and the South he responded, arriving on October 9 of that year at Fairfax C. H., Va., and attached himself to the 3d Tennessee Infantry. On December 2 following he returned to Cleveland, Tenn., to raise a company for the Confederate service. With the assistance of J. G. M. Montgomery he enlisted a company. Montgomery was elected captain and he was elected lieutenant. This company was attached to the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, Captain Montgomery becoming the lieutenant colonel and Sloan becoming the adjutant of the regiment. He was wounded in the fall of 1862, and was afterwards assigned to the staff of Maj. Gen. B. H. Buckner,



R. F. SLOAN.

where he served until after the battle of Chickamauga, on September 19 and 20, 1863. On account of his physical disability he was then assigned to post duty at Macon, Ga., where he served till the surrender in May, 1865.

After returning to his old home, in Polk County, he entered into mercantile pursuits. On August 12, 1869, at Decherd, Tenn., he was married to Annie E. Stuart, daughter of R. F. Stuart, formerly of Cleveland, Tenn. In 1887 he moved to Southern California, believing that climate would improve his broken health. He was much benefited by the change, and in 1890 he returned to Tennessee, locating in Chatta-

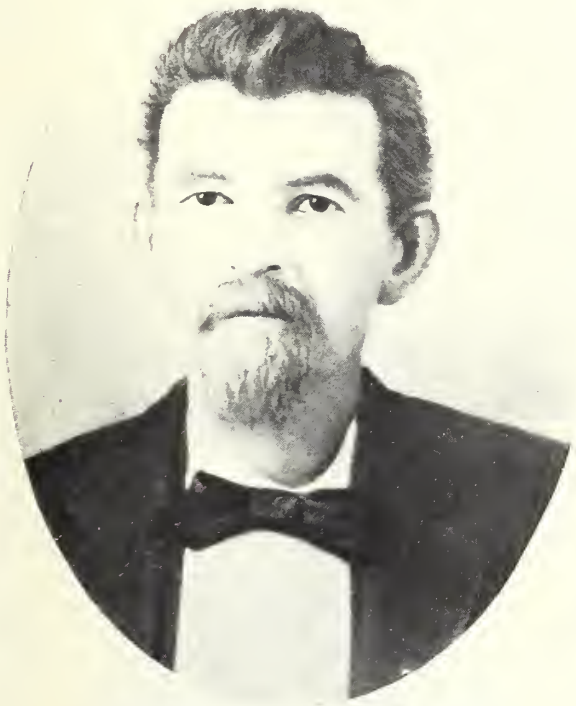
nooga, where he resided afterwards. He is survived by his widow, Annie E. Sloan, and three sons, R. F., James, and F. B. Sloan.

His family consisted of eight brothers and one sister. One brother, Dr. F. P. Sloan, was mortally wounded in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, and died at the home of Col. John B. McEwen, in that town, on June 19, 1865.

He was a Presbyterian from his early manhood.

Capt. David W. O'Dell.

On July 20, 1909, Capt. David W. O'Dell, of Whitesboro, Tex., a veteran of many battles for Southern rights and independence and in peace a noble, upright citizen, entered quietly and happily into rest. He was born in Atlanta, Ga.,



CAPT. DAVID W. O'DELL.

seventy years ago, and went to Texas with its pioneers, settling in Jefferson when quite a boy. There he engaged in business until the war came on, when he enlisted in the 9th Texas Cavalry, under Col. Sul Ross, and was made a lieutenant. His gallantry during that four years of unremitting service was never exploited by him. It was through his comrades that his faithfulness and fearlessness were made known and of how by the strength of his quiet uprightness he won and kept the admiration and respect of all who knew him. After the war he was made captain of the Texas Militia.

He was married to Miss Elizabeth Phillips in 1868, and in 1873 moved from Jefferson to Denison and afterwards to Whitesboro, where the latter years of his life were spent in quiet enjoyment of well-earned peace. He was an active yet humble Church member. His death occurred in Denison while on a visit to a married daughter.

Besides his noble Christian wife, who for forty years made him the loving helpmate he deserved, he is survived by four daughters and one son.

[From sketch by Hattie Donovan Bohannon, of Dallas.]

Maj. R. E. Wilson.

Maj. R. E. Wilson, of Winston, N. C., who was as faithful a Confederate as ever wore the gray, died a long while ago; but nobody gave notice to the Veteran, although he was so faithful a friend and patron. At Reunions as long as able to go he made his headquarters at the same place with the Veteran, and watched with deepest solicitude everything that concerned it.

Major Wilson volunteered in April, 1861, with the Yadkin Grays. He was made second lieutenant of his company in the 11th North Carolina Regiment, which by reorganization became the 21st North Carolina. Comrade Wilson was advanced to captain and then to major of the 1st North Carolina Battalion of Sharpshooters. On August 2, 1862, while charging the enemy near Warrenton, Va., Major Wilson was severely wounded. A bullet broke both bones of his right arm, and about the same time a grapeshot shattered his left leg below the knee. Although he served the Confederacy after that, he was afflicted for life.

Capt. Moses Waddell McKnight.

Camp Winnie Davis, of Waxahachie, Tex., through a committee composed of Thomas B. Criddle, W. J. F. Ross, and Thomas Yates say of him:

"Col. M. W. McKnight, distinguished as an officer of Forrest's Cavalry, was born in Cannon County, Tenn., June 22, 1833, son of Alexander and Anna P. McKnight and great-grandson of Moses Waddell, the famous educator, founder, and President of North Carolina University.

"Comrade McKnight was graduated at Irving College, near the Cumberland Mountains, in 1853. He taught school and read law with Maj. J. L. Fare and Charles Ready, gaining admission to the bar at Woodbury, Tenn., in 1858. In 1855 he was married to Mary A. Fare. He engaged in the practice of law until after the formation of the Confederacy. Being of old Whig stock, he opposed secession, and on the night before the election which decided the withdrawal of Tennessee he made the last Union speech in the city of Nashville, in which he stated, however, that whatever the result might be he would go with his State, enlist in her army, and fight to the end.

"He enlisted as a private in Capt. T. M. Allison's company of the 1st Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, June 28, 1861. He was soon elected sergeant major of the battalion. At Jacinto, Miss., on May 14, 1862, his company reënlisted for three years or during the war, and he was elected captain. His battalion and the seventh were consolidated, his company becoming C of the 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. C. R. Barteau. This regiment was in Bell's Brigade under Nathan B. Forrest, distinguished in many famous victories.

"Captain McKnight gallantly led the regiment as its temporary commander in the battle of Okolona, Miss., in February, 1864, and was badly wounded in the left breast late in the afternoon, but did not leave the field. In the fight at Paducah, Ky., March 25, 1864, he again commanded the regiment, and was stricken down and his head fearfully crushed by a falling chimney which had been hit by a shell. Though he still suffered from the injury, he participated in the great victory at Brice's Crossroads, June 10, 1864, and the exciting pursuit of the enemy back to Memphis. On July 13, the day before the battle of Harrisburg, he was again wounded, the bones of his left leg being shattered between the knee and angle. He was sent to the home of Col. J. D. MacAlister, near Aberdeen, Miss., and in August while there he received no-

tice of his promotion to colonel of cavalry by General Forrest; but he could not accept the position, and was never again in the field. When General Forrest surrendered his command in May, 1865, he sent Colonel McKnight his parole in care of General Bell.

"Colonel McKnight, returning to Tennessee, was elected President of the Woodbury College, a position he held for three years, at the same time looking after his law practice. In 1870 he was elected Attorney-General of the Seventh Judicial Circuit of Tennessee, and he filled this office most ably until 1878. In 1880 he moved to Waxahachie, Tex., and prominently began the practice of law. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a high Mason, and a Democrat. His wife, a loving and devoted companion and mother, died in Chicago, Ill., September 25, 1894, and was buried at Lebanon, Tenn. There are two children living, Sarah A., wife of Dixon C. Williams, of Chicago, Ill., and Alex J., of Commerce, Tex.

"Colonel McKnight was a faithful and devoted member of Camp Winnie Davis, of Waxahachie, Tex., and we, the members of this Camp, do hereby express our deep sorrow in the loss of our beloved comrade, friend, and associate, a man of honor, veracity, and integrity and much loved."

Maj. Thomas H. Hays.

Thomas Hercules Hays, son of Col. William H. and Nancy Hays, was born at West Point, Hardin County, Ky., in October, 1837; and died in Louisville in November, 1909.

His early school training was under Robert Hewitt, one of the foremost instructors of his day, and he was prepared for college by Gen. Fayette Hewitt. At St. Joseph College, Bardstown, he took a classical course with two years of civil engineering. He studied law under his uncle, James W. Hays, and Gov. John L. Helm, whose daughter Sara he married.

As major of the Salt River Battalion of State Guards he was in command of Camp Joe Daviess when the Federals invaded Kentucky, and by order of General Buckner he captured the train at Lebanon Junction and Elizabethtown and burned the Louisville and Nashville bridge over Rolling Fork. He was made major of the 6th Kentucky Infantry, and commanded them during the battle of Shiloh. He was assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. William Preston; and when his brother-in-law, General Helm, took command of the Orphan Brigade, he was made inspector general, and served as such in the Mississippi campaign.

Major Hays served on the staff of Generals Cooper, Johnston, and Hood, holding the position of adjutant and inspector general. He was under Hood at the battle of Nashville and until his retreat from Tennessee. He was in active service the entire time, and had ridden on horseback through the wide section covered by the fighting, taking part in all the engagements that terminated only with Hood's retreat to the Carolinas. He was sent then on service to West Virginia, where he was actively engaged at the time of Lee's surrender. He was paroled in Savannah, Ga., and returned to his home.

Instead of resuming the practice of law, he concluded to engage in farming, and for many years devoted himself entirely to his large landed interest. Later he entered politics, and was elected for two succeeding terms as State Senator, carrying a large majority, though the office had always before been Republican. He had close identity with the railroad interests of Kentucky, being one of the projectors and builders of the Louisville and Southern Railroad and of the Hodgenville and Elizabethtown Railroad, and he held large shares of Pullman stock, and was president of that company at the time of his death.

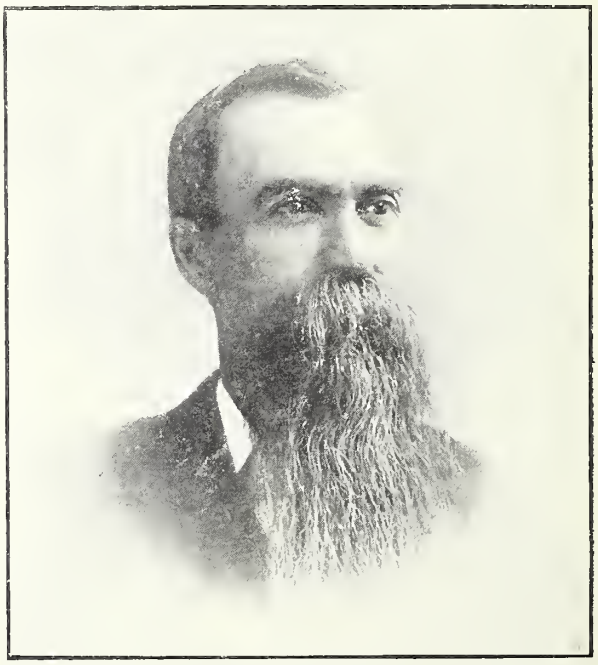
Major Hays was one of the first of a party of gentlemen who built the Oxford blast furnace near Birmingham, Ala., and may justly be called one of the eight pioneers of the great iron industry of that State.

His first wife, Sara Hardin Helm, shared the fortune of war with him in the South, and in dying left three daughters. He remarried, his second wife being a daughter of Judge Edward Broughton, of La Grange, Ga., and to this marriage there were six daughters.

Omohundro.—Lillian Waring Omohundro died in St. Vincent's Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., September 21, 1909. She was a true "Daughter of the Confederacy" in every way, loving the cause and giving her best efforts to aid the work of Memorial Chapter, of which she was a prominent member. She was a woman of unusual beauty both of person and character, and the noble life she led won for her love and admiration from all who knew her.

J. P. Brannock.

Prof. J. P. Brannock was born near Cynthiana, Ky., September 4, 1837; and died at his home, in Lexington, Tenn., October 25, 1909.



J. P. BRANNOCK.

In pioneer days his parents moved to Missouri, settling near Chapel Hill. Here he began his education, and later graduated from Central College, taking the A.M. degree.

On October 21, 1858, he married Miss Lydia Elizabeth White, of New York, then a teacher in Chapel Hill College. To them were born six children, five of whom are living.

His service as a Confederate soldier dates from August 18, 1862, when he enlisted in Company I (J. B. Simpson, captain), 12th Missouri Regiment, Shelby's Brigade. He was in twenty engagements in Missouri and Arkansas. On October 13, 1863, he was captured in a fight at Marshall, Mo., and sent to Gratiot Street Prison, St. Louis, and later to Rock Island, Ill., where he remained from January 31, 1864, to January 26, 1865,

enduring the sufferings and untold hardships of that prison. An attempt was made to escape by digging out, but this was discovered. A poem written by his wife commemorative of "Christmas 1865" was refused admission on account of its "rebellious" sentiments.

No veteran enjoyed the Reunion in Memphis of 1909 more than he, when with feeble step and an occasional Rebel yell he marched to the loved strains of "Dixie" side by side with his brother whom he had not seen in twenty-five years. Professor Brannock dearly loved the Confederate cause and all the traditions of the Old South.

At the close of the war he took up his part of the work and burdens of reconstruction with that fortitude, courage, and renunciation which has shown the unselfish devotion of the Confederate soldier to his people and to the nation.

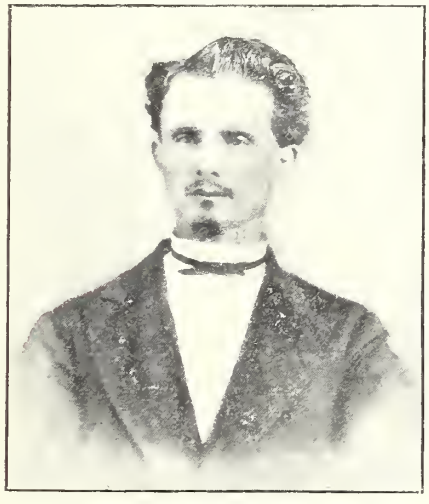
He resumed teaching, and continued for forty years in the schoolroom. He was a scholarly man, an able and painstaking instructor, giving his life to his profession. He held important positions in educational institutions in Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, being president of several colleges.

When a boy he became a member of the M. E. Church, South, also the "Sons of Temperance," and was ever loyal to both.

Two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recoverd. Recently he declined, and on October 25, surrounded by loving children, answered the "last roll' call.

Augustus A. Davis.

Died recently at his home, in Thomaston, Ga., Augustus A. Davis, eldest son of William Banks Davis and Martha Davis.



AUGUSTUS A. DAVIS.

"Gus" Davis entered the Confederate service in April, 1863, as a member of Company H, Montgomery Cummings's 2d Battalion of Georgia Cavalry. On account of ill health he was discharged in September, 1863. In the spring of 1864 he was appointed agent to purchase horses, mules, and supplies for the Confederate government, and served in that capacity to the close of the war. A brother, Thomas Davis, died in Virginia early in the war, and a sister, Laura, was the wife of S. A. Cunningham. He leaves his widow, who was Miss Annie Wright, a son, Luther P. Davis, cashier of a bank at Thomaston, and three daughters, all of whom are ardent in the Confederate cause.

Sanford.—J. B. Sanford was born January 16, 1844, near Gurley, Ala. He enlisted in Gurley's company, C, 4th Alabama Cavalry, in November, 1862, and served with that company under Forrest and Wheeler at different times until the close of the war. After the war he moved to Mississippi and engaged in farming up to the time of his death, September 16, 1909. He leaves a sorrowing wife and many friends.

Mrs. Rufus K. Polk.

Margaret Phillips Polk was born in Nashville, Tenn.; and died in that city November 18, aged sixty-eight years.

She was a daughter of one of the most prominent families of Tennessee, her grandfather, Joseph Phillips, being one of the pioneers of Nashville. The country home, four miles out from the city, in which Mrs. Polk had passed the greater part of her life, was built by this grandfather in the year 1802, and in every part of it was shown the mingled wealth and culture of its builder.

In 1881 Margaret Phillips was married to Mr. Rufus K. Polk, a relative of Gen. Leonidas Polk, bishop in the Episcopal Church. Mr. Polk died several years before his wife.

Mrs. Polk was hospitable and charitable, being connected with all the charitable organizations in her native city, and was an active member of St. Mary's (Catholic) Cathedral and closely identified with the Church. She is survived by her daughter, Miss Mary Polk, her sister, Mrs. Felix Demoville, two brothers, Capt. Joseph and Mr. Daniel Phillips.

Capt. Robert Burton Adams.

Capt. R. B. Adams was born in Rowan County, N. C., in January, 1840; but his father, Rev. J. M. H. Adams, removed to Yorkville, S. C., where Captain Adams grew to manhood. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1860, expecting to study law, but soon enlisted in the first company from Yorkville, the Palmetto Sharpshooters, 5th South Carolina Regiment, and was in active service until January, 1862. He was then discharged on account of illness; but upon his partial recovery he went back to the army and reported for duty to Gen. R. F. Hoke, was given a commission in the commissary department on account of ill health, and served until the surrender of Lee. In 1870 he removed to Texas, where he made a successful teacher. Captain Adams was of a retiring disposition, and had to be known to be appreciated. He fell asleep November 26, 1908, in Belton, Tex.

Capt. L. F. Wilson.

More than fourscore years was the allotted span of life for Capt. Lewis F. Wilson, whose death occurred at his home, in Dayton, Wash., on July 30, 1909. He was born at Flat Rock, Ky., in 1829, the son of Lewis and Sarah A. Wilson. When a young man he became a soldier in the Mexican War, and while on the way to Vera Cruz cholera broke out on board ship, and he, with others, was laid aside as dead. Signs of life were later discovered, and he was revived and cared for until recovery. He was married in 1850 to Miss Mary L. Keeran, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., to which State he had removed and where he was in the mercantile business both before and after the Civil War, when he was actively engaged in service along the border warfare under Quantrell. In 1900 he removed to Dayton, Wash., where he had since lived. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter.

Many sketches for the Last Roll are necessarily held over to another issue. Sketches are wanted of Col. Lewis Ball, J. W. Leake, and A. H. Harris. In sending pictures to be engraved please do not fail to write the name, by whom sent, and the address of sender. We have recently had made an engraving from a photo by J. E. France of a man's face with short neck. Where from?

"R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY."

[By Henry Alexander White, A.M., Ph.D., D.D., Professor of History in Washington-Lee University. Putnam's.]

REVIEW BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN C. S. A.

Here is one of the finest combinations of biography and history I have ever seen. It gives a succinct yet clear story of the life of the great leader of the Southern armies, and also of the campaigns which placed him in the front rank of the great captains of history. As its title indicates, the book shows his relation to the Southern Confederacy as the one individual upon whom more than any other rested her hope of success, and incidentally are set forth the great historic facts and principles upon which the Confederacy justified her action in setting up a separate government. The treatment of secession and slavery and the crisis of 1861 vindicate the justice of the cause to which General Lee gave his splendid abilities with conscientious conviction, and the remainder of the volume sets forth the conditions and obstacles which made it impossible for even such ability and skill to succeed, although winning brilliant victories against tremendous odds.

More than all else, the book is to be commended for its clear portraiture of a character which was the consummate flower—the glorious crown—of our old Southern civilization. It should be read with pride by every Southerner and by every American as an inspiration to high endeavor and noble deeds.

The sentiment of the Southern people toward General Lee is made up of admiration, love, and veneration. This volume not only expresses the feeling but fully justifies it. It is written by a competent scholar of the generation following the war, a master of clear style. It has involved a patient, careful investigation of an immense mass of material both biographical and historical, and it results in setting before us "one of the greatest masters of military science that the world has ever produced," and also "the most chivalrous figure in the history of the South—a character of transcendent purity and worth." While his opinion is the expression of a Northern writer, it fully reflects the judgment of the South.

The first two chapters give an account of General Lee's ancestry, from whom he inherited some of his noblest traits, of his education that fitted him through West Point for his life work as a soldier, of his marriage to the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, which brought to him the sweet and softening influence of family life, and of his service in the army. A chapter is given to the Mexican War, in which he won the highest praise for gallantry and for skill, and to his service at West Point and on the frontier.

The next two chapters discuss those conditions that brought on the war and led him to resign from the United States army, the command of which was offered him. Nine chapters tell the story of those wondrous campaigns which for four years held in check an ever-increasing enemy until at last he was overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. One more chapter closes the story of this great life as college president, faithful to the routine of daily duty until death brought release.

"BRIGHT SKIES AND DARK SHADOWS."

This is one of the last books written by Rev. Henry Martyn Field, D.D., of that most eminent family of New England brothers, David Dudley, conspicuous lawyer and prominent in International Peace Conferences, Stephen J., Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Cyrus, capitalist and promoter of the first Atlantic cable line in connection with Peter Cooper and others, and Henry M., a distinguished minister and author.

Dr. Field had written many books of travel—"Gibraltar," "Old Spain and New Spain," and many other histories—but he had never been in the southern part of his own country until some twenty years ago as the guest of John H. Inman, a noted Tennesseean and a Confederate soldier. It was as a new world to him with all of his travels, and he appreciated his own whole country all the more. He first wrote a small book, "Blood Is Thicker Than Water;" but he came again and wrote the charming "Bright Skies," etc. Then with that book in his grip he came again, charmed with the Southern people and with their marvelous history. The book was published by Scribner ($1.50); but a lot of the sheets unbound were sent to Mr. Cunningham in the hope that they would have widespread circulation in the South. Of course the remnant is limited, and the book cannot be procured later.

The editor of the VETERAN would like especially for his friends to have a copy and will mail it postpaid to any who will send three new subscriptions to the VETERAN. This little canvassing would be greatly appreciated.

WEBSTER'S GREAT DICTIONARY.

The G. & C. Merriam Company, of Springfield, Mass., have just issued Webster's New International Dictionary, based on the International of 1890 and 1900. The revision has been so radical and complete as to constitute a new book. The work has been in active preparation for many years by a large staff of experts, assisted by the contributions of eminent specialists, under the general supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, recent United States Commissioner of Education. The number of words and phrases defined has been greatly increased, mainly from the fresh coinage of recent years both in popular speech and in the various arts and sciences. The revival of early English studies is recognized by such an inclusion of obsolete words as to give a key to English literature from its earliest period. The title words in the vocabulary are more than doubled in comparison with the old International, now exceeding 400,000. The number of illustrations is increased to over 6,000. The book contains more than 2,700 pages, and the quality of the work is high. Thorough scholarship in all departments and the completeness of information under important titles are emphasized features. The increased amount of matter is contained within a single volume, not perceptibly larger than its predecessor and no less convenient for the hand and eye.

"POETS OF THE SOUTH."

In this dainty little volume F. V. N. Painter has made admirable selections of the poetic literature of the South. He gives a short history of the minor Southern poets, with an apt quotation from each to show the character of their work. Of the better-known poets, Poe, Hayne, Timrod, Lanier, and Father Ryan, he gives a longer account, which with the well-chosen selection from each gives a good idea of the man and the character of his genius. The latter portion of the book is devoted to the best-known poem of each Southern poet, and the collection well tends to the advancement of the South from a literary standpoint. The style of the volume is good in paper, print, and illustrations, and is of the output of the American Book Company.

Mrs. E. M. McCulloch writes from Marietta, Ga.: "I lent my VETERAN to an old veteran and asked him to read it, then sell a bushel of potatoes, and subscribe for it. After reading the copy, he said that one was worth more than a bushel of potatoes."

DAVIS HOME CONTRIBUTIONS (FROM PAGE 6).

CHAPTERS.

Troy Chapter, Troy, Ala.	$5 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, San Diego, Cal.	1 20

INDIVIDUALS.

B. F. Weathers, Roanoke, Ala.	$ 1 00
D. B. Oden, Talladega, Ala.	1 00
J. B. McMillan, Talladega, Ala.	1 00
J. R. Hughes, Gadsden, Ala.	1 00
T. H. Stephens, Keener, Ala.	1 00
A. DeValcourt, Birmingham, Ala.	1 00
R. A. D. Dunlap, Gadsden, Ala.	1 00
A. L. Herpin, Mobile, Ala.	5 00
Dr. C. C. Nettles, Mobile, Ala.	1 00
James Hickman, Bentonville, Ark.	1 00
James H. Berry, Bentonville, Ark.	1 00
Judge J. S. Thomas, Brinkley, Ark.	1 00
A. J. Bates, Bentonville, Ark.	1 00
L. S. Brown, Washington, D. C.	1 00
Fred Beall, Washington, D. C.	1 00
Charles B. Howry, Washington, D. C.	3 00
M. R. Tutt, Jacksonville, Fla.	1 00
W. H. Murphy, Pensacola, Fla.	1 00
William H. Trimmer, Molino, Fla.	1 00
D. O. Dougherty, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
S. B. Scott, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
Joseph A. McCord, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
A. J. Haygood, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
James G. Holmes, Macon, Ga.	1 00
J. D. Dowling, Ringgold, Ga.	2 00
W. E. Treadwell, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
George S. Essex, Chicago, Ill.	5 00
D. G. Nelson, Madisonville, Ky.	1 00
D. W. McMichael, Amite, La.	1 00
T. H. Corcoran, Slaughter, La.	1 00
M. L. Costley, New Orleans, La.	1 00
J. A. Harral, New Orleans, La.	1 00
G. B. Brown, Zachary, La.	1 00
J. W. Shelwin, Zachary, La.	1 00
James H. Jernigan, Baton Rouge, La.	1 00
P. T. Babin, Donaldsonville, La.	1 00
G. H. Tichenor, New Orleans, La.	10 00
R. McMillan, New Orleans, La.	1 00
J. Alph. Prudhomme, Bermuda, La.	1 00
C. R. Nesmith, Martin, Miss.	5 00
J. H. Anderson, Rolling Fork, Miss.	1 00
Patrick Henry, Brandon, Miss.	1 00
G. A. Cox, Brandon, Miss.	1 00
J. M. Dillard, Blue Springs, Miss.	1 00
A. B. Stubblefield, Brandon, Miss.	1 00
John H. Miller, Booneville, Miss.	1 00
W. G. C. Gresham, Booneville, Miss.	1 00
H. K. Penny, Gulfport, Miss.	1 00
S. N. Elliott, Cascilla, Miss.	1 00
R. E. Lesley, Saltillo, Miss.	1 00
John B. Stone, Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
L. R. Whitener, Hickory, N. C.	1 00
Dr. T. D. Johnson, Clarksville, Tenn.	1 00
Gen. George W. Gordon, Memphis, Tenn.	5 00
John Myers, Memphis, Tenn.	2 00
W. W. Carnes, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Robert S. Carnes, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
W. A. Terrell, Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
E. D. Augustus, Memphis, Tenn.	$2 00
J. G. Wells, Jackson, Tenn.	1 00
A. Banksmith, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Dr. G. B. Malone, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
W. W. Tyler, Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
L. H. Attwell, Fort Worth, Tex.	5 00
J. B. Littlejohn, Fort Worth, Tex.	2 00
J. C. Moore, McKinney, Tex.	1 00
W. T. Shaw, Fort Worth, Tex.	1 00
John M. Lewis, Forney, Tex.	2 00
E. M. Daggett, Fort Worth, Tex.	1 00
J. A. Utley, Denton, Tex.	1 00
E. B. Peters, Denton, Tex.	1 00
J. D. Whayne, Denton, Tex.	1 00
Ben F. Paschal, Denton, Tex.	1 00
E. W. Yeates, Fort Worth, Tex.	1 00
B. B. Paddock, Fort Worth, Tex.	10 00
G. A. Nuckols, Brownwood, Tex.	1 00
N. W. Harris, Waco, Tex.	1 00
Alex W. Robertson, Denton, Tex.	1 00
T. B. Yeates, Fort Worth, Tex.	1 00
J. F. Parks, Bryan, Tex.	1 00
W. S. Ward, Greenville, Tex.	1 00
S. W. Frizzell, Frankston, Tex.	1 00
J. F. James, Hillsboro, Tex.	1 00
K. M. Van Zandt, Fort Worth, Tex.	10 00
Phil Mayo Speairs, Paris, Tex.	1 00
Rev. E. J. Brown, Fairfield, Tex.	1 00
Dr. W. N. Sneed, Fairfield, Tex.	1 00
J. T. Lott, Fairfield, Tex.	1 00
J. H. Wilson, Hillsboro, Tex.	1 00
T. B. Cox, Waco, Tex.	1 00
W. T. Hightower, Sweetwater, Tex.	1 00
O. C. Connor, Paris, Tex.	5 00
Joe Coleman, Mart, Tex.	1 00
J. H. Whitsett, Dodd City, Tex.	1 00
W. A. O'Neal, Commerce, Tex.	1 00
P. H. Hughes, Prosper, Tex.	1 00
J. E. Clifton, Poolville, Tex.	2 00
R. I. Stricken, Winchester, Va.	1 00
D. M. Armstrong, Roanoke, Va.	1 00
George W. Kurtz, Winchester, Va.	1 00
W. E. Elliott, Roanoke, Va.	1 00
J. A. Fishburn, Roanoke, Va.	1 00
Richard L. Gray, Winchester, Va.	1 00
John M. Davis, Forney, Tex.	5 00
J. B. Cooper, Molino, Fla.	1 00
J. W. Linton, Russellville, Ky.	1 00

CONTRIBUTORS AT WAXAHACHIE, TEX., $1 EACH.

R. K. Erwin, E. A. DuBose, R. W. Getzendaner, S. P. Spalding, H. F. Iglehart, B. F. Marchbanks, R. G. Phillips, W. J. McDuffy, B. W. Fearris, Prior Lee Gammon, H. N. Peters, John F. Wyatt, Benjamin F. Spalding, J. H. Thompson, Wesley Kidd, J. B. Wilson, W. L. P. Leigh, T. B. Jackson, A. T. Miller, J. H. Huskins, A. E. Morse, O. A. Finley, W. R. Norman, William Stiles, J. P. Wilson, J. W. Roberts, G. W. L. Perry, S. C. Williams, T. S. Freeman, W. D. Ryburn, Capt. B. F. Forrester.

O. E. Dunlap, J. H. Miller, G. W. Coleman, 50 cents each.

GREENVILLE (TEX.) CONTRIBUTIONS OF $1 EACH.

J. T. Allen, D. Hamblin, Capt. L. G. White, Capt. W. C. Moody, Maj. J. P. Holmes, R. E. Webster, E. S. Hyde, G. W. Maddox, Dr. T. J. Millner, S. H. Renfro, L. W. Harkey.

TO MEMBERS OF ARCHER'S TENNESSEE BRIGADE.

BY R. T. MOCKBEE.

At a special meeting of the members present at the late reunion at Clarksville of Archer's Tennessee Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, a committee of three was appointed to secure all facts and information in connection with the history and service of that command.

All comrades of the 1st Tennessee (Turney's) Regiment are requested to communicate all facts of interest and importance to W. H. Cashion, Fayetteville, Tenn., 7th Tennessee Regiment to Capt. A. D. Norris, Lebanon, Tenn., and 14th Tennessee Regiment to R. T. Mockbee, 1803 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

The committee also requests that all survivors of the 19th Georgia Regiment, 13th Alabama Regiment, and the 5th Alabama Battalion will secure and forward to either of the abovenamed committee all facts of historical interest in connection with the service of their commands with the old brigade.

The committee hope to be able to report at the Tennessee State Reunion next year great progress in the work assigned them, and trust that comrades generally will respond promptly in giving facts of historical interest. Our time for doing this work is limited, as the youngest of us are now old men, and we should try to leave some authentic record of the service of the old brigade.

VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

A Short History of the Confederate States of America, by President Davis, giving in condensed form the most important facts relating to the secession of the Southern States and the organization of the Southern Confederacy, with descriptions of the leading engagements on the field, making a record of accurate historical data. It should be used in schools as well as have a place in every Southern library. Only a few copies left. Bound in cloth. Price, $4, postpaid.

Dixie after the War is a later book by this same author, and gives fascinating and pathetic glimpses of events during and immediately after the war, with numerous illustrations of notable persons, a hitherto unpublished photograph of Hon. Jefferson Davis forming the frontispiece. A handsome cloth volume. Price, $2.75.

Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision. A late book by E. W. R. Ewing, a prominent young attorney of Washington, D. C., and well known as the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." This work is valuable in giving a full history of this noted case, with a thorough examination of the opinion delivered by the Supreme Court in March, 1857. Cloth-bound, $1.12, postpaid. Price reduced from $3.

R. E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy. By Henry A. White. The author has gathered his data for this volume from the widest and most authentic sources, and accepted facts only after careful research, and he gives an account of our General that is vivid, personal, and new in form. Neatly bound in cloth, $3. See advertisement in this number.

Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which bring out most interestingly the domestic side of General Lee's character, while the connectional comments by Captain Lee add much to the entertaining qualities of the book. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

A Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson. By E. A. Moore, with introduction by Capt. R. E. Lee. A most interesting story of the experiences of an artilleryman. Highly indorsed by the press of this country and Europe. Cloth-bound, $2, postpaid.

From Bull Run to Appomattox. By Luther W. Hopkins. An account of the four years' service of a boy in Stuart's Cavalry—a book interesting alike to the young and old, containing descriptions of events never before recorded. It should be in every library. Cloth, $1.19, postpaid.

Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon. Doubtless the most interesting personal narrative on the War between the States, presenting the part taken by this matchless soldier. In cloth, $1.50; the first edition, cloth, $3; memorial edition in half morocco, $4.

Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. This book has become well known as standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle," therefore needs no further commendation. It was written with great care, every important statement being verified by unquestioned testimony. Illustrated. Cloth-bound. Price, $4.

Two Wars: An Autobiography. By Gen. S. G. French, of Florida. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, illustrated, giving an interesting account of his service in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.

From Manassas to Appomattox. By Gen. James Longstreet. A handsome volume of some seven hundred pages. Edition nearly exhausted. Cloth. Price, $3.

Memoirs of Hon. John H. Reagan, Postmaster General of the Confederate government. Occupying this position in President Davis's Cabinet throughout the war, Mr. Reagan was regarded as one of the masters who shaped the fortunes of the Confederacy. A notable volume. Price, $3.24, postpaid.

Morgan's Cavalry. By Gen. Basil Duke. The history of this most remarkable command by one who participated in its many adventures under dashing John Morgan and succeeded him. Cloth. Price, $2.

Pickett and His Men. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett. An entertaining and charmingly written history of the gallant commander and the men he led up the heights of Gettysburg to fame. Cloth. Price, $2.50.

Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, $1.50.

Recollections of Thirteen Presidents. By Col. John Wise, of Virginia. "Every one of them," he says, "possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality, and dominating force." Bound in cloth and illustrated with pictures of Presidents from Tyler to Roosevelt. Price, $2.50.

Camp Chase. By Col. W. H. Knauss, a veteran of the Federal army, who gave his services freely toward the preservation of the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, and in this book gives its history during and since the war, with a list of those there buried. Cloth. Price, $2.20, postpaid.

The Immortal Six Hundred. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. "A worthy and true account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is of heroic suffering and strength of character." Price, $1.50.

A Belle of the Fifties. By Mrs. Clement Clay Clopton, of Alabama. These reminiscences cover a period before the war, when as the wife of the distinguished Senator Clay, from Alabama, she took part in the gay life of Washington society; during the war when she, in common with her sisters of the South, sacrificed and suffered; and after the war when she made such persistent effort to secure the release of her hus-

band from prison. Handsomely bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, $2.75.

A Southern Girl in 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Baltimore. This is a similar volume of reminiscences written in a charming style. The book is beautifully bound and illustrated with pictures of the prominent men and beauties of that time. Price, $2.50.

A Virginia Girl in the Civil War. By Mrs. Myrta Lockert Avary. The heart story of a young woman whose soldier husband made one of the great army of Lee. Cloth, $1.50.

Bright Skies and Dark Shadows. By Dr. Henry M. Field, D.D. A series of sketches in his travels through the South, a number of pages especially devoted to the battle of Franklin, etc. Cloth. Price, 50 cents (reduced from $1.50).

American Eloquence. In two large volumes are given some of the most masterly efforts of American oratory. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $5 per set.

Hancock's Diary. By R. R. Hancock, a member of Forrest's command, whose record includes a history of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest. Reduced to $1.25.

Old Tales Retold. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Some of the most interesting events in Tennessee history rewritten by this talented daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and published in an attractive volume. Price, $1.

Life of Stonewall Jackson. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. The best biography of the great general ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Published in two volumes. Six hundred pages, cloth. Price, $4.

Service Afloat. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy and giving the history of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Cloth, $4, postpaid.

Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. A companion book to that by Admiral Semmes by one who served under him during the wonderful career of the Alabama. Only a few copies of this volume on hand. Price, $3.

Johnston's Narrative. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A history of the operations of his command and a masterly vindication of his plan of operations. In half morocco, $3.25; sheep, $2.75, postpaid.

Southern Poets: Father Ryan's Poems. Cloth, $1.50. Other bindings procurable. Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited by his wife. Price, $2. Poems of Henry Timrod. Cloth, $1.50. Memorial Edition.

Robert's Rules of Order. Adopted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as their guide. Price, 75 cents.

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. In two volumes. Per set, half morocco, $10; cloth, $7.

Military Annals of Tennessee. By Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, D.D. Half morocco, $5; full morocco, $7.50.

Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee. By Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. More especially a history of his military campaigns and valuable for its accuracy. Cloth-bound. Price, $1.50.

Songs of Dixie. A collection of the songs so popular during the war, both words and music. Paper cover, 75 cents.

War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy. Compiled by Dr. M. B. Wharton. Cloth. Price, $2.

Southern States of the American Union. By Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Price, $1.50.

Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones, D.D. A personal friendship between General Lee and the author gave valuable material in the preparation of this work, which is a revised edition and contains many letters of General Lee not heretofore published. Cloth. Price, $2.

Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession. By Maj. E. W. R. Ewing. Price, $1.

Confederate Operations in Canada and New York. By Capt. John W. Headley. Cloth. Price, $2.

Other Books at $2.

Four Years under Mars Robert. By Maj. Robert Stiles.
Women of the Confederacy. By Rev. J. L. Underwood.
Recollections of a Lifetime. By John Goode, of Virginia
Story of the Confederate States. By Joseph T. Deery.

Result of Advertising in the Veteran.—Presuming that it would be gratifying to you to hear, we report that the last advertisement we inserted in the Veteran has brought out more responses for the outlay than any investment we have made in advertisement for a number of years. To-day's mail rounded out an even one hundred from your last two issues. Sincerely yours, S. N. Meyer, Importer and Manufacturer of Uniforms, 1231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL LEE ON TRAVELER AFTER THE WAR.

Photographs from the life-size oil painting by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish. Large size, 20 by 24 inches; price, $3, expressage paid. Smaller size, 12 by 15 inches; price, $2, expressage paid. On best cardboard, ready for framing. Specially appropriate as a gift on General Lee's birthday, January 19. Order from the Confederate Veteran.



"IN MEMORIAM"

Confederate Statues in Bronze

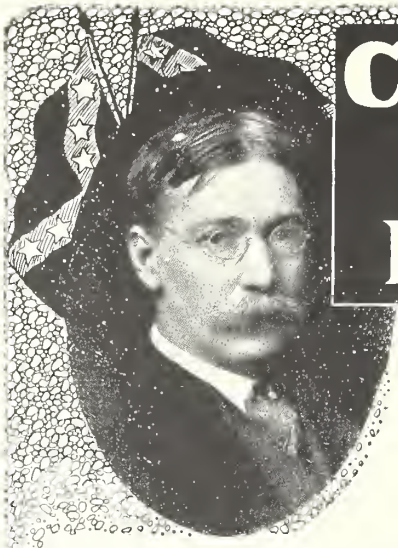
We furnish Statues for ALL KINDS of Monuments

Write Us For

Prices, Designs, Etc.

American Bronze Foundry Co.,

73d and Woodlawn Ave. - - Chicago, Ill.



Confederate War Pictures

By GILBERT GAUL,

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

Exquisitely reproduced in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper.

Those who love the South and her brave old veterans have desired for many years to have their courage, their devotion, their unmatched heroism, and the home life of their families crystallized on canvas. After nearly a half century this has just been done. Gilbert Gaul, of New York, was employed several years ago, and has now finished the series. It is called **With the Confederate Colors, 1861-5,** and consists of six paintings, as follows:

No. 1. Leaving Home.—Shows a typical Southern interior of the period. A lad is telling his home folks good-by. One sees the newspaper fallen to the floor, the favorite bird dog pleading intimately with his eye, the father, mother, sister, slaves—all done as if a photograph had been magically turned into colors.

No. 2. Tidings.—A pretty Southern girl is reading a letter from the front to the groups of women and slaves. A grandfather bends forward eagerly to listen, and a wounded soldier on furlough forgets his bandaged arm as he hears tidings from the firing line. A beautiful and touching picture.

No. 3. Waiting for Dawn.—A camp fire scene. The snow covers the ground. A farmhouse burns in the distance. The "enemy's" battle line glows on the horizon. A masterpiece.

No. 4. The Picket and the Forager.—Companion pieces sold as one picture. The first shows a lonely picket on duty. The second presents a bread- and chicken-laden forager returning to camp after a day's excursion.

No. 5. Betting on the Flag.—The boys in blue are backing their cause with a pile of coffee in a social game of cards between the lines. Southern tobacco is the bet of the "Johnny Rebs" that the bars will be victorious. One of the most popular of the series.

Mr. Gaul's strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Those who love the real values of the Old South will prize these pictures beyond price, and indeed they should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman.

Pictures, 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motive, and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings, and home life of the Southern soldier.

Realizing how essential to the success of our magazine its circulation is, we have just made a deal with the publishers of the above series of paintings, and are now offering to every loyal Southerner a proposition that, for real value and merit, has never been equaled by any other magazine. These paintings have been selling for **$3.50** each or **$17.50** per set. Here is our splendid offer: we will send your choice of any four of the series, and two years' subscription, one each, to the **CONFEDERATE VETERAN** and **TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE,** all for the sum of **$7.80,** payable **$1** with your order and **$1** per month until paid. If full amount, **$7.80,** is remitted with the order, we will send the whole series, making six paintings in all. Order to-day, as this order may be withdrawn at any time.

United Confederate Veterans,
Office of Commander in Chief.
Columbus, Miss., April 1, 1908.

Southern Art Publishing Co., Publishers of Gilbert Gaul's Famous War Paintings.

Gentlemen: I congratulate you on publishing the portfolio of pictures, "With Confederate Colors," by the most distinguished painter of military subjects in this country. As an artist he is indorsed by the National Academy of Design and others of highest repute. It seems most timely that the South is at last to have pictures which are really historic documents, and which must appeal to her people, because Mr. Gaul's pictures are really a sympathetic translation of the war period. The portfolio should be not only in every Southern but in every American family. These paintings, with their pathos, their tragedy, and the great sorrow of the great war period, will perform a great duty in pointing the younger generation to avoid drifting into channels which might provoke a like repetition of our great Civil War.

With kindest wishes for the success of your praiseworthy undertaking, I am,

Yours truly,
STEPHEN D. LEE.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Please send me your magazine and the paintings designated, as per your offer above. Inclosed is $.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

Check numbers desired

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.



For Shetland Ponies of High Class

PONY VEHICLES AND HARNESS

Visit or write

L. C. PRICE

Penmoken Farm

Lexington, Ky.

W. P. Kloster, of Sunset, Tex., wants to know the whereabouts of J. E. Elder, of the 25th Tennessee Regiment. He was a musician with Longstreet, and was wounded in a battle before Petersburg. After the surrender he went to Randolph County, N. C., and is now probably in that State.

R. E. Hosse, 846 Fairview Avenue, Waverly Place, Nashville, Tenn., seeks information of Julius Theodore Steiner, who was a quartermaster at Salisbury, N. C., during the war. It is thought that he was under the command of a Colonel Bridger. Any information of him will be appreciated.

R. E. Bell, of Weatherford, Tex., would like to have the address of some of Brumlow's "White Horse" Cavalry who were in the battle of Franklin, and especially the engagement with the Federals where in charging they ran through each other's lines. Comrade Bell was a member of Company H, 3d Texas Cavalry.

J. C. Porter, of Leesburg, Tex., makes inquiry for one J. H. Freeman (or his children), who soldiered in Company H, 18th Texas Infantry. Losing his wife during the war, he did not go home after the surrender, but went to Kentucky and, it was reported, married there, dying some years afterwards and leaving four children. Any information of him will be appreciated.

Z. T. Fulmore, Box 233, Austin, Tex., is anxious to correspond with some one who knew Lieut. Col. John S. Sutton, who was killed in the battle of Val Verde, February 21, 1862. It is wished to learn something of his career prior to enlistment in the Confederate army. This gallant officer was known to few, if any, of his command before joining Sibley's Brigade in New Mexico.

N. A. Gregg, of Roanoke Rapids, N. C., makes inquiry for any comrades of his father, George W. Gregg, of Kentucky, who can testify as to his war record. His father was a volunteer in the Mexican War, and also went into the Confederate army at the beginning under Morgan. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. under Johnston. He was with Morgan when he was killed.

If troubled with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By H. C. GAUSS

The author of this book, H. C. Gauss, Esq., is a trained journalist at present occupying the responsible position of Private Secretary to Attorney General Bonaparte.

This book not only gives a list of all offices of sufficient importance to be filled by Presidential appointment and subject to confirmation by the Senate, but a complete statement of the powers and duties pertaining to each office and the salary attached thereto. How many Americans are there who could tell precisely what the powers and responsibilities of the United States District Attorney or the Collector of the Port are, and the extent of power vested in the hands of Bank Examiners and the Comptroller of the Currency, and to what work of reference could they turn for full information upon these subjects?

This book contains information upon points of law, procedure and custom not known to many of even the best informed citizens. Not many know that the terms of the Postmaster General and the Comptroller of the Currency extend a month beyond the term of the President who appointed them, and that the Postmaster General, unlike other Cabinet officers, can be removed by the President only with the consent of the Senate. Few know that United States Senators and Representatives have a right to select, subject to the passing of examinations, cadets in the Naval Academy, but have no such right with reference to the Military Academy, for which their selections are merely advisory, the President having the sole power of appointment. These and many hundreds of other facts as little familiar are brought out in this useful volume.

What American traveling abroad or contemplating going abroad but would gladly know the duties and powers of the American Ambassador and minister, the Consul General and the American Consul, what their duties are not only to the Government they represent, but to American citizens who visit the countries to which they are accredited as well? Not long since a famous New Yorker lost a suit in the United States Circuit Court involving more than $100,000. He desired to appeal it to the Supreme Court of the United States, but was astounded at being told by his lawyers that they were not sure that he could appeal it, and to his astonishment the Supreme Court refused to hear the case. Now this book tells just what cases can be heard in United States Courts and the jurisdiction of each court; and also covers all points likely to come up about the Government and its officials in all their relations at home and abroad.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT is a volume of nine hundred pages, bound in half morocco, and the price is $5. It is a book of reference for American citizens and for foreigners who desire full and authentic information as to the organization of the United States Government.

L. R. HAMERSLY & CO.,
1 WEST 34th ST., NEW YORK

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

Agencies Throughout the World



Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO
Columbus, Ohio.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

SPEND YOUR VACATION

— IN THE —

"Land of the Sky"

IN PICTURESQUE

North Carolina

THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL

SAPPHIRE COUNTRY

ON THE

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

LAKE TOXAWAY, N. C.
FAIRFIELD, N. C.
BREVARD, N. C.
SAPPHIRE, N. C.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

For Circulars and Full Information, write

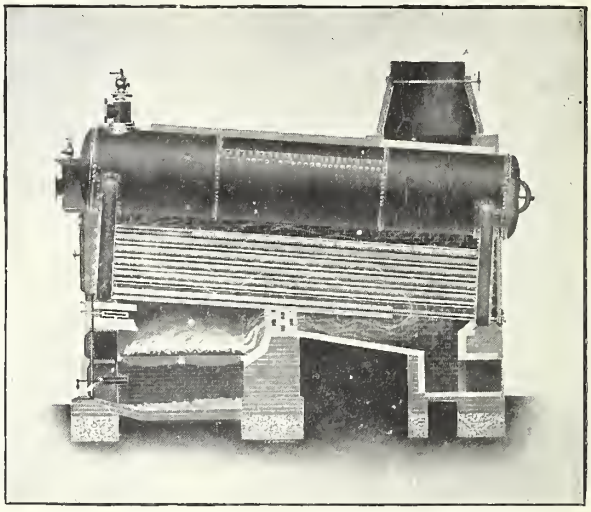
J. E. SHIPLEY, D. P. A.,
KNOXVILLE

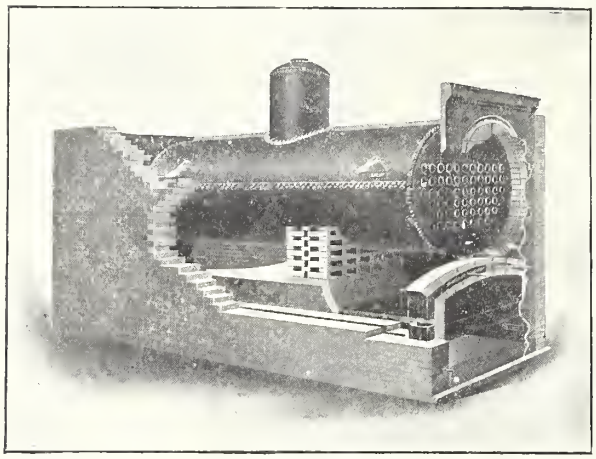
If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Harris Smokeless Furnaces FOR STEAM BOILERS

In Manufacturing Plants, Municipal Public Buildings, School Buildings, etc., are rapidly being recognized as the best furnaces in low initial cost, durability, small cost of maintenance, and economy of fuel. They burn slack soft coal, and liguite of such low grades that other furnaces cannot burn at all, while the **Harris** makes **ABSOLUTELY PERFECT COMBUSTION** of **ALL** the fuel, both fixed and hydrocarbons, without smoke.

Do not install costly stokers to plants of one to five ordinary-sized boilers, when the **Harris Furnace** at half the cost proves just as economical in fuel; and as for smoke, the **Harris** has them all "skinned," not a block, but block after block, and the **Harris Furnaces** produce such perfect combustion as to show a clear stack of 100 per cent 98 per cent of the time.





If interested in the more perfect combustion of fuel, and the conservation of fuel, call and investigate the **Harris**, see the furnaces in operation. If at a distance, ask for information. All kinds, sizes, and makes of boilers are set in the **Harris Furnaces.**

Blue prints of setting plans of the **Harris Furnaces** to all the various makes and sizes of boilers. In writing state kind and size of your boilers.

Address

HARRIS SMOKELESS FURNACE CO.

Phone Main 1938
Room 210 Stahlman Building

J. B. HARRIS, General Manager
Nashville, Tenn.

AGENCIES

BOSTON, MASS.
Robertson & Co., 30 State St. E. Milton

DETROIT, MICH.
J. M. DeFord, 823 Penobscot Bldg.

TORONTO, CANADA
Ideal Steam Separator & Supply Co., 73 Adelaide St. East

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Wm. Belk, 614 Broadway

ST. LOUIS, MO.
Chas. R. Ragsdale, 6144 McPherson Ave.

EL PASO, TEXAS
The Wm. Jennings Co. (Inc.), Engineers, Herald Bldg.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Wm. M. McKenna, 1604 N. 7th Ave.

CINCINNATI, O.
Hawkins & Ferguson, 453 E. 5th St.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
H. Dudley Coleman, 853 Carondelet St.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.
W. J. Mathew, 215 E. Pine St.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.
J. P. McMullen



Engage Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

so I can have them ready for you by next May. 25 cents each.

William H. Birge
Franklin, Pa.

THE NASHVILLE ROUTE

Tennessee Central R. R.

is the shortest and most direct to Knoxville and all points East, including Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

Ship and Travel via This Route

Double daily service to Knoxville, connecting with trains for all points East. Through sleeping car service.

For further information, apply to

THEO. A. ROUSSEAU,
General Passenger Agent,
Nashville, Tenn

Meyer's Military Shop

1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Confederate Goods

Gold button or pin	.90
Rolled plate button or pin	.45
Gold-plated button or pin	.25
Hat pins	.25
Silk flags	5c to $1.50
Belt plates for ladies	.75
Watch charms	$1 to $15.00

Write for illustrated price lists

For a Limited Time I will mail my 25c. shaving stick upon receipt of 10c., satisfaction guaranteed. Money promptly returned if not satisfied. I will mail my shaving stick gratis to any Confederate soldier unable to pay for same. **R. J. GOSNEY, 545 W. 49 St., New York, N. Y.**

E. S. Bishop, of Artesia, N. Mex., has a great many Confederate bills which he desires to dispose of to the best advantage.

L. S. Strickland, of Canton, Tex., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of Polk's Battery, which he joined at Bolivar, Tenn., in June, 1861.

Warren Rousseau, of Somerset, Ky., wants a copy of the parody on "John Brown's Body," which reads: "They hung John Brown to a sour apple tree."

Maj. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., wishes to procure copies of the VETERAN for February, April, May, and October of 1898 in order to fill out his file. Write him in advance as to price, etc.

L. M. Ball, of Benson, Ariz., a son of Col. Lewis Ball, a sketch of whom appeared in the VETERAN for November, is very anxious to secure some information of his father's service, and asks that any surviving comrades or friends will kindly write him what they know of it.

AMERICAN SOUTHERN POETS



A PHOTOGRAVURE OF DISTINGUISHED LYRIC WRITERS. THEY ARE:

Edgar Allen Poe
Showing better than any published "The Melancholy Genius."

Father Ryan
The Poet Priest. Picture never before published.

Sidney Lanier
The unsurpassed composer of exquisite verse and perfect rhythm.

Henry Timrod
South Carolina's gifted and delightful poet.

Paul Hamilton Hayne
The face expressing the bold, brave gentleman of Charleston.

These portraits have been carefully selected. ¶ Wherever honor is paid to genius this picture will be appreciated. It is so splendidly executed and is of such distinctive merit that the VETERAN is pleased to use it as a premium and confidently expects every purchaser to be delighted with its possession.

Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, says: "This is a beautiful piece of art, and shall be given a place on University wall with a great deal of satisfaction."

Will Allen Dromgoole, a widely known critic and writer in the South, says: "No five singers could have been more pleasingly selected. Every one is a ***Southerner Good*** and ***True.***"

India prints in Sepia and Steel Plate Color. Size, 32 x 18 inches, ***$2.00.*** With the VETERAN one year, ***$2.50.***

It will be given as a premium for five new subscriptions.

Gen. James M. Arnold, of Covington, Ky., writes of a Confederate flag, 4x7 feet, in possession of a gentleman of that city on which is inscribed "Blount Guards," but no State is given. It is desired to return this flag to some surviving member of this company. Inquiries may be directed to General Arnold.

To assist in filling out an application blank U. D. C., a niece of John Tait (or Tate) would like to secure his military record. He lived in Taylor County (now), W. Va., and was a cavalryman in the service. He was thrown from his horse and killed either at Winchester or Martinsburg, the horse having been frightened by a tablecloth shaken out of the door by some woman. He was a large man, about twenty years of age, and had been a prisoner at Camp Chase. Address Mrs. Harry Clink, 806 W. State Street, Fremont, Ohio.

F. M. Richard, of South Jacksonville, Fla., R. F. D. No. 1, writes in behalf of Mrs. Ed Fetting, who wishes to ascertain the place of enlistment of her husband. She thinks he was mustered into the service at Huntsville, Ala., under Colonel Coltard, and that they went from there to Pensacola, Fla., and subsequently to Tennessee in General Bragg's army. Any information of his service will be helpful to Mrs. Fetting.

Inquiry is made of any survivors of the 3d Arkansas Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, for any information of the service of George Burnett Dawson, who was a member in the early part of the war, having enlisted in San Antonio, Tex. Later it seems that he was under Van Dorn in Tennessee. Replies to this inquiry may be sent to Miss Annie Gordon Dawson, Eatonton, Ga., who is his sister.

George W. Barber, of Ravenna, Tex., wishes to hear from some of his old comrades of Clinton's Battery who can help to establish his war record, as he is in need of a pension. He enlisted in Clinton's Battery of Clinton's Brigade at Montgomery, Ala., from Barber County, Ala., at the age of fifteen.

V. W. Hardt, of Cuero, Tex., wants to know if the sergeant who had charge of the Texas prisoners that were taken out of Camp Douglas for exchange on the 4th of May, 1865, is still living, as he would like to correspond with him.

J. H. Hammock, of Monticello, Ark., wishes to ascertain the whereabouts if still living of Thomas and William Lister, sons of David Lister, of Texas, who were members of one of the regiments that composed General Ector's Texas Brigade.

Phenomenal Record OF THE McNeel Marble Company

LARGEST MONUMENTAL DEALERS IN THE SOUTH

NOTABLE among the achievements of the year that has just closed, and a matter that will no doubt be of interest to the readers of the VETERAN, is the fact that more Confederate Monuments have been erected throughout the South by the United Daughters of the Confederacy during the past year than during any previous *ten* years since the war, and the indications are that the new year will see still greater work accomplished along this line.

We have received orders from Chapters in practically every State south of the Mason and Dixon line, a great many of which we have already erected.

We have on file orders for twenty-four Confederate Monuments and Memorial Fountains that are to be delivered in the spring in time to be unveiled on April the 26th, next.

An investigation of the records will show that **THE McNEEL MARBLE CO.** has been entrusted with the execution of more than 95% of all orders for Confederate Monuments that have been given in the South during the year 1909. This is a record which we have made upon merit alone, and one of which we are justly proud.

The phenomenal increase in this line of work is easily understood by Chapters who have used our plans for raising funds and acquainted themselves with our liberal terms. The uncertainty of being able to raise sufficient funds to pay for a monument has heretofore prevented many Chapters from undertaking the work. The use of our plans removes this obstacle and puts a Confederate monument within the reach of every Chapter. It's no trouble to raise funds if you know how. We have solved this problem, and the solution is yours for the asking.

We furnish our plans for raising funds, also designs, prices, terms, and full information, to any Chapter upon application. Your acceptance will place your Chapter under no obligation whatever to our Company.

Why not begin the new year with a letter to

The McNeel Marble Company?

Marietta, Ga. **Columbia, Tenn.**

Confederate Veteran

Vol. XVIII. FEBRUARY, 1910. No. 2.



(Living Confederate Battle Flag by Southerners at Richmond Reunion.)

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, OF VIRGINIA.
WORTHY OF ALL HONOR THAT MAN CAN BESTOW.



THE CALL OF WAR

CUTS ON THIS PAGE ARE FROM TWO ORIGINAL STATUARY GROUPS BY OUR DESIGNER

Announcement to Monument Committees

We have purchased the Butler Marble & Granite Co.'s immense plant at Marietta, Ga., and consolidated with it our plant, The National Marble Mills, of Canton, Ga. This gives us control of one of the largest, best-equipped monumental plants in the South. We have in our equipment two of the largest granite surfacing machines built, rubbing beds, pneumatic carving and lettering tools. The business is now being conducted on modern lines as the

NATIONAL MARBLE and GRANITE CO.

Marietta, Ga.

and is prepared to meet your requirements and wishes. One of the finest designers in the country has charge of the drafting and designing offices, and one of the largest, handsomest, most original line of

Confederate Monument

designs is at your command. A request from any committee will promptly place at their disposal these beautiful designs, special prices, and the services of the best plant in the South that builds

"QUALITY MONUMENTS"

Don't place an order for a monument before seeing our New Designs and learning our Special Prices.



THE RETURN HOME



Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio.

SPEND YOUR VACATION

— IN THE —

"Land of the Sky"

IN PICTURESQUE

North Carolina

THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL

SAPPHIRE COUNTRY

ON THE

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

LAKE TOXAWAY, N. C.
FAIRFIELD, N. C.
BREVARD, N. C.
SAPPHIRE, N. C.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

For Circulars and Full Information, write

J. E. SHIPLEY, D. P. A.,
KNOXVILLE

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

Agencies Throughout the World

Confederate Uniforms

LEVY'S SPECIAL $8

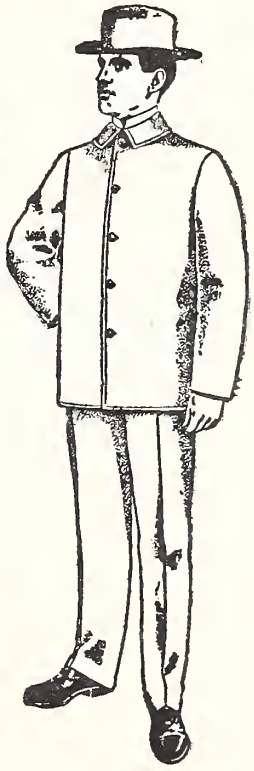
Coat and trousers with regulation U. C. V. buttons. The *best* uniform at the price to be had anywhere.

Finer uniforms at moderate prices. Made to order and guaranteed to fit.

Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggins, and insignia of rank of all kinds.

Write for catalog and samples, mentioning this paper.

We make special terms for outfitting whole camps.



Levy's Third and Market
LOUISVILLE, KY.

MEMORIAL WAR BOOK

A Magnificent Book of 612 Pages. Size, 9x12 Inches. Artistic Cloth Binding. 2,000 Superb Illustrations. Produced from Photographs, and Cannot Be Reproduced. It Is Not a War History, but the Personal Reminiscences, Stirring Adventures, Lifelike Descriptions of Battles, Camp Life, Marches, Heroic Deeds, Etc., as Seen by Soldiers ON BOTH SIDES. A Collection of Stories and Pictures Never Before Published. **2,000 SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS.** 612 Pages. Size, 9x12 Inches. This Book Was Published to Sell for $5. We Offer It for **THREE DOLLARS,** Postpaid. Address **W. B. JONES CO., Silver Creek, N. Y.**

R. C. Brown, of Lytle, Tex., who served in Company E, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, would like to hear from any comrades of this regiment.

STRONG AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

"ONLY MILLION-DOLLAR NATIONAL BANK IN TENNESSEE"

This Bank Furnishes the Greatest Security to Depositors of any National Bank In Tennessee

CAPITAL	$1,000,000.00
SHAREHOLDERS' LIABILITY	1,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS (EARNED)	750,000.00
SECURITY TO DEPOSITORS	$2,750,000.00

TOTAL RESOURCES OVER $7,000,000.00

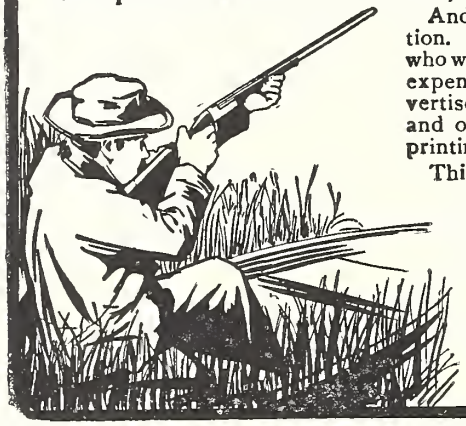
MANY SMALL ACCOUNTS Are Being Opened with Us Daily. We Appreciate your account, whether large or small. The small account of to-day is the large one of to-morrow. LET'S GROW TOGETHER.

OFFICERS

W. W. BERRY, President A. H. ROBINSON, Vice President N. P. LeSUEUR, Cashier

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

A THRILLING AND TRUE HISTORY

By the Chief of Artillery, Captain John Watson Morton, just off the press and now ready for delivery—

The Artillery of Nathan Bedford Forrest's Cavalry

Large octavo, about 400 pages, basket cloth binding, gilt top, $2.50. Order to-day of

SMITH & LAMAR, Agents

Nashville, Tenn. Dallas, Tex.

The Veterans' Corner

Is the name of a department in The Jeffersonian, a weekly magazine edited by Tom Watson, the eminent Southern historian. It contains stories, reminiscences and letters from the old soldiers of the Confederate Cause, their sons and daughters.

Mr. Watson writes from 12 to 20 columns of editorials each week, and there are also Home and Farm Departments, a Children's Page, Letters from the People, and "Summary of Events as They Happen," besides poetry, fiction, jokes, and prize contests.

In order to introduce you to THE VETERANS' CORNER we will send you the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and THE JEFFERSONIAN both one year for $1.25.

THE JEFFERSONIAN, THOMSON, GA.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Don't break your Back

In sweeping up the dust. This **dust pan** has a long handle and its edges fit the floor tightly. No danger of spilling contents because it tilts back automatically when raised. Will outlast 10 ordinary dust pans. Sent postpaid on receipt of 88c. stamps.

FREE—A useful article will be given free to any housewife for 5 minutes of her time. Address for particulars.

CECIL M. GIDEON, 828 East Rockdale Ave., Cincinnati, O.



The Direct Route to

Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest

is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to

Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.

W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

"From Bull Run to Appomattox."

The author's four years' experience in J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry of Lee's Army. Send for a copy. If, after reading it, you do not care to pay $1.10 for it, stamps will be sent for its return. It is a book that should be in every library. L. W. Hopkins, Author and Publisher, 833 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principals
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

Connected with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1910. NO. 2. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

Statue of General Lee at Washington..... 53
Jefferson Davis Home Association..... 54
Arlington Confederate Monument..... 54
Treatment of Veterans at Reunions..... 55
Southern Society in New York..... 57
Proper Spirit for Preserving History..... 59
Columbia College Scholarship..... 60
Were Negroes in Our Earlier Wars?..... 62
Gen. Braxton Bragg at Shiloh..... 62
Gratitude of Veterans..... 63
Vivid Memories of the War in Virginia..... 64
Confederate Monuments—Extension List in March Issue. 65
Pellagra and Hookworm at Andersonville..... 69
Rodes's Brigade at Seven Pines..... 70
Procuring Firearms for the Confederacy..... 71
Mrs. Elle Palmer as a Nurse..... 72
More about the Defense of Columbia..... 75
Bartholomew Fohrer—Gallant Frenchman..... 78
Last Roll..... 80

"BE GOOD AND YOU WILL BE LONESOME."

Did you ever hear the above counsel? If so, did you not infer that the speaker was advising against strict morality? What a theme for a sermon! Meditate upon the subject and think about what it is to be lonesome. Test it by going to a neglected graveyard, work your way through the tangle to a sunken-in grave, and meditate there. Consider whether the occupant is lonesome, and imagine, after a lapse of many years, if there should be the sound of a voice, how lonesome you would be and how you would hasten away. O the responsibility of living! It is best to be good. Try it, and you may not be lonesome by and by.

ILLUSTRATION OF DESIRE FOR PICTURE IN THE VETERAN.

C. M. Best writes from Cordell, Okla.: "I ask a small favor of you. I was a Confederate soldier, and am still one, for I was paroled in 1865, and have never taken the oath of allegiance. Now, Mr. Cunningham, one favor I ask is a picture of yourself in the VETERAN. I have been a subscriber to the valuable magazine from the beginning until now, and aim to continue to be a subscriber. I wish all of our old boys would take it, and for that reason I want to see your picture in the VETERAN."

Some funny things have occurred in regard to the picture, to be reported later.

STATUE OF GENERAL LEE AT WASHINGTON.

A stormy scene occurred at a joint convention of Posts Thomas, Grant, Custer, and Columbia in Chicago to protest against the statue of General Lee in Washington. Col. J. T. Darling, a Past Commander of the Columbia Post, opened the attack against placing the figure of General Lee in Statuary Hall, Washington. His speech was very severe against General Lee, whom he termed the Benedict Arnold of his day, and of President Davis, whom he called the Judas Iscariot of the nineteenth century. His scathing denunciations were followed by resolutions to petition the President and Congress not to accept the statue "as against public policy, against the fundamental principles of our republic, against the honor and integrity of the veterans who nobly gave up life and home to preserve the country Robert E. Lee attempted to destroy."

These resolutions were received with intense partisan manifestation. Dr. Allen W. Gray pleaded for more conservative action, but was answered with a storm of hisses and shouts of "Traitor!" "Infamous!" and his words were drowned in the yells and cries to "take him out," and it was only through the strenuous efforts of the presiding officer that he was allowed even to voice a protest against the resolution, which was carried, Dr. Gray alone being in opposition.

Other G. A. R. Camps have taken up this matter more or less bitterly, and protests against it are most emphatic. They declare that the presence of General Lee in uniform in Statuary Hall "tends to enshrine treason and foster rebellion in the South."

The situation in Congress is very strained. Hollingsworth, of Ohio, has prepared a bill ordering all the statues to be returned to their respective States to prevent the one of General Lee remaining in the Hall of Fame. The Virginia Representatives have not yet introduced any bill for the formal acceptance of the statues of Generals Washington and Lee. Representative Jones, the Dean of the Virginia delegation, says, however, that he thinks Washington's birthday, the 22d of February, will be appointed for the acceptance by Congress, and it is expected that only a few votes will be cast against the bill. Representative Garner, of Texas, says: "That a resolution of acceptance should not be introduced and passed, I think is ridiculous. President Taft has recently visited nearly every Southern State, and has said everything he could of good will for the South. He breathed a spirit of national unity that no Republican President has ever done before, and everywhere he was greeted with enthusiasm. To

say that Congress would not accept Lee's statue simply means that the war is not over. I do not believe the statue will be rejected, and a vote on the subject should be taken." Mr. Garner's views are shared by the majority of the Democratic Congressmen.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

COLLECTIONS MADE BY DR. C. C. BROWN.

W. F. Browder, Pembroke, Ky.	$5 00
Mrs. T. D. Craighead, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Mrs. G. H. Slaughter, St. Bethlehem, Tenn.	1 00
Mrs. Mollie Bell, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Dr. J. M. Dennis, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. Mary H. Donelson, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. John E. Roberts, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. Moss Ewing Hart, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. Wade Hampden, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Mr. W. E. Harrison, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Dr. B. P. Hooker, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Mary Elizabeth Ashby, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Bessie Briggs Browder, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
W. W. Walton, Allensville, Ky.	1 00
W. H. Whitiker, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
J. E. Wilcox, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Russell Cunningham, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
J. H. Weller, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Verser Conner, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
W. H. Wadlington, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
J. W. Linton, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
J. W. Linton, Jr., Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. J. H. Williams, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Miss Annie Williams, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Miss Ethel Williams, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
L. P. Miller, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
O. A. Layne, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00

List of names not yet received for the following:

Citizens of Elkton, Ky.	$25 00
Citizens of Adairville, Ky.	29 00
Citizens of Clarksville, Tenn.	45 00

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED THROUGH VETERAN

J. H. Gilfoil, Omega, La.	$ 1 00
Frank Cheatham Camp, U. C. V., Breckenridge, Tex.	5 00
J. A. Caudell, Randall Station, Tex.	1 00
Dr. L. Hill, Jr., Covington, Tenn.	1 00
Schuyler Sutton Camp, U. C. V., San Angelo, Tex.	8 00
W. N. Wilkerson, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Dr. E. S. McLeod, Cincinnati, Tenn.	2 50
Mrs. E. H. Ragland, Marianna, Ark.	1 00
Dr. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.	1 00
J. F. Pollock, Blake's Mill, W. Va.	1 00
J. F. Bailey, Coushatta, Miss.	1 00
C. L. Wilder, Plant City, Fla.	1 00
H. L. Grady, Apalachicola, Fla.	1 00
Rent on house at Fairview.	10 00

List received by Capt. John H. Leathers, treasurer of the fund, Louisville, Ky., is to appear in the March VETERAN. Diligence should be exercised to refund to Gen. B. H. Young before the Mobile Reunion the amount of his loans.

"The living are noble and brave,
But the dead were bravest of all!"

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand, $14,366.65.

Mrs. H. A. Rounsaville, Director for Georgia, $119. Contributed by Augusta Chapter, No. 22, U. D. C., Augusta, Ga., $10; Longstreet Chapter, No. 46, U. D. C., Gainesville, Ga., $2; Atlanta Chapter, No. 18, U. D. C., Atlanta, Ga., $100; N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 589, U. D. C., Rome, Ga., $5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1046, U. D. C., Cuthbert, Ga., $2.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, $41. Contributed by Henry L. Wyatt Chapter, No. 882, U. D. C., Selma, N. C., $2; D. H. Hill Chapter, U. D. C., Elizabeth City, N. C., $2; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 259, U. D. C., Pittsboro, N. C., $5; G. B. Anderson Chapter, No. 335, U. D. C., Hillsboro, N. C., $1.30; Robeson Chapter, U. D. C., Lumberton, N. C., $10; Bethel Heroes Chapter, No. 636, U. D. C., Rocky Mount, N. C., $6; North Carolina Division, U. D. C., $9.70; Mr. James Sprunt, Wilmington, N. C., $5.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, $18.05. Contributed by Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $10. Contributed by Manassas Chapter, U. D. C., Manassas, Va.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, $19.35. Contributed by Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., Weatherford, Tex., $4.35; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1060, U. D. C., El Paso, Tex., $5; L. S. Ross Chapter, No. 100, U. D. C., Bryan, Tex., $10.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, $15.25. Contributed by Tampa Chapter, No. 113, U. D. C., Tampa, Fla.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, $26. Contributed by Arkansas Division, U. D. C., $25; Cordelia Moore Chapter, No. 977, U. D. C., Monticello, Ark., $1.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $5. Contributed by Mr. Eugene Opdebeck, Charleston, S. C.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $1. Contributed by John A. Ruffin, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. S. W. E. Pegues, through Southern Relief Society of Washington, D. C., $25. Contributed by Mrs. Cyrus Garnsey, Memphis, Tenn., $5; Mrs. Joe Hough, Washington, D. C., $1; Mrs. Charles Andrews, Boonville, Mo., $2; Mrs. George Morton, Falls Church, Va., $1; Millard Metzgar, Washington, D. C., 2; John Grinstead, Washington, D. C., $1; W. L. Wilkerson, Washington, D. C., 50 cents; S. W. E. Pegues, Washington, D. C., $3.50; Mrs. S. W. E. Pegues, Washington, D. C., $9.

Total, $14,646.30.

Expenditures.

John M. Hickey, Chairman Memorial Day (1909) Committee, refund of amount erroneously paid over to A. C. M. A. in the contribution received from said committee September 30, 1909, of $616.40, the amount of this appropriation being necessary to satisfy an outstanding bill of the said committee, $15.

Net balance, $14,631.30. WALLACE STREATER, *Treas.*

OFFICERS ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

As at present constituted the officers of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association are: President, Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, President General U. D. C., Martinsburg, W. Va.; Chairman Executive Committee, Col. Hilary A. Herbert, Washington, D. C.; Vice Chairman Executive Committee, Mrs. Marion Butler, Washington, D. C.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, Washington, D. C.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, Washington; Chairman Committee on Design, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex.; Treasurer, Mr. Wallace Streater, reëlected.

MONUMENT TO GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

A circular letter from Dalton, Ga., by the Bryan M. Thomas Chapter, U. D. C., is for collecting funds to erect a monument to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton. It states:

"Dalton is the logical site for a monument to him, as at Dalton he reorganized his army and began from there his retreat, the most masterful in the annals of warfare. No general is more worthy of the respect and gratitude of the South than Joseph E. Johnston, and yet no general has received less.

"We are sure every soldier who followed Johnston and wore the gray will be glad of an opportunity to honor him. No monument has as yet been erected to tell of Johnston and his brave men. This is a matter we feel should be delayed no longer.

"The Joseph E. Johnston Camp at Dalton has contributed generously to this fund, and a contribution from your Camp of any amount, from ten dollars up, will be gladly received and highly appreciated by Dalton Daughters and Veterans.

"Mrs. Mary Jackson Elrod (Chairman), Mrs. Ella Lewis Martin, Mrs. Willie Davis Herron, Miss Kate Hamilton, committee for the Joseph E. Johnston Monument Association, U. D. C.; S. B. Felker, Commander Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 34."



Headquarters of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in Dalton During the Civil War.

The Veteran cannot help pleading for this cause. Unless outside help is given, the monument will fall far short of what it should be. There should be a bronze statue of General Johnston at Dalton, and so close to both railroads that it might be seen day and night. An electric light might be placed advantageously for such result. Let every Camp and Chapter of Confederates write to Mrs. Mary Jackson Elrod, Dalton, Ga., and plead for the necessary time to raise contributions, and make earnest plea that a bronze statue of the great soldier be erected in Dalton. This subject appeals at once to every man who served under General Johnston.

TREATMENT OF VETERANS AT REUNIONS.

George Levy, of Company H, 3d Georgia Regiment, serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, writes from Mulberry, Fla.: "The Reunion gatherings are supposed to be for the benefit of the old veterans; but will you show us where the privates, the men who stood the hardships and did the fighting, have any consideration when they get to the city that is expected to entertain them? I reached Memphis at night, made application at the headquarters for a room, was sent out alone, a stranger in the city, and found that the room assigned to me had been engaged. I returned to the Information Bureau, was directed to another place, and when there was told that I would have to pay the price for two, as this 'kind citizen' must have two dollars each night for this room. It was then eleven o'clock; and as I had been on the road about three days, I had to take that. My brother was there, and I found him next day. He had engaged room for us, as he understood; but when we showed up at night, the room was occupied by some one who offered more money. Finally we were furnished a mattress in the front hall at one dollar each, and were tramped upon by 'late comers' stumbling in. The next morning we took a walk—early, of course—and stopped at the school building, where there were at least twenty-five or thirty old veterans lying on the ground, and had been there all night. All this while the officers were being banqueted, wined, dined, and quartered in the very best hotels; but the private must shift for himself, stand around on the street, or sit on the curbstone. He must march if he is able, but the officers ride in fine carriages. Pay more attention to the men of the ranks—men who did service! I always go prepared to pay my way; but I do not like to be ignored when the entertainment is especially for private Confederate soldiers."

The foregoing is given merely as a suggestion. Comrade Levy voices the experience and the sentiment of many. The editor knows how utterly impossible it is to prevent much of such misfortune. The entertainment committee cannot prevent such things occurring. They should, however, confer with committees in cities which have entertained and exercise the greatest possible diligence for all veterans. Comrades who plan to attend Reunions and expect to pay for comforts should get places assigned by paying in advance, and then the committees should demand fulfillment of contracts. Some go to Reunions expecting strangers to take them to their homes and entertain them as kinsmen. Much of this is done for the sacred memories; but there are people in every city utterly devoid of sentiment who take advantage of opportunities to get all the money they can, regardless of the benefits bestowed. There will continue to be just such ill treatment until only a corporal's guard is left; therefore the safe plan is to engage quarters and pay for them in advance. When that is done, don't think you have conferred any favor on the committee, for attention of this kind involves much labor and no profit to them.

The complaint about extra favor to officers will continue. Almost invariably they have engaged and paid for quarters, and they spend lots of money as a rule for show and comfort. The entertainment committees generally do the best they can, and comrades going to Reunions should resolve to go and return with good cheer to everybody.

Concerning Flag of Twenty-Fourth Alabama Infantry.—Replying to the inquiry by J. P. Jay, of Waldo, Miss., in the January Veteran for information concerning the flag of the 24th Alabama Regiment, W. N. Coleman, of Allen, Ala., writes that it was not lost in the battle of Missionary Ridge, but at Chickamauga in the first charge on Sunday morning, the color bearer deserting and carrying the flag to the enemy. It was the flag that Capt. Stark Oliver's wife presented to the regiment. Comrade Coleman was a member of Company E of that regiment. This will clear the name of the major thought by Comrade Jay to have deserted with the flag. Comrade Coleman does not remember the name of the deserter who, it is asserted, did the disgraceful thing of carrying the flag to the enemy. Let us hope that the ensign was captured. It is hard to believe that a Confederate soldier, honored as he was, would do such a thing.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.



This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.

How dear to the heart is the VETERAN subscriber
Who pays in advance from one to five years,
Who does not wait notices, who needs no reminders,
But to save trouble by promptness prefers!
How dear is this man (or woman, perchance)
Who, considerate of publisher, saves letters and postage
And influences others to pay in advance!

CONFEDERATES SHOULD CO-OPERATE.

Preliminary to a word of advice, the VETERAN disclaims any purpose of mercenary character, although that may have been observed through seventeen years of service. Reference is offered to every transaction, however small, with every patron. While an individual enterprise, it has demonstrated utter lack of small things in dealing with patrons. This being true, the editor appeals in confidence to every patron in a partisan way. There ought to be zeal and enthusiasm in promoting or opposing whatever object its management espouses. Think of the influence and power that would result from universal coöperation. Take advertisers, for instance. When a business project of real merit is set forth in the VETERAN, imagine the influence if letters were written to advertisers, even though no patronage be extended, expressing gratitude for such evidence of friendship to the Confederate cause and confidence in its widespread influence, as the VETERAN is published solely in that interest. Again, if two or three prominent men or women would together call upon persons who could afford to subscribe and commend it, such coöperation over the great area of its patronage would give inconceivable power for all the good that is sought by our people. Won't two or three of you try this? The circulation could easily be increased to 100,000 in one month. Let any group anywhere try it and report by postal, please.

GRAND ARMY POST AGAINST GENERAL LEE.

The action of Grand Army Posts in opposition to the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee among notables in Washington is too widespread and varied to undertake to copy the reports herein. Many good men and patriots, it may be accepted, have joined in these protests, and it becomes an occasion for solemn consideration and is very depressing. The reputation of General Lee is safe, even though after fifty years his career is assailed. It will come in time; there is no finer model of a man in all history. But Confederates have prayed that it come now. When another like period has passed, all the men who figured in '61-'65 will be known only in history.

Impregnated with the spirit of 1776 the men of the South, who have ever been devoted to the principles of the fathers, have yearned for the complete restoration of peace, and they felt that the great and good Lee's statue in Washington would tend to obliterate sectional strife. It is like the afflictions of Job when his wife asked him to curse God and die. Their devotion to the principles for which they fought—a good government under Christian principles—is such that they will hold on, trusting that Providence will again bless mankind through the sacrifices made in different periods by George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

COMMENTS BY SECTIONAL NEWSPAPERS.

The New York Evening Post in its splenetic way maintains that the erection of a statue to Robert E. Lee in the national capital "cannot free him from the reproach of having chosen to lead the forces that battled for human bondage."

The Baltimore Sun stingingly rebukes the New York Post: "The Post is sufficiently intelligent to know that Lee never did this. He was not in favor of human bondage, as he proved by manumitting his own slaves. The Post knows that Lee took command of the Southern army, not to support human bondage, but to repel the invasion of his native State. The Post knows that when Lee took command of the army slavery was not the issue, and Lincoln had given the distinct assurance that it was not the purpose of the North to interfere with slavery, but to preserve the Union, and that alone. The South was fighting for the right to leave the Union, and the North fought to prevent it. Emancipation had no official indorsement when Lee took command."

The Lynchburg (Va.) News comments upon the Post's position and its constant bitterness toward the South: "And another day is going to come, we predict—a day when Washington and Lee University, through formal resolution adopted by its trustees, will indicate that Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the New York Evening Post, can only continue to wear a Washington and Lee honorary degree under their protest. The man's notions and practices concerning negro racial and social equality are repugnant and odious."

Such testimony as appeared in the VETERAN for October, 1909, would be sent the Post, but it would evidently be ignored. However, it is so emphatic a rebuke to such assertions that it is republished. The occasion was but three months ago.

Gen. Fred Grant, a major general of the United States army, and eminently sustaining the honors won by his father, was in Nashville and visited the Hermitage. Don't let it get out that he actually visited the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Tennessee and talked to the old men after shaking hands with them and saying kind words in a brief speech. On the way back to Nashville he met the Secretary of War, J. M. Dickinson, at a negro fair. The two distinguished men were shown the exhibits and were invited to the auditorium, where they addressed the negroes.

Judge Dickinson spoke to them as a Southerner and a Confederate, giving them practical advice, telling them that if they wanted to succeed in life they must be industrious and diligently economical in saving their earnings. He referred to their freedom and how it came about, declaring that the war was not waged for their freedom, but that it was simply an incident of the war. He told them that the one time General Lee left the army during the war was to go to his home and formally give freedom to his slaves.

General Grant in his address spoke kindly to them and of his pleasure in seeing their prosperity. He had known their race all of his life. His family owned slaves until they were freed by Lincoln's proclamation, and he said that after the war their old servants maintained an interest in the family, and in all the intervening years they had not failed to make known their needs, which had been heeded.

It was a remarkable record that in the latter years of the war Lee fought on with no interest in slavery, while Grant held his until freed by the "exigencies of war."

Such is the record printed at the time in the VETERAN.

THE SOUTHERN SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

[Response of J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, before the New York Southern Society, New York, on December 8, 1909, to the toast, "Invasion of the North by the South."]

It is an almost invariable custom at public gatherings of Southerners in the North to protest their loyalty to the United States. We should on all proper occasions as Americans express patriotic sentiments; but I believe that the time has come when there is not only no good ground for, but conclusive reason against, giving special emphasis as Southerners to such declarations. By implication they suggest a doubt where none should exist, and one of such importance as not to be ignored. They do not reflect a true appreciation of the spirit of the day. They are becoming tiresome, as all useless functions do. Having been an offender, I speak without reservation. We do not need them to convince ourselves that the South with practical unanimity will sustain our country in any time of storm and stress, civil or military, with that ardor that Southern people have always, regardless of hazard to property or person, manifested in support of their convictions. If there are any Southern men who feel otherwise, they are too inconsequential to exert any appreciable influence.

If there are any of the North who are not yet convinced of our loyalty by the declarations of the great representative men of the South and by the readiness with which her sons responded to the call to arms when we went to war with Spain, they do not want to believe and would not believe, even though one should come from the dead to affirm it. I rejoice in the thought that such people are a negligible quantity in what makes up the great heart throb and spiritual life of this nation. We may well let the matter rest with the statement of President Taft in a recent speech at Columbus, Miss., in which he said: "In order to understand the Southern people, especially with respect to issues of the war and what grew out of it, in order to understand their present position, one must know that your hearts and emotions are broad enough to entertain entire loyalty to the issues of the past, which you fought so nobly to sustain, and entire loyalty to our present government, for which you would be willing to lay down your lives if occasion required it."

Therefore I trust that I shall cause no disappointment if I do not make the eagle scream in ecstasy by the fervor of my patriotic utterances as a Southerner, and if I seem to decline upon a lower plane in asking your attention to some thoughts suggested by the invasion of the North by the South. Do not take alarm and suppose that I am going to fight over the campaigns of Lee. I have in mind an invasion entirely peaceable and conquests that are civic. * * *



GROUP AT NASHVILLE FAIR GROUNDS.
Secretary of War J. M. Dickinson; Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant; Maj. Wm. W. Harts, U. S. Engineer Corps; Col. G. W. Goethels, in Charge of Panama Canal Work; Mr. Frank Ewing, of Nashville; S. A. C.

2*

For a long period after the Civil War the avenues opening to enterprise were far less numerous and commanded narrower vistas than now. Superb courage and tireless energy worthy of great undertakings were largely going to waste without a fruitful field for exploitation. * * * I often heard it asked during that period: "Why do not the Southern people get a move on them and develop their great natural resources?" Their failure to show such enterprise and prompt results was imputed to sloth. It would seem as if the people who furnished the foot cavalry of Stonewall Jackson might at least have been spared that injustice. You might as well ask a man to lift himself over a fence by his own boot straps as to have expected the people of the South at once to inaugurate undertakings requiring capital. If a man has nothing but his land and no credit and must dig his living out of the land, it is folly to reproach him with being nonprogressive. The South had nothing but its land and the few horses that General Grant magnanimously permitted the soldiers who owned them to keep. * * *

Hard upon the reëstablishment of peace began the invasion of the North by Southerners. Those who voluntarily leave their homes and cast their lot among strangers, where adverse conditions may be expected, are of the pioneer type. These men had no endowments but ability, hope, courage, the discipline of the beneficent school of poverty, and the high ideals of manly bearing and personal honor that were their birthright. * * * They had been schooled in misfortune, but were untrained in humility. This is well illustrated by the joint debate between two negro politicians, one a Republican and the other—as rare as a black swan—a Democrat. The Republican champion excoriated the Southern Democrats for their aggressions upon the Republican preserves of political domination, and denounced them as arrogant Rebels. The Democratic orator reproached him for his revengeful spirit and said that he might have learned a lesson in forgiveness from the story of the prodigal son who had left his father's house and wasted his substance in riotous living. His father upon his return did not reproach him, but killed in his honor the fatted calf. The other retorted: "Yes, fellow-citizens, but how did that prodigal act? He was ashamed and stood afar off and had to be persuaded; but these Southern fellows walk right in and say: 'Whar is that veal?'"

However they went about it, the men of the South have been plenteously supplied in the North with veal and all other good things, and this would have been impossible but for the generous sympathy, help, and confidence extended to them by the people with whom they had cast their fortunes. Being from the South did not operate adversely to but rather in their favor. If any failed, it was not on that account.

The tide once set in did not subside when the causes that first gave it impulse ceased to act. In all the larger progressive cities of the North Southern men are a forceful part of the business, professional, and social life, and this is specially true of New York and the bounding commercial centers of the Middle and extreme West. In medicine, surgery, law, art, science, scholarship, literature, the ministry, finance, and industrial enterprises they have achieved an honorable distinction. Their names are not obscure. The reputation of many is international. The achievements of Southern men in

the North, while redounding to the happiness of the successful individuals, have wrought in a far more significant way for the welfare of the country. There is a fellowship among those who have borne a common misfortune far deeper and more abiding than that which comes from association in pleasures. * * *

The spirit of brotherhood that triumphed over all the bitter passions and fierce counsels that followed victory is an essential and resplendent part of the marvelous and thrilling picture of a people still possessed of a country, part of a government whose allegiance they had renounced, whose power they vainly sought to overthrow, joyfully of their own free will and without a scintilla of hypocrisy hailing the flag of that government as their own flag and exulting in its proud history as a part of their inalienable birthright.

It is generally accepted that the Civil War was a contest between people of Northern blood on the one side and those of Southern blood on the other. This is a great error. We are slow to look beyond generalities to the essential truth. All now with tardy justice we declare that Hancock was right when he said the tariff was a local question. The Civil War was a war between the States, but as to the participants it was mainly a local question. Senator Daniel summed up the case of most of them when he said: "I knew that my people were in a row and I went in to help them." There were seventeen brigadier generals, four major generals, and one lieutenant general in the Southern army who were born in Northern States. Of these, seven were born in the State of New York. Of the first five who were full generals of the Confederate army, Cooper, who was the ranking officer, was born in New York, and Albert Sidney Johnston was of a Connecticut father and his mother's parents were from Massachusetts. Kirby Smith, the last general who surrendered, was of New England parentage on both sides. The father of Major General Wheeler was a New Yorker. Hotchkiss, the engineer who made the battle sketches for Stonewall Jackson, was a New Englander. Eighty of the graduates of West Point who entered the Confederate army were born in nonseceding States.

In reciprocity Kentucky brought forth the central figure of the epoch, Abraham Lincoln. Virginia gave birth to Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and Tennessee produced Farragut, the greatest of the admirals. The commanding officers of twelve of the twenty-two ships composing Farragut's fleet at the capture of New Orleans and the commanders of four of the five squadrons of the Federal fleet of the first year of the war were born in slaveholding States. Of the three hundred and fifty graduates of West Point born in or appointed from slave territory who were in the military service when the Southern States seceded, one hundred and sixty-two espoused the Union side. Early in the war the commanding general of the Northern army was a Virginian, and the ranking officer of the Confederate army was a New Yorker.

Southern people when they review this list and see how much they are indebted should at least pause before making generalizations. We are even partly under obligation to the North for the corner stone of the Confederacy, the doctrine of secession. The principle was recognized in the South, but it was dormant there until long after it had as an acute question found vigorous enunciation in New England. Senator Lodge in his "Life of Webster" says: "When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of the States at Philadelphia and accepted by the votes of States in popular conventions, it was safe to say there was not a man in the country, from Washington to Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States and from which each and every State had the right to peacefully withdraw—a right that was very likely to be exercised."

I quote from Bishop Galloway as follows: "From 1795 to 1815 and again in 1845 there was an influential party in New England who favored and threatened the formation of a Northern Confederacy. Roger Griswold, a Representative in Congress from the State of Connecticut in 1804, declared that he was in favor of the New England States forming a republic by themselves and seceding from the Union. Joseph Story when in Congress, afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court and commentator on the Constitution, said: 'It was a prevalent opinion then in Massachusetts * * * of a separation of the Eastern States from the Union.' In a famous speech delivered by Joseph Quincy in Congress January 14, 1811, against the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State these sentiments were defiantly uttered: 'I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that as it will be the right of all so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.'"

The Hartford Convention of 1814 declared: "When emergencies occur which are either beyond the reach of judicial tribunals or too pressing to admit of the delay incident to their forms, States which have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions."

To-day we are the most homogeneous people of any of the greater powers of the world. At no time in history has there ever been a government of a people approximating ours in numbers where there was such identity in language, literature, dress, beliefs, and aspirations. We have our local differences and variances in ideals and subordinate principles of government. May they continue to flourish in full vigor! Out of their development and the resultant of their conflicting forces will be evolved a healthier, more intelligent and enduring national life.

PROMOTIONS IN ARMY AND NAVY.

Secretary of War Dickinson and Secretary of the Navy Meyer have announced in their annual reports that the time has arrived to put young men at the head of military affairs. Heretofore promotion in the navy has come through seniority in office, every promotion of an officer representing a step upward along the entire line. The two Secretaries agree in their ideas of selection for ability to decide promotion, and are already trying to establish the precedent. The General Board has been requested to consider this matter and report to Secretary Meyer how the desired result can best be brought about. This change in promotions threatens the further degradation of subordinates in the army and navy. Indeed, the methods of officers in the army are becoming a reproach. The volunteer spirit is discouraged, and the dignity of fighting for one's country is so nearly gone that even the South will become indifferent to calls unless there be a reform. A private soldier or sailor nowadays is treated as if a common tool. The spirit of the Confederate private can never be aroused upon the present arbitrary lines.

PROPER SPIRIT FOR PRESERVING HISTORY.

BY ST. GEORGE T. C. BRYAN, RICHMOND, VA.

From the highways and byways you have collected otherwise lost history save for the VETERAN—records of priceless value. A Northern student of history and a professor of English history while on a visit to Richmond said to me: "The North will write its story of the war of 1861-65, but I am very fearful that the Southern people will not write their story. It is essential to correct history that both sides should write." This gentleman was correct in what he said. I give this proof: Who has written at any length and pains of the quartermaster and commissary departments of the Confederacy and the struggle to feed and provide for the Southern armies and their military and subsistence train?

I have wished and hope still to write for the VETERAN an account of the exploits of the "Mosquito Fleet" on Chesapeake Bay and its rivers and John Yates Beall. Ned McGuire, John Maxwell, Lieutenant Lee, and John E. Bann, now of Galveston, Tex., Capt. W. W. Beall, of Chesterfield County, Va., and others figured in these exploits, which are deeply interesting. I have gathered material from some of these men. I have placed all my papers in the Confederate Museum for safe-keeping in case of my death before I complete them. I should hardly say complete them, for no Confederate should cease to gather historical material that tells of Southern life and struggles. I want to see a narrative of domestic life in "Mosby's Confederacy."

I send you $4 for five years' subscription. I do not hope to live that long; but you have already earned a debt of true gratitude no one can fail to pay who reads the VETERAN and reflects on its past, present, and future influence.

TWO PREACHERS IN THE ARMY.

BY EVELYN G. SNOW.

Late one evening in the summer of 1864 word came to us that the Rev. Mr. Casky would preach that night in the Christian church at Utica. He had been a favorite pastor of that Church in the days of peace; and when the war came on, he became a chaplain in the army. I had never met Mr. Casky; and when there rose up a strong-featured, soldierly man clad in Confederate gray. I forgot the preacher and the pulpit and felt like cheering for the Confederacy. He gave us a ringing discourse on the duties of the time, and the next day he passed on to his own duties as chaplain in (I think) the 36th Mississippi. I never saw him again, but heard much of his career in the army, where, it was said, he attended faithfully to the spiritual needs of his comrades and also lent them a helping hand on "the firing line"—soldier of the cross and soldier of the Confederacy, like many another of those splendid men who made the Confederate army what it was.

I recall another minister of the Christian Church who became a Confederate soldier, Captain Davis, who was a resident of Utica when he donned the soldier's uniform, not as a chaplain but as a captain in a Mississippi regiment. After he entered the army, his wife continued to reside in Utica, and I had the pleasure of helping her sew on her husband's uniform. The girls of that day esteemed it a high honor to work for the soldiers in the army.

I send this little sketch hoping that some one conversant with the war record of these two soldiers will write to the VETERAN. Let the stories of those soldiers of the cross who fought both the visible and the invisible be put upon record.

REVOLT OF PRISONERS AT SALISBURY, N. C.

BY H. C. SHARP, CO. D, 68TH N. C. REGT., HARRELLSVILLE, N. C.

About October 1, 1864, there were confined in the stockade at Salisbury, N. C., several hundred officers and six or eight thousand soldiers, separated by a mark on the ground or a rope. During that month the officers were removed, and in November the soldiers revolted, believing the 68th Regiment North Carolina State Troops, consisting of about four hundred men, had gone, leaving a less efficient guard. In reality the 68th Regiment was at the depot, only two or three hundred yards distant; and though the whistle had signaled several times to get all the men aboard, the train was still there. Unexpectedly rifle and cannon firing were heard, and the 68th Regiment ran back promiscuously in two or three minutes.

The prisoners had first overpowered the five to eight guards stationed inside the stockade, taken their rifles, and killed or wounded most of them. Then they used the captured rifles to fire on the guards stationed on the platform around the outside of the stockade. The two pieces of small artillery stationed at the corners of the northeastern end of this stockade enfiladed with grapeshot the prison yard, while most of the guard on the outside fired down into the yard. It seems that the prisoners soon became discouraged, got down into their holes or lay flat on the ground, and very soon surrendered. When the writer arrived at the stockade three or four minutes later, the firing had practically ceased, and the others were advised not to shoot. Some six or eight of the guard were killed or wounded and some fifty to seventy-five of the prisoners likewise. The commandant of the guard, Major Gee, had three of the prisoners tied up by their thumbs, but they refused to disclose the ringleaders of the revolt.

Many prisoners escaped at night by tunneling under the guards' hospital, which was nearly on the outside. One dark, cold, rainy night some of the sentinels discovered three of the prisoners crawling along a sewer ditch on the outside; but the writer, who was sergeant of the guard on duty, requested the sentinels to allow them to crawl back. Some of them were seen by the guard on duty next day in an extremely filthy condition, as they had no other clothes to put on.

Probably fifty or sitxy died daily. The prisoners detailed to bury their dead and to cut fuel outside were usually allowed to buy eatables of white women. Of course the fare of the prisoners, as well as that of the guards, was very inferior. The inside sentinels would exchange with the prisoners their respective moneys at the rate of five or six Confederate notes for greenback dollars. The writer accumulated some fifty or sixty greenback dollars by buying from brokers at seven or eight for one. The 68th Regiment left about the 10th of December, 1864.

Soon after the war Major Gee was tried for cruelty to prisoners, but was not convicted. One of the imprisoned officers was killed while sitting on the roots of a tree on the dead line next the soldiers. The sentinel who did this shooting was hanged for murder a few years after the war.

ADDRESS OF JOHN DICE, OF TEXAS, WANTED.—Mrs. A. E. Lear, 906 Nooney Street, Poplar Bluff, Mo., wants the address of John Dice, whose home was somewhere in Texas. John Dice served with her husband, Zack Lear, in the Missouri State Guard, organized at Palmyra, under Capt. J. W. Kneisley. This battery was transferred to the Tennessee Department, under General Price. Zack Lear was wounded at Grand Gulf. Mrs. Lear seeks a pension, and needs the testimony of John Dice.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

[Resolutions offered by Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, former President Texas Division, U. D. C., on scholarship and prize essay in Teachers' College, New York, which were adopted at the Brownwood Convention in 1909. The introductory resolution sets out the principles of the U. D. C.]

Resolved: 1. That the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, doth explicitly and authoritatively declare that the acceptance of a scholarship in Teachers' College, New York City, a school of the North, in which negroes are on a perfect equality, and the professors of which publicly and officially advocate intermarriage of the races, would be acquiescence in, and promotion of, the doctrine of those who brought fire and sword and desolation into our Southland; that it would be a fatal blow to the principle (racial purity) ever held most precious by those whom we represent; that it would be an evident, gross, and alarming infraction of the constitution of our association, the annihilation of traditions which we are pledged "to perpetuate," the destruction of principles to which we have pledged "loyalty;" that it would be a violation of the laws of the State of Texas; that it would be a violation of the laws of every State throughout the South; that it would be a step toward the extinction of the white race, a step backward into the lowest depths of depravity, where the light of civilization would be extinguished as is a lamp by a cavern's poisonous breath; that even the mental contemplation of such degradation awakens an alarm more fearful than the tocsin of war, more harrowing than the battlefield, because in the one honor guarded our homes, in the other dishonor lurks, more insidious than poisoned atmosphere, more fatal than pestilence.

2. That the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention assembled most solemnly declare that we reject for any and all time a scholarship in Teachers' College, New York; that we refuse as a Division, as Chapters, and as individuals to contribute at any time to said scholarship fund; that to do so would place Texas in the reprehensible position of countenancing and aiding in sending students from our sister States to a college which we declare unfit for a daughter or son of Texas; that we withdraw any and all contributions to said fund that were made by Texas Chapters or by individual members of Texas Chapters at the recent General Convention held in Houston, Tex.; that we will never let it be said that the women of Texas guard racial integrity and purity with less jealous care than do the men of our State, whose statutory laws form an impassable barrier to negro equality; that we adopt the defiant cry of the South's battle-scarred veterans when in the days of "reconstruction" the conquest-drunken North tried to force negro equality upon the South: "Racial purity or death!"

3. That environments, conditions, and customs of all schools, colleges, and universities of the North, notably Teachers' College, Cornell, and Smith, are such as to make these resolutions applicable to all; that therefore we, the Daughters of the Confederacy, reject at any and all times a scholarship in any college, university, or school located in any other than one of the Southern States.

4. That the educational institutions of our own State offer advantages inferior to none, and that State pride and merit alike demand their recognition and the patronage of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

5. That the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, declare that the objects of our association, as set forth in our constitution, logically and beyond controversy, fix the appropriations of the funds of our association; that a prize essay written by a student of Teachers' College, New York City, being not only foreign to the declared purposes of our association, but subversive of principles to which we have pledged loyalty, any appropriation for said prize essay is a palpable infraction of our constitution, and that we in the exercise of our sovereign rights enter most solemn protest.

6. That it is not dollars and cents but principles that are involved; that the great underlying principle involved in any connection with Teachers' College, be it prize essay or scholarship, is racial purity; that a prize offered to that college is an indorsement of that college and its teachings; that the humiliating spectacle of the Daughters of the Confederacy sitting at the feet of a Northern schoolgirl, the abandonment of our high privilege and sacred duty to be the teachers and expounders of truthful history, the sweepings from the byways of historic domain that we have been receiving and filing with the indorsement of our sacred order—all this, humiliating and deplorable as it is, pales beside the black pall of miscegenation which envelops that school. Therefore, with the blood of our ancestors stirring our veins, we turn from any connection with or any recognition of Teachers' College, New York City.

7. That, while we deeply regret that necessity has arisen for nonconcurrence in the legislation of our general association, yet we are acting within our constitutional rights—that great basic principle, local self-government, or State rights; that we are sustained by the consciousness of having followed the dictates of duty; that it is our bounden duty to exercise all the intelligence and wisdom at our command in deciding upon concurrence or nonconcurrence in any legislation of our general association; that we "are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to our general government" (to quote from Thomas Jefferson), but that all questions shall be submitted to the tribunal of our constitution; that this requirement has been complied with in these resolutions.

8. That we pray that the erring people of the North will listen to our voice and turn from their ways.

9. That these resolutions be printed verbatim and in their entirety in the minutes of this Convention.

10. That the then President of our Division be and is hereby instructed to read these resolutions before the next General Convention, and that a copy of them be filed by our State President with the Recording Secretary General to be printed in the minutes of the next General Convention.

In a letter from Houston, Tex., received after the January VETERAN had been mailed, Miss Dunovant writes: "In the name of the Texas Division, U. D. C., the publication is requested in the January VETERAN of the inclosed resolutions, which were adopted unanimously by the Texas Division, U. D. C., in convention assembled, adopted amid a storm of applause, the waving of hats, and the 'Rebel yell.' Realizing that these resolutions go to the organ of the U. D. C., accredited with the indorsement and adoption of that association, and also with the indorsement of General Cabell, Lieutenant General U. C. V., Trans-Mississippi Department, they are sent in full faith in their reproduction."

GENERAL CABELL APPROVES THE RESOLUTIONS.

Mrs. Kate Howard, President Texas Division, U. D. C., Palestine, Tex.—My Dear Madam: Being Lieutenant General commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department of the United

Confederate Veterans, I take great pleasure as well as pride in indorsing the resolutions presented by that noble Southern woman, Miss Adelia Dunovant, to the Texas Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy and adopted by them at the Brownwood meeting on the 7th or 8th of December, 1909, "concerning the scholarship at Columbia College, New York," against miscegenation and the destruction of all "racial purity," which is the pride and boast not only of our glorious women—our mothers, our wives, our beautiful daughters—but of our men, whose love of the South, whose pride in the white race, will strengthen and grow in our own sunny South until time is no more.

Then, fair ladies of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, receive the thanks and congratulations of the true men who followed the flag of the Confederacy until it was furled and laid away, but not in dishonor.

With highest regards, your friend, W. L. CABELL.

Publication of the foregoing recalls the inception of the Columbia College scholarship and the able presentation of the subject by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York. Mrs. Schuyler introduced the feature of a Columbia teachers' scholarship at the St. Louis Convention, U. D. C. Those who were present there and at subsequent General Conventions of the U. D. C. will never forget the charming manner of this gifted woman in conducting that feature of the proceedings. Miss Boyson's able but shocking paper, which brought deserved criticism upon the judges, was the beginning of fierce antagonism to the scholarship. Mrs. Schuyler is a loyal Daughter, an ardent Southerner, and her confidence in the high motive of the Columbia College President has caused her bitter tears; and whatever the result to the undertaking, she will be remembered in gratitude and pride in her heroic fight for what she believed would result in great good.

CORRECTS ABOUT BATTLE AT CLOYD'S FARM.

M. W. Humphreys, University of Virginia, author of the article on the battle of Cloyd's Farm appearing in the VETERAN for December, writes of several errors in it that he desires to correct. The article was prepared quite a while ago, and in passing from paper to paper these errors have crept in. He states: "Crook advanced southward across Cloyd's Mountain, and led part of his army to the east, so as to descend upon the Confederate right instead of the west, as the article gives it. Again it is stated that the 9th Virginia (Federal) lost one hundred and forty-five killed, while the summary stated that the Federals lost one hundred and eight killed. The 9th Virginia (Federal) lost only forty-five killed."

He adds further: "I was a little surprised at the note (page 623) about 'Mudwall' Jackson, which seems to imply that there was no Gen. W. L. Jackson; but he was, in fact, the man who in Virginia was called 'Mudwall' to distinguish him from his famous cousin, 'Stonewall.' They were both born in the same town, Clarksburg, W. Va. He commanded a brigade of cavalry during the latter half of the war, and was very active in the campaign of 1863 in (West) Virginia. But others evidently received the same epithet. Gen. W. H. Jackson, whom I knew personally when I was at Vanderbilt University, 1875-83, once spoke to me, almost with pride, of his having been dubbed 'Mudwall.' I do not think we soldiers meant any reproach, and Gen. W. H. Jackson did not so regard it. In going over the Official Records I failed to find the epithet applied to any one; but Rosecrans in an official report to Halleck calls W. H. Jackson 'red-haired Jackson,' which certainly could not be disavowed."

TRIBUTE TO JOHN M'INTOSH KELL.

[From a letter of a comrade to Mrs. Kell.]

RAYMOND, MISS., December 28, 1909.

My Dear Friend: It is hard for me to write, owing to the condition of my eyes, but I could not let the time pass without "exchanging signals." It is an almost interminable vista when one looks back from his seventy-eighth year. What shifting scenes, what faces come and are gone forever! That of dear old Kell stands out clear-cut. I knew him before he met you. We were a mess of six on board the sloop of war Albany, of the "Home Squadron," including the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico. Kell was the senior passed midshipman. There were three others of that rank. The captain, clerk (old Van), and myself, a midshipman, made up the six members of the mess. That was when I got the name of "Youngster." At that time Kell was a man of splendid physique, well formed in every respect, his face the mirror of his character, filled with benevolence and goodness, but stern to all that was mean or unprincipled. Of the many people with whom I have been associated in the course of a long life, for what may be good in me I owe more to Kell than anybody else. All loved him. I hope you spent a pleasant Christmas surrounded by your descendants and his.

Let us "exchange signals" again from time to time before we enter port, which now is in full view.

Your old and sincere friend,

J. R. EGGLESTON ("The Youngster").

P. S.—She (the Youngstress) is attending her U. D. C. Chapter meeting, of which she is President; also Honorary President of the Mississippi Division, and one of the Honorary Presidents of the whole order. So you see I live in reflected glory (probably the cause of my cataracts). J. R. E.

The cheerfulness with which the venerable Eggleston refers to his affliction of failing sight is touchingly pathetic.

In the "War Records," Volume IX., page 11, published by the United States government, Flag Officer Franklin Buchanan in reporting the fight of the Virginia to the Secretary of the Navy, S. R. Mallory, March 27, 1862, in regard to that famous ironclad, the Merrimac, in its fight with the Minnesota, says: "Lieutenant Eggleston served his hot shot and shell with judgment and effect; his bearing was deliberate and exerted a happy influence upon his men."

OHIO VETERAN DOESN'T LIKE THE "REBEL YELL."

BY WM. H. MORRIS, COMPANY B, 10TH O. V. C., SUNBURY, OHIO.

If you will allow me a little space in the VETERAN, I should like to inform I. B. Ulmer, of Ruffin's Dragoons, of some things he does not know. (Refer to his article on page 597, December, 1909, issue.) He says: "After crossing the Savannah River into South Carolina, our next important affair was at Aiken, when we utterly scattered Kilpatrick's cavalry and drove it back on its infantry supports." I admit that we left Aiken in a hurry. Two of my company were killed there and three captured.

He is mistaken about driving us back on our infantry supports. There came to our division at Savannah three hundred men who had been sick or wounded; and as we had no horses for them, they were given muskets. But Sherman's infantry was ten to fifteen miles away.

Kilpatrick had three brigades and about six thousand men in all. He had only the 2d Brigade at Aiken. The other two brigades were at Johnson's Station (?), some six miles east of Aiken, to which place we were driven.

My friend Ulmer fails to mention Waynesboro, where we drove Wheeler some six or seven miles. This was where my captain was wounded, so that we had to leave him, and he died the next day.

My Johnnie friend tells about the affair near Fayetteville and what was done there, but he was not aware that only the 3d Brigade of our division, and the smallest brigade in the division, was engaged. Our 2d Brigade was four miles off at the time.

I do not write this for the purpose of causing ill will. Brother Ulmer saw only one side. For Heaven's sake, do not give me the Rebel yell, for it used to give me the cold chills. I close with best wishes to all the Confederates.

WERE NEGROES IN OUR EARLIER WARS?

BY F. T. ROCHE, GEORGETOWN, TEX.

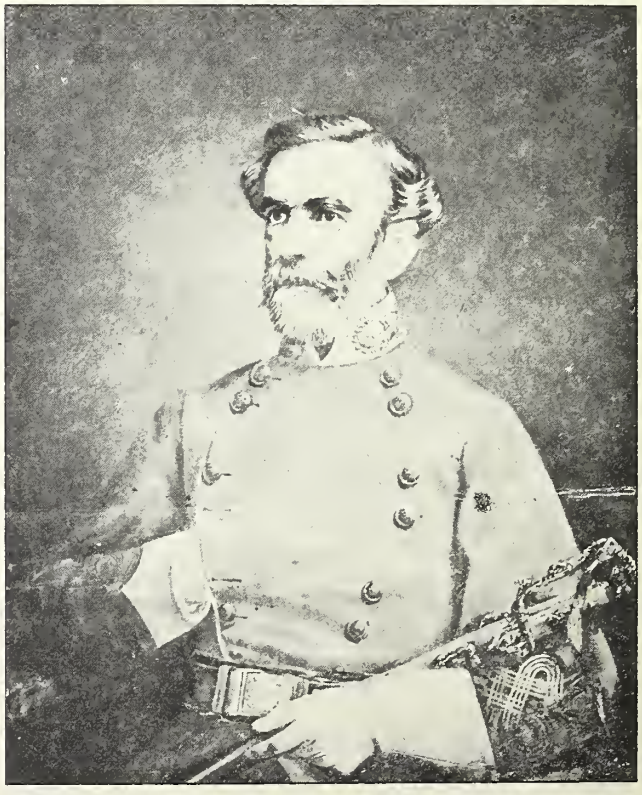
In the life of Abraham Lincoln written by the editor of the National Tribune and even as a serial in its columns I find in the issue of October 7, 1909, statements which I believe to be grossly erroneous. Writing of the excitement caused by the employment of negro troops in the Federal army, he says: "Second only to the virulence of the slavery discussion, and merging into it at every phase, was that of enlisting the negroes as soldiers. One of the things that the people of this generation can never understand is the inflamed condition of the country at that time with regard to the negroes and every question pertaining to them. Men's minds seemed like boils on this subject, and ready to flame into anger at the slightest touch. Negroes had done conspicuously good service in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812. One of the four men killed by the first fire of the British troops at the so-called 'Boston massacre' was Crispus Attucks, a Boston mulatto, and at Bunker Hill Peter Salem, a negro, was conspicuous for his gallantry and was shot dead. At one time there were seven hundred and seventy-five negroes serving in the Continental army under Washington, and Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia had colored regiments, with small bodies of negroes from other States. In the War of 1812 New York raised two colored regiments, and at New Orleans General Jackson had at least one regiment of blacks and mulattoes."

In no history of the United States that I have read have I seen the statement that "Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia had colored regiments" in the Continental army. I do not believe it to be a fact, and I ask the VETERAN to have the subject investigated, that the truth may be made known. I regard the enlistment of negroes in the army of the United States as one of the most infamous things done in the War between the States, and I shall be glad to know that it had no precedent in our earlier history. Let the facts be made known.

GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG AT SHILOH.

[Col. George C. Porter, who commanded the 6th Tennessee Infantry in the C. S. A., has written a series of articles upon the battle of Shiloh in the *Nashville Banner* under the above heading. He has but little to say of General Bragg except in his concluding article.]

General Bragg, learning of the death of his chief, turned the command of the center over to General Ruggles and assumed the command of the right in order to execute and carry out the movement designed by General Johnston. Unable to force the position with his infantry, General Ruggles was ordered to concentrate all of his artillery upon it. Sixty pieces were placed in position on the west side of the Duncan field. In support of these were brought up the brigades of Gibson, Schafer, Wood, Anderson, Stewart, the 13th Tennessee, and the Crescent Regiment of Pond's Brigade. By command of, and under the immediate presence and direction of, General Bragg this force now advanced and attacked with a valor and heroism rarely surpassed the strong position of Wallace and Prentiss. The concentrated fire of sixty pieces of artillery soon silenced the Union batteries, but failed to drive the infantry from their sheltered and protected position, safe and secure from the conformation of the ground. Besides it was a strong and valiant body of troops, well disciplined and bravely commanded. To assault this position, an open field had to be crossed, with enfilading batteries supported by infantry. Brigade after brigade had been hurled against it. Hindman's command, that had swept everything before it, was shivered into fragments; Stephens's Brigade, led by Cheatham, had been swept away; Stewart's Brigade had retired, mangled and cut to pieces; Gibson's fine body of Louisiana troops charged valiantly, and recoiled for the fourth time from the deadly shock. For hours the combined forces of Polk and Bragg had been engaged in this gigantic struggle with these stubborn battalions of Wallace and Prentiss. The thunder and effectiveness of these concentrated batteries of Ruggles, together with the simultaneous advance of the infantry under Cheatham, Breckinridge, Ruggles, and Withers, resulted in the confusion and defeat of Wallace and the capture of Prentiss and the greater portion of his command. This was made possible by the withdrawal of the forces of Hurlbut and McArthur, who were in imminent danger themselves of being cut off from Pittsburg Landing. In this movement Gen. W. H. L. Wallace was mortally wounded. Thus by the promptness, skill, and bravery of General Bragg had the aim and purpose of General Johnston



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

been accomplished. Bragg was close to Johnston, and knew well his method and design.

It was now five o'clock. Great things had been done. Every camp had been captured except that of the second division; and the enemy, driven from every position, was thrown into a confused mass upon the river bank under the protection of his gunboats, the fire from which, though terrific in sound, did but little damage, the shells passing over the heads of the Confederates and exploding far beyond their lines.

The sun is nearly down, and but little time is left to finish the glorious work of the day, a day unsurpassed in the history of battles for daring deeds, brilliant achievements, and heavy sacrifices. General Bragg rearranges and consolidates his lines, and everything is ready for the last and supreme onset.

The brigades of Trabue, Clanton, Chalmers, Jackson, Anderson, Stephens, Woods, the 154th, 12th, 13th, and a part of the 1st Tennessee Regiments, whose line of battle is now perpendicular to the river and within two hundred yards of the bank, eagerly await the order for the final charge, when the army of Grant and a part of Buell's will be either captured or driven into the Tennessee. The supreme moment has arrived. The crisis is at hand. A painful silence is both seen and felt. But no bugle charge is sounded.

General Beauregard, now in command, sick and feeble, appears upon the scene, and without inquiry or knowledge of the situation orders the battle to cease and the troops withdrawn.

[Consistent with the rule of the VETERAN, this last paragraph would not be given except in explanation that General Beauregard was ill. We are all human, and General Beauregard's action was doubtless influenced by sympathy for his men.]

GRATITUDE OF VETERANS.

As to what Confederates should be grateful for, D. F. Daughtrey, of Newport News, Va., has this to say:

"Five brothers of us entered the cavalry service in 1861, taking the dangers and chances of four years of cruel war in Company I, 13th Regiment Virginia Cavalry.

"D. P. Daughtrey, now in his seventy-eighth year, on account of physical weakness was put in clerical work in A. A. G. Field Department with Gen. W. H. F. Lee, where he served until the surrender.

"R. C. Daughtrey was in the line from enlistment to surrender except during imprisonment in Old Capitol and Fort Delaware prisons.

"T. G. Daughtrey was in the line from enlistment to Gettysburg. He was badly wounded at Hagerstown, Md., while on the retreat, a prisoner at Chester, Pa., and afterwards paroled prisoner until the close of the war.

"J. H. Daughtrey was in the line from enlistment to the surrender except while a prisoner at Point Lookout.

"J. N. Milteer (brother-in-law) was in the line from enlistment to Appomattox, and in every engagement of his command served well.

"I am truly grateful," he writes, "for this record, but more grateful still that after nearly forty-five years of struggle we are all alive to form part of the body politic of our great country and to share in her growth and glory which our Southern soldiery has so conspicuously helped to bring around. More than all I am grateful that these veterans are all still in battle line, marching and fighting under the great Captain of our salvation. Think you not that I have cause for gratitude to God, the Giver of every good and of every perfect gift?"

I am thankful for so many things I hardly know where to commence. First of all, I am thankful that our Heavenly Father preserved my life and health through the war. I am thankful that I never lost a day from duty on account of sickness, never was seriously wounded, never was in a hospital, and never was in prison. I am thankful that all these years since the close of the war I have been able to earn a living for myself and family with my own hands, and have never drawn a pension. I am thankful that I had a little money to spare to donate to the Old Soldiers' Home at Pewee Valley, Ky. I am thankful that I was a member of Company C, 9th Texas Infantry, and served with that regiment from its organization to its surrender at Meridian, Miss., in 1865. I am thankful that I was the last color bearer of that regiment and carried the flag out of Spanish Fort, on Mobile Bay, our last battle and the only place the flag was ever in danger of being captured. All other times we whipped everything in front of us, and on all retreats we moved in good order.

I am thankful to hear from Comrade John E. Logsden in defense of our flag. The only mistake he made in his report was that the flag was stacked with the guns. I was not going back to Texas with the boys, and I think I suggested that some one take the flag, and C. P. Matthews took it and concealed it under his shirt before the Yanks arrived to receive our surrender. I have passed the seventieth milepost.

JOHN C. DARR IS THANKFUL.

While many are expressing thanks through the VETERAN, I believe that this is a very appropriate day for me to give a few random reasons why I should feel thankful. First, I am thankful that this is my seventy-sixth birthday and that I am still blessed with life, though severely afflicted for the past three years. I am thankful that I do not know of a single blood relative who ever turned his back on the South when his strong arms were needed to protect her honor, her legal and political rights. I am thankful that I live in the South, where I expect to be buried. I am thankful for the VETERAN, which promulgates the truths of history, and I am thankful that my eyes still enable me to read it. I am thankful to live in the land of the brave old Confederate soldier and his posterity.

TRIBUTE TO COL. REGINALD HUBER THOMPSON.

Capt. J. M. Arnold, of Carlton's Arkansas Cavalry, writes:

"You ask your comrades to write you for what things they are most grateful. I am grateful that I am a Kentuckian, that I was an American Confederate soldier, and that I came out of the war alive, although I was several times wounded. I am grateful that I messed and slept for over four years with that Christian man, gallant soldier, and patriot, Lieut. Col. Reginald Huber Thompson, first in the 13th Arkansas Infantry and later in the cavalry. The 13th was in Cleburne's Division. I saw Thompson in one of the bravest acts performed during the war. In the spring of 1863, just after the battle of Murfreesboro, the Army of Tennessee occupied a line from Wartrace to Tullahoma, Tenn. The hills there run out in spurs. On one of them for three days Cleburne's Division fought that of Gen. Jeff O. Davis in heavy skirmish. They were on the upper side of the hill. On the second day of the skirmish I was in command of the regimental skirmishers and Thompson in command of the brigade skirmishers. We had driven the "other fellows" to the crest of the hill, where we ran into five regiments of infantry.

"We came down the hill rapidly. Just after crossing an opening about forty yards wide I rallied my men—and rallied myself—behind a magnificent tree a little out in the open. Thompson came up to me and yelled: 'Why did you come down the hill?' I told him that I had done so because my men had. Without waiting for me to explain about the five regiments that we had run into, he told me that he wanted me to go back, that he was going to the right, and that when I heard the yell to charge. I told him all right, but I would suggest that as the other fellows were just across the opening he had better go to the rear and get in the undergrowth. He answered, 'No, sir; I am going to that tree,' pointing to one fully exposed about fifty yards to our right.

"He had not gone far when a soldier in the rear yelled to him: 'Look out, Captain!' He stopped and, looking up the hill, saw a Yankee standing beside a tree trying to get an aim upon him. Taking about the first position of a soldier, he yelled to him: 'Shoot, d— you.' The soldier, evidently struck with his coolness and bravery, brought his gun to a salute and stepped behind his tree. I served with him for over four years. We messed together when we had anything to eat and slept under the same blanket when we had one.

"After the war for seventeen years he was a judge of one of the courts in Louisville, Ky. When he died, I attended his funeral, and it appeared that all of Louisville was in the procession or on the streets. Children from the Masonic Home, bootblacks, newsboys stood in front of his home, and as his remains were brought out they sang his favorite hymn.

"On that grand Confederate monument in Louisville there is a profile of Col. Reginald H. Thompson. Whether it was so designed, I don't know."

VIVID MEMORIES OF THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.

BY PHILIP F. BROWN, BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA.

In reading the beautiful and gracious remarks of Gen. Charles King in the December, 1909, VETERAN with reference to Col. W. C. Smith, of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, who died in the Philippines, I am reminded of an incident that occurred at Crampton's Gap, Md., September 14, 1862. Mahone's Brigade had been sharply engaged for about two hours in resisting Franklin's Corps from forcing a passage through this mountain pass in his endeavor to succor Harper's Ferry, then environed by General Jackson's forces, and our success in holding this corps in check caused the surrender of the "Ferry," with 11,000 men, next morning.

After the battle was over, the writer, having been shot through the left arm and the bullet extracted, found himself a prisoner of war, dejected, disconsolate, and suffering intensely from the painful operation. Who should appear but his dear friend and comrade, W. C. Smith, who had received a flesh wound in the shoulder, but so slight that it did not prevent his acting the "Good Samaritan;" for he had visited all parts of the field where the wounded prisoners were taken, and told of finding several of our comrades of the 12th Virginia Infantry.

The Federal surgeon who extracted the Minie bullet from the muscles of my arm was as gentle and kind as possible, though he remarked that I had pinched his leg blue during the operation, as I refused to be placed under the influence of anæsthetics.

Another instance of kindness which is worthy of mention was shown me on the battlefield. I have vainly tried to learn the actor who filled my heart with gratitude, but have not secured his name. He belonged to a New Jersey regiment. If he is still living and this should catch his eye, how glad I will be to clasp his hand once more!

After our line was broken and the Federals advanced, I sought shelter in an old cooper shop on the roadside. On entering a number of Federal soldiers were drinking new cider from several barrels that were stored by some farmer. Taking a seat on the side sill, with the blood flowing from my shattered arm, a Federal soldier approached and offered me a cup of the tempting draught; then, seating himself by my side, commenced to sympathize and offer aid in securing a surgeon to dress the wound. The firing had about stopped, and we ventured out in search of surgical assistance. Had I been a relative of this Union soldier, he could not have shown more tender solicitude in securing aid. But the great number of wounded found at five different parts of the field, where rapid work was in progress, prevented their giving me any attention. But my mascot was obdurate, and insisted so vigorously that finally the aged surgeon heretofore mentioned gave me his services. That night on the upper porch of a brick house this Union soldier brought me a canteen of fresh water and straw to lie on, but not to sleep; for with nerves unstrung and throbbing wound Morpheus could not be wooed. Six other wounded were on the same porch, two of whom died during the night. Early next morning my good friend came up with fresh water and cornmeal gruel. About ten o'clock we were marched to the little village of Burkettsville, Md., only a mile from the battlefield, where the Lutheran church was used as a hospital. Here I lost sight of my mascot, never to see or hear of him again.

After two days and one night in this crowded building, conditions became unpleasant. My comrade, W. C. Smith, and I sought shelter in a wagon body under a shed only a block from the church. This is merely mentioned incidentally to tell of the firing of the first cannon at Sharpsburg.

The writer had slept but little; and the artillery firing becoming quite rapid, followed soon after by volleys of musketry, my nerves began to tingle; so I called my soundly sleeping comrade, Smith, who was later in our reunited country destined to wear the uniform of a colonel in the United States army. [Col. W. C. Smith died in command of the 1st Tennessee Regiment as his command was beginning a battle in the Philippines.] We listened anxiously to the ominous and thundering sounds that rolled over the undulating hills on that ever-memorable 17th of September, 1862, when the battle of Sharpsburg traced its bloody drama on the pages of American history. During the day I lost sight of my friend and comrade, not to meet again for many months. A purer soul and more thorough gentleman never breathed than Col. W. C. Smith.

FIRST "WHITE HOUSE" IS BEING TORN DOWN.—What was really the first "White House" in America was the Van Altren House, which stood under one of the arches of the Brooklyn Bridge, New York. It was to this house that General Washington returned after taking the presidential oath of office, and he resided there from April, 1789, to February, 1790. The house is now being torn down, so that the space may be occupied for "business purposes."

NEW OFFICERS FOR JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON CAMP.—At a meeting held by the Camp in Dalton, Ga., in January, 1910, new officers were elected to fill positions left vacant by death. Chaplain William McNabb and Second Color Guard Oxford had passed away. R. P. Neal and J. I. Tibbs were elected.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

[Greeting "To the Confederate Statue on Courthouse Square, Charlottesville, Va.," composed by Mr. W. Sam Burnley, was read by the author at the unveiling in May, 1909.]

It is pleasing to see you, brave comrade, up there,
Picketed here on the old Courthouse Square.
Your companions here gathered in the dark days of yore
And nobly went forth to fight and endure—
Went forth for State Rights, went forth for the South,
And undaunted they charged to the cannon's grim mouth.

Yes, when we weigh and consider, we all must declare
'Twas proper to place you on the old Courthouse Square,
For 'twas here that you came at war's first alarms;
You volunteered here at the first call to arms.
Here shall you stand while the years wing their flight,
The Defender of Home and the Champion of Right.

When the rumors of trouble came borne on each breeze,
Here met the fathers, here under the trees.
They met here to ponder, to counsel, debate
O'er the God-given Rights that belong to each State;
And 'twas human, 'twas righteous, that anger arose
When those Rights were invaded by merciless foes.

You were fashioned by Yankees (thrice happy the thought);
They clothed you in bronze, and well have they wrought—
In the dread days of conflict you taught them to "feel"
By daring and doing and the thrust of your steel.
Though fashioned by Yankees, the work was well done;
You inspired the chosen by the glories you won.

Your designer (God bless him), it behooves us to say,
Loves and reveres the old soldier in gray;
For his father was one, old comrade like you,
Who fought for the cause so noble and true,
And for you and for him we exultantly raise
Our voices reverberant in sounding your praise.

And do you know it, old fellow, your presence up there
Is due to our women so brave and so fair?
Though human, they seem to us beings supernal;
Their infinite love makes remembrance eternal—
Those creatures of goodness, those angels of light,
Who nursed you in sickness, who nerved you in fight.

A health to you, comrade, a wreath for your brow;
You stood by us then, we'll stand by you now.
Your cause will aye live in song and in story,
Sublime in its sadness, immortal in glory.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

Additions to the list of Confederate monuments as published in the October number are being constantly received and will be published as soon as possible. It is hoped that from these lists it will be practical to compile a full and complete account of Confederate monuments that will be of great historical value.

Charlestown, W. Va., has a handsome shaft of white marble thirty feet high in Edgehill Cemetery to the memory of Confederate soldiers, about one hundred of whom lie at its base. This was erected by the Lee Memorial Association and was unveiled in April, 1891.

This list of monuments was sent in as being in Mississippi, but no description was given. At Liberty, Natchez, Fayette, Port Gibson, Raymond, Brandon, and Yazoo City monuments have been erected to the Confederate dead.

The monument to the Confederate dead of Calhoun County is at Jacksonville, Ala., not Anniston, as stated in October.

Washington, Ark., has a monument erected by the people of that city and of Hempstead County. It is a twenty-four-foot marble shaft in honor of the hundred unknown soldiers from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma who are buried in the old Presbyterian cemetery. Colonel Gratiot, who commanded an Arkansas regiment, put markers on the graves of all whose names were known.

ADDITIONAL CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

Houston, Tex., has two handsome monuments of great interest. The monument to the gallant Dick Dowling and the forty-three intrepid Irishmen who fought with him at Sabine Pass is a shaft of Texas granite upholding a life-size figure of the hero. Tablets inserted in the base are suitably inscribed, one containing the list of those engaged in the battle. It was erected through the efforts of Dick Dowling Camp, Irish societies, Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Emmett Council, the city of Houston presenting the site.

R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., erected a handsome shaft after nine years of arduous work. It is a cairn of rough granite blocks surmounted by a symbolic figure representing the spirit of the Confederacy, made after a design of Mr. Lewis Amaties, of New York, and is dedicated to "All Heroes of the South Who Fought for State Rights."

A letter from Anniston, Ala., corrects a statement in regard to one on the list of Confederate monuments as given in the October VETERAN. This letter says the John H. Forney Chapter which erected the Confederate monument is located in Jacksonville; that the William H. Forney, the Chapter of Anniston which is the one credited with the monument, has not as yet been so successful. The Chapters bear the names of two generals, brothers, who won renown in the Civil War.

A. H. Pleaker, of Lynchburg, Va., says that one of the two monuments erected to the Botetourt Artillery is in the National Park at Vicksburg, not in the National Park, Virginia.

J. H. Le Tellier corrects a statement of the cost of the Sherman (Tex.) monument, which was erected by the Grayson County Confederate Association at a cost of $4,500, not $1,300, as stated.

MONUMENTS IN VIRGINIA.

Mrs. James H. Williams, Chairman of the Monument Committee, has sent in a list of the monuments in Virginia.

Bradford City, Pearisburg, and Dinwiddie have each recently unveiled monuments. Winchester has four granite monuments to the men who fell in the battles of Winchester. Kernstown, Cedar Creek, and Cool Spring each has a monument erected recently.

Charlotte C. H. has one monument and one tablet of bronze. Alexandria has one monument and one memorial mound in the churchyard. Warrenton has two monuments. Lynchburg has two monuments. Petersburg has one monument, one memorial stand, one arch, two tablets in Blandford Church, and one memorial pulpit. Woodstock, Strasburg, Mount Jackson, New Market, Stanton, and Waynesboro have one monument each. Norfolk has one monument to soldiers and one to Father Ryan. Portsmouth has two monuments and one memorial window. Lexington has a monument each to Lee, Jackson, the V. M. I. cadets, a Lee Memorial Church, the Jackson Memorial Hall, and the Jackson Memorial Hospital. The "Lee Memorial Church" as reported must be the chapel containing the recumbent figure of General Lee.

Richmond has one monument each in Hollywood and Oakwood, to Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. T. J. Jackson, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Gen. A. P. Hill, to Pickett's Division, soldiers and sailors, Winnie Davis, Otey's Brigade, President Davis, Confederate Museum, and one monument to Colonel Wickham, given by the Dabney Maury Chapter of Philadelphia. Blacksburg, Martinsville, Abingdon, Manassas, White Marsh, Glanston, and Palmyra have monuments.

Culpeper has one monument to Confederate soldiers and one to Colonel Crittenden. Bull Run has two monuments and one memorial fence. Berryville has two monuments. Winchester has monuments to soldiers of Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, Georgia, and Ashby brothers.

Harrisburg has one monument to soldiers, one to Ashby, and one bronze tablet. Danville, Chatham, Hampton, Rappahannock, King William, Dinwiddie, Fairfax, Luray, and Amelia C. H. have one monument each. Farmville, Leesburg, and Bedford City have two monuments in each city. Middleburg has one monument and one memorial hall and library. Charles City has one monument and one memorial tablet. Orange has one monument and two brass tablets. Williamsburg has one monument in the city, one in Burton church, and two memorial tablets.

West Point, Smithfield, Tazewell, Buchanan, Pinecastle, Bowling Green, Chesterfield, Charlotte C. H., Louise, Madison, Hanover, Marion, Lancaster, King George, and Valley Mountain have one monument in each city. Front Royal has two monuments. Bethel has two memorials, one monument to Captain Cleburne, and one marker. Montrose has one monument and two tablets to cadets.

The Shubuta (Miss.) Monument.

Charles B. Martin, First Confederate Georgia Regiment, writes: "The Confederate Monument Association of Shubuta, Miss., was organized in 1891 with S. H. Floyd President and J. E. Stovall Secretary. In 1892, sufficient funds being on hand, the monument (a granite shaft about twelve or fifteen feet high) was erected. On one side is the inscription, 'To Our Confederate Dead,' and on another, 'Erected by Shubuta Memorial Association.' Not a name is known of those who are buried here, as the graves were originally marked with wooden headboards, which rotted down long ago, and there is no one now living here who can tell what troops were stationed at this place, where two railroad bridges had to be guarded. The monument cost $350. Last year memorial services were held there, the first time in a number of years. The children of the Shubuta high school held the services, and the writer begged them to consider it their sacred duty to hold services annually in order to perpetuate the memory of the dead who gave their lives for what thy believed was right."

Monument for Waycross, Ga.—The Frances T. Bartow Chapter of Waycross, Ga., are preparing to unveil a handsome monument on the 3d of June. The figure that crowns the shaft, twenty-one feet high, will be carved in Italian marble, and will be a soldier in full marching attitude. Four large cannon balls will ornament the base, and crossed flags will be placed on the plain portion of the shaft.

Veterans Delighted with Visit to Vicksburg.—The Mississippi exchanges of the Veteran all show especial pleasure at the grand success of the Vicksburg meeting of the U. C. V., and it is gratifying to note how many veterans express their personal thanks for all the courtesies shown them.

Monument at Fayetteville, Ala.

In the Confederate cemetery at Fayetteville, Ala., stands one of the most beautiful and artistic of all the monuments erected in the South. It is made of the finest gray granite, surmounted by a statue in copper bronze of a private soldier at parade rest. This monument was erected by the Southern Memorial Association of this place and unveiled June 10, 1897. The cemetery is the property of this association, which is an incorporated body, organized June 10, 1872. This is one of the few cemeteries in the South dedicated solely to the Confederate dead, and the white marble markers denote not only the graves of those who fell during the war, but also those who, dying since then, made request for burial beside their comrades in gray.

Carroll County (Va.) Monument.—A monument has been erected by the Carroll Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy to the memory of the Confederate veterans of Carroll County, Va., who were killed in battle or died from wounds or disease during the Civil War. The monument is of beautiful white bronze, and was erected in the spring of 1908 at a cost of $1,300 and dedicated on the 4th of July of that year.

Proposed Monument at Paducah.—The local Chapter of the U. D. C. and Camp U. C. V. of Paducah, Ky., propose to erect a handsome monument in memory of the Confederate dead to be placed in Oak Hill Cemetery on the two lots presented to them by the city. It will be a marble shaft nineteen feet high with a base of Barre granite and will cost one thousand dollars.

Another Monument for Shreveport, La.—The Shreveport Chapter, U. D. C., will erect a handsome monument to the Confederate dead. The entire sum necessary has already been received, P. Youree, one of the wealthiest citizens of Shreveport, contributing $2,500 toward the fund.

MONUMENT AT BEDFORD CITY, VA.

FROM SKETCH BY MRS. E. D. GREGORY, HISTORIAN WILLIAM R. TERRY CHAPTER, U. D. C.

There should long since have been made mention in the Veteran of the monument erected on July 16, 1909, to the Confederate soldiers and sailors of Bedford County, Va. This work was done through the efforts of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans and the William R. Terry Chapter. The first meeting of the joint committee, composed of five members from each organization, was held November 7, 1906. Maj. S. Griffin, Commandant of the J. E. Johnston Camp, was chairman. They were empowered to investigate designs for the monument and arrange all the details. Many contractors from many points submitted designs.

On August 29, 1908, a contract was made with M. J. Falvey, of Washington, D. C., for a shaft of Barre (Vt.) granite with a bottom base ten feet square and eighteen inches in height, with a second base six feet eight inches square, a die block five feet six inches square and five feet high, capped by a shaft, making the total height forty feet, with appropriate emblems and inscriptions, at a cost of $3,800.

On May 15, 1909, the corner stone for the monument was laid with Masonic rites, and an eloquent address was made by Rev. S. S. Lambeth, D.D., a chaplain in the Confederate army. The site is located upon the courthouse grounds.

In the presence of a great crowd comprising many old soldiers on July 16, 1909, the unveiling of the monument took place. There were fervid eloquence, inspiring music, and gen-

eral enthusiasm. The town was in gala and holiday spirit, and on every hand were decorations of Confederate colors, white and red. Col. Robert E. Lee, a grandson of Virginia's peerless chieftain, was orator of the occasion, and thrilled the vast assembly with his splendid résumé of the events that led to the secession of the South from the Union and the matchless heroism of her officers and soldiers. The cord was drawn by Maj. W. F. Graves, one of the veterans, when a wild burst of cheers ascended skyward.

Upon the die block are carved in bas-relief emblems of the four arms of the service, including a graceful anchor for the navy. Upon the front face of the shaft is a graceful and beautifully carved battle flag, the staff of which is about four and a half feet high. Upon the die block beneath there is an inscription: "To the Confederate Soldiers and Sailors of Bedford County, 1861-1865."

"Bedford honors her heroes, proudly rejoicing with the living, sincerely mourning the dead. Their history is its brightest page, exhibiting the highest qualities of patriotism, courage, fortitude, and virtue. This stone is erected to keep fresh in memory the noble deeds of these devoted sons."



THE BEDFORD CITY MONUMENT.

Beneath this are crossed sabers, typical of the cavalry.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the veterans joined ranks and marched to the Alliance Warehouse, converted for the once into a banquet hall, gayly decked with flags, bunting, and flowers, where at temptingly spread tables about five hundred "soldier boys" were served a bountiful dinner of substantials and oceans of hot coffee, with a finale of ice cream, cake, and pies galore, by the fair hands of the ladies of the local Chapter U. D. C. Hospitality, good fellowship, and enthusiasm characterized the entire occasion.

There were many distinguished veterans from other points who united in the exercises.

NOTABLE MARKER IN CAMP CHASE CEMETERY.

I. M. Causey, 3d Battalion Mississippi Infantry, died a prisoner of war at Camp Chase, Ohio, January 16, 1865, and was buried in grave No. 788 in the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, near Columbus. Immediately after the war his widow erected a marble marker at his grave, being one of the only three that had been placed in the cemetery, where over 2,300 Confederate soldiers have been buried. No other markers were placed in the cemetery until 1908, when a nice marble marker was placed at every grave by the United States government. Much to advance this action was done through the persistent efforts of Col. W. H. Knauss with government officials at Washington.

In 1895, after Colonel Knauss had inaugurated Confederate memorial services at the cemetery, some evil-disposed persons broke off about six inches of the top of the headstone erected by the widow of I. M. Causey, which act Colonel Knauss denounced at the next service there and said he would prosecute the one who did it if he could be found. He requested that if any one could furnish the name that was on the stone he would have another stone put in its place. An ex-Federal soldier present who was in sympathy with Colonel Knauss's work stepped forward and gave his card, saying he was a marble cutter and would do the work free. His name was I. Smith, and he made his word good after Colonel Knauss had secured the inscription through reports of the meeting in the newspapers.

Mrs. Causey, of Osyka, Miss., heard of this and sent to Colonel Knauss an impression of the marker that was made at the time of the erection of the stone. He at once communicated with Mr. Smith, who rounded the top of the stone and then cut in the original inscription on what was the back of the stone and reset it. The full inscription being on the front now and part of the original on the back attracts attention and inquiries as to the cause of this; hence more attention is given to this stone than any of the others, as all the other markers are alike, and sometimes five or six wreaths are hung on it on Memorial Day.

Mrs. Causey has sent to Colonel Knauss a handsome gold pen and pencil in acknowledgment of his many kindnesses to her in the sacred memorial to her husband.

R. H. Davis, of the Commercial National Bank at Shreveport, La., makes inquiry in regard to his father, Lieut. Col. R. M. Davis, of the 47th Arkansas Regiment. He writes: "My father was lieutenant colonel of this regiment at the end of the war. He left the State of Arkansas in April, 1861, and enlisted in Company A, 9th Mississippi Regiment, at Pensacola, and served nine months. I understand that he then went

back to Arkansas and organized a company in Phillips County. I should like to know about this company and of what regiment it became a part."

INQUIRY ABOUT LIEUT. W. W. RICHARDSON.—T. B. Patton writes from Huntingdon, Pa.: "Through your kindness the CONFEDERATE VETERAN sometime since contained an announcement of my desire to recover a sword which had been presented to Capt. H. B. Huff, of Company D, 184th Pennsylvania Regiment, and which was captured from Captain Huff in the battle of Petersburg in June, 1864. During last August I recived a letter from William Bedingfield, of Company C, 2d Georgia Battalion, of Macon, Ga., stating that he read the announcement in the VETERAN, and that it was he who captured this sword from Captain Huff at the time named; that as he was a private he gave the sword to Lieut. W. W. Richardson, who was commanding his company at the time. He states that Lieutenant Richardson died a number of years ago, and that he has no information whatever as to where any of his relatives now reside. Further correspondence with Mr. Bedingfield does not give me any further information on the subject, and it occurred to me that you might be able to suggest to me by letter or through the VETERAN how I might obtain information relative to the family of Lieut. W. W. Richardson. I would greatly appreciate the favor. Captain Huff, my brother-in-law, now deceased, was a brave soldier. He was through the entire war; and although I tried to recover his sword previous to his death, I did not even get the information referred to until afterwards."

WANTS TO HEAR FROM "INTREPID JOHNNIES."—Jacob G. Matlick, of Kahoka, Mo., who served in Company B, 5th West Virginia Cavalry, U. S. A., writes: "I was captured on the night of December 19, 1863, on our return from General Averill's Salem raid, with about one hundred and twenty other comrades. It was at the south end of a covered bridge about eight miles below Covington, Va., by a detachment of Col. W. L. Jackson's brigade, led by a Captain Powell, who commanded a company made up on Big Sandy River, now West Virginia. Soon after being dismounted I lost a diary which I would be pleased to recover. I would also like a friendly exchange of letters with the Captain Powell, who so peremptorily ordered me to dismount, with his revolver pressing my temple, and hasten to the rear. I have longed to go back and view the spot where those intrepid 'Johnnies' charged us that dark and eventful (to me) night which resulted in my staying eleven months in Richmond, Belle Isle, and Andersonville, winding up my stay South in a hospital in Savannah. I was exchanged and sent to St. John's College Hospital at Annapolis, Md. I yet have my parole dated Savannah, Ga., November 17, 1864, witnessed by W. T. Talifro, Capt. and A. A. G. P. A., C. S. A."

MONUMENT TO TEN MARTYRS.

BY THEO. K. GASH, PALMYRA, MO.

In the list of Confederate monuments given by the VETERAN our monument is not included. We have one that has been much admired. It was erected to the memory of the ten prisoners taken from our county jail and shot to death by order of Brig. Gen. John McNeill October 18, 1862. Some of them were Confederate prisoners; all of them were Southern sympathizers. The monument stands near our courthouse. It is all granite, seventeen and a half feet high, with a six-foot base. The base block is of Barre gray granite six feet square by eighteen inches thick. The next is the same stone two and a half feet square by twelve inches thick.

The main die is of Wisconsin granite, a beautiful pinkish chocolate color, and is highly polished. It is four feet square



by three and a half feet thick. On this is a Barre gray two-and-a-half-foot cube (coping at the top) surmounted by a pedestal on which a private soldier of gray granite stands with canteen, haversack, belt, and gun at parade rest. The statue is seven and a half feet high carved from one piece of gray granite, and is a handsome work of art. On the front face of the Wisconsin die are carved in raised letters the names of the ten men whose lives were sacrificed. On the next are two crossed swords with tracery work around them. The next face contains the date and by whom erected. The last has only the fateful day, "October 18, 1862," with encircled wreath about it.

The monument's cost was about two thousand dollars, and it is a pleasure to say that a small per cent of it was contributed by Grand Army men.

GREENVILLE (MISS.) MONUMENT.

On June 3, 1909, there was dedicated at Greenville, Miss., a Confederate monument through the efforts of Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, U. D. C., and by that Chapter presented to the city. The monument is of (Confederate) gray stone from the quarry at Kennesaw Mountain, Ga. The base is ten feet square and the monolith rises thirty-five feet. It is surmounted by the figure of a Confederate soldier at parade rest.

The unveiling was preceded by a long parade of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, school children, and carriages containing the U. D. C. and floats on which were young ladies repre-

senting the different Confederate States. The carriages and floats were eleborately decorated with red and white. The line was headed by a brass band playing martial airs.

Mrs. Joseph M. Jayne, President of the Chapter, introduced the speakers in appropriate words. Senator John Hebern paid gallant tribute to the Daughters, especially to the President of the Chapter, the President of the State U. D. C., Mrs. Lucy Green Yergee, and all the members of the Chapter whose untiring labor had crystallized into this beautiful monument. Hon. Leroy Percy, son of the "Gray Eagle of the Valley," was next introduced. His address gave the history of Mississippi, and especially of the sons of Washington County, through the great struggle.

Hon. B. F. Ward, the veteran orator, in glowing words paid tribute to the gallantry of all Southern soldiers and to the noble women of the South. He dwelt at length on the legal and moral aspect of secession.

The addresses were interspersed by selections from the band and the singing of the school children. The young ladies representing the States were very attractive both in person and in their appropriate costumes. The States were represented as follows: Mississippi, Elsie Barnes, of Isola; Alabama, Marguerite Gidden; South Carolina, Louise Martin; North Carolina, Inez Scott, of Hollandale; Louisiana, Lucy Somerville; Arkansas, Marguerite Spivey, of Hollandale; Texas, Willie Crosby; Georgia, Augusta Stacey; Florida, Mary Lancaster; Tennessee, Lola Sevier, of Belzoni; Missouri, Elizabeth Mann; Maryland, Carolina Metcalf; Virginia, Eugenia Branton, of Wilmot; the Confederacy, Elise Paxton.

PELLAGRA AND HOOKWORM AT ANDERSONVILLE.

[By Dr. W. J. W. Kerr, of Corsicana, Tex., who was surgeon in charge at Andersonville Prison and since the war President Association of Army and Navy Surgeons, C. S. A.]

In the December (1909) Veteran there is a quotation from a short address that I delivered in New Orleans before the Southern Medical Association concerning the deaths at Andersonville Prison in 1864. I said that now, with the history of pellagra, I was perfectly satisfied that a very large proportion of the deaths there were from pellagra—we had no yellow fever there at all. The symptoms of pellagra as known now are identically those of a large number of cases that occurred at Andersonville. Our bread there was of corn altogether, and a large proportion of the meal was musty, probably three-fourths being more or less damaged; but it was the best that we could get. Taking that into consideration and that we had 36,000 prisoners in the prison, which was intended for only 5,000 men, the death rate is easily accounted for.

Since my attention has been called to it by Dr. C. W. Stiles, of the United States Marine Hospital service, I am also satisfied that there were many cases of hookworm there. Neither hookworm nor pellagra was known in this country at that time. Prof. Joseph Jones, deceased, of New Orleans, and I performed one hundred and twenty-eight post-mortem examinations there and made about three hundred drawings of brain, lungs, liver, and intestinal canal, which were sent to Richmond, Va., and I am informed were captured by the Federals and sent to Washington, together with notes that I made of a great many cases. If those drawings and notes have been preserved, they will doubtless prove that pellagra and hookworm both were in abundance there.

The time will come when the name and character of Major Wirz will be vindicated and the vile charges made against him at his trial will be proven false. I knew him as no one living now except his daughter, Mrs. Cora Perrin, of Natchez, Miss. Capt. J. M. Page, of Montana, says in his "True History of Andersonville Prison" there was no kinder or more humane officer than Captain Wirz. If Edwin M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War, had consented to an exchange of prisoners when the twenty-six men were sent from Andersonville and paroled unconditionally to report the status of the prisoners there and the surroundings that could not be helped before the United States government, there would never have been the number of deaths there that occurred; neither would Major Wirz have been hanged.

I am the only living surgeon, so far as I can learn, of sixty-three who were on duty there in 1864; but my opinion is backed and accepted, I believe, by all the best-informed physicians of the country. I join the number of comrades who are telling what they are thankful for and state that I am thankful to God for sparing me until this time that I may contribute my mite to establishing the truth. I was in the same bill of indictment with Jefferson Davis, his Cabinet, Major Wirz, and others, and feel it my duty to do what I can to record the truth.

MISSISSIPPIANS IN FEDERAL ARMY (?).

BY MRS. T. M. ANDERSON, PICKENS, MISS.

While attending the last Confederate Reunion in Memphis I heard my relatives discussing the fact of there being many Mississippians who served in the Union army and were buried in the National Cemetery there. Being much surprised, I determined to see for myself. So with other parties a drive was made through the grounds, where I felt humiliated to see quite a section or division allotted to graves of Mississippi soldiers. On passing out of the cemetery I courteously interviewed the keeper, who readily consented to show me the register, where were found the names and numbers corresponding to the markers on the graves with company, regiment, and place of death. Expressing my humiliation and surprise that Mississippians other than negroes served as soldiers on the Union side, the keeper, who of course wore the G. A. R. badge, boastingly remarked: "Why, madam, there was a whole brigade of Mississippians who were soldiers in the Union army."

Not being as well informed as I should have been, I could give no proof to the contrary; but, stoutly asserting my disbelief in his statement, I declared myself a Southern woman and a Mississippian and that I would investigate the subject further, as such records were doubtless like Northern histories, untrue in statement of matters pertaining to the South and her people. Please publish in the Veteran that the truth may be ascertained.

NEGRO EQUALITY TABOOED AT THE NORTH.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has recently decided that "private business concerns can legally refuse to serve negroes." This decision is very significant of the feeling engendered by a personal knowledge of the African race. Only a few years ago the North was rampant for the equality of the black brother, many of the most fiery orators actually claiming that the bar against intermarriage should be removed. This decision of the Iowa Supreme Court shows the Northern tendency now. Following fast on this decision, which came about through a suit brought because a negress was refused service at a pure food exhibit, comes another from the Supreme Court of New York, equally a guidepost to the present equality questions in the North, for New York rules that a private

school may legally refuse entrance to a negro. In theory the negro is the social and racial equal of the white, and this ruling that the word "private" to business enterprises or schools can be used to bar them promises "future development."

Apropos of the negro question, it is well to call attention to the statements made by various Northern newspapers that the negroes were not receiving their full share of school appropriations, but were being denied in Southern States their legal educational rights. Atlanta, Ga., makes official reports that the negro girls' college has three times the endowment fund for negotiable property that the eleven white girls' schools of the State have all together.

RODES'S BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES.

BY W. P. CARTER, OF VIRGINIA.

Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley 'mid jettings of light,
Down by the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond,
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchered chambers, yet never dismayed,
Down by the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond
Marched the bold soldiers of Rodes's Brigade.

See ye the fires and flashings still leaping,
Hear ye the pelting and beating of storm?
See ye the banners of proud Alabama
In front of her columns move steadily on?
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade
As it floats through the air 'mid the torrent of sounds?
Hear ye! booming adown the red valley
Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

Twelfth Mississippi, I saw your brave columns
Rush through the channel of living and dead.
Twelfth Alabama, why weep your old war horse?
He died as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines, ye will tell on the pages of glory
How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath the shade;
How the lads of Virginia fought in the red valley
And fell in the columns of Rodes's Brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels;
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain;
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers.
Weep, for they never will come back again!
Weep ye, but know what a halo of glory
Encircles each chamber of death newly made;
And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
Stands forth on the banners of Rodes's Brigade.

Daughters of Southland, come, bring ye bright flowers.
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave;
Bring ye some emblem of freedom and victory,
Bring ye some emblem of death and the grave,
Bring ye some motto befitting a hero,
Bring ye exotics that never will fade;
Come to the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond
And crown the young chieftain who led his brigade.

FINE RECORD OF A BOY SOLDIER.

W. F. Polk Brown was born in Rhea County April 21, 1845, and when only a boy of sixteen years eagerly responded to a call for volunteers to defend our beloved Southland. He enlisted in Company I, 26th Tennessee Infantry. Owing to his extreme youth, he was transferred to cavalry and joined the 16th Battalion, commanded by his brother-in-law, Col. John R. Neal.

By his daring bravery and fidelity to service he soon won the esteem of his superior officers and comrades in arms. For special valiant service and courageous deeds in the battle of Chickamauga he was given a company, which honor he soon afterwards resigned on account of his minority in years. He was twice taken prisoner, and once was held seven months at Camp Morton, after which he was exchanged, only to immediately don the "gray" and join his former comrades, with whom he gallantly fought with renewed vigor until the close of the war. He was actively engaged in many battles and skirmishes, among which were those of Fort Donelson, Chickamauga, Shiloh, and the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta.

After the war he engaged in farming and stock-raising in Rhea County, and on April 25, 1867, was married to Miss Mary J. Roddy, daughter of David M. Roddy, who was the largest slaveholder in the Tennessee valley before the war.



W. F. P. BROWN.

To this union two daughters were born, Florence (Mrs. Charles H. Mills), of Spring City, Tenn., and Elizabeth (Mrs. James G. Crumbliss), of Kingston, Tenn. Mr. Brown died May 22, 1903, at his home, in Spring City, Tenn. His invalid widow died December 14, 1909.

He had two other brothers with him in the Southern army, Capt. Thomas J. Brown and Jack S. Brown. The latter was killed in battle at Monticello, Ky., and the former now lives at Sherman, Tex. He was the son of Widow Amanda M. Brown, of Post Oak Springs, Roane County, Tenn., who owned two large farms and many slaves. She was an ardent Southerner, and fed hundreds of Confederate soldiers and their horses free of charge. The Yankees threatened several times to arrest her and send her to Camp Chase Prison. A younger brother now living in Nashville, R. F. Brown, was an officer of the State Senate and a nephew, John R. Neal, Jr., is a Tennessee State Senator.

PROCURING FIREARMS FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

BY R. D. STEUART, EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE SUN, BALTIMORE.

My inquiry in the November VETERAN about weapons made in the South during the war elicited an interesting letter from Dr. Joel B. Sutherland, a well-known dentist of Baltimore and a son of Samuel Sutherland, the "Armorer of the Confederacy." I inquired about a pepper box pistol in my collection which is stamped "S. Sutherland, Richmond, Va.," and which bears on parts the names of its original makers, and I cited the fact that much of Sutherland's work was remaking arms from parts gathered from battlefields by Confederate ordnance officers.

Dr. Sutherland's letter is as follows:

"My father's first contract with the Confederate government was for the supplying of powder and ball cartridges. These were of two kinds—the single ball tied above the yellow paper tube and ball and three buckshot arranged in the same way. This was the ammunition of the old musket, a heavy but formidable weapon, the principal arm of the militia regiments.

"The emergency called for an immediate supply of this sort of ammunition. Agents were sent broadcast throughout the South to gather powder and lead from every available source. Country stores and village groceries—allowed by law to carry from two to six kegs of powder—were besieged and their stock appropriated—for a consideration.

"My uncle, Dr. A. B. Sutherland, was dispatched to Wytheville, Va., the seat of lead mines, with authority to buy up the plant. Upon his arrival he found that Northern agents had preceded him. Upon reporting this to the Richmond authorities prompt action was taken, and the exclusive output was secured for the Confederacy. This incident is vividly impressed upon my memory, I having accompanied my uncle on that mission.

"Upon the seizure of the United States Armory at Richmond, then under command of Capt. Charles Dimmock, vast numbers of muskets, many of the old flintlock type, carbines, sabers, and small arms of various sorts were found stored there. My father, having become 'Armorer of the Confederacy,' immediately proceeded to alter the flintlocks into percussion guns and to remodel the carbines.' The old curved and rusty sabers renovated became much in evidence in the army, although more ornamental than useful.

"This was the first consignment of war material delivered by my father to the government through the agency of the War Department. I do not recall the date, but it followed closely upon the secession of Virginia.

"After the battle of Bethel, an order was issued by the War Department directing that all captured and abandoned arms be gathered and turned over to the Ordnance Department, special officers being detailed for that purpose. After the battle of First Manassas, great quantities of ordnance of every description were turned over to my father and promptly put in conditon for use in the Confederate army.'

"At the request of the 'Armorer' for the return of skilled workmen who had responded to the early call to arms and were now at the front the Secretary of War ordered a special detail, and such men as were needed were returned to the benches. The work then began in earnest. An appeal was made to the people to turn in anything in their possession that 'looked like it would shoot.' The request met a ready response, the result being the collection of some of the most outlandish specimens of firearms—pepper box revolvers, single and double self-cockers, some with hidden triggers that snapped open as they were cocked; three-barrel guns, the twin barrels for shot and the one on top rifled; Derringers, Allen & Wheelock self-cockers, old Kentucky rifles with barrels five feet long, many of which bore the name of 'S. Sutherland, maker.' These last-named were contributed from the West, and I recall that my father hailed them with delight, recognizing them as old friends. He knew the stuff they were made of. The barrels were shortened and remounted, fine sights adjusted, and the finished arm turned over for the exclusive use of sharpshooters.

"The 'Joe Brown Pike' figured also in the furnishing of war material. Gov. Henry A. Wise at the time of the Joe Brown raid had shipped my father a large case of the primitive weapons. These were placed on exhibition, and so great became the demand for a Joe Brown Pike that numbers were reproduced. They consisted of a double-edged knife about two feet long ground to a point and secured to the end of a six-foot pole and turned into sword bayonets and adjusted to the short German rifles.

"I must introduce just here a mysterious character—Williams, a man of stalwart build, standing over six feet and muscular. He reported to the 'Armorer' by order of the Secretary of War. He was an English importation, or rather exportation, having been sent on by one of our government agents abroad. He was a forger of steel and a maker of gun barrels after the old English twist style. He was allotted a 'space apart' and erected a separate forge and brought a monstrous anvil and paraphernalia unlike anything heretofore known to the factory. An air of secrecy pervaded his 'pent-up Utica.' The boys in the shop called him the 'Gunmaker of Moscow.' He forged and hammered from early morning till way into the night, adjusting breeches and break-offs to barrels to be stacked in the factory adjoining. Thus was the great work accomplished. He became my father's right arm.

"I know of no instance in which the pepper box pistol was made out and out in the South. You are correct in your surmise that the pistol you have and many other arms were remade and perfected of parts gathered from battlefields by officers of ordnance appointed for that purpose.

"I entered the army in April, 1862, and served until the surrender at Appomattox. What I have submitted in this hurriedly prepared paper is authentic.

"The work in Richmond went bravely on until the end. On my return my father told me that when the torch was applied he locked the doors, and arm and arm with Williams repaired to Capitol Hill, where they sorrowfully watched the flames until they reached the little Confederate arsenal and reduced it to ashes."

GALLANT LIEUT. COL. W. A. DAWSON.—Capt. John W. Morton writes of Colonel Dawson: "The brave Col. W. A. Dawson, lieutenant colonel of the 15th Tennessee Regiment, who will be remembered as having been placed in charge of Gunboat Undine, captured by Forrest and Morton on the Tennessee River below Johnsonville a few weeks earlier, and acquitted himself most gallantly, was killed in a hand-to-hand encounter with the Union color guard. General Chalmers said of him: 'In this pursuit Lieutenant Colonel Dawson, of the 15th Tennessee Regiment, was killed while leading his regiment in the charge. He had emptied his revolver, and was endeavoring to wrest one of the enemy's flags from its bearer at the time.' Colonel Dawson was one of those ever-ready and valuable officers whom General Forrest so liked to have around him. He worked hard in manifold ways."

MRS. ELLA PALMER.

REMINISCENCES OF HER SERVICE IN HOSPITALS.

The death in Colorado of Mrs. Ella Palmer occurred November 7, 1909, at the advanced age of eighty years. Mrs. Palmer rendered much valued service to the sick and wounded of the Army of Tennessee during the War between the States. She was one of the first to undertake systematic nursing and care of the sick and wounded, and she continued this work to the close of the war.

Prior to the battle of Shiloh, in 1862, while at Chattanooga her interest in the work was aroused by the sick and dying soldiers who had contracted pneumonia in the wet trenches at Forts Donelson and Henry. These men were taken to Chattanooga and put into an old academy and other vacant buildings. At that time the hospital corps, in addition to a large number of surgeons and physicians, consisted of men detailed from the army to act as nurses, cooks, and such other positions as were necessarily filled about the hospitals. Of course these men had no previous experience. Negro men and women, principally field hands from the surrounding plantations, were also utilized.

There were neither beds nor cots in the hospital and very little bedding, only a few of the soldiers having blankets, and they were covered with vermin. Conditions were horrible. In this extremity a call was issued to the people of Tennessee for contributions and help. This call met with prompt and hearty response by contributions of food, clothing, beds, bedding, blankets, and money. Mrs. Palmer was one of the contributors. She also visited the hospitals in person, and she saw that something more was imperatively needed—viz., personal sacrifice and patriotic service to the sick and wounded. She spoke of this to the surgeons, and they asked her to take charge of this work.

She was then a widow with one child about five years of age and her home was at Cleveland, Tenn. She returned to Cleveland, packed up all her household goods, and returned to Chattanooga. Aside from a bed and bedding for herself and child, she gave the hospital all her household effects and took charge of the hospital as matron. At this time she was the only woman at the hospital except the daily visitors. The condition was shocking. Many were dying each day for lack of care and proper nourishment, and everything was in confusion.

As soon as Mrs. Palmer was put in charge she began a systematic organization. Two kitchens were established, one for the sick and one for the attendants and those who were wounded. A linen room was organized and put in charge of a competent man. In fact, everything was systematized as well as conditions would permit. She even prepared many little delicacies for those who were too weak to relish the hospital cooking, and she was never so tired as to fail to respond to the calls of the distressed and dying.

When she walked through the wards, the sick and dying turned to her as a ministering angel, and she was treated as a queen by the surgeons as well as the patients. The chief surgeon told her that she should consider herself the same as an enlisted soldier and go wherever ordered; that she was needed in many places, and that she must be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Soon came the battle of Shiloh, and Mrs. Palmer received orders to go to Corinth, Miss. She packed up, procured transportation, took her little daughter, and started for Corinth via Mobile, Ala. Her transportation included hotels where she had to lie over between trains. She went to Montgomery by rail and from there by steamboat on the Alabama River to Mobile; then by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Corinth.

Arriving in Corinth, the post surgeon sent her to a hospital in a Baptist church which was on the edge of town on the way to the front. The kitchens, linen stores, etc., were in tents or vacant houses around the church. Stores and residences were filled with the wounded. There were no sick in this hospital, as it was nearest to the firing line; only the most desperately wounded were left there. The rest were sent to the two other hospitals in town to be forwarded into the interior as soon as possible.

In the other two hospitals a Mrs. Newsom was chief matron of one and the Sisters of Charity had the other. Mrs. Newsom was from Kentucky, and before the war was principal of a young ladies' school. She stayed at the front, wherever she was most needed, until the end of the war. She was a fine, gentle lady, and her noble work should be enshrined in the hearts of all Southern veterans. The hospital of the Sisters of Charity had a mother superior and about a dozen sisters, who were fine, highly educated women. They wore large bonnets of white linen and white linen capes around their shoulders. Their hospital moved with the army in all its marches just back of the lines. The good work that those holy women did should not be forgotten.

At this time General Beauregard, who succeeded Gen. A. S. Johnston, had his headquarters in Corinth, and it was said that he had over forty thousand soldiers in and around the town. The hills around were covered with camps. At night a vast area was ablaze with camp fires; and if one would go out and listen, the voices of thousands of soldiers singing or cheering could be heard. The Confederate soldiers were great singers as well as brave fighters; they sang at all times and at all seasons. The harder their luck, the more they sang.

The women and girls of Corinth, besides making bandages and lint, knitting socks for the soldiers, etc., made small bouquets to be placed on the breast of every man who died in the hospitals and whose remains were shipped away or were buried at Corinth.

At the front skirmishing was going on all the time and ambulances bearing the wounded were constantly coming to the rear, while fresh soldiers were going to the front. All these soldiers passed the Baptist church hospital. Mrs. Palmer knew nothing of Corinth, as she never had the time to go about. Day and night she was constantly employed in directing the work of relief.

When the army moved, all left who could go, and only the hospital attendants remained. The Federals were near enough to shell the town, and why they did not do it is still a mystery.

The army had what was called an ambulance hospital that received the wounded brought from the front, where wounds were dressed as best they could be and the men sent to the rear. Often surgeons were shot by stray bullets while at their work. The worst cases were left at the Baptist church. The hospital was full, and others were laid out under the trees on cots or on the ground—anywhere in the shade.

Surgeons and nurses had more than they could do. Everybody but the cooks was pressed into this service. Mrs. Palmer was everywhere. Dr. Cutler, of New Orleans, the head surgeon, went to Mrs. Palmer and told her that she must help him, saying: "You are brave and have nerve, and you must help me; I have a lot of amputations. I have only one surgeon to help me. Every one else is busy, and I want you to come and give the chloroform and help me." She went and worked

all day with him, giving chloroform, binding up arteries, etc., until Dr. Cutler, who had worked all the night before, fainted away from sheer exhaustion.

During all this time General Beauregard had been shipping stores South by train and by team. The wounded were sent away as fast as they were able to travel. Then the army went, except General Price with his command in the trenches at the front, mainly to keep up appearances.

Mrs. Palmer got all her patients at the Baptist church taken South, though the other hospitals were less fortunate. All were ordered to pack up and be in readiness to take the train out at seven the next morning. All the wells in the town had been filled with rubbish, etc., so that water was hard to get. That night the hospital corps stayed in the empty church without beds and very little to eat. About one o'clock in the morning General Price had a mortar fired as a signal for the remaining soldiers to spike the guns of the batteries and evacuate the trenches.

At daybreak Mrs. Palmer and her patients, who had gotten what sleep they could on the benches of the church and such breakfast as they could, went to the depot, where they found two trains guarded by soldiers to keep back the crowds who wanted to get away at the last minute. The first train was reserved for the hospital people and the sick and wounded. Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Newsom, and the Sisters of Charity marched on board through files of soldiers; then the surgeons, the nurses from the three hospitals, and the others until the train was packed. Aisles, platforms, and steps were crowded. The tops of the cars were so loaded with men that there was danger of the roofs breaking in. No one was allowed to take any baggage except carpetbags and lunches.

The soldiers were setting fire to the principal buildings of the town, including the depot. On the depot platform were hundreds of bales of cotton all on fire. The air was filled with the sound of explosions, of buildings being blown up, and the cries of the great mass of frightened people who wished to get out of town. While running along by the platform Mrs. Palmer saw men setting fire to her bedding and her trunks containing every stitch of clothing she had in the world except what she wore. All along the railroad for miles could be seen men, women, and children trying to get away. Some soldiers on crutches who were unable to get transportation were hopping along. Everybody thought the town would be bombarded. A troop of Federal cavalry who were out scouting rushed in and captured a train in the rear of the hospital train, and another troop came very near getting it. The engineer had piled a lot of bacon on top of the wood in the tender to his engine; and when he saw the Yankees trying to cut him off, the fireman threw the bacon into the furnace of the engine for more steam.



MRS. ELLA PALMER.

While the train was running seven men fell off the top of the cars, but it was not stopped for fear of capture.

Mrs. Palmer went on to Columbus, Miss. The surgeon general ordered her next to Lauderdale Springs, where there were over two thousand sick men, eighteen hundred of whom had typhoid fever, and there was no matron in the hospital. There were no women there at all except a few who were with sick relatives or friends. Most of the families for miles around had the fever, and those who did not avoided the hospital as though it were a pesthouse. Mrs. Palmer soon put everything in fine running order, however, and through special attention to the cooks of the diet kitchen the lives of many men were saved.

The surgeon in charge of this hospital was a cruel and arbitrary man, a martinet. Besides the sick, there were many convalescents. Poor fellows were going around when they could hardly stand on their feet. The doctors' favorite punishment was to make them mark time in a barrel. This barrel had a hole cut in one end large enough to pass over a man's head and rest on the shoulders. The other end was open. When a man had the barrel on, his hands were useless, for the barrel extended below his hands; only the head and feet were out. The man was helpless and had to mark time an hour or two. No one dared to say a word, or he would get similar punishment. Mrs. Palmer went to the surgeon in charge and protested. He said that it was not her affair and that she must not meddle. She went again, and again. He told her to "mind her own business." The post surgeon was away at the time, and she had no one to appeal to. At last the barrel was put on a poor fellow who was just out of bed after a very hard fight for life. Mrs. Palmer saw this poor fellow marking time in front of the hospital. She picked up an ax and cut the hoops off of the barrel, and it fell to pieces. The man was crying from weakness, shame, and humiliation. She sent him to his ward to bed. The surgeon in charge saw it from his office across the square. He came over and was furious. He threatened to send her away; but she told him that the post surgeon and surgeon general would have something to say about that. He began to be abusive, but on looking around he saw other doctors, ward masters, nurses, and others coming up in a threatening manner, and he returned to his office. When the post surgeon returned and investigated, he found ten or fifteen men in the guardhouse for refusing to fix another barrel. Mrs. Palmer was commended for the part she had taken, and this wicked surgeon was sent to the front.

When the winter came on, the terrible typhoid fever abated. Mrs. Palmer went through the country telling of the conditions at Lauderdale. As soon as the ladies found it out they came in droves to help take care of the sick. Some were very efficient and others did not know whether eggs were fried in water or grease. They soon learned, for they were from the best families and best blood of Mississippi. There is nothing

the matter with the Southern women, only things must be presented to them properly; and when they know about things, no woman can excel them in doing them.

Mrs. Palmer remained in Lauderdale Springs until the latter part of January, 1863, when she received orders to go to Fort Morgan, forty miles below Mobile, to take charge of the hospital there. On the train going to Mobile she met General Price, who had been removed from the Department of the Mississippi and was going to his new station in Missouri. General Price sought an introduction to Mrs. Palmer to thank her for her many kindnesses to his soldiers that had been in her care. Along the Mobile and Ohio Railroad the stations are only three or four miles apart; and as the train stopped at these stations, General Price would find crowds of people and soldiers waiting to greet him. They called him "Pap" Price. They just wanted to see him, to shake hands with him, to hear him speak. It was one continual ovation all the afternoon and into the night.

Some ladies living near Lauderdale Springs had fixed up a large lunch basket of good things, such as biscuit, fried chicken, jelly cake, pickles, ham, etc., for Mrs. Palmer and her little girl. She invited General Price to take lunch with her, and he accepted. When he saw the size of the lunch basket, he asked that the two officers with him might have some too. He confessed to her that he and his companions had given every cent they had to some of his soldiers who were in dire need; that they had not had a bite to eat since early the day before, and they were nearly starved. How they did eat! The General said that, as he had had something to eat, he could make more cheerful speeches to the boys at the stations.

Arriving at Mobile, they all separated, never to meet again; but Mrs. Palmer always looked back to that incident as one of the greatest of her life—the honor of meeting a man who was so great and generous as to give all he had to others whom he thought more in need than he was. He made a joke of giving all his money away; but he was too proud to ask for a sandwich at the stations, where so many people had them to sell.

Mrs. Palmer went on to Fort Morgan, and soon had the hospital in good running shape. Farragut's fleet lay about seven miles out on the Gulf, blockading Mobile Bay. With a glass the movements of the sailors and marines on board the vessels could be seen. Occasionally they had target practice, and then some of the windows of the hospital would suffer. Almost every dark night there would be great cannonading at sea, for those were the nights the blockade runners selected to run the blockade. Many vessels were destroyed or captured; but a greater number which were of lighter draught and could run over the bar into Swash Channel, which was next to shore, got through. In this hospital everything was packed every day and everything was arranged so that the people at the hospital could go at a moment's notice into the fort, which was a half mile away, in case the fleet should come in.

One morning just before day every one was aroused by firing at sea. All was excitement, for every one thought the fleet was surely coming and there would be an awful battle. When the day began to break, Dr. Ashe, of Mobile, the surgeon in charge, ran up to the observatory on the top of the hospital, and with the aid of the large telescope he saw a large ship coming up to the fleet. She was flying the Spanish colors. Every ship of the fleet was saluting. She ran in between two of the largest vessels and pulled down the Spanish flag and ran up the stars and bars, and immediately fired a broadside into each of these vessels and started for the fort and bay. It was the Alabama, and probably the first time she had run the blockade. The fleet did not know her, and their consternation must have been great. They were entirely unprepared, and could only give chase and shoot at her as best they could. The Alabama, being very long and fast and of light draught, easily ran over the bar to safety. The fleet, not being ready for battle, did not come in that day. The Alabama was laden with everything the Southerners needed, and she looked very pretty lying out in the bay under the guns of the fort. Not a shot was fired by the fort; but the ramparts were filled with men at the guns watching the fleet, while the hospital was surrounded with ambulances and wagons ready to take the sick into the fort in case of a battle.

When Mrs. Palmer left Fort Morgan, she was succeeded by a Mrs. Draper, of Mobile, who with her young child, Eddie, a boy a little over six years old, was obliged to stay in the fort during the terrific cannonading by Farragut's fleet, which soon came.

It is doubtful if Fort Morgan could have been taken if Fort Gaines, four miles away on the opposite side of the bay, had not surrendered, which it did a week before. Whether such surrender was brought about by cowardice or treason was long a matter of debate, as there was no real resistance by those in charge.

Mrs. Draper surrendered with the others at Fort Morgan and was taken as a prisoner to New Orleans, where she and her little son were put in jail by order of General Butler until she was exchanged with other prisoners of war. Six months after she had succeeded Mrs. Palmer at Fort Morgan the two again met at Mobile, and at this meeting Mrs. Draper gave a vivid description of her terrible experiences in Fort Morgan during the siege.

From Fort Morgan Mrs. Palmer was ordered to Macon, Miss., to open a hospital there, a second hospital being needed. This new one was located in a hotel building near the center of the town and in vacant store buildings near the hotel.

VALLANDINGHAM—SPIRIT OF VINDICATION.

BY M. W. SIMS, BRYAN, TEX.

Friend Cunningham: I wish to indorse your editorial comment on the incorrectness of Major Truman's statement that the Confederates had no respect for Vallandingham, of Ohio. In 1863 I was a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island, and was ordered by Secretary Stanton to report to General Grant, then at Vicksburg, for exchange for General Dent, Grant's brother-in-law. In passing through Ohio the campaign for Governor between Brough and Vallandingham was then at white heat. Being in uniform, I was continually greeted with friendly handshakes by the so-called copperheads, and I assure you I felt that I was among friends.

We of the South felt that we had a friend in Vallandingham, one who wished to see justice done us, even though the heavens should fall. All honor to C. L. Vallandingham, the friend of the South and a constitutional Union.

Wishes to Sell Cane Used by Jefferson Davis.—When President Davis left Beauvoir, he left in his library a walking cane made from an orange sprout grown near the house and which he had used personally. A Confederate veteran of Atlanta purchased the cane when the household effects were sold at auction, paying for it three dollars and ninety-five cents. Now, needing money, he will sell it for what it cost him or will varnish and sell it for five dollars.

MORE ABOUT THE DEFENSE OF COLUMBIA.

PRIVATE DODSON REPLIES TO MR. SAUSSY.

After the publication of my article in the September VETERAN, including the letter of Dr. John A. Lewis, it seemed to me that this letter—containing as it did such a complete history of the military operations around Columbia, S. C., near the close of the war, and evincing such a thorough knowledge of the subject about which he was writing—should carry conviction with it and be a complete refutation of the claim made by Mr. Clement G. Saussy in the June VETERAN that other troops than Wheeler's Cavalry burned Broad Bridge and participated in the defense of the city of Columbia.

It seems that others are not content to let the honor of this service rest with Wheeler's men, and in the October VETERAN comes Gen. Irvine C. Walker, and in the November issue Mr. Saussy writes again, this time admitting he was in error about the burning of Broad River Bridge, but bringing quite an array of witnesses, among them Gen. M. C. Butler, to testify that his other assertion was correct. Mr. Saussy rather complaisantly claims that he and Dr. Lewis were both right; that Butler's men burned Congaree River Bridge and Wheeler's that across Broad River. In this he lets himself down more easily than he has a right to do, as he distinctly raised the issue that it was Butler's and not Wheeler's command who burned Broad River Bridge, and the claim that his command burned some other bridge, which no one had ever disputed, cannot make him right. He admits error in his first contention.

Since Mr. Saussy's memory has been so easily shown to be at fault in one of the matters he has attempted to establish, the logical conclusion is that he may as easily be wrong in the other. The witnesses he has brought forward have proven nothing, except possibly the desultory firing of Wheaton's Battery, and it is presumed that this is also the artillery General Walker mentions as being stationed at Granby's Heights.

So far as this constituted a defense of Columbia or to what extent, if any, it should modify the claim made in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry" that that command alone defended the city, we leave the impartial reader to decide, in view of the fact that the only casualties reported by the Federal officers for the three days, aside from those resulting from the engagements with Dibrell's and Breckinridge's men, were one killed and four wounded.

Now it would be interesting to know upon whose heads rests the blood of this lone Yankee, whether he was killed by the 10th South Carolina Regiment or some other part of Manigault's Brigade or Johnson's Division or by Wheaton's or Kanapaux's Battery, as mentioned by General Walker, or as a result of the "fighting across the river," mentioned by one of Mr. Saussy's witnesses, or "skirmishing down the river," as mentioned by another, or as the effect of what General Butler specifies as a "sharp engagement" in one place and as a "reconnoissance" in another. But if this constituted the sum total of results of what is claimed as a defense of South Carolina's capital, I wouldn't boast of it forty-four years afterwards or attempt to use it to discredit the service of another command which did the only actual fighting.

Mr. Saussy states that in retreating they passed through Columbia after it had been invested by the enemy, and the latter were so busy burning and plundering that the battery was not noticed or molested. That a full battery of artillery should pass into and out of a city occupied by such a well-organized and disciplined army as that commanded by Sherman certainly chronicles one of the most remarkable feats recorded in the annals of war.

Since the introduction of witnesses seems to be in order, I will introduce two. The first, being a comrade of Mr. Saussy's and serving in the same battery, must of course be accepted by him without challenge:

LETTER OF MR. C. M. CALHOUN, GREENWOOD, S. C.

Mr. W. C. Dodson, Atlanta, Ga.: I have just recently read with great interest in the Columbia State your account of the burning of the Broad River Bridge, near Columbia, it being, it seems, a reply to something Mr. Clement Saussy, of Savannah, had written of the same affair, crediting Gen. M. C. Butler's division with having accomplished the deed. Being a member of General Butler's command and being present with that command from start to finish and always desirous of keeping the record straight, I will relate what I know about that dark and stormy period.

Butler's Division, composing Butler's old brigade and Gen. P. M. B. Young's Georgia brigade, returned from Virginia and rendezvoused in Columbia about two weeks before Sherman made his entry through her gates. Butler's old brigade, to which I belonged, pitched camp on the Lexington side, down the river some two miles below the Congaree Bridge, where we remained until Sherman's advance on the city. If there was any fighting by any of our men while on that side except a little skirmishing a few miles down the river, I am not aware of it.

Late in the evening of February 16, 1865, we crossed over the Congaree Bridge (which had been well prepared for burning) to the Columbia side, taking position along and down the old South Carolina Railroad. Some time after dark the bridge was burned by our men. After daylight the enemy made their appearance on the opposite side of where the bridge had been, planted a battery, and commenced shelling the city. While on the Columbia side we were ordered down the river several miles, but returned soon after and made a halt near the Statehouse, on the riverside. * * *

I think Mr. Saussy has gotten things a little mixed. It was the Congaree Bridge, I know, that Butler's men burned, for I witnessed it, but know nothing of the Saluda Bridge. * * *

It is quite evident, as stated by Mr. Calhoun, that Mr. Saussy is a "little mixed"—not only in regard to the burning of Broad River Bridge, but in his recollection of other matters about which he writes. Not only is he "mixed," but so are General Walker and General Butler and the other witnesses brought forward to testify, as they contradict each other and some of them apparently contradict themselves.

I must give a passing notice to the article of General Walker. I cheerfully admit that there were other troops—both infantry, artillery, and cavalry—than Wheeler's in and around Columbia at that time, for it is well known that the remnant of the Army of Tennessee was being there concentrated. I will also accept his statement that he "loafed" most of a day around the battery his regiment was supporting, but would remark in passing that had he been out with Wheeler's Cavalry he would have found scant time or opportunity for "loafing." I would remind him, though, that between being arrayed in front of an enemy and actual fighting there is a wide difference; and if he wishes to materially assist Mr. Saussy in this controversy, he should tell what regiments and brigades actually fought, when and where, and by whose orders and under whose command.

This leaves only the letter of General Butler to be disposed of. As he is no longer in life, I confess much regret at the necessity of criticising what he has written, and would not do

so but for the fact that the record of our own dead has been attacked, and loyalty to their memory renders it imperative that the living should defend it from aspersion. I do not accuse General Butler of intentional misstatements; but in his efforts to sustain his old command his memory lamentably betrayed him into claiming for them the impossible. As the letter which follows contains an exhaustive analysis of his statements, I will give here only one instance to show what tricks an old man's memory can play him: He mentions that by order of General Beauregard he early in the morning of the 15th of February took his own division and two brigades of Wheeler's command down on the Charleston road on a reconnoissance; that, this service being accomplished, he reported by courier to General Beauregard. General Beauregard's official correspondence shows that he only arrived in Columbia at 7:30 in the evening of the 15th; hence it was impossible for General Butler to have received orders from him in the morning or to have reported to him by courier during the day.

I have another witness whose story is ably told. He is a man of character and prominence in Lexington, Ky. He and Dr. Lewis are probably more thoroughly familiar with the subject we are discussing than any men living; and though what they have written must carry conviction with it, it is not based alone upon memory, but sustained by the official reports of both Confederate and Federal officers, as General Woods, of the latter, reports the loss of seventeen enlisted men killed and wounded in the fight with Dibrell's and Breckinridge's Brigades.

Letter from Milford Overley, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. W. C. Dodson, Atlanta, Ga.—Dear Sir and Comrade: I am reading with interest the controversy between yourself and others relating to the defense of Columbia, S. C., in February, 1865, published in the Confederate Veteran; and as I was one of General Wheeler's cavalrymen and aided in the defense of South Carolina's capital against Sherman's invading army, I claim the privilege of testifying in the case—claim it in the interest of history and justice. I believe that every comrade who has written about the matter is sincere in his statements; but evidently somebody is mistaken, and no wonder, for the events in controversy occurred nearly forty-five years ago, and time, you know, dims the brightest memory. Though mine is no more retentive than that of other men, many incidents of the war have been kept comparatively fresh by detailing them for publication in various newspapers and magazines. I was probably the very last Confederate to leave Columbia. I heard General Hampton's order given to his rear guard, or rather provost guard, members of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, to see that no cotton was fired, for fear of burning the city. I first wrote of the capture and destruction of Columbia in 1869, and sent a copy of the newspaper containing the article to General Hampton. I have several times written of the fight at Congaree Creek, of the burning of Broad River Bridge, and of the battle that preceded it, and in this way these incidents and others are fairly fresh in my memory.

I saw Dr. John A. Lewis's letter relating to the defense of Columbia, S. C., before it was mailed to you, and I fully concur in every statement it contains. This I can do consistently, because the Doctor and I had the same opportunities of seeing, hearing, and knowing what occurred in connection with the defense of that city on February 15, 16, and 17, 1865. He was adjutant of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry (Mounted Infantry), Breckinridge's Brigade, Dibrell's Division, Wheeler's Corps, and I was then commanding two companies of the same regiment temporarily consolidated. Dr. Lewis is one of the best-known and most popular Confederates in Kentucky; is a man of sterling worth and of the strictest honor, and none who know him doubt his word.

Our regiment fought the enemy on the three days mentioned, losing three gallant soldiers, killed in defense of South Carolina's capital, and many more were burned almost to death in Broad River Bridge, within a mile of the city. "Jimmie" Stoner, acting adjutant general of the Kentucky Brigade, was wounded on the morning of the 15th. As he fell from his horse he exclaimed in piteous tones: "O, my mother! my mother!" He was taken up to Columbia, where he died, surrounded by the blackened ruins of a once beautiful city. Another soldier of the 9th, name not remembered, was killed a few hours later near Congaree Creek. Still another, Crutcher, was killed in the suburbs of Columbia on the morning of the 17th. Thus one by one Wheeler's men fell defending South Carolina homes.

If General Butler or any of his men were at Broad River Bridge on the 16th or were in the fight immediately preceding the burning of the bridge, I never knew it, never before heard of it. With my company I crossed the burning bridge, possibly a little in advance of Dr. Lewis, though so nearly at the same time that several men of the company were very severely burned. On emerging from the bridge we saw sitting on their horses near by General Wheeler and Colonel Breckinridge; but General Butler was not there, neither were any of his men.

I know of no "sharp encounter" we ever had with the enemy in conjunction with General Butler's command; but I do know that the General himself or an officer who passed for Gen. M. C. Butler was at our outpost on the morning of the 15th of February. Our Kentuckians had gone into camp on the previous evening very near the enemy, and I was ordered to take command of the pickets. Trees were cut down for defensive works and to obstruct the passway, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise. On the next morning General Butler, unattended, came to the picket base and ordered me as the commanding officer to take part of my men mounted, pass round to the rear of the enemy's camp, charge in among his wagoners, and bring him a prisoner. He wanted some information. I replied that I was there with orders to hold the position till relieved or till driven away by the enemy. He then ordered me to send a noncommissioned officer with the men and bring him a prisoner. Of course I did not obey the order. Soon after General Butler left the Yankees moved, and so did I with my pickets.

In his article, intended as a corroboration of some of Lieutenant Saussy's statements, General Walker does not contradict the assertion that "every gun fired in defense of Columbia was fired by Wheeler's Cavalry." He says that "in the defense of Columbia not only was there other cavalry than Wheeler's engaged, but probably a much larger force of infantry and artillery;" but he does not tell us that a single gun was fired by the "other cavalry, infantry, and artillery."

General Walker further states that Manigault's Brigade of Infantry, to which he was attached, was sent down to Granby Ferry, below Columbia, on February 16 to support the batteries of Wheaton and Kanapaux, yet he fails to say that a single gun was fired by either. "That night," he says, "our brigade was moved to Broad River Bridge." That was the night of the 16th, after Wheeler's men had fought the battle and burned the bridge, which they did on the evening of the 16th. I crossed the bridge about four o'clock that evening, and no man

could have crossed it five minutes later. So Lieutenant Saussy's statement that he and Wheaton's Battery crossed Broad River Bridge on the occasion in question is completely upset, refuted by his own voluntary witness. It was some other burning bridge that they crossed.

Mr. C. M. Calhoun, of General Butler's old brigade, says that late on the evening of the 16th the brigade crossed Congaree Bridge to the Columbia side and took position along down the old South Carolina Railroad and stationed pickets on the banks of the river; that sometime after dark the bridge was burned by Butler's men; that after daylight on the morning of the 17th the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the river, below where the bridge had been, and commenced shelling the city. These statements being true, Butler's Brigade could not have been at the burning of Broad River Bridge, nor in the fight that just preceded the burning.

Since writing the foregoing I have read in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for November the letters of Lieutenant Saussy and Gen. M. C. Butler relating to the matters in controversy. That of the burning of Broad River Bridge appears to be settled by the admission of Saussy that Dr. Lewis was correct in his statement that General Wheeler and his men burned the bridge; but he claims that he too was right, as there were two bridges near Columbia, the other being across Congaree River. But he is still wrong, for his first statement was that Butler's Division, to which he was attached, crossed the bridge while it was burning. They crossed the Congaree Bridge on the 16th, and nearly all that day General Walker, whose infantry command supported the battery, "loafed among the guns of Wheaton's Battery." This was while the battery was engaged with the enemy across the river from Granby Ferry. Of this affair General Butler writes to Lieutenant Saussy: "The effect of your fire was to cause Sherman's column to move rapidly to the hills out of range of your guns. I recall the gallant action of Wheaton's Battery when they had no infantry support and Sherman had lined the west bank of the river with a strong line of infantry, and yet after it had done brave service there was nothing to be done but to withdraw it." This statement rather conflicts with that of General Walker, who writes as follows: "On February 16 Manigault's Brigade (infantry) was sent down to Granby Ferry, below Columbia, to support two batteries, Wheaton's and Kanapaux's."

Here we have two of Lieutenant Saussy's witnesses contradicting each other, and the Lieutenant himself has not explained how it was that the horses of his command got scorched on crossing Congaree Bridge on the morning of the 16th, when General Butler says that he burned the bridge on the night of the 16th. Butler in his letter to Saussy adds: "The firing of your guns was about the only resistance made to Sherman's advance on Columbia except the reconnoissance above mentioned. Mr. Dodson in his book where he says, 'Thus fell the capital of South Carolina; every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's command, and every soldier who fell in its defense belonged to Wheeler's brave command,' must have drawn very extravagantly on his imagination." * * * [The writer here quotes at length from General Butler's letter, page 553 November (1909) VETERAN.]

Here we have General Butler on the morning of the 15th coming down the Charleston road at the head of a part of his own division and the brigades of Dibrell and Breckinridge on his much-talked-about reconnoissance crossing Congaree Creek and encountering Sherman's advance some miles below the creek, while at the same time, strange as it may seem, the two brigades mentioned were in their camps "some miles below the creek" and very near the enemy. I was in command of the outpost, which was not far from our camp, and yet so close to the enemy that their voices were distinctly heard.

This was the occasion on which General Butler came to my picket base, as mentioned near the beginning of this letter, and ordered me to charge into Sherman's camp and bring him a prisoner. Very soon after he left the enemy came and forced me from my position. Dibrell and Breckinridge received them in battle order, and General Butler's "sharp encounter" followed, and it was here that he "forced Sherman's column to deploy and disclose his strength," as he reported to General Beauregard. I did not see General Butler during the encounter, nor did I see any part of his division at any time during the day.

After checking the enemy's advance, our men mounted their horses and in column moved up the road toward Congaree Creek, but did not meet themselves coming down. I commanded the rear guard, closely followed by the enemy. It was very soon after the column was formed that A. A. G. Stoner was fatally wounded.

General Butler says that after this "sharp encounter" he retreated slowly across Congaree Creek. This ended the General's reconnoissance, which with the firing of Wheaton's guns "was about the only resistance made to Sherman's advance on Columbia." Dr. Lewis in his account of the fight at Congaree Creek says that only the brigades of Dibrell and Breckinridge were engaged, and that they held the enemy in check about five hours and until flanked by a superior force crossing the creek above them. Now I am sure you would like to know what became of Butler's Division of Cavalry that accompanied him on his reconnoissance down the Charleston road; so would I. The General's letter to Saussy indicates a defective memory, but wonderful powers of imagination, together with a manifest desire to deprive Wheeler's men of the credit history gives them as the defenders of Columbia.

Stand by the statement made in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry," which you have shown to be literally true, that every gun fired in defense of South Carolina's capital was fired by Wheeler's Cavalry, and you might with propriety have added that every life given in its defense was given by Wheeler's gallant men. There may have been some desultory firing by other parties, but not enough nor with sufficient effect to vitiate the truth of your assertion nor half enough to justify the inauguration of this unfortunate controversy—a controversy in which it is sought to discredit services rendered by Wheeler's men in the defense of Columbia. Among and of these was Colonel Breckinridge's brigade of Kentuckians, quite a number of whom gave their lives in defense of South Carolina's capital, her property, and her homes; and now that nearly all are under the sod the attempt is made to give to others credit that is due them as faithful Confederates. This will be resented by their surviving comrades.

And now, Comrade Dodson, you understand why I am a voluntary witness in this case. I have a personal knowledge of the matter in controversy. I want a true record of it, and I want Wheeler's Cavalry to be fairly represented.

A careful review of all the evidence which has been introduced by Mr. Saussy—an honest effort to analyze and reconcile its inconsistencies—reveals nothing that can be accepted as materially modifying the statements contained in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry" that "the only defense of Columbia and the only guns fired in its defense were by Wheeler's Cavalry." The imperfect recollection brought for-

ward nearly forty-five years afterwards is entitled to no standing as opposed to records written immediately after the events transpired. As stated in the preface of the book, which I had the honor of editing, the record of events therein described was made immediately after the close of the war by members of General Wheeler's staff, and was read and indorsed by the General himself. The part describing the fall of Columbia was written by Lieut. Col. M. G. Hudson, a man I knew before and after the war as a high-toned Christian gentleman, absolutely incapable of falsehood or misrepresentation. This should entitle the book to the dignity of an official record, and no further notice will be taken of efforts at correction or refutation based upon no better authority than recollection, and actuated by no higher motives than the writer's desire to discredit the services of Wheeler's Cavalry and claim for other commands credit to which their service in no way entitled them.

I deprecate controversies, and have entered into this one purely on the defensive. I cannot say that I regret it, since the able letters of Dr. Lewis and Lieutenant Overley are important contributions to a part of Confederate history of which too little has been written. * * *

Unfortunately this is not the first time I have felt called upon to defend our command from unjust reflections made either by members of Butler's Division or those writing in its interest, as will be seen by reference to other pages of our book.

Such little flings as that by General Walker that "Wheeler's Cavalry didn't do everything" and by General Butler that "Mr. Dodson drew largely upon his imagination" are unworthy of their authors. Many hundreds, not to say thousands, of pages of the official records are devoted to what was done by Wheeler and his men, and it would be as useless as presumptuous for me, a humble private in the ranks, to attempt any addition to the records.

It is a matter of history that practically the only force opposing Sherman in his march through South Carolina was that commanded by Wheeler, which saved many thousands of dollars' worth of property from destruction, many homes of her citizens from the torch, and many of her women from a fate worse than death.

It was the fortune of war that these horsemen from Kentucky, Tennessee, and other States should defend the soil of South Carolina from the torch and sword of a ruthless enemy. Whether this service be considered good or ill, the patriotism of these men and their devotion to the cause for which they were fighting cannot be questioned; for they were veterans who had followed the failing fortunes of the Confederacy from Kentucky to the Carolinas, many of them literally passing by the doors of their homes in other States. And the hardships and dangers they encountered should not be regarded lightly; for when the end came, their depleted ranks gave evidence that

"While some gave much and lived,
Others gave all and died."

Gold Medal for Best Essay on Gettysburg.—The Bryan M. Thomas Chapter, U. D. C., of Dalton, Ga., has offered a gold medal for the best essay on Gettysburg to be written by a school child of the city or county. The paper winning the prize will be entered in the State contest for the best essay on a Southern subject, the prize for which is given by the Georgia Division.

BARTHOLOMEW FOHRER—GALLANT FRENCHMAN.

In a reminiscent way the editor writes briefly of Bartholomew Fohrer (pronounced as Farrer), a Frenchman, who served much of the war in the same company and part of the time as his messmate.

Fohrer was a trained soldier, having served in the army of his native land for thirteen years. Though a fact, it is misleading as to his character to think of him as a "substitute." He took the place of a delicate soldier whose father was a man of wealth, and he often murmured at the fare; but he was one of the best soldiers of the Confederacy.

During a review of the army at Vicksburg before the siege General Pemberton was escorted by Gen. Lloyd Tilghman. When riding briskly along the line General Pemberton reined his horse suddenly and stopped in front of the 41st Tennessee Regiment. He pointed to Fohrer and asked: "What soldier is that?" He was informed as to the man, whose position in line was that of a faultless soldier. His gun looked like burnished silver—doubtless the only one like it in the army. General Pemberton then looked along the line and said: "I'll sw'ar, that is a fine-looking body of men."

Fohrer was tidy and neat of dress, but he would sleep with his boots on. In complaints concerning poor fare, etc., he emphasized his displeasure with "Be dam;" but it was not like English-spoken profanity, and did not seem wicked as he would say it.

His chief merit to distinction was in battle, for the more furious the storm the brighter and more delighted he appeared. In the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., for instance, as our line was advancing across an open field against the wildest roar of musketry heard during the war perhaps, Fohrer hailed the writer, who was right guide to the regiment (and the usual paces in front), with the exclamation: "Heigh, Sumner, by Jesus, how you like it?" There was evidently not a finer model of a courageous soldier during the war in any army than he appeared at that moment. He was enthused in proportion as the peril was great, his eyes flashing and his face aglow as if the victory were already won.

After the war, Fohrer lived in Mobile; but he came to Tennessee to visit the writer in his then country home, staying a few days only. Correspondence was kept up for several years. The last letter contained a lament in the language that "My brother's vife is dead; and, worse still, my brother has married my old sweetheart, and I am not going to France any more." Later while on a visit to Mobile, being informed that Fohrer was dead, the writer visited the cemetery, hoping to find the grave that he might erect a suitable marker, when he learned that his old comrade was driving a beer wagon. Diligence was rewarded in finding him at his work, and he cursed and cried "for joy." In a visit to his lodging place, a comfortable house in Cass's Beer Garden, he took the greatest pride in showing his comfortable bed and pillows, and exhibited a clothesbrush that he had used for forty years which cost him forty cents. A dollar was given him to buy another, and the useful relic was prized for years, until it disappeared with a valise that was stolen from the Union Station in Chattanooga. It was learned after some years that Fohrer died in the poorhouse near Mobile.

This tribute to that faithful friend and splendid soldier deserves place in the Veteran. Although he enlisted as a substitute, he deserves record and gratitude from the South along with that accorded Lafayette by the nation. Would that his picture, with his flashing eyes and his burnished gun, could be given herewith!

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BROWNSVILLE.

The Confederate monument at Brownsville, Tenn., was built by Morris Brothers, of Memphis, under the auspices of Hiram S. Bradford Camp, No. 426, U. C. V., aided by the N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C.

The contract for the monument was let by a committee of the Camp early in the year 1908, and it was completed, accepted, and paid for in December, 1908.

The monument is of high-class granite. It is eight feet square at the base, twenty-eight and a half feet high, and is surmounted by a statue of a private soldier on picket duty.



It cost $2,500, of which amount about $1,800 was raised by the H. S. Bradford Bivouac and its friends and agents, and the remainder, about $700, was raised and contributed by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Every dollar due to the builders was paid to them within an hour after the monument was completed and accepted by the Bivouac committee. The Camp paid for an iron fence inclosing the structure, including mounting a cannon in front of the monument, etc., about $200. The splendid structure is an ornament to the city. It is located on the most prominent place of the Public Square.

The monument was unveiled in the presence of a large number of interested spectators on January 19, 1909, the birthday of that matchless soldier and gentleman, Gen. R. E. Lee. Bishop Thomas F. Gailor delivered the unveiling address, which was highly appreciated by all who heard it. It was well worthy the eminent divine and proud son of a veteran who gave his life to the Confederacy and for a friend in the battle of Perryville, Ky.

The figures and engravings on the shaft are appropriate and well executed. The engraving on the east side of the die is in these words: "To the Confederate dead of Haywood County." That on the south side of the die is in these words: "To the faithful Confederate women of Haywood County, 1861-65." That on the north side of the die: "Confederate service, six hundred thousand men; Federal service, two million six hundred thousand men."

On the western die is engraved a partial list of the battles in which the soldiers of Haywood County participated during the great War between the States.

Much credit is due to the tireless energy and faithful service of our Bivouac Vice President, Hon. W. L. Richardson, in raising the funds necessary for the construction of the monument.

The officers of the Camp and Bivouac are: James A. Mann, President; H. J. Livingston, Adjutant.

The foregoing is from Judge H. J. Livingston, Adjutant, as stated. He was absent from the dedication on a mission of sorrow, and the sentiment of deep regret in his absence was general, because he had been conspicuously active in the enterprise from the beginning. And then Mrs. T. B. King, President of the U. D. C. at Brownsville, who was ardent in the cause throughout, kept open house that day and gave a large reception that evening. Mrs. King had as her visiting guest a former President of the Tennessee U. D. C., Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis. There is perhaps no community in the South where greater zeal has been exercised for the cause. They have largely attended Reunions each year.

MARYLAND DAUGHTERS IN CONVENTION.

This annual Convention was marked by the very encouraging reports of the Chapters, which showed increased vigor and an earnest endeavor to push forward the Division work in every way. Much business was done, and in such a way that the good of the Division was greatly advanced. Maryland takes special care of her veterans, not only of her own State, but many from beyond her borders, who have drifted into the haven of her care, and the reports of the Homes showed very gratifying results. Every Chapter in the State contributed nobly not only to the actual living expenses of the old soldiers, but to giving them the many comforts and even luxuries that go to make their declining years less sorrowful.

An election of officers gave the following roster: Honorary President, Mrs. D. Giravd Wright, Baltimore; President, Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Jessups; Vice Presidents, Mrs. John P. Roe, Baltimore, Mrs. G. Smith Norris, Belair, Mrs. L. Victor Brougham, Frederick, Mrs. R. A. Hammond, Jessups, Mrs. T. B. Ezell, Chesapeake City; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Neilson Poe, Jr., Baltimore; Recording Secretary, Mrs. August Weber, Baltimore; Treasurer, Mrs. Warfield Peters, Baltimore; Historian, Miss Marie Louise Johnson, Frederick; Recorder Crosses of Honor, Mrs. Samuel T. Brown, Baltimore.

They concurred heartily with other States in opposition to the Columbia College scholarship for teachers.

Confederate Soldier of Seventy-Two Votary of Hymen.—Love seems an inspiration to romantic deeds even when the head is crowned with silver. G. V. Simpson, aged seventy-two, and Mrs. Kate Yates, aged fifty, decided that love was best and quietly eloped from the Old Soldiers' Home in Higginsville, Mo., and were made one. The elopement was brought about by the opposition of the Board of Managers at the Home, who disapprove of marriage between the inmates.

Mrs. T. M. Anderson, of Pickens, Miss., has several complete and incomplete volumes of the Confederate Veteran which she would be glad to place where they would be valued and preserved for all time to come.



FLOATING.

BY ROBERT DEWEY BENEDICT, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE VERMONT SOCIETY, IN NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
(Canadian Boat Song.)

Yes, brothers, row; row each his boat!
I row no more; I only float.
The stream, which long has been my road
On which I hurried as it flowed
And where the busy oar I plied
Or shaped my course from side to side,
Still strongly bears my failing boat.
I row no more; I only float.

I see the stream more swiftly run
Than when its course was first begun;
The rapids' boding voice I hear
Still drawing nearer and more near;
The noontide brilliance all is past,
Eastward the shadows long are cast.
But I no longer row my boat
Or try to row; I only float!
Yet still find round me, none the less,
Abundant cause for thankfulness.

O Lord, send thou thy peace to be
Still a companion unto me,
That I may have no shade of fear
Of unknown rapids drawing near;
That I may hear the distant chime
Of bells beyond the walls of Time;
That I may feel my failing boat
Still in thy guidance as I float
Till I shall reach the tideless sea
The ocean of eternity!

[Sent by Capt. George C. Norton, of Louisville, Ky.]

REV. A. A. LOMAX.

A. A. Lomax was born in Obion County, Tenn., May 1830. He moved to Holmes County, Miss., when five years of age. He entered Milton Academy in 1857, and in 1859 he entered Mississippi College and graduated February 25, 1862. He enlisted in the 12th Mississippi Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia. He was ordained to the ministry in 1863 when he became chaplain of the 16th Mississippi Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia. He was known throughout his brigade as the "fighting chaplain," as his regiment never went into an engagement that he did not take his musket and go into the fight. His colonel and other officers would remonstrate with him, and his reply would always be: "My place is on the firing line; for if any of my boys should be mortally wounded, I would be there to take a dying message to a loving mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart; and if in the rear, the poor soldier might die before I could get to him."

He died June 29, 1906, a pure Christian soldier.

As superintendent of the public schools a representative of a schoolbook concern tried to bribe him and get him to adopt his firm's books for Copiah County. He soon found a man who had no price and could not be bought.

Homeward bound, after all the long years of an honorable and useful life, he crossed the river to those blessed shores eternal.

"O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow can be found
Nor grief nor care nor toil."

—*E. W. Blanchard.*

THOMAS B. BEALL.

Capt. T. B. Beall was born in Davidson County, N. C., in 1835; and died in Salisbury in November, 1909. He was captain of Company I, 14th North Carolina Regiment, known as "The Wild Cats," noted in Ramseur's Brigade. Despite several wounds Captain Beall received in battle, he never gave up, but fought valiantly till the surrender at Appomattox, when he procured a mule and quietly returned home, the cause he fought for still the dearest to his heart. His devotion never waned, and as Commander of Col. Charles E. Fisher Camp he was untiring in his efforts for his comrades in arms.

Fourteen years ago he conceived the idea of erecting a suitable memorial to the veterans of Rowan County. Through the press and personally he talked of the matter and urged the necessity of prompt action, till the beautiful bronze group



THOMAS B. BEALL AND GRANDDAUGHTER.

that marks the intersection of two of Salisbury's principal streets was unveiled and dedicated. Captain Beall said the day of the unveiling: "I have not lived in vain if I have helped to keep the generations yet unborn mindful of the days that have been, but of which they can never know very much."

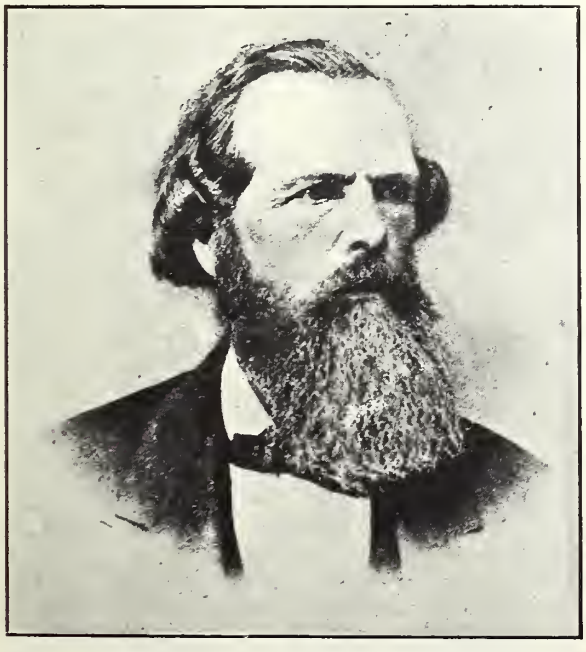
Captain Beall was very prominent in all Church work, and was enthusiastic in fraternal societies, being a member of the Royal Arcanum, Knights of Honor, and Odd Fellows, and these societies, with Veterans and Sons of Veterans, took charge of the funeral arrangements. He is survived by his widow and one son, Mr. John M. Beall, of St. Louis, Mo., General Passenger Agent of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

In a letter to Cicero R. Barker, of Salisbury, Col. R. T. Bennett, who commanded the 14th North Carolina, states:

"The death of Capt. Thomas B. Beall at his home, in Salisbury, N. C., September 8, 1909, after a distressing illness long drawn out, though inevitable, gave sorrow and pain to his large circle of friends.

"In the sketch of the 14th North Carolina Regiment as printed in our regimental histories an effort is made to do justice to the life and character of this magnificent soldier. Born in a house of prayer, reared in the fear and love of God, trained to a Christian standard, he entered the pilgrimage of this hard world with virtuous accomplishments, a humble opinion of his own merits, full of the merciful temperament which marks the child of God. Isolated, he faced the tempestuous war which the South fought.

"A sublieutenant at an early stage of the war, thence upborne by merit and fortune, he took over the command of his company when the reorganization of the regiment occurred. He cultivated the peculiarities of his command, and very soon every man in it esteemed him a friend. A close fighter, intrepid in the face of the enemy, he bore himself as became his lineage and high social estate. In this particular he was engaging to a degree most persuasive; he was without a demerit in the war of subjugation of the South."



COL. LEWIS BALL.

In the sketches of "Fighting Confederate Parsons," November (1909) VETERAN, a clever one is of Colonel Ball, who commanded the 41st Mississippi Infantry. When the war began, he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Cherry Creek, Miss. He went out with a company of boys and young men of his pastorate as their captain, and later became colonel of the regiment. He was advanced from major to colonel for gallantry in charging some breastworks near Atlanta. After the war he reëntered the ministry, and continued actively at work up to a short time before his death, which occurred on November 30, 1896, near Clinton, Miss.

JUDGE HOWARD VAN EPPS.

Howard Van Epps was born in Eufaula, Ala., in 1847; and died at Jacksonville, Fla., in December, 1909.

At the beginning of the War between the States he joined the Confederate army, where he made a splendid record. He was severely wounded in his arms and legs, and never fully recovered from the effects.

After the war he graduated from the University of Georgia with high honors, and also completed his law course. He was appointed solicitor for the city court of Atlanta, and for ten years was judge of that court. After leaving the bench, he compiled several legal works that are now in constant use by the bar and bench of Georgia.

He was a man of brains and much energy, and won many friends. He loved children, and in his work among the Sunday schools of Atlanta did much good. He was zealous in his business affairs, devoted to his Church and its purposes.

PHIL B. THOMPSON.

Hon. Phil Thompson was born in Harrodsburg, Ky.; and died in Washington in December, 1909. He joined Morgan's command when a boy, and was in the brunt of the hard fighting of that intrepid leader, where his daring and coolness under fire won the warm approval of his commander and comrades. General Morgan said of him on one occasion that he was sure of help anywhere, however hot the fight, if "Little Phil Thompson" was with him. Thompson performed many dangerous feats and had many hairbreadth escapes.

After the war, Mr. Thompson returned to Harrodsburg and began the practice of law, in which he was eminently successful. He soon took a prominent part in politics, serving in the Forty-Sixth, Forty-Seventh, and Forty-Eighth Congresses. After his last term, he resumed the practice of law, devoting himself entirely to Congressional legislation, putting through some of the largest claims before the House. He was widely known, not only for his keen legal intellect, but for his brilliant wit and great personal charm. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. William Davis, whose husband is the nephew and associate of Joseph Pulitzer, the editor of the New York World. Two brothers, Col. John Thompson and Dr. Davis Thompson, of Harrodsburg, survive him.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, NOTED EDITOR.

The widely known lecturer and author, Richard Watson Gilder, died in New York November 18, 1909. He was the editor in chief of the Century Magazine, and had been since its foundation, in 1881. He was born in Bordentown, N. J., and began his novitiate at printing at a very early age. When only twelve years old he was writing, setting type, and helping get out the St. Thomas Register, which was published at Flushing, Long Island, and four years later with two young colleagues he established a campaign newspaper, supporting Bell and Everett for President.

While still in his teens he volunteered with the Landis Philadelphia Battery, and served through the war. At the age of twenty-six he was made managing editor for the Scribner Magazine, where he remained for eleven years. Later he took charge of the Century, where he continued till his death.

Benjamin C. Smith.

Benjamin C. Smith, Sr., one of the most prominent citizens of Macon, Ga., died at the family residence there December 19, 1909.

He was Treasurer of the Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Georgia Academy for the Blind. He was a veteran of the Confederacy, having bravely fought through the entire four years with the Macon company. He was a patron of the Veteran for many years. He was optimistic, always courageous, and gave ready assistance to many in need. He was public-spirited, and a citizen who was loved and honored in all walks of life.

Capt. Murray F. Taylor.

A brave soldier was Capt. Murray Forbes Taylor, who died at Fall Hill, on the Rappahannock, November 20, 1909. Captain Taylor was born on December 24, 1843, at Falmouth, near Fredericksburg, and was reared on an ancestral estate of broad acres. The invasion of his State in 1861 found him a student at the Virginia Military Institute. He was selected with others to go to Harper's Ferry and drill the raw troops assembling there under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Col. Thomas J. Jackson. While engaged in drilling the Louisa County company, "the Blues," young Murray attracted the attention of Col. A. P. Hill, who had been appointed a colonel by his State, and was forming the 13th Virginia Infantry from the companies assembled there. Colonel Hill invited Cadet Taylor to share his tent, and had him assigned to duty with him.

The young cadet was of valuable assistance in the formation of the 13th Virginia Regiment, which was distinguished in many battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and it never lost the impress of the instruction of Colonel Hill and his young cadet assistant.

When Brig. Gen. A. P. Hill was made major general and placed in command of six brigades of infantry, the "Light Division," he called Cadet Taylor from the Valley and had him promoted captain and aid-de-camp. At Mechanicsville and in the Seven Days' battles around Richmond he served with distinction, as he did at Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, South Mountain, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Boteler's Ford, and Fredericksburg.

At Chancellorsville, with General Hill and General Jackson in front of the lines, Captain Taylor rode recklessly to our lines in an effort to stop the firing. His horse fell on his rider, pierced by five musket balls, within our line of infantry. General Hill was engaged in getting Captain Taylor from under his dead horse when he was summoned to General Jackson, and had to leave him. Soon after General Hill sent him for the long night ride back to General Lee with the news of Jackson's and his own wounding, and that he had placed Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in command.

Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, and the Wilderness followed. In the battle of the Wilderness a piece of artillery used on the plank road had to be abandoned. Every attempt to get it off resulted in death and wounds. Its position was thoroughly commanded by the enemy's sharpshooters, and the gun was surrounded by dead and dying men. The artillerymen had given it up, when Captain Slade, of Major General Heth's staff, and Captain Taylor volunteered to lead a party and bring the gun within our lines, bringing the gun by hand, but at a sickening loss.

Spottsylvania C. H., Jericho Ford, Second Cold Harbor, New Market Heights, and Petersburg came then in order. Captain Taylor was wounded by a shell while in company with Col. Willie Pegram, of the artillery. In the nine months of battle on our right at and near Petersburg Captain Taylor was a conspicuous figure. After the death of General Hill, in the closing scenes around Petersburg, he served with General Longstreet, by direction of General Lee, and was in the battles of Rice's Station, Farmville, on the Buckingham Road, and finally at Appomattox C. H.

Captain Taylor had just arrived at man's estate when he had to face most disastrous poverty. He first engaged in farming in King George County. Having married his cousin, Miss Thornton, who had interests in Alabama, in January, 1871, he undertook cotton-planting in that State near the Tombigbee River. But he found disorder there as well as in Virginia; and after two years, he removed to California, near Bakersville, where Messrs. Tevis and Haggin had taken up 400,000 acres of land, and had started the largest irrigation plant at that time in the world, expending $12,000,000 upon it. Captain Taylor was given charge of many thousand acres. His experience in the army in the management of men and affairs came into full play, and he made a success of his part of that great enterprise. Later he took charge of a ranch of 60,000 acres at St. Simeon, San Luis Obispo, and incidentally of a large ranch in Mexico, properties of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst.

To have something of "home," Captain Taylor and his wife



CAPT. MURRAY F. TAYLOR.

went into Alabama woods before leaving for California and took up roots of the yellow jessamine, so abundant in the South, that they might have at least the perfume of the Southern woods with them; but in the rich, irrigated soil of Kearn County a large yellow flower came from the roots without any perfume at all.

The death of his wife and declining health induced Captain Taylor to return to the old home in Virginia. The home at Fall Hill was acquired, but two years were all that was allotted to him. He loved his fellow-men, and made them know it. In the army and in civil life he knew more people than any of his associates. He was generous, and attracted people to him in an unusual way. He was so honest that he would not permit a wrong impression about anything. Fond of children, his horse, the woods and fields, and outdoor life, he was a blessing to all with whom he was associated through life.

[Data from the Richmond Times-Dispatch.]

Dr. William P. Brewer.

Dr. W. P. Brewer was born in New Orleans in 1842; and died in the Touro Infirmary from an operation for appendicitis in May, 1909. He was the son of Judge James P. Brewer, and at the beginning of the war was at college taking the medical course. He at once enlisted in the Washington Artillery, which served in the Army of Northern Virginia. Dr. Brewer was in much active service, being practically in all the battles of his command in the campaign of 1863. After the battle of Manassas, he was transferred to the hospital corps, and later he was made assistant surgeon at the hospital at Richmond, where he served till the surrender.

When he returned to New Orleans, he wore the Confederate gray, and at his request he was buried in it.

He quickly established himself in New Orleans, where his skill as a surgeon won him prominence. He was surgeon in charge of the Soldiers' Home, Commander of Bivouac No. 1, and a high degree Mason, and his funeral was conducted by Masons and Veterans. He had no immediate family, his brothers and sister having died before him.

Hon. A. L. Hull.

Hon. Augustus Longstreet Hull died in Atlanta, Ga., November 11 in the sixty-second year of his age. He was Secretary and Treasurer of the University of Georgia for nineteen years, for twenty-two years was President of the Board of Trustees of Lucy Cobb Institute, and for many years was cashier of the University Bank. As an author he won considerable reputation, his best-known works being "Campaigns of the Confederate Army," "Annals of Athens," and a historical sketch of the "University of Georgia." His war record was brilliant, and he continued in the Confederate service till the surrender. He married Miss Callie Cobb, daughter of Gen. Thomas R. Cobb, and is survived by her, four sons, and three daughters.

Rev. Robert A. Holland.

Rev. Robert Holland, clergyman, author, and soldier in the Confederate army, died in St. Louis in December, 1909, in his sixty-fifth year. He was born in Nashville, Tenn. He was prominent in the Episcopal Church, being rector for thirty years of St. George Church, St. Louis, but left active service to become a lecturer at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. He was originally a Methodist minister, and very popular as such. He is survived by his wife and three sons.

W. P. Rabb.

W. P. Rabb, whose death occurred at Beaumont, Tex., in December, 1908, joined the Confederate army in April, 1861, and served till the close of the war. At first he belonged to an unattached company of cavalry and served on the frontier; then he was under Van Dorn in Bragg's army, and later with Churchill, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, in the Trans-Mississippi Department to the close. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter, all of Beaumont.

Richard Anderson.

Richard Anderson, of Centerville, Tenn., died at his home, at Anderson's Bend, Tenn., in November, 1909, in his eighty-fifth year. He was a veteran of two wars, having served both in the Mexican and Civil Wars. He was badly wounded while in the Confederate service and incapacitated, receiving his discharge. He was appointed postmaster, which position he held for forty-five years. He was a Mason and an upright citizen, honored by all who knew him. He leaves several children.

James Belden Atkinson.

One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Chester County, S. C., James B. Atkinson, died at his home, near Chester, on the 27th of September, 1909. He was born in July, 1826, and was thus in his eighty-fourth year. He was sergeant of Company D, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, during the War between the States, and was a faithful and gallant soldier. For a number of years Comrade Atkinson was a magistrate of Baton Rouge township, and as a man and citizen enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him. He became a Church member in early life, and was an earnest, consecrated Christian. He was twice married, to Miss Lucy J. Crosby and to Miss Sarah E. Wood, and is survived by seven children of these unions. Death came to him suddenly but peacefully.

Haynes.—Samuel P. Haynes was born in Washington County, Tenn., in October, 1842; and died at the Old Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, in November, 1909. He enlisted in the 63d Tennessee, under Colonel Fulkerson, at Knoxville in 1861, and fought bravely under the same regimental colors till he was paroled at Richmond. The funeral was, as is usual, at the Home under the charge of the Kate Lytton Hickman and the Bate Chapters of Nashville, who draped the grave in flowers of red and white and placed a Confederate flag at its head.

Moore.—P. W. Moore, a gallant Confederate soldier, died at the Old Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, November 14, 1909. He was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., September 30, 1830, and enlisted in the Confederate infantry at Jackson, Tenn., in May, 1860. A year later he became a member of the 15th Regiment of Cavalry, making an enviable record as a soldier. He served till his surrender under General Forrest. He was buried at the Home with beautiful ceremonies, and his grave was banked with red and white flowers and crowned with a Confederate flag.

Neil.—William H. Neil was born in Rogersville, Tenn.; and died November 18, 1909, in Louisville, Ky. He served during the entire war in the Confederate army. After the surrender, he made his home in Louisville, and was the senior partner in W. H. Neil & Co., dealers in mill supplies. He is survived by his sister, Mrs. Nellie Faulkerson, of Rogersville, Tenn., and his brother, George Neil, of Columbus, Ga.

PROCEEDINGS BY N. B. FORREST CAMP, MEMPHIS.

The N. B. Forrest Camp of Memphis made record of proceedings reported the VETERAN sometime ago [including congratulations to the editor of the VETERAN through his restoration to health] which stated that Capt. William Montgomery Forrest was born in Hernando, Miss., in September, 1846. He died in Memphis, Tenn., in February, 1909. He was the only son of Gen. Nathan Bedford and Mary Montgomery Forrest, their other child, a girl, having died in infancy. Early in 1861 William Forrest applied for admission to the company of which his father had been a member, but was rejected on account of age and size. Later, his father seeing he was determined to join the army, he was accepted, and served on the staff of General Forrest to the end of the war. William Forrest was a quiet but fearless soldier. He was sent on many dangerous missions, enduring many hardships.

When the war closed, Captain Forrest entered at Oxford, Miss., where he graduated from the literary and law schools; but he never practiced law. He joined his father as a railroad contractor, in which they were mainly successful. He was married twice. A wife and four children, a daughter and three sons by the first marriage, survive him. As soldier and citizen his service was without blemish.

W. M. Cheairs died at Spring Hill, Tenn., in September, 1909, aged sixty-five years. He was a Confederate soldier, brave and faithful.

J. N. Taylor, one of the most honored members of Forrest Camp, died in Shelbyville, Tenn., in September, 1909.

Maj. Charles Anderson was born in Frankfort, Ky., in November, 1825; and died in Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1909. He was educated in Nashville, Tenn., principally under Dr. Moore, a noted English schoolmaster. For some years he was engaged in the wholesale grocery business, later becoming part owner in a line of steamboats, when he became freight agent for the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad under V. K. Stevenson.

He was appointed quartermaster of transportation C. S. A. in 1861 and stationed at Chattanooga, where under his administration Johnston's army was supplied.

While in attendance upon his wife, who was very ill, he was caught within the Federal lines. Through the influence of Union friends, Governor Johnson paroled him. By the movement of the armies he was soon again within the Federal lines. In his own report Major Anderson wrote: "Forrest was following close on the heels of Buell's army; and after the Federals had all gone by, my first meeting with General Forrest took place on the pike near my home. Introducing myself, I rode with him a mile or more toward Lavergne and expressed a desire to join his command. The day Buell passed my home myself and family were on a visit to a neighbor, some four miles away. McCook's Cavalry formed in front of my house, and soon every building as well as my residence was in flames. They took my portraits out, of which I had two, smashed the frames, tacked the canvas to trees, and jabbed their sabers through the eyes. They drove my negroes out of their houses and fired the buildings."

Major Anderson's association with General Forrest was most agreeable. He was made a member of his staff, and continued with him to the close of the war.

HART.—Thomas Hart died at San Ygnacio, Tex., on October 15, aged sixty-four years. He was a member of Company K, 30th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade. The latter part of his life was spent as a prominent educator along the border.

ROBERT A. HARDEE.

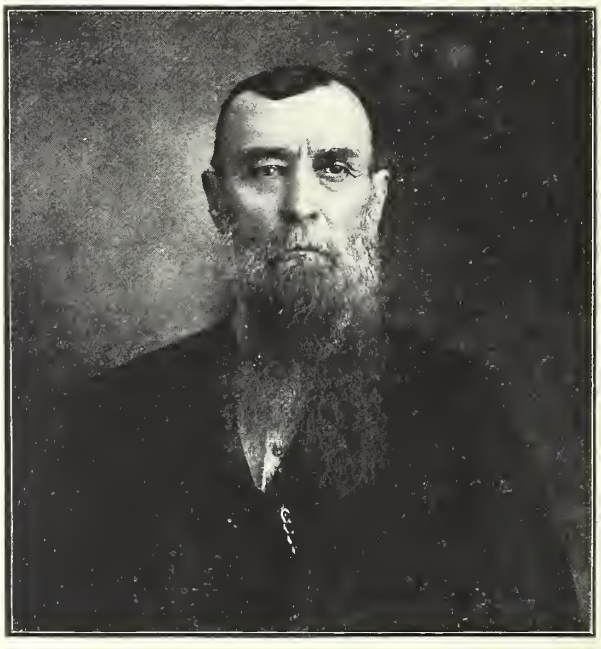
Capt. Robert A. Hardee was born in Brooks County, Ga.; died at Fort Pierce, Fla., December, 1909, aged seventy-seven.

He was one of several brothers all of whom enlisted in the Confederate service and were valiant soldiers. Captain Hardee raised a company in Brooks County and went in the thick of the fighting as their leader. They were in most of the hottest battles of the Virginia campaign.

After the surrender, with his brothers he went to the Indian River Florida, and took an active part in the settlement of that country. He was twice the Representative of Brevard County, and was a potent factor in the Legislature. During the reconstruction period his influence led to the establishment of law and order and the saving to the State of much money. He was very generous, and his charities were many yet unostentatious.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON HARRIS.

Alexander H. Harris was born in Warren County, Ky., in 1832; and died at Ovilla, Tex., on the 28th of November, 1909. His father removed to Texas in 1852, settling his family near Dallas. Comrade Harris enlisted as a Confederate soldier in 1862 in Captain Park's company of Burford's 19th Regiment Texas Cavalry. His health failing, he was honorably discharged in September, 1862; but in 1864 he reenlisted in Captain Bradshaw's company, which was attached to Showalters's regiment of Arizona troops, where he served to the close of the war. He then went into the mercantile business, and for a long time was also postmaster of Ovilla. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow, holding high positions in these organizations. He was twice married—to Miss Annie White and to Miss S. E. Gillespie, of which latter union there were four children, two daughters now surviving. He became a Christian in early life, and was consistent.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON HARRIS.

SMITH.—Lewis A. Smith, a gallant Confederate soldier, died at the Soldiers' Home, Atlanta, in November, 1909, aged seventy-eight. He was a member of Company K, 4th Georgia Volunteers.

John Allen Withers.

Comrade J. A. Withers was born in Clay County, Mo., June 11, 1842; and died in Denton, Tex., July 19, 1909.

He entered the service of the Confederate States in 1861, and served gallantly throughout the war—a splendid soldier, ever ready for duty. He served in the Army of Tennessee.

After the surrender, he moved to Denton County, Tex., where he continued to reside. He was not only a good soldier but a good citizen, a high type of Christian gentleman. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and adhered to the tenets of that Church up to his death. He was true to his friends, to his country, and to his God.

[Data from Boone Daugherty, Adjutant of Sull Ross Camp, Denton.]

James C. Gorham.

J. C. Gorham was born in Callaway County, Mo., in 1834; and died in Dallas, Tex., 1909. He was said to be a cousin of Henry Clay, Zachary Taylor, and William Henry Harrison. When the war began, he served under General Price as captain of artillery, and was one of the heroes of Elk Horn, being cut off from the army with fifty-two pieces of artillery, which Generals Van Dorn and Price thought had been captured, and not till eight days after the battle did Major Gorham succeed in getting a messenger into camp, asking for provisions and reënforcements. He was found guarding the guns and twenty-four prisoners of Sigel's command.

After the surrender, he moved into Mexico, but returned to the States and opened a large wholesale grocery business.

Charles O. Jordan.

Charles Jordan, one of the best-known citizens of Monroe City, Mo., died in that place October, 1909, of a congestive chill. He was born in Alleghany County, Va., and was in his seventy-first year.

He was a member of Carpenter's Battery, Stonewall Jackson's old brigade, and was a faithful soldier. He never became lukewarm, and prized his bronze cross of honor. He was a man of high ideals and industrious habits, and well fulfilled every demand of life.

Hugh Carter.

Hugh Carter died at his home, in Henderson County, Tex., on the 6th of September, 1909. Comrade Carter was born in Alabama August 14, 1831, and went to Texas at an early day. He enlisted in Capt. Howdy Martin's company in Henderson County in July, 1861, and served through the war in the 4th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade. He participated in many hard-fought battles and was always at his post for duty. Peace to his ashes.

[Tribute by L. A. Powers, Athens, Tex.]

J. A. Bordenheimer.

J. A. Bordenheimer was born in North Carolina; and died in November, 1909, in Jacksonville, Fla., in his seventieth year. He was identified with the newspaper business of Dalton, Ga., for years, and his work showed dash and spirit and won him friends. He enlisted at the beginning of the war in the Confederate army, and served faithfully till the surrender. He is survived by five sons and two daughters.

Gadd.—J. E. Gadd died at the Soldiers' Home, Atlanta, in December, 1909. He entered the service in 1861 as a member of Company K, North Carolina Volunteers. He served throughout the four years, and was severely wounded in the battle of Gettysburg.

William Alexander Harris.

Former United States Senator from Kansas William A. Harris died of heart disease in Chicago December 20, 1909. He was born in Loudoun County, Va., in 1841. He graduated from Columbian College, Washington, in 1859 and from Virginia Military Institute in 1861. He promptly enlisted in the service of the Confederacy, and was soon promoted to be assistant adjutant general under General Wilcox, which position he filled with honor for three years, later being made ordnance officer under D. H. Hill and Rhodes's Division of the Army of Northern Virginia.

After the war, he went to Kansas, where his knowledge of civil engineering soon brought him into prominence. He was prominent in establishing the Kansas branch of the Union Pacific Railroad. He kept his interest in railroads, and at the time of his death was Vice President of the Denver, Laramie, and Northwestern Railroad. He became identified with political questions early in his career, and was elected to the State Legislature, Congress, and United States Senate, filling each position with such faith and trust that he conferred honor upon his State in every condition which he served. Though a Confederate, he saw the injustice of the restriction clause of the United States pension law, and single-handed fought it so effectively that the clause was removed before the act was passed.

He became much interested in the breeding and advancement of shorthorn cattle, and was an expert judge in all the cattle expositions. He was President of the Shorthorn Cattle Association, and was a member of the Sirloin and Saddle Club and director of the International Live Stock Exposition.

Wintermoyer.—Jacob Wintermoyer was born in Shepherdstown, W. Va., in October, 1831; and died in that city in August, 1909. In the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private in Company B, 2d Virginia Regiment, and fought bravely to the end. He was a true, noble gentleman, courteous, kind-hearted, considerate, and generous. He leaves a wife and daughter.

McEachin.—Capt. Albert Bruce McEachin died at Tuscaloosa, Ala., in December, 1909, in his seventy-fifth year. He was a direct descendant of Robert Bruce of Scotland, and was for many years prominent in legal circles in Alabama. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, and was connected with the University of Alabama. His wife and four children survive him.

Chaffin.—John H. Chaffin died in Gainesboro, Tenn., in November, 1909, aged seventy. Mr. Chaffin had been an invalid from birth, and could not enter the army; but gave so much effective service to the cause that he was made an honorary soldier and elected a member of S. S. Stanton Bivouac, and was highly respected. He was Register for many years, and held the office of County Court Clerk almost until his death.

Browning.—J. B. Browning, aged eighty-one years, died in the Old Soldiers' Home in Atlanta, Ga., in November, 1909. He enlisted at Monroe, Ga., in 1861, serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was in many battles. He was wounded and taken prisoner in the battle of Gettysburg.

Bennett.—John P. Bennett died of heart disease at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, in December, 1909. He served bravely in the Southern army, and was ever an ardent Confederate. He was buried in Tullahoma, Tenn., where his wife resides.

J. W. Porter.

J. W. Porter was born in Lexington, Holmes County, Miss., in January, 1843; and died at Carlton, Tex., in 1909.

He enlisted in Company L, Wirt Adams's Independent Mississippi Cavalry, at the age of eighteen, and served gallantly till the end of the war, having taken part in the battles of Shiloh, Iuka Springs, Corinth, Baker's Creek, etc., fortunately without a wound, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala.

In 1865 he married Miss Mollie Thornton, who lived only fifteen months, and in 1868 he married Mrs. Sophronica Ross, the widow of a hero of Gettysburg. She and his three sons survive him.

He was made a Mason at Utica, Miss., in 1877, and four years later took the Royal Arch degree in Washington, and his funeral was conducted with Masonic ceremonies by his lodge at Carlton.

Mrs. Olivia Moore O'Neal.

Olivia Moore was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1819; but in her infancy was taken to Huntsville, Ala., where she grew into a brilliant girlhood. While in the bloom of her early teens she met and married Edward Asbury O'Neal, a handsome youth, even then distinguished by his intellect and keen grasp of facts and their relative significance. This marriage took place in Huntsville on April 12, 1838, and was an event of great social interest. There were eight bridesmaids and attendants, and it was followed, as the fashion of the day, with many entertainments and feastings. Relatives of both families vied with each other in the brilliancy of their entertainments, and the "infare," as these wedding festivals were called, lasted for several days. The wedding guests went from one house party to another equally as brilliant, till all the near relatives who lived near enough had done honor to the young couple. The darkies were conspicuous in connection with these wedding feasts, for they felt that the marriage of their "young missis" was something that touched their family pride, and they were anxious to add to the general merry-making; so the sound of the banjo and stamping of the "pigeon wing" came from the cabin as an accompaniment to "Money Musk" and "Sir Roger de Coverley" in the "big house." The marriage was very happy. The two were close friends and comrades always, the wife's aid being given in all the questions of importance in her husband's rapid upward career.

Mr. O'Neal entered the Confederate service, and served from 1861 to 1865, attaining the rank of brigadier general; and it is said that there was no more brilliant soldier in the Southern army. Mrs. O'Neal did her part bravely as a Southern woman, ministering to the sick and wounded of relatives and strangers alike, and in every way showing her bravery. Once while going to see her husband she crossed the Tennessee River in a leaky boat in defiance of the Yankee troops who occupied its banks. One of Mrs. O'Neal's cherished treasures was the flag of her husband's regiment, the 26th Alabama, that was scarred by the seventeen battles in which it had been proudly borne.

After the war, General and Mrs. O'Neal located in Florence and won a wide popularity. He was elected Governor of Alabama, and served two terms, his wife ever his best assistant and confidential adviser. After his death, in 1890, Mrs. O'Neal continued in her old home, surrounded by children and grandchildren.

By her gracious personality she won unlimited social sway, which she ever held, even in her old age. She was a leading factor in Florence society. She never lost interest in things nor her social power, and frequently received her guests surrounded by a group of grandchildren. She died near the close of 1909, still young in heart and much honored.



MRS. OLIVIA MOORE O'NEAL.

Mrs. O'Neal had the pleasure of seeing the qualities of her illustrious ancestry inherited by her children and grandchildren. Her daughters are fair and her sons brave, and of her grandchildren Madam Shotwell Piper has won fame as a singer. She had nine children. The four who survive are Hon. Emmet O'Neal (nominee for Governor of Alabama at this time), of Florence; Mrs. E. F. Williams, of St. Louis; and Miss Julia O'Neal and Mrs. G. H. Dudey, of Florence.

Maj. Alfred Moore O'Neal.

Alfred M. O'Neal was the second child of Gov. Edward A. O'Neal and his wife, Olivia Moore. He was born in September, 1840, in Florence, Ala., where he received his early school training. Later he entered the West Point Military Academy. Being a mere youth when the war broke out, he, with many of his comrades, was advised by General Beauregard to remain at school; but he left for home at once. Here his military training was utilized for the organizing and drilling of troops for local companies. Later he was ordered to Fort Morgan, Ala., where he organized and trained a company of sharpshooters. He entered active service as first lieutenant of artillery; but was transferred to the command of General Hardee, with whom he remained till he was appointed ordnance officer for Mobile Bay and chief of artillery under Gen. Harry Maney. He organized a battalion of infantry, and was elected captain. In 1864 he was placed in charge of the sharpshooters of General Davis's Mississippi Brigade, and was with them in all the battles from the Wilderness till April, 1865.

At Petersburg he is said to have fired the last shot, being the only sharpshooter left. He was captured here and carried to Johnson's Island, where he was held prisoner. His having been a soldier at West Point made them hold him longer, as he was considered to be treasonable to the Federal government by having taken up arms for the South. When released, he made his way to Florence under many difficulties.



MAJ. A. M. O'NEAL.

Decatur being filled with Yankees, O'Neal slept in the cemetery to avoid them. He won distinction in the Virginia campaign, being made major, and at the time of his capture was slated for the office of colonel, though only in his early twenties.

He married Miss Annie Warren, of Tuscumbia, in 1879; and his widow and two children survive him. He died in Florence, Ala., December 4, 1909, loved and honored by all who knew him.

Maj. A. M. O'Neal to His Wife.

I was a cadet from Alabama in the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., at the breaking out of the War between the States, and resigned my position upon the secession of my State from the Union. I reported for duty to the Confederate States government, then at Montgomery, Ala., about March 1, 1861. I was appointed first lieutenant of artillery in the regular army of the Confederate States and ordered to North Alabama to drill the troops then being organized for the war. After the departure of the companies for Virginia, I was ordered on recruiting service for the regular army, my headquarters being at Florence, Ala. I recruited about fifty men, drilled them thoroughly, and sent them to Fort Jackson, below New Orleans. I was then ordered to General Hardee, whose headquarters were at Fort Morgan, and to turn over what gold I had on hand at the time to one of the banks in Mobile. General Hardee assigned me to duty as drillmaster to the volunteer troops then stationed at Fort Morgan. This duty I performed until Col. Henry Maury was ordered to the command of all the fortifications in Mobile Bay, with headquarters at Fort Morgan. I was made his chief of ordnance and acting chief of artillery for all the forts in the bay, which position I held until the 2d Alabama and named it the 1st Confederate Battalion of limit in the spring of 1862. At the time I was captain of artillery in the regular army. I then obtained leave of absence from the War Department with permission to join the volunteers. I was getting very impatient to go to the front, fearing the war might close before I had a chance to engage in battle. I had my fill, however, for our command had three years of as hard fighting as the world ever knew.

Lieut. Col. George Forney recruited a battalion from the 2d Alabam and named it the 1st Confederate Battalion of Infantry. I was elected captain of the first company, the "Tom Walker Rebels," after the honored son of Alabama and able jurist, Judge Tom Walker, of Calhoun County. The Judge gave me for the men of my command his check for five hundred dollars. On our way through Memphis I engaged a first-class shoemaker to take the measure of every man and make for them one hundred pairs of shoes, and he did his task well. A very charming girl in Mobile, hearing of the shoe contract, sent me for each of the boys a pair of socks knit by the hands of the fair women of Mobile—a very acceptable and highly appreciated gift.

At the first Reunion of the Confederate Veterans in Birmingham I met two of my old lieutenants, W. A. Bass, of Mobile, and W. Jason Scott, of Jacksonville. Walter Bass on that occasion showed me a letter I had written to Miss Fannie Kimball, of Mobile, thanking her in the name of my company for the timely donation of the socks. Upon inquiry as to what he was doing with the letter, I was informed that Miss Fannie Kimball was then Mrs. W. A. Bass.

Our battalion served in all of the important engagements of the Western Army, serving under Generals Rusk, Tilghman, and John Adams. In the early winter of 1863-64 our battalion and the 26th Mississippi Infantry were transferred to Virginia and assigned to duty with Joe Davis's Mississippi brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps. Davis's Brigade was then in winter quarters on the south bank of the Rapidan River. We had many hot skirmishes during the winter. Our first general engagement was the Wilderness, when we stood in the front for three days with a heavy loss of officers and men. In the first day's fight and about nightfall Col. George Forney was killed just as he had given an order to me to get the flag, as our flag bearer had just fallen, when a Yankee sharpshooter ended the career of one of the most gallant fighters, one of the truest, bravest men I ever knew.

Just after the fight in the Wilderness I was plased in command of the sharpshooters of Davis's Mississippi Brigade, composed of the 11th, 2d, and 26th Mississippi Regiments, and 55th North Carolina and 1st Confederate Battalion. My sharpshooters comprised picked men from each of the regiments, numbering about two hundred, certainly a splendid body of men and most desperate fighters. With our Henry repeating rifles, which we captured early in 1864, this gallant band was almost equal to one of our brigades. I maneuvered my command entirely by bugle, keeping one bugler in reserve while the other was in action. We were in all the general

engagements and any number of night attacks and skirmishes from the Wilderness to the 2d of April, 1865. On the morning of the 2d of April we recaptured one of our mud forts with four twelve-pound Napoleon guns. With my sharpshooters, assisted by the 2d Maryland Line from Baltimore, we held in check a vast army and drove from the field two of their full battalions. About eleven o'clock on this beautiful April day I was badly wounded and captured with all my command. I was kindly cared for by one of my old classmates at West Point, who was then captain and aid on General Wright's staff. General Wright was commander of the 2d Army Corps. I was taken to Washington and confined in the old Capitol Prison, then transferred to Johnson's Island, landing there two days before President Lincoln was assassinated. I was kept in prison some time after all the prisoners were released, until my army record could be examined, and was released about the middle of July, 1865.

DR. M. Y. SMITH.

At Terral, Okla., on October 20, 1909, occurred the death of Dr. Miles Young Smith. He was born in Georgia in September, 1836, and served the Confederacy as a member of Company E (Capt. Jack Wharton), 6th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade. He joined the army in April, 1861, and was discharged in May, 1865, having served something over the four years. After the war he practiced medicine, and was held in high repute both as physician and citizen.

SHIPP.—Mr. G. V. Shipp, one of the oldest and most honored citizens of Washington, Ga., died in that city in October, 1909, in his ninetieth year. He was in the military service of the United States in his early manhood, and assisted in the removal of the Indians from Georgia. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served faithfully to the end.

WHITE.—Capt. St. Leger White, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Columbia, Tenn., died in that city December 28, 1909. He was born in Columbia in 1825, was married twice, and is survived by six children. Previous to the War between the States he was a commissioned officer in the State Militia, and volunteered at once in the Maury Rifles, 2d Tennessee Regiment, and served for the four years as a private in the ranks.

MILLER.—Rev. Pink Miller, an active divine of Christiana, Tenn., died there of pneumonia November 30, 1909, aged sixty-eight. He was a prominent minister of the Baptist Church and an old and devoted Confederate soldier. He leaves a widow, one daughter, and four grandchildren.

BOYD.—Col. James Boyd died in Swainsboro, Ga., in November, 1909, aged ninety-one. He was a native of Ireland, a Catholic, and bravely served four years as a Confederate soldier. He leaves one son, Edmund Boyd, who lives at Middle Falls, N. Y.

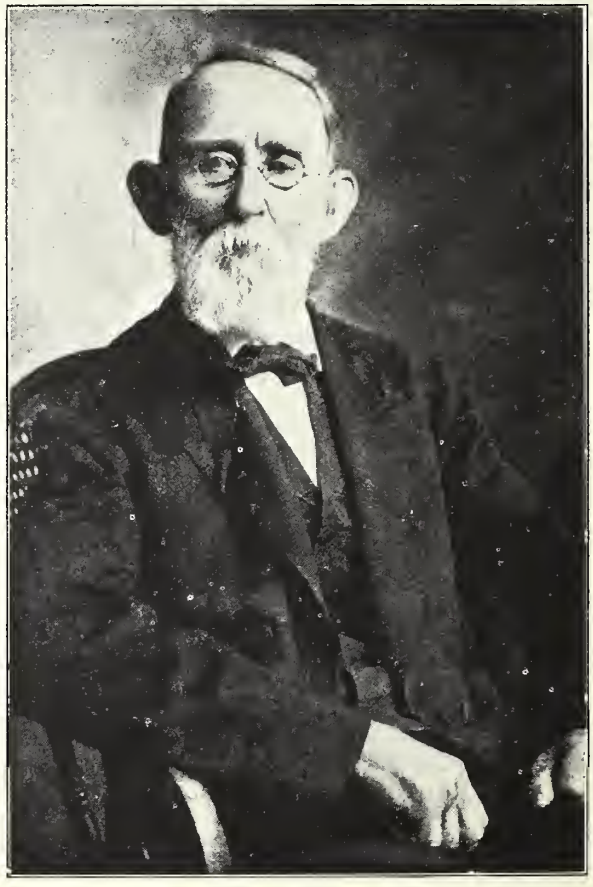
BROOKS.—Dr. Almon Brooks was originally from Tennessee, later living in Arkansas; and he moved to Chicago, where he lived for thirty-five years and in which place he died in December, 1909. He was a surgeon in the Confederate army for the four years of the war.

YOUNG.—J. P. Young, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Humphreys County, Tenn., died in December, 1909, at his home, in McEwen. He served throughout the war in the 11th Tennessee Regiment, and was wounded in the battle of Franklin.

COL. ASA S. MORGAN.

Col. Asa Morgan was born in Georgia; and died in February, 1909, in his eighty-sixth year, at Camden, Ark.

He moved while a young man from Georgia to Arkansas, and practically grew up in that State, receiving the liberal education that large means made possible. His strong and vigorous intellect made learning an easy thing to him, and his wide book knowledge gave him many advantages in the community in which he lived. Colonel Morgan raised and



COL. ASA S. MORGAN.

equipped in the town of Eldora from his own purse Company A of the 1st Arkansas, which served with distinction on the line of the Potomac, participating in the battle of First Manassas. Upon reorganization his company was transferred to the Western Army, where he served as staff officer under General Johnston, and was with him in the battle of Shiloh.

His war record, grand as it was, is equaled by his character as a Christian gentleman, which, added to his executive ability, sent him on several important missions to Washington for the benefit of his State. Colonel Morgan possessed in a high degree the loving trust and confidence of his many friends, and he was ever a credit to the State of Arkansas. Col. Morgan was the chosen orator for the Confederate Monument dedication at Little Rock.

REED.—John C. Reed, a native of Oglethorpe County, Ga., but for years a well-known practicing attorney in Atlanta, died in Montgomery, Ala., in January, 1910. He was a Confederate soldier during the entire war, and was very active as a kuklux, doing much good work for "reconstruction."

Sam Gentry.

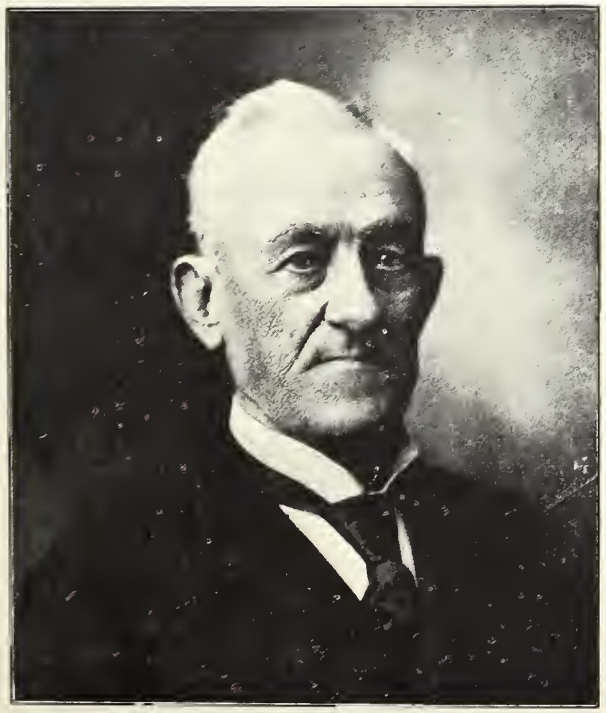
Sam Gentry was born in Alabama December 15, 1843; and died in Wise County, Tex., May 27, 1908. When quite young, his father moved to Tishomingo County, Miss., where the boy grew to manhood. In the winter of 1861-62 he enlisted in a company of volunteers from the vicinity of Booneville, Miss., where it was organized. This company became a part of the 32d Mississippi Infantry, which served in Lowery's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. He was of robust health, and was never absent from the command on account of sickness, responding cheerfully to every call to duty. He was in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, and many smaller engagements.

When the war ended, Sam Gentry returned to his home, and during reconstruction days he joined the Kuklux Klan. He was glad he lived in Dixie.

[Sketch by his comrade, W. L. Thomas, of Decatur, Ala.]

Judge John E. Garner.

John E. Garner was born in Nashville May 4, 1821; and died at his home, in Springfield, Tenn., November 30, 1909. Between these two dates is crowded a remarkable career as citizen, lawyer, and jurist. He received a rudimentary education in Nashville, which was only a foundation for the daily study and self-culture that made him one of the best-informed men of his time. He began his career as a printer, and even in his old age loved to go to a case and show his skill in handling type. While very young, hardly out of his boyhood days, he went to Springfield, then a village, and was made its first Mayor, again being honored by reëlection. He held many positions of public trust, being a member of the Constitutional Convention, a member of the Confederate Legislature of 1861-62, and was several times commissioned to the Supreme Bench. He was chosen to a court of arbitration, and later Judge of the Referee Court. He became one of the foremost legal lights in the State. He was painstaking and energetic, which, with a brilliant mind and remarkable memory, eminently fitted him for his chosen profession. "His quick perception cut like a sword the Gordian knot of legal entanglement," and his influence with a jury won him a wide reputation.



JUDGE JOHN E. GARNER.

As a private citizen he was public-spirited and a leader. He aided in every effort for advancement. He was a type of the Old South and graciously polite. By his integrity of character he won the confidence and loyalty of all who came in contact with him. He joined the Masons in early life, and held many positions of honor in the gift of that body, and was laid to rest with the Masonic service. He is survived by four children—Hon. A. E. Garner and Mrs. Lottie G. Hart, of Springfield; Mrs. A. J. Warren, of Nashville; and Mrs. V. R. Harris, of Erin, Tenn.

Mrs. P. G. Robert

Mrs. P. G. Robert, one of the most prominent members of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Missouri, died at her home, Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, in December, 1909. She founded the Margaret McClure Chapter, and was its President for thirteen years. She was born in Alabama, where in 1854 she married the Rev. P. G. Robert, who was the first rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in St. Louis, from which church the funeral services were conducted. She is survived by her five sons, who are a credit to honored parentage. The Veteran editor will ever remember this noble woman in gratitude for her zeal in its behalf during its sore trials of litigation. More of her may be expected.

Edward C. Mosby.

On the morning of November 28, 1909, Edward Chamberlayne Mosby quietly passed away at his home, in Kemper Springs, Miss., in his seventy-second year. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1837, the family removing to Alabama the same year, and thence to Mississippi in 1841, settling at Kemper Springs. Here he attained young manhood, and when the war came on he enlisted in Company K, Mobile Rifles, where his gallantry was conspicuously displayed. He was severely wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill, being permanently disabled, which ended his military career. He was carefully nursed back to life, but throughout his remaining years he was in constant pain from these old wounds.

Comrade Mosby was a man of kind and considerate spirit, tolerant of the opinions of others, yet firm in his convictions of right.

Smith.—Williamson Smith died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., November 13, 1909, at the age of sixty-seven years. Comrade Smith entered the service at Suffolk, Va., in April, 1861, as a private in Company A, 16th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the great battles of Northern Virginia. For many years he was the city sergeant of this city, discharging the duties of that office, as he had done those of a soldier, with credit to himself and the community. He was a splendid type of the Christian gentleman, beloved by all who knew him.

Rawlings.—William T. Rawlings died at his home, in Port Norfolk, Va., November 23, 1909, at the age of seventy years. Comrade Rawlings was a private in Company C, 18th Virginia Battalion of Infantry, and served to the end of the war. He was a true, faithful soldier and friend.

[Reported by Thomas Shannon, Adjutant of the Camp.]

DR. WATSON MEREDITH GENTRY.

THE VENERABLE VETERAN NOW LIVING IN RETIREMENT.

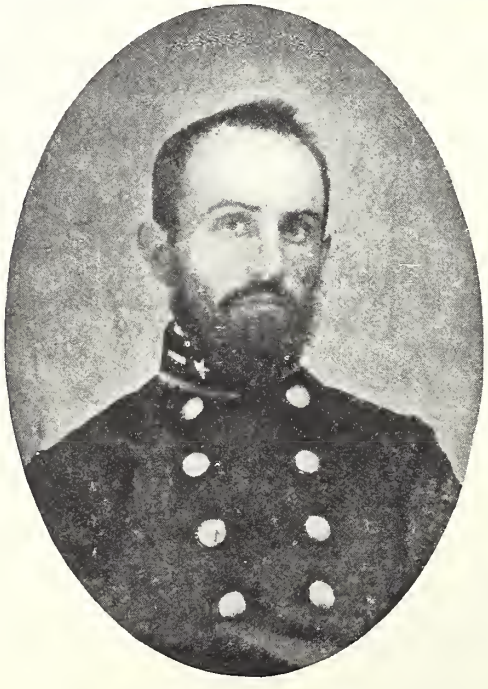
The fondly remembered face of Dr. W. M. Gentry, who was surgeon of the 17th Tennessee Regiment, appears herewith. The regiment was organized at Camp Trousdale, Tenn., near the Kentucky line, in May, 1861. Taze W. Newman was elected Colonel; Thomas Miller, Lieutenant Colonel; A. L. Landis, Major; Dr. Gentry, Surgeon.

Albert S. Marks, afterwards Governor of Tennessee, was the second commander at the reorganization of the regiment.

This regiment saw and did much hard service, and was in as many hard-fought battles perhaps as any regiment in the Confederate army. Dr. Gentry was active in his duties with this regiment for the first year of the war. He then served on the staffs of Gens. George B. Crittenden, Alexander P. Stewart, and Bushrod R. Johnson. He was in the battles at Wild Cat, or Rock Castle, Ky., Mill Spring, Ky., Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, and Chickamauga.

On account of impaired health, he was retired from field service and sent to Montgomery, Ala., to take charge of the hospitals there, in which duties he remained until the close of the war, April, 1865, when he was paroled. Dr. Gentry's health since the war has not permitted him to take an active part in our Confederate Reunions; but he has ever felt a lively interest in everything that is being done to perpetuate recollections of the times and circumstances of the sixties.

Dr. Gentry has an only child, Miss Susie Gentry, who is a veteran in patriotism. She is ardent in her love of country, national and State, and she is indefatigable in the cause of historic work, straightening out many controverted points in the early history of Tennessee, as to the parts acted by our forefathers and pioneers. She has carried on a voluminous correspondence respecting the ancestors of the Daughters of



DR. W. M. GENTRY.

the American Revolution and the registration of applications of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She has placed fourteen bound volumes of U. D. C. ancestral records in the State Archives. As the State's first U. D. C. Registrar, she conceived the idea of binding these records for the Archives.

Miss Gentry has also put in the Archives two volumes of



MISS SUSIE GENTRY.

D. A. R. ancestral records, and is now working on the third. She was the State's first D. A. R. Historian. During the last seven years through her efforts and suggestions Miss Gentry has located the graves of three hundred and sixty-six Revolutionary soldiers, buried in fifty-two counties of Tennessee, and is now compiling a book on "A List of the Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Tennessee and Data Relating to Them." During the past year (1909) she has located the graves of thirty-seven soldiers of the War of 1812 in seventeen counties of the State. Miss Gentry is a member of all the patriotic societies as well as historical and civic clubs.

A recent enterprise of Miss Gentry is the erection of a tablet to Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer which will be placed upon the remodeled courthouse of Davidson County. Small contributions may be sent to the Nashville Banner or the VETERAN.

CONFEDERATE INQUIRES ABOUT LADY OF SEQUATCHIE VALLEY.—Judge T. L. Kendall, of Paul's Valley, Okla., who was a member of Company G, 1st Confederate Cavalry, is still hale, robust, and youthful in appearance. He is anxious to hear from some of those who shared the fortunes of war with him. He was in Joe Wheeler's raid in the rear of Rosecrans's army after the battle of Chickamauga, across the Tennessee River, and through the Sequatchie Valley, the object of the raid being the destruction of Rosecrans's supply train, which was accomplished. He makes inquiry especially for a beautiful young lady or some of her family whom he met at this time carrying water from a spring at the foot of a hill, on which was a large house where our wounded soldiers were being cared for. He gave her a silk sash which had been given him by a Federal officer when captured.

"DIXIE," THE GREATEST SONG OF ALL.

After close and laborious investigation, Mr. O. G. Senneck, Chief of the Division of Music in the Library of Congress, has announced that "Dixie" is first in "patriotic popularity." The Baltimore Sun says this discovery was made long ago by all who have heard its ringing strains; that from Tierra del Fuego to the North Pole its music has caused the blood to leap and the lips to cheer.

To the people of the South "Dixie" is what the "Marseillaise" is to France or the "Watch on the Rhine" is to Germany. It is consecrated by the memory of Lee and Jackson, of the camp fires brightened by its martial strains, and the fierce charges made to its inspiring notes. To an exiled Southerner it is the song of "home," and every note paints pictures of the well-loved "land of cotton," and involuntarily they echo: "I wish I was in Dixie."

The song lives on when others come and go; it is the living spirit of the South, and as long as the tinkle of banjos, the strains of fiddles, the strum of pianos, the beat of drums, the whistle of the fife, and the swing and splendor of the full brass band continue "Dixie" will never lose its popularity.

A NOBLE FOEMAN, A NAVAL SURGEON.

A very pleasant letter received from Boston, Mass., shows the true spirit of a worthy foeman. Writing to renew his subscription to the VETERAN, Dr. Hugh Shaw, U. S. N., says he may not live long enough to enjoy two years in advance, but that his son enjoys the magazine as well, and adds:

"Of course there are many things in it that I do not agree to; but the fact of reading the other side of events that I had some personal connection with gives an advantage that more than makes up for what sticks in the throat a little. My business here brings me in daily contact with the veterans on my side of the question, and I hear quite as many stories of events that have become strangely exaggerated by the mists of advancing years as any that sometimes make me smile as I read them in the VETERAN, and I say to both: 'You show that you are worthy fellow-countrymen in your capacity to draw the long bow when occasion calls.'

"I hope the VETERAN may live long to carry the spirit of comradeship to the old soldiers who receive it and to revive the sentiments of courage and self-sacrifice that animated the hearts of all forty years ago. In a trip into Virginia ten years ago it was my privilege to talk with many who had stood opposed to me, and I found that with them, as with me, there was no personal bitterness.

"In the last days of the Battery Wayne business, in the fall of 1863, when Gilmore's direct fire with the cross fire of the new Ironsides, which had then warped in within a few hundred yards, made it simply impossible to man the defending guns inside while daylight lasted, it happened that I, one of the medical officers of the ship, climbed into the gangway opposite the fort for an evening smoke. It did not occur to me that I was within easy rifle range and sight of the parapet, as the men on deck were not. Sitting there and chatting with another officer who stood down on the desk at my feet, I heard the sharp 'zit' of more than one missile over my head, and, looking out on the bay, saw them still ricochetting along the water.

"Now if the marksman who had the honor of aiming the only shot personally intended for me is still alive and reads this, I will ride to South Carolina or Tennessee to thank him even at this late day for not bringing his muzzle half an inch lower that night. And I will shake hands with him with as little spite in my heart as he had against me personally forty-six years ago. I would like the privilege of asking my new-found friend if he remarked how quickly there was a vacancy in that gangway."

LOUISIANA MARKERS FOR VICKSBURG PARK.

Louisiana soldiers held the fort near the Jackson road during the siege of Vicksburg. This was undermined and blown up by the Federals. The survivors returned at once to the remains of the dismantled fort and successfully repelled an attack of the enemy. On account of their exposed position and because there was more fighting on their front than elsewhere, there were more of the Louisiana soldiers killed than from any other State. There were, in fact, more Louisianians in Pemberton's army than from any other State. These things combine to make the necessity the greater for these "markers" at Vicksburg National Park. The Legislature is expected to appropriate a large sum for a central monument, and the Camps, companies, and individuals of the State are making earnest endeavor to purchase markers. Judge A. L. Slack is making noble efforts to accomplish this work, and should have the assistance of every patriot in the State.

ALL GRAND ARMY MEN NOT AGAINST GEN. R. E. LEE.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican states: "Commander James Anderson, of E. K. Wilcox Grand Army Post, has accepted the invitation of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans at Petersburg, Va., to be their guest and one of their speakers in connection with the annual celebration of Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday on Wednesday. It will be remembered that about eleven years ago six of the prominent members of A. P. Hill Camp visited this city and were entertained for a week. Commander Anderson will spend to-night with his sister in Brooklyn, N. Y., and will sail to-morrow on an Old Dominion line boat for Norfolk, Va."

SURVIVORS OF 24TH GEORGIA REGIMENT.—Capt. J. A. Jarrard, of Morrison Bluff, Ark., requests the addresses of all surviving members of the 24th Georgia Regiment. He hopes to arrange for a reunion of the regiment in the near future, the place to be agreed upon later. As senior captain commanding he surrendered and signed the paroles of the remnant of the regiment at Appomattox C. H. April 9, 1865.

THREE YEARS FOR THE VETERAN.

A note from Horace Edwin Hayden, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., states: "I thank you for the offer of three years for $2.50; but since 1861 I have never had the heart nor the conscience to cut my Confederate dues."

In reply to all who feel this way the statement is made that it is desirable to collect three years at a time, as it saves the expense of resetting the names and other incidental expenses. Regret is felt every day that patrons who are in arrears will send $2 for two years when the fifty cents would add another year. It seems more liberal to remit for three years. The price, however, of $1 a year is very low indeed.

LEGAL AND HISTORICAL STATUS OF THE DRED SCOTT DECISION. A late book by E. W. R. Ewing, a prominent young attorney of Washington, D. C., and well known as the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." This work is valuable in giving a full history of this noted case, with a thorough examination of the opinion delivered by the Supreme Court in March, 1857. Cloth-bound, $1.12, postpaid. Price reduced from $3.

VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, by President Davis, giving in condensed form the most important facts relating to the secession of the Southern States and the organization of the Southern Confederacy, with descriptions of the leading engagements on the field, making a record of accurate historical data. It should be used in schools as well as have a place in every Southern library. Only a few copies left. Bound in cloth. Price, $4, postpaid.

MESSAGES AND PAPERS OF THE CONFEDERACY. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. In two volumes. Per set, half morocco, $10; cloth, $7.

R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By Henry A. White. The author has gathered his data for this volume from the widest and most authentic sources, and accepted facts only after careful research, and he gives an account of our General that is vivid, personal, and new in form. Neatly bound in cloth, $3. See advertisement in this number.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which bring out most interestingly the domestic side of General Lee's character, while the connectional comments by Captain Lee add much to the entertaining qualities of the book. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. The best biography of the great general ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Published in two volumes. Six hundred pages, cloth. Price, $4.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A history of the operations of his command and a masterly vindication of his plan of operations. In half morocco, $3.25; sheep, $2.75, postpaid.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. Doubtless the most interesting personal narrative on the War between the States, presenting the part taken by this matchless soldier. In cloth, $1.50; the first edition, cloth, $3; memorial edition in half morocco, $4.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. This book has become well known as standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle," therefore needs no further commendation. It was written with great care, every important statement being verified by unquestioned testimony. Illustrated. Cloth-bound. Price, $4.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French, of Florida. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, illustrated, giving an interesting account of his service in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment, and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, $1.50.

SERVICE AFLOAT. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy and giving the history of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Cloth, $4, postpaid.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. A companion book to that by Admiral Semmes by one who served under him during the wonderful career of the Alabama. Only a few copies of this volume on hand. Price, $3.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke. The history of this most remarkable command by one who participated in its many adventures under dashing John Morgan and succeeded him. Cloth. Price, $2.

MEMOIRS OF HON. JOHN H. REAGAN, Postmaster General of the Confederate government. Occupying this position in President Davis's Cabinet throughout the war, Mr. Reagan was regarded as one of the masters who shaped the fortunes of the Confederacy. A notable volume. Price, $3.24, postpaid.

PICKETT AND HIS MEN. My Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett. An entertaining and charmingly written history of the gallant commander and the men he led up the heights of Gettysburg to fame. Cloth. Price, $2.50.

A CANNONEER UNDER STONEWALL JACKSON. By E. A. Moore, with introduction by Capt. R. E. Lee. A most interesting story of the experiences of an artilleryman. Highly indorsed by the press of this country and Europe. Cloth-bound, $2, postpaid.

CAMP CHASE. By Col. W. H. Knauss, a veteran of the Federal army, who gave his services freely toward the preservation of the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, and in this book gives its history during and since the war, with a list of those there buried. Cloth. Price, $2.20, postpaid.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. "A worthy and true account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is of heroic suffering and strength of character." Price, $1.50.

FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX. By Luther W. Hopkins. An account of the four years' service of a boy in Stuart's Cavalry—a book interesting alike to the young and old, containing descriptions of events never before recorded. It should be in every library. Cloth, $1.19, postpaid.

HANCOCK'S DIARY. By R. R. Hancock, a member of Forrest's command, whose record includes a history of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest. Reduced to $1.25.



"IN MEMORIAM"

Confederate Statues in Bronze

We furnish Statues for ALL KINDS of Monuments

Write Us For

Prices, Designs, Etc.

American Bronze Foundry Co.,

73d and Woodlawn Ave. • • Chicago, Ill.

J. M. Mays, of Henderson, Tex., wishes the address of Colonel Withers, who was adjutant general under Gen. John H. Morgan.

T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, would like to secure a Confederate wooden canteen. Those able to supply can write him.

Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex., needs the volume for 1893 to complete his file of the VETERAN, and will pay a good price for it. Write to him.

Will A. Berry, of Springfield, Ark., has complete volumes of the VETERAN from 1903 to 1909 which he wishes to exchange for books by Southern authors.

J. Siler, 1006 S. Seventh Street, St. Louis, Mo., wishes to procure volumes of the VETERAN for 1893 to 1895. Those who can supply them will please write to him direct.

Mr. John Dupee, of Oconomowoc, Wis., wishes to procure some numbers of "The Southern Bivouac," and asks that those who can furnish them will kindly write him, stating price.

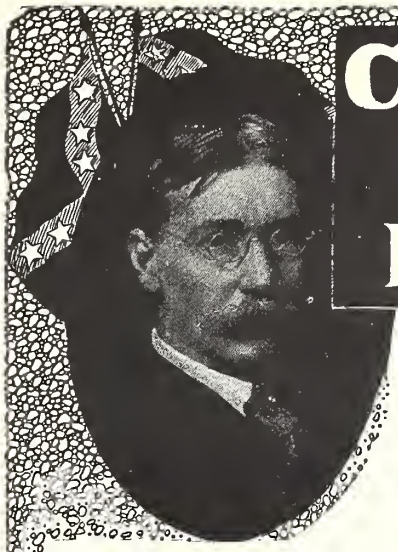
Miss Nannie Laura Greer, Route 4, Box 38, Anna, Tex., wishes a copy of George D. Prentice's poems. Any one having this book and will dispose of it will confer a favor by writing to her at once.

D. E. Hopkins, of Goldthwaite, Tex., wishes to procure copies of the VETERAN for January and May, 1893, and March, 1895. Those who can supply should write him in advance of sending.

A copy of the "Life of Charles William Quantrell," the noted guerrilla chief, by J. N. Edwards, is desired, and any one having a copy will confer a favor by writing to the VETERAN, giving price asked.

Information is wanted of John Henry Watts, of Sumter County, Ala. He joined the 56th Alabama Cavalry in 1863. Any one who knew him or can tell of the company to which he belonged will kindly communicate with J. H. Watts, Box 521, New Orleans, La.

If afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



Confederate War Pictures

By GILBERT GAUL,

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

Exquisitely reproduced in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper.

Those who love the South and her brave old veterans have desired for many years to have their courage, their devotion, their unmatched heroism, and the home life of their families crystallized on canvas. After nearly a half century this has just been done. Gilbert Gaul, of New York, was employed several years ago, and has now finished the series. It is called **With the Confederate Colors, 1861-5,** and consists of six paintings, as follows:

No. 1. Leaving Home.—Shows a typical Southern interior of the period. A lad is telling his home folks good-by. One sees the newspaper fallen to the floor, the favorite bird dog pleading infinitely with his eye, the father, mother, sister, slaves—all done as if a photograph had been magically turned into colors.

No. 2. Tidings.—A pretty Southern girl is reading a letter from the front to the groups of women and slaves. A grandfather bends forward eagerly to listen, and a wounded soldier on furlough forgets his bandaged arm as he hears tidings from the firing line. A beautiful and touching picture.

No. 3. Waiting for Dawn.—A camp fire scene. The snow covers the ground. A farmhouse burns in the distance. The "enemy's" battle line glows on the horizon. A masterpiece.

No. 4. The Picket and the Forager.—Companion pieces sold as one picture. The first shows a lonely picket on duty. The second presents a bread- and chicken-laden forager returning to camp after a day's excursion.

No. 5. Betting on the Flag.—The boys in blue are backing their cause with a pile of coffee in a social game of cards between the lines. Southern tobacco is the bet of the "Johnny Rebs" that the bars will be victorious. One of the most popular of the series.

Mr. Gaul's strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Those who love the real values of the Old South will prize these pictures beyond price, and indeed they should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman.

Pictures, 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motive, and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings, and home life of the Southern soldier.

Realizing how essential to the success of our magazine its circulation is, we have just made a deal with the publishers of the above series of paintings, and are now offering to every loyal Southerner a proposition that, for real value and merit, has never been equaled by any other magazine. These paintings have been selling for **$3.50** each or **$17.50** per set. Here is our splendid offer: we will send your choice of any four of the series, and two years' subscription, one each, to the **CONFEDERATE VETERAN** and **TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE,** all for the sum of **$7.80,** payable **$1** with your order and **$1** per month until paid. If full amount, **$7.80,** is remitted with the order, we will send the whole series, making six paintings in all. Order to-day, as this order may be withdrawn at any time.

United Confederate Veterans,
Office of Commander in Chief.
Columbus, Miss., April 1, 1908.
Southern Art Publishing Co., Publishers of Gilbert Gaul's Famous War Paintings.

Gentlemen: I congratulate you on publishing the portfolio of pictures, "With Confederate Colors," by the most distinguished painter of military subjects in this country. As an artist he is indorsed by the National Academy of Design and others of highest repute. It seems most timely that the South is at last to have pictures which are really historic documents, and which must appeal to her people, because Mr. Gaul's pictures are really a sympathetic translation of the war period. The portfolio should be not only in every Southern but in every American family. These paintings, with their pathos, their tragedy, and the great sorrow of the great war period, will perform a great duty in pointing the younger generation to avoid drifting into channels which might provoke a like repetition of our great Civil War.

With kindest wishes for the success of your praiseworthy undertaking, I am,

Yours truly,
STEPHEN D. LEE.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Please send me your magazine and the paintings designated, as per your offer above. Inclosed is $.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Check numbers desired.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

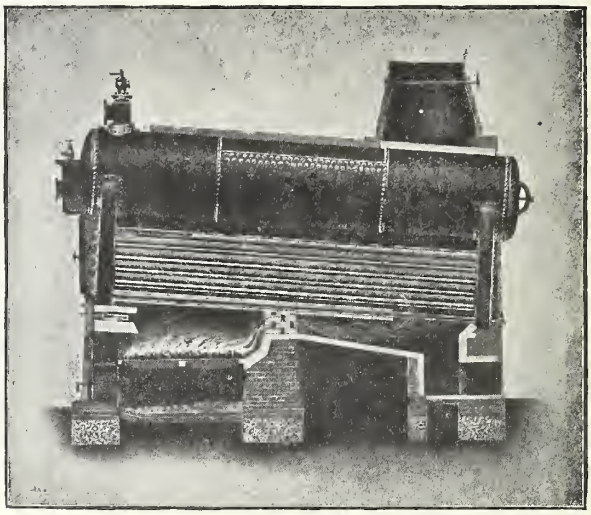


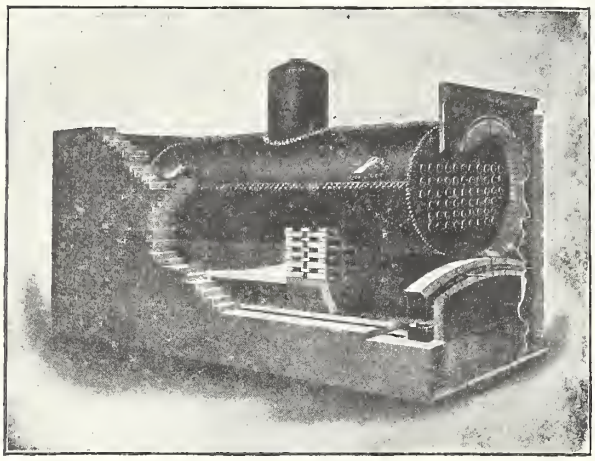
For Shetland Ponies of High Class
PONY VEHICLES AND HARNESS
Visit or write
L. C. PRICE
Penmoken Farm
Lexington, Ky.

Harris Smokeless Furnaces FOR STEAM BOILERS

In Manufacturing Plants, Municipal Public Buildings, School Buildings, etc., are rapidly being recognized as the best furnaces in low initial cost, durability, small cost of maintenance, and economy of fuel. They burn slack soft coal, and lignite of such low grades that other furnaces cannot burn at all, while the **Harris** makes **ABSOLUTELY PERFECT COMBUSTION** of **ALL** the fuel, both fixed and hydrocarbons, without smoke.

Do not install costly stokers to plants of one to five ordinary-sized boilers, when the **Harris Furnace** at half the cost proves just as economical in fuel; and as for smoke, the **Harris** has them all "skinned," not a block, but block after block, and the **Harris Furnaces** produce such perfect combustion as to show a clear stack of 100 per cent 98 per cent of the time.





If interested in the more perfect combustion of fuel, and the conservation of fuel, call and investigate the **Harris**, see the furnaces in operation. If at a distance, ask for information. All kinds, sizes, and makes of boilers are set in the **Harris Furnaces.**

Blue prints of setting plans of the **Harris Furnaces** to all the various makes and sizes of boilers. In writing state kind and size of your boilers.

Address

HARRIS SMOKELESS FURNACE CO.

Phone Main 1938
Room 210 Stahlman Building

J. B. HARRIS, General Manager
Nashville, Tenn.

AGENCIES

BOSTON, MASS.
Robertson & Co., 30 State St. E. Milton

DETROIT, MICH.
J. M. DeFord, 823 Penobscot Bldg.

TORONTO, CANADA
Ideal Steam Separator & Supply Co., 73 Adelaide St. East

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Wm. Belk, 614 Broadway

ST. LOUIS, MO.
Chas. R. Ragsdale, 6144 McPherson Ave.

EL PASO, TEXAS
The Wm. Jennings Co. (Inc.), Engineers, Herald Bldg.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Wm. M. McKenna, 1604 N. 7th Ave.

CINCINNATI, O.
Hawkins & Ferguson, 458 E. 5th St.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
H. Dudley Coleman, 853 Carondelet St.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.
W. J. Mathew, 215 E. Pine St.

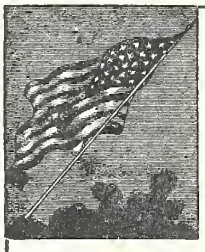
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
J. P. McMullen



Engage Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

so I can have them ready for you by next May. 25 cents each.

William H. Birge
Franklin, Pa.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

Meyer's Military Shop

1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Confederate Goods

Gold button or pin	.90
Rolled plate button or pin	.45
Gold-plated button or pin	.25
Hat pins	.25
Silk flags	5c to $1.50
Belt plates for ladies	.75
Watch charms	$1 to $15.00

Write for illustrated price lists

Rev. E. A. Wright, of Birmingham, Ala., has issued a booklet entitled "Pearl of Psalms"—the Twenty-Third Psalm. He has caught the spirit of the Psalmist, and has given poetic elaboration in the thought. His booklet deserves a large circulation. It is sold at 12 cents, prepaid, or $8.50 per hundred. Address Rev. E. A. Wright, 1218 Thirty-Second Street North, Birmingham, Ala.

Treated with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Mrs. C. W. Cochran, of Meridian, Miss., is anxious to secure the war records of her brothers, J. L. and B. A. Sanford, who enlisted when very young, and served with the Phillip Rangers, from North Louisiana, she has been told; also was informed that B. A. Sanford died while in camp and was buried at Lake Providence, La., but was afterwards removed to his father's home by command of Captain Corben. Any comrades who remember her brothers will confer a favor by writing to her of them.

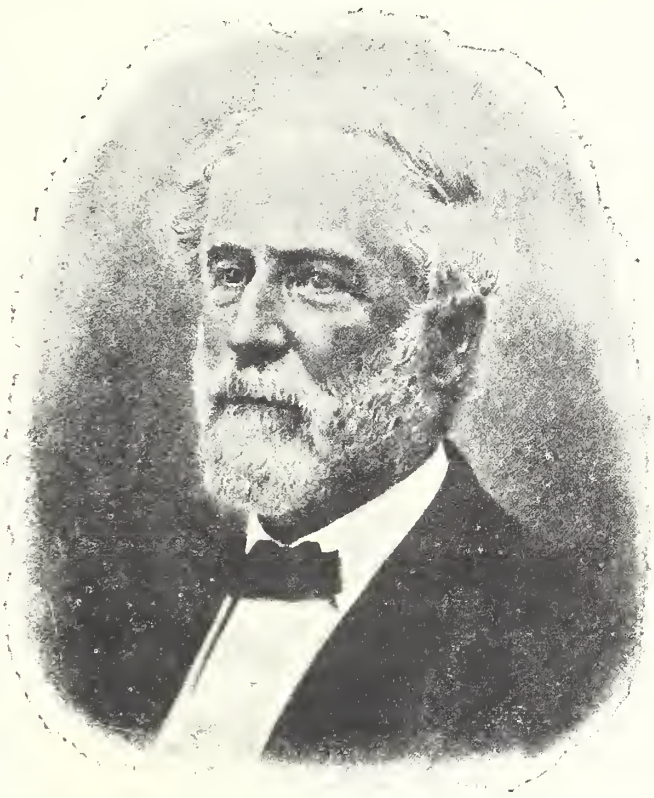
W. L. Hunley, of Lancaster, Tex., who was a member of Company C, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, would like to hear from some members of the company who can testify as to his service, as he wishes to secure a pension.

Any Confederate veterans who took part in the battle of Reams Station and who know about the capture of the 12th New York Battery will kindly communicate with Col. James E. Larkin, 164 Linden Street, Everett, Mass.

R. E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy

By Henry Alexander White, A.M., Ph.D., D.D., Professor of History in Washington and Lee University

Verily a fine combination of biography and history is this late work by Professor White, while the treatment of Secession and Slavery and the Crisis of 1861 vindicates the Southern Cause.



"More than all else," says a most competent critic, "the book is to be commended for the clear portraiture of a character which was the consummate flower — the glorious crown—of our old Southern civilization. It should be read with pride by every American as an inspiration to high endeavor and noble deeds."

To give this book the largest circulation possible, the VETERAN has secured special arrangements with Putnams, the publishers, whereby it is offered free as a premium for six new subscriptions, or in combination with two new subscriptions to the VETERAN for $3. The publisher's price of the book is $3.

Write for sample copies of the VETERAN, and begin at once to make up a club of subscribers for this book. It should be in the library of every Camp and Chapter. The study of the character of Lee is an inspiration regardless of age or sect, and the book embodies in succinct form a vivid history of the Confederacy. Supplied by

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, - - - Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Albert A. Gouce, 711 Bailey Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn., wishes information of the service of her grandfather, Capt. W. A. Lovell, of Gallatin, Tenn., who was under Morgan and with him on his raid through Indiana and Ohio. His company and regiment are not known.

J. W. Watson, of Roxton, Tex., needs the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file, and will appreciate hearing from those who can furnish them, with price given: 1900, January, February, March, June, September, October, November; 1899, January and February; 1893, all the numbers.

Capt. Thomas B. Smith, of Hillsboro, Tex., who was with Company K, 27th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, would like to hear from some of his old comrades. H. M. Lary, of the same place, would like to hear from an old friend in Georgia, W. T. Roberts, whom he has not seen for thirty years.

Phenomenal Record OF THE McNeel Marble Company

LARGEST MONUMENTAL DEALERS IN THE SOUTH

NOTABLE among the achievements of the year that has just closed, and a matter that will no doubt be of interest to the readers of the VETERAN, is the fact that more Confederate Monuments have been erected throughout the South by the United Daughters of the Confederacy during the past year than during any previous *ten* years since the war, and the indications are that the new year will see still greater work accomplished along this line.

We have received orders from Chapters in practically every State south of the Mason and Dixon line, a great many of which we have already erected.

We have on file orders for twenty-four Confederate Monuments and Memorial Fountains that are to be delivered in the spring in time to be unveiled on April the 26th, next.

An investigation of the records will show that **THE McNEEL MARBLE CO.** has been entrusted with the execution of more than 95% of all orders for Confederate Monuments that have been given in the South during the year 1909. This is a record which we have made upon merit alone, and one of which we are justly proud.

The phenomenal increase in this line of work is easily understood by Chapters who have used our plans for raising funds and acquainted themselves with our liberal terms. The uncertainty of being able to raise sufficient funds to pay for a monument has heretofore prevented many Chapters from undertaking the work. The use of our plans removes this obstacle and puts a Confederate monument within the reach of every Chapter. It's no trouble to raise funds if you know how. We have solved this problem, and the solution is yours for the asking.

We furnish our plans for raising funds, also designs, prices, terms, and full information, to any Chapter upon application. Your acceptance will place your Chapter under no obligation whatever to our Company.

Why not begin the new year with a letter to

T[illegible] Marble Company?

Marietta, Ga. **Columbia, Tenn.**

Confederate Veteran

Vol. XVIII. MARCH, 1910. No. 3.



MISS BELLE KINNEY'S DESIGN FOR SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

STRONG AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

"ONLY MILLION-DOLLAR NATIONAL BANK IN TENNESSEE"

This Bank Furnishes the Greatest Security to Depositors of any National Bank In Tennessee

CAPITAL	$1,000,000.00
SHAREHOLDERS' LIABILITY	1,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS (EARNED)	750,000.00
SECURITY TO DEPOSITORS	$2,750,000.00

TOTAL RESOURCES OVER $7,000,000.00

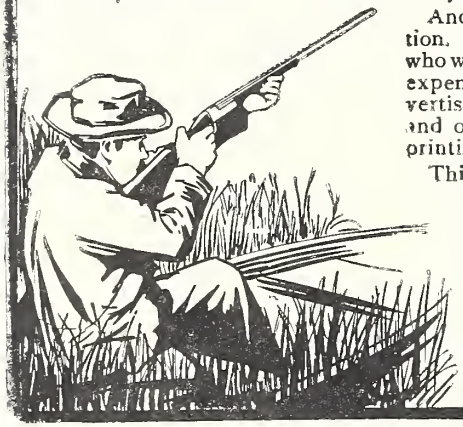
MANY SMALL ACCOUNTS Are Being Opened with Us Daily. We Appreciate your account, whether large or small. The small account of to-day is the large one of to-morrow. LET'S GROW TOGETHER.

OFFICERS

W. W. BERRY, President A. H. ROBINSON, Vice President N. P. LeSUEUR, Cashier

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value

Anyway, let's talk it over

BRANDON PRINTING CO

NASHVILLE, TENN



ORDER Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

so you will have them on Decoration Day. Price, 25 cents each, f. o. b. Franklin, Pa.

William H. Birge

Franklin, Pa.

The Veterans' Corner

Is the name of a department in The Jeffersonian, a weekly magazine edited by Tom Watson, the eminent Southern historian. It contains stories, reminiscences and letters from the old soldiers of the Confederate Cause, their sons and daughters.

Mr. Watson writes from 12 to 20 columns of editorials each week, and there are also Home and Farm Departments, a Children's Page, Letters from the People, and "Summary of Events as They Happen," besides poetry, fiction, jokes, and prize contests.

In order to introduce you to THE VETERANS' CORNER we will send you the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and THE JEFFERSONIAN both one year for $1.25.

THE JEFFERSONIAN, THOMSON, GA.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Don't break your Back

in sweeping up the dust. This **dust pan** has a long handle and its edges fit the floor tightly. No danger of spilling contents because it tilts back automatically when raised. Will outlast 10 ordinary dust pans. Sent postpaid on receipt of 88c. stamps.

FREE—A useful article will be given free to any housewife for 5 minutes of her time. Address for particulars.

CECIL M. GIDEON, 828 East Rockdale Ave., Cincinnati, O.



The Direct Route to

Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest

is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to

Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.

W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

"From Bull Run to Appomattox."

The author's four years' experience in J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry of Lee's Army. Send for a copy. If, after reading it, you do not care to pay $1.10 for it, stamps will be sent for its return. It is a book that should be in every library. L. W. Hopkins, Author and Publisher, 833 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principals
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE. $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1910. | No 3. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

WISE WORDS FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Gen. Clement A. Evans appeals to officials and members U. C. V. In a circular order General Evans states:

"The General commanding respectfully submits to Commanders of Departments, Divisions, and Brigades, and also to their staff officers a plan for yet more efficiently promoting the objects of our great federation of Confederate soldiers. The subject has been maturely considered, and the earnest coöperation of all officers and comrades is now urged while preparations are being made for the Reunion at Mobile.

"All staff officers may render valuable services through assignment by their immediate Commanders to certain important duties. There are more than a thousand good and true staff officers on duty in the Southern and Western States, all of whom are devoted to the great interests of our brotherhood. There are fifty-one Brigade Commanders who may be extremely effective in the operation of this proposed permanent plan. These officers all express the desire to be on active duty, which may continue into the 'last days of the confederation.'

"Among these specific duties the following are briefly mentioned—viz.: To visit organized Camps officially; to restore inactive Camps to enthusiastic activity; to have new Camps organized; to animate all Camps to meet and to hold many public celebrations; to urge Confederate monument building in every county and in all public parks; to inquire into the character of history used in public schools; to have our organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, placed in every family; to assist all Soldiers' Homes, pensioners, and all Confederate soldiers; to join cordially with the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Women's Memorial Associations, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans in their patriotic work; and, in general, to act under directions of Division and Brigade Commanders in all the above-stated duties.

"The General commanding knows that the directing of this movement must be committed to Division and to Brigade Commanders. They are, therefore, directed to act upon these suggestions in their respective commands without delay. The Texas Division has adopted the policy of placing an organizer in that great State, which is highly commended, and may be made an important part of the general plan.

"Realizing that our columns are lessening in numbers, let our enthusiasm increase, our brotherhood become more tender, and our gratitude to God grow greater."

In sending the foregoing General Evans writes: "I have been seriously and painfully sick three weeks with grippe, and am still confined; but the doctor permits me to write a few letters. I inclose 'Orders' which I regard as important, and hope they will receive attention. It is important to make good use of our large number of staff officers who cover the entire South. I am very sanguine about our Reunion in Mobile."

GREATEST CONFEDERATE COMMANDER.

Senator C. A. Culberson, of Texas, whose father, Col. David B. Culberson, of the 18th Texas Infantry, was a distinguished Confederate, takes much interest in Confederate matters. He addressed each surviving Confederate general except Maj. Gen. G. W. C. Lee, son of Gen. R. E. Lee.

"*Dear General:* I take great interest in the history of the Civil War. I will therefore thank you to give me the favor of your opinion as to who is entitled to rank as the greatest commander developed on the Southern side in that war."

It is understood that every one of them replied. The vote resulted as follows: Gen. Robert E. Lee, 35; Gen. Stonewall Jackson, 4; Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, 2; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, 1; Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard or Gen. Richard Taylor, 1; undecided, 1.

THE JOHN H. REAGAN MONUMENT.

The Monument Committee of the John H. Reagan Chapter, U. D. C., of Palestine, Tex., appeals to all Chapters U. D. C. and U. C. V. Camps of Texas for contributions of any amount toward the completion of the monument at that place. There is a deficit of $2,135, which it is hoped may be secured through this appeal. With small donations from all to whom this appeal is addressed this monument could soon be finished. The bronze is cast, and the promoters of the undertaking desire to unveil the monument as early as possible.

The name of John H. Reagan is dear not only to Texas, but to all the South as well. Mark how he stood alone for years, the last of the Confederate Cabinet, unswerving and undaunted, in defense of the cause he espoused.

Believing there are many all over the South who would be only too glad to contribute to this grand cause, the VETERAN appeals to all. Send all contributions to Mrs. W. J. Crawford, Chairman Monument Committee, Palestine, Tex. Every Southerner, no matter where he may reside, who can should respond to this appeal.

SPLENDID WORK OF TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Miss Kate Daffan, State President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., in her annual address pronounces affairs in the Division in a flourishing condition, and makes various reports and suggestions.

The fourteen years of the Division have been marked by conscientious effort, and the work shows in its advancement, which is a factor in the progress of Texas. The Confederate Woman's Home is one of the leading works in the Division, ranking with the Soldiers' Home in the care and attention bestowed upon it, for here the Confederate women receive shelter and all kindly care. The Division is trying to pass a bill in the Legislature making this Home a State care. The Division made willing reply to the appeal of Hood's Brigade for aid in the erection of a monument to those gallant men, Chapter and individual assistance being gladly given.

The U. D. C. scholarship in the University of Texas is held by Eugene Tanner, of Denton, who is doing excellent work. This scholarship was the gift of Maj. George W. Littlefield; while the scholarship given to the U. D. C. in Southwestern University at Georgetown is the generous gift of Dr. K. S. Hyer, president of that institute. The incumbent of this scholarship is doing very well. Pictures of Southern heroes have been placed on many school walls by the various Chapters, and a close attention has been given to the textbooks studied in all public and private schools. Especial attention has been given the establishment of Children's Auxiliaries throughout the State, and great interest is being manifested. The Division is trying to place proper histories, storybooks, papers, etc., in school and public libraries. A Chapter has been established in Baylor College, Belton, and the college girls are very enthusiastic workers.

The Historian, Mrs. M. L. Watson, sends to every Chapter and Auxiliary monthly programs for historical study, including the civil and military history of the South and much Southern literature. A flag captured by an Ohio regiment will be returned to Texas at an early date. An official program of Memorial Days has been furnished each Chapter, with the request for the observance in some way of each, Davis and Lee birthdays being State holidays. Close efforts to locate all graves of Confederate soldiers have been made and reported, and renewed work has enthusiastically been done on the Arlington and Shiloh monuments. A bronze tablet will be placed on the field of Gettysburg to Hood's Brigade, and legislative action is in progress to honor the dead at Chickamauga. Especial interest has been taken in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, the Texas Room being well cared for. Eight new Chapters have been added to the list: St. Augustine, San Angelo, Farmersville, Greenville, Breckinridge, Memphis, Henderson, and Arlington.

Miss Daffan recommends that the Division aid in securing legislative action in placing Confederate memorials at Vicksburg and at Sabine Pass to Dick Dowling and his forty-five heroes; that the location, date of unveiling, and all needed records of every monument in the State shall be listed and sent to the State Librarian, and that the Division shall center its energies on the establishment of a school for Confederate girls.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL FOR TEXAS.

The C. S. A. records, memorials, and valuable data of all kinds must now be moved from the Capitol building at Austin, Tex., as the custodian of these relics has been notified that all the rooms in the Capitol will be required for legislative purposes. The discussion as to the best disposition of these articles led to the suggestion, which was enthusiastically received, that a hall be built for these treasures of Texas history, and it is anticipated that later on all the reunions in the State will be held wherever that building is located as a Texas "Battle Abbey," and the building be used for the instruction of the children and children's children of those who died for the Confederate cause. It is proposed to have a three months' lecture or study course every year for the "Truths of History," given by the men who helped make that history. The proposed structure is to be imposing in its architecture, and is to be a work of concern to the entire South. The women of Texas hope to dedicate it on November 8, 1910.

Mrs. Moore Murdock, of Dallas, Tex., is the Chapter organizer, and in her address on the subject she says: "In our 'Hall of Memories' will be safely kept for all patriots and lovers of history copies of the minutes of each institute of history, all personal reminiscences, letters, books, and documents that may be donated or loaned to the C. S. A. Memorial Hall. In this 'Hall of Fame' will be written the name of every command in the Confederate States army, Texas first, then the entire South, officers and men—in fact, the full war records, true copies of rolls now in Washington, D. C. (removed from Richmond), and other department headquarters of the Confederacy. Portraits of heroes, uniforms, swords, arms of every description, camp equipage, and other data and relics are included in a collection of dignity and import. In the audience chamber is to be a history of the heroines of the South, and thus we will pay perpetual homage to the courage and strength of soul that endured war in all its horrors, and was the moving spirit of rehabilitation. In bound



MISS ELIZABETH CARROLL,

Sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry Corps, daughter of Hon. W. H. Carroll, of Memphis, and granddaughter of Governor Carroll, of Tennessee. Miss Carroll's marriage to Mr. Alexander Scott, son of Gen. Charles Scott, of Cleveland, Miss., was postponed until after the Reunion at Memphis.

registers will be engraved the name of every man, woman, and child who contributed to the building." * * *

Address Mrs. Moore Murdock, Station A, Dallas, Tex.

TEXARKANA PRESENTS PICTURES OF DAVIS AND LEE TO SCHOOL.—The Daughters of the Confederacy presented to the West Side Central School of Texarkana large pictures of President Davis and General Lee. Mr. P. G. Henry, County Attorney for Bowie, made a beautiful speech of presentation, in which he paid glowing tribute to the gallantry in action, wide thought in generalship, and purity of character of the two men the South delights most to honor.

CHARTER FOR SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

The title-page of this VETERAN represents the design by Miss Belle Kinney for the Southern woman's monument to be erected in various Southern States. Subsequent to the meeting in Atlanta, called by Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., and Chairman of the Monument Committee, a charter was procured at Nashville, various members of the committee becoming charter members. More detailed report is to appear hereafter. Neither of the two designs engraved for the VETERAN represents the subject fairly. That used last July is more satisfactory than the one on the title-page. Miss Kinney seems to have created in her design that which portrays the ideal of the veterans and the public generally most satisfactorily, and her finished work will evidently be a source of pride to future generations who study most carefully the heroism and unceasing patriotic zeal of the women of the South through ordeals of trial and sacrifice.

SELECTED DESIGN FOR LEE'S STATUE AT GETTYSBURG.—The Virginia Monument Commission has selected the design for the battlefield monument. It is an equestrian statue of General Lee on Traveler, and the base of the monument will have smaller figures representing the four arms of the service. It was submitted to the State Senate by Governor Swanson.

NORTHERN PRESS TO SENATOR HEYBURN.

The Boston Transcript comments as follows: "Senator Heyburn's protest against the loan to a Confederate veterans' encampment of War Department equipment found no second in the Upper House of Congress. It is the policy of the North in dealing with the so-called sectional issues to let the South alone. Congress took no action when one of its members shot a negro in a Washington street car. The Lee statue will be accepted, and it is quite probable that one of Jefferson Davis, should Mississippi see fit to send it, would 'get by.' The Norfolk custom house was recently closed on Lee's birthday. All interest in scaling down representation in accordance with the Constitution has died out. In fine, the Republican party's new and larger acceptability to the section which once held it in peculiar abhorrence has been accompanied by a substantial change in its attitude toward the passing issues."

The Associated Press report stated: "Democratic Senators moved uneasily about the floor conversing with each other or sat, frowning and angered, listening to the speech which continued for nearly an hour. Finally, when Senator Heyburn had concluded, Senator Bankhead said: 'I am sure the Senator from Idaho feels much better and I ask for a vote.' 'By roll call!' shouted a dozen or more Senators, and hands went up in second of that request from every part of the Senate chamber. When the vote was had on the tent-lending measure, all of the Democrats and all of the Republicans except Mr. Heyburn voted for it. His negative vote was uttered in a loud and defiant tone."

The New York Sun said of the occurrence: "The Hon. Weldon Brinton Heyburn, of Idaho, did the country a great service in the Senate on Monday when he opposed the joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to lend tents to Confederate veterans on the occasion of their annual Reunion at Mobile in April. It is true that Senator Heyburn waved the 'bloody shirt' and, affecting to deplore sectional strife, used language that brave men sat silent under only with the greatest self-restraint. 'I put it to the consciences of Senators on this side,' said Mr. Heyburn, 'whether by act of Congress the Rebel flag shall again wave over the property of the Union.' The Senators appealed to all voted for the resolution, Mr. Heyburn's vote being the only one cast against the resolution. He sat with his conscience apart. According to his lights, he no doubt meant well. It was simply a case of limited intelligence and arrested magnanimity. His conscience bolted with his judgment. He was obsessed with the idea that he was doing a great public service by his demonstration against the loan of tents to the veterans in gray, and he was—an inestimable service. For he evoked the silent protest of Senators, some of whom had fought on the Union side, that it was unseemly, ungenerous, and insensate to revive the painful memories of the Civil War in a sectional and bitter spirit, and the rebuke was so severe that such an exhibition is not likely to be seen and heard again in that chamber. The thanks of a united country are due to Mr. Heyburn, of Idaho, in spite of himself."

LOVING CUP FOR A UNION OFFICER, DEFENDER OF LEE.—Columbus, Ga., at the conclusion of the exercises commemorative of Lee's birthday, voted a loving cup of silver which will be presented to Dr. Allan Gray, a Grand Army man, for his manly and noble defense of General Lee. It will be remembered that at a convention of Chicago Posts it was resolved to petition Congress not to accept the statue of Lee in the Hall of Fame, terming Lee a traitor and otherwise defaming his name. Dr. Gray alone and against a storm of hisses and cries protested against this resolution, and cast his solitary vote as his conscience dictated. It is manifest, however, that the percentage of partisan Union veterans is decreasing rapidly.

U. C. V. SUPPORTS GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL.—Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., has pledged the support of his organization toward assistance in the building of a $2,500,000 George Washington Memorial Hall at Washington. This pledge is given in a letter which was received by Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, of New York, who is heading a movement to provide adequate quarters for all national, patriotic, and other societies.

Mr. O. S. Levy, of San Francisco, sends the Argonaut of that city, the leading editorial of which "recalls the period when the 'bloody shirt' was the favorite theme of Congressional oratory. With all due respect to Mr. Heyburn, the time for that sort of thing is past. If the whole truth be told, there never was a time for it. The political condition typified by the bloody shirt, as we now recall it, is the most terrible in the history of the country—terrible because it spoke the voice not of humanity, brotherhood, or statecraft, but of anger, malice, and uncharitableness. The answer of the Senate on Monday was precisely what it should have been. Republicans and Democrats, Mr. Heyburn alone excepted, voted to lend the tents to the Confederates for the Mobile meeting."

ANNUAL GREETING FROM GEN. W. L. CABELL.

HE URGES ATTENDANCE AT THE MOBILE REUNION.

DALLAS, TEX., January 20, 1910.

Comrades of the Trans-Mississippi: A happy New Year to you, my old comrades, and all dear to you. The old year, with its pleasures as well as its sorrows and disappointed hopes, has passed away, never to return. As time passes our comrades are growing older and more feeble, our ranks are growing thinner, and during the last year many of our noblest and best have crossed to the great beyond and have answered to the last roll call. Let us thank God that the death roll is no greater than we have a right to expect, and that our comrades, enfeebled by old age, who are incapacitated by wounds, disease, and sickness, and unable to make a living, have been properly cared for by the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and the Territories by furnishing good shelter, good and ample food, good clothing, and good medical attention and nursing where the heroes, the unpaid soldiers of immortal principle, can spend the remainder of their lives in comfort and ease.

I would again call your attention to the growth of our noble order of United Confederate Veterans. Our Adjutant General, William E. Mickle, reports over 1,500 Camps. I am proud to say that more than one-third of this number are in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Continue this good work. Let me appeal to you by the memory of the brave men who died on the battlefield and in prison—from wounds, sickness, or disease since the war—to enroll. I appeal to you by the memory of the sufferings and hardships borne by the noble women of the South—your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your daughters—who, with tears streaming down their cheeks, will tell you with pride of the heroism of their noble sons, husbands, or brothers, to enroll, to join some Camp and keep in touch with each other the few years you have to live, and where you can be attended to in case of sickness or other misfortunes by your old comrades.

I therefore call on the Division and Brigade Commanders of our States and Territories to give the necessary orders to increase the number of Camps as well as the membership of each Camp, so that at the Reunion to be held in Mobile, Ala., April 26, 27, and 28, 1910, you will have more Camps and more Confederates than have been gathered at any former Reunion. [But that can never be.—ED. VETERAN.] I would earnestly request every Division and Brigade Commander to urge every Camp to meet at least once each month, or oftener if necessary, and arrange for sending delegates and the necessary *per capita* to Gen. William E. Mickle by April 1. The Committee on Transportation, consisting of Gens. Oliver Steel and Mendez, B. F. Wathan and Milton Park, will do all in their power in connection with Brigadier General Graber to secure rates on all railroads leading to Mobile for this Department.

Then, my old comrades of the Trans-Mississippi Department, consisting of the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, who were unable to attend past Reunions, can join us in our grand Reunion at Mobile, Ala. The people of Mobile will welcome you, and will extend to you that hospitality which they have already shown to the brave Confederates who have visited them in the past. Then, old comrades of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy, come and bring with you your noble sons and beautiful daughters. Let memory call the roll of the heroes dead, and let their spirits mingle with love and affection. Let us not forget that we are like the leaves of the forest, falling out of this great column of gray, and one by one crossing to the great beyond. "There are no recruits, no volunteers to fill our ranks, and no man is numbered among us but received his baptism in blood and fire over forty years ago. Surely and rapidly are the lines of gray falling away, and but a few short years must intervene before those that now remain must look into their comrades' faces."

Business of great importance will be brought before you. Many objects worthy of consideration, especially the monument to Southern women, will come before you. Then come and let us make this a grand Reunion. If you cannot come, give proxies to some comrade to represent you.

The Trans-Mississippi Press is requested to publish.

MONUMENTS AT SHILOH AND ARLINGTON.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, RECENT PRES. GEN. U. D. C.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Just a word of greeting for this new year to wish you all of the blessings that this life can give and to ask and urge your earnest cooperation in assisting your State directors for Arlington and Shiloh monuments.

Our beloved President General, Mrs. McSherry, is now *ex officio* President of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association. For the Shiloh Monument Fund the Director General is Mrs. Alexander B. White, who has given her best effort to this work, taking it up with the same zeal and energy of her father, Capt. Erastus Hoskins, who was a member of the 38th Mississippi Regiment, and gave valiant service to the cause of the South. Inspired by his memory and the service of her mother and uncles, Mrs. White has brought an active devotion to the Shiloh monument work. Mrs. Roy McKenny, of Paducah, is the active and efficient treasurer.

These two monuments are the work of the General Association U. D. C., and all organizations of the Daughters of the Confederacy have a vital interest in the completion of both: Arlington, because our soldiers sleep in the National Cemetery with no sign there that we "love them still in Dixie;" and at Shiloh this testimonial will have a fuller meaning as a tribute to Albert Sidney Johnston, who commanded the Confederate forces there and gave up his life for the cause. He gave honorable service to three governments—the United States, the Republic of Texas, and the Confederate States.

You have done well in the past; do better in the future, that our next General Convention may bear rich results at its meeting in Little Rock, Ark.

The habit of writing to you is so strong with me—the mother habit of advising—that, notwithstanding the severance of the ties that held us in close touch for two years, I shall ever think of you as my Daughters, and ask you to be loyal to all of the requirements of the great honor of being Daughters of the Confederacy and to the honor, too, of being American women, mothers of sons and daughters, the future citizens of this great country.

GENERAL KEIFER ON LEE'S STATUE.—Gen. J. Warren Keifer, of the Seventh Ohio District, in speaking of the whirlwind of discussion over Lee's statue in the Hall of Fame, says that if called upon to take any part in the matter he shall emphasize the fact that the statue was placed there because Lee was a great general, and that his being a Confederate should have nothing to do with its reception.

ARLINGTON AND LEE.

As the stars are to the sky
And moonbeams to the crest of the sea,
So is the fame of Arlington
To the name and fame of Lee.
And now where the dead lie sleeping
Heart notes in a low, mellow key
Are wafted by the spirits intoning
Arlington's requiem for Lee.

[Kate Coles Donegan, Historian Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter, U. D. C., Huntsville, Ala.]

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING JANUARY 31, 1910.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, $14,631.30.

Interest credited on deposits by depository, $122.55.

Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, $100. Contributed by New York Chapter, No. 341, U. D. C., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $10. Contributed by Dick Anderson Chapter, No. 75, U. D. C., Sumter, S. C., $5; Arthur Manigault Chapter, No. 63, U. D. C., Georgetown, S. C., $5.

Mrs. L. A. Parker, Goliad, Tex., $1.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $5. Contributed by Mrs. Belle S. Bryan, Laburnum, Va.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $51.25. Contributed by High School, Travelers Rest, S. C., $1.80; New Pisgah School, $1; High School, Cross Anchor, S. C., $3.75; Graded School, Reidville, S. C., $1.85; High School, Liberty, S. C., $1.60; Porter Military Academy, $7.35; Memmimger Normal School, $2.75; Courtenay Public School, $11.15; Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, S. C., $10; Mr. Davies Jeffries, Union, S. C., $10.

Total to be accounted for, $14,921.10.

Expenditures.

American Surety Company of New York, premium on Treasurer's bond for $15,000, $37.50.

H. A. Herbert, printing circulars relative to "ribbon day," $22.25.

Balance on hand, $14,861.35.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

COMMANDER AND STAFF MISSOURI DIV., U. C. V.

Maj. Gen. Frank Gaiennie, commanding the Missouri Division, has appointed the following general staff:

Col. A. W. Moise, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.
Lieut. Col. Wm. M. Miller, Asst. Adjutant General, St. Louis.
Col. T. J. Darr, Inspector General, Springfield.
Col. M. E. Benton, Judge Advocate General, Neosho.
Colonel Franklin, Quartermaster General, Kansas City.
Col. B. E. Murdock, Commissary General, Platte City.
Col. J. C. Landis, Chief of Artillery, St. Joseph.
Col. A. W. Stewart, Chief of Ordnance, St. Louis.
Col. J. J. Miller, Surgeon General, St. Louis.
Col. Russell Daugherty, Paymaster, St. Louis.
Col. John A. Woods, Chief of Signal Corps, Fayette.
Col. Thomas A. Cobb, Chaplain General, Lexington.
Lieut. Col. C. C. Woods, Assistant Chaplain General, St. Louis.
Col. Henry A. Newman, Chief Engineer, Huntsville.
Col. William Howard, Chief of Information Bureau, Alton.

Aids-de-Camp with the rank of Major: William S. Haven, St. Louis; H. T. Phillips, Poplar Bluff; D. P. Woodruff, Warrensburg; H. J. Simmons, St. Louis; John M. Bryant, Fulton; J. N. McGee, Paris.

Honorary Aid-de-Camp, Maj. James Devinney, Ripley, Tenn. Chaperon, Mrs. Gaiennie; Sponsor, Miss Natalie Gaiennie.

WESTERN BRIGADE, MISSOURI DIVISION.

D. K. Morton, of Kansas City, the Brigadier General commanding the Western Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V., announces his official staff:

Lieutenant Colonels: James Kennedy, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Kansas City; George P. Venable, Inspector General, Lexington; James C. Wallace, Judge Advocate General, Keytesville; James A. McDonald, Quartermaster General, Kansas City; W. H. Patterson, Commissary General, Smithville; D. T. Hill, Assistant Commissary General, Springfield; John W. Hall, Chief of Artillery, Liberty; Robert J. McGowan, Chief of Ordnance, Nevada; R. E. Howlett, Chief Surgeon, Otterville; P. H. Franklin, Paymaster General, Marshall; A. S. Asbury, Chief of Signal Corps, Higginsville; William F. Bahlman, Chief of Engineers, Warrensburg; C. C. Harvey, Chief Information Bureau, Kansas City.

Majors: Lewis Renfro, Assistant Chief of Artillery, Greenfield; A. H. Shelton, Assistant Chief of Signal Corps, Excelsior Springs; J. A. Walden, Assistant Chief of Engineers, Glasgow.

THE WAR IS SURELY OVER AT LAST.

Let every patriot, South and North, clap hands for a demonstration in honor of the United States Senate. During the last few months, under some mysterious leadership, Grand Army Posts in several States made ugly protests against the selection of a statue of Robert Edward Lee to be placed in "the Hall of Fame" at the national capital by the authorities of Virginia. That commonwealth, as it happened, selected two "Rebels," the other being George Washington, who "could not tell a lie."

Well, this Idaho member of the Senate capped the climax of bitter partisanship by a long speech of protest against the loan by the government of tents for the Mobile Reunion to occur in April. It was a most remarkable occurrence that no man spoke in reply; but a vote was called for at once, and sixty-one of the sixty-two Senators present voted for the measure. The speaker's Republican colleague, Senator Borah, voted first and against his plea.

This record of the United States Senate is the finest tribute to real peace ever made, especially since the author of the diatribe had back of him the venom of so many partisan G. A. R. Posts. All honor to that act of the United States Senate. The Confederates would like to raise a tablet to their memory, omitting, as is done in this brief record, the name of the man who seeks distinction by his ugly spirit of defamation of as true patriots as ever fought for the Union. Do let us have peace hereafter.

MISSISSIPPI CONFEDERATES SEEK HELP FOR THE WOMAN'S MONUMENT.—The Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., has issued an address to all Mississippi Confederates in behalf of a monument to the women of the Confederacy. They seek the aid of the Legislature, and request that Mississippians will help by memorializing their representatives, urging them to vote for the bill which will be presented to the Legislature asking for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars, the U. C. V. undertaking to raise five thousand.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY CO-OPERATING.

Discouragement that cannot be avoided comes of the death of so many comrades during the last few months. The "Last Roll" sketches in this issue are hardly half that are in readiness for the press; but the Southern women, Daughters of the Confederacy, as if by the instinct of other days, are taking up the cause of the VETERAN as they had not heretofore. Many, many letters come from various sections, as if there had been a conference and a determination to increase its circulation in proportion to the effort to make it worthy. One letter is given of the many worthy of place herein at present:

Mrs. Margaret Johnston Prichard, daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, writes the VETERAN from San Francisco, Cal.: "Feeling that reform, like charity, should begin at home, I waited to have my own Chapter act first in subscribing to the VETERAN, and then spoke to our State President, Mrs. Virginia Beede, about the other Chapters. Mrs. Beede is a member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, and an active, earnest worker. She will take the matter up at once, so as to interest them before the State Convention in May; and if we have a good response from California by that time, we can as a State take the matter up at the National Convention in Little Rock. I think it has simply been a case of 'everybody's business,' and I propose to make it my business to try to stir the Chapters up a bit about it."

In addition to the foregoing, Mrs. Prichard writes of the work: "After refusing for many years, on account of the uncertainty of my health, to take active office in the U. D. C., I have consented to take the Chapter presidency again—I was its first President. I have always been able to be a worker, acting on committees, etc., but have felt that I could not take office; but the Chapter seemed to think that they needed me, and the officers, of whom there is a very efficient corps, promised to bring the work to me when I could not go to them. So as I love the work and my dear Chapter so well, I have made the venture, handicapped as I am, to take the Chapter helm again. Of course State or national office would be impossible, and I am very proud of my national honorary office. But my Chapter work I can do at home, as it were; so I will try. I will be sure to send any items of interest to the VETERAN, and we hope to have a very interesting item soon. My Chapter is a fine one of good workers."

She concludes: "My husband, I am happy to say, is much better, as is my daughter."

A manuscript of sixteen pages and two newspaper articles of two columns each are sent the VETERAN of a deceased worthy comrade who was not a subscriber with a request to be notified when the article will appear in the VETERAN, as one member of the family desires to order and to pay for one copy! Can an impression exist that the VETERAN is sustained by Carnegie, Rockefeller, and the United States government? Many, many letters of inquiry come from persons who seek information or aid in other ways, without even including postage, in a manner indicating that there is obligation to render such assistance and from persons who in no way ever contributed a farthing to the support of the publication.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

BY GRACE O. GIDDINGS, ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

It has the history of war.
With tales of peace sublime,
And noblest epics of the South
To soldiers of that time,
Who fought for all that they held dear,
Who sacrificed their health,
Their loved ones on the battlefield,
Their harvests, and their wealth.

They braved dense storms of shot and shell
As heroes strong and bold;
They feared not foe nor any woe,
Nor heat, nor bitter cold.
They bravely fought for a loved cause;
And when peace was proclaimed,
Returned to their own cherished homes,
Some weak, some poor and maimed.

They went to work with might and main,
And paused not till their land
Beamed as a shining diadem,
With wealth on every hand.
In this fair land long may they live
In bonds of joy and peace
Until the Master calls them home,
Where toil and striving cease.

Miss Grace Giddings is a young friend of the VETERAN in the "Green Mountain State," and in sending this poem she writes of her efforts to introduce the VETERAN in her community. She says she "found a friendly feeling existing for the Southern people," and secured a subscriber. The VETERAN is proud of the zeal manifested by this loyal little friend.

GENERAL CASEMENT GRATEFULLY REMEMBERED.

Gen. James S. Casement, of Pairsville, Ohio, died on December 15, 1909, of pneumonia. He was in San Jose, Cal., at the time of the great earthquake, five years ago, and was injured by the débris of a hotel, and never fully recovered.

General Casement was a native of New York, and early in the War between the States he enlisted in the 7th Regiment, of which he soon was made major. Later he assisted in raising the 103d Ohio, and became its colonel.

He took a prominent part in the battle of Franklin, wherein he distinguished himself. In front of his lines Generals Cleburn and John Adams were killed. For courage and military acumen in this battle he was made a brigadier general, and so served till the end of the war.

General Casement wrote to Mrs. Adams in 1891, having heard that she desired the saddle used by General Adams when killed, in which letter he paid high tribute to the Confederate general, stating: "There was not a man in my command that witnessed the gallant ride who did not express his admiration of the rider and wish that he might have lived long to wear the honors that he so gallantly won." In this connection Maj. Edward A. Baker, another Federal officer, wrote: "I doubt if in any history of the world another single instance of as desperate, dauntless valor can be produced."

After the war General Casement engaged in the railroad business, and was eminently successful.

BALTIMORE CELEBRATED LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

[The VETERAN is ever pleased with the prominence of Confederate celebrations in New York and Baltimore. The latter city is happily situated in securing Senators and Congressmen from Washington by an hour on the cars. The Baltimore papers are unstinted in giving prominence to these events. The Sun in reporting the Lee Memorial Day states:]

Marked by eloquent addresses by two United States Senators and a number of Congressmen and the strains of inspiring Southern melodies, the thirtieth annual banquet of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland was held at the Hotel Kernan in commemoration of the one hundred and second anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander in chief of the forces of the Confederacy.

The Southern airs rendered by the orchestra carried the old sodliers back to the days when they, wearing suits of gray, fought on the field of battle for the cause which they considered the right one. Many reminiscences of the hardships endured during the Civil War were discussed. The familiar yell of the Rebel was heard, first from one section of the banquet hall and then from another.

Last year thirty-one members of the society passed to the great beyond. Their places were taken at the dinner last night by the younger generation to do honor to the memory of the great chieftain and the cause for which he fought. Maj. W. Stuart Symington presided, and Maj. James W. Denny was toastmaster.

Before Major Denny assumed the toastmastership of the banquet the old "Camp Song of the Maryland Line" was sung by the gathering.

The toasts and those who responded were: "Our Infantry," Senator H. D. Money, of Mississippi; "The Day We Celebrate," Senator James Gordon, of Mississippi; "Our Cavalry," Congressman William Richardson, of Alabama; "Our Artillery," Congressman Thomas Spight, of Mississippi; "Our Navy," Congressman William A. Jones, of Virginia; "Our Dead," Congressman John Lamb, of Virginia; "A Confederate Soldier Who Went West," Congressman A. W. Rucker, of Colorado, a poem by Miss Catherine McWilliams.

Senator Money, the first to respond to a toast, said in part:

"I honor the brave men of the Federal army who fought in the Civil War, but I also honor to a greater degree the brave men who fought in the Confederate Army. I do not believe to-day that any Confederate soldier would apologize to any one for his actions in that struggle. He would rather be hated than forgiven for what he did in that war.

"In the Federal army more than one-third of its numbers were composed of negroes, and there were also about 130,000 renegade Southerners. Every Confederate soldier is proud of what he has done.

"Upon one occasion when I attended a dinner at which Gen. U. S. Grant was one of the guests I was called upon to speak. As I said upon that occasion, I consider the man who received the sword of Gen. Robert E. Lee the greatest soldier in the world. [This he must have meant figuratively.—ED. VETERAN.] Later on one of the guests approached me and said that General Grant presented his compliments and he admired me for the manner in which I had spoken. When General Grant spoke at the same dinner, he made some reference to the speech I had made, and said the side which a man fought on in that struggle was more of a question of geography than anything else, and that if he had been a native of the Southern States he would have fought on the side of the Confederate army. In this conclusion he said to me: 'You have done that which any man should rightfully be proud of.'"

The toastmaster read a letter from Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, who said that he was unable to appear because he was under the care of his physician, and that he was much disappointed not to be able to be in Baltimore.

Congressman Richardson, who was wounded at Chickamauga, was the next speaker. He said the men in the Far South regarded the Maryland Confederate soldiers as the greater heroes because, while there was no division in the Far South, "the Maryland man had at his door our distinguished friends, the Yankees; and when they wanted to get in a Confederate regiment, they almost had to go through the woods to do it."

"I thank God," continued the speaker, "that he has in his mercy spared us to live until this time, when the estimate placed upon Lee by the South has been shared by the whole world. Even the majority of our friends of the North have come to know and admire him as the hero and the men as we always knew him."

Mr. Richardson then paid this tribute to the Confederate soldier who "saved the South for the country:" "As I stand here I recall what my mother said to me of what Baltimore had done in '61, and I tell you that there is no city in the South so dear to our hearts as is Baltimore."

Congressman Spight complimented the local association upon the spirit which prevailed so strongly sympathetic to the survivors of the Confederacy in Baltimore.

Representative A. W. Rucker, of Colorado, a former Kentuckian, who fought in the war, said he had always been told to come to Baltimore if he desired to see good citizenship and the fairest women in the world. He came from a State where the women usually did the talking. He therefore felt a little out of place in making a speech. He said he overcame a majority of 20,000 in Colorado by the aid of the women.

Senator Gordon, the next speaker, was a Confederate soldier. He said birthdays had been celebrated since Adam was born. The greatest day, he said, is Christmas, and the next is the Fourth of July; and "while we didn't celebrate it during the war, we have since," he interjected humorously. The Senator recalled Washington's birthday, and then said that next came the natal day of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was "the greatest of all American citizens." He eulogized Lee and paid a tribute to the ladies.

Congressmen Jones and Lamb made the two concluding addresses of the evening. Congressman Jones proudly referred to the fact that his district produced both Washington and Lee.

Lee's birthday was celebrated at the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville by a big dinner. This dinner, consisting of chicken, mince pie, and other good things in large proportions, was donated by the Baltimore Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

In sending the foregoing Comrade James R. Wheeler, an ever-diligent Confederate, wrote: "This is to show you that we are alive yet."

FRIENDS OF HIRAM WHITLEY, 33D TEXAS CAVALRY.—Will some Confederate veteran who served in Duff's Texas Regiment during the latter portion of the war and who remembers Hiram Whitley kindly write to his widow, Mrs. E. M. Whitley, Route 4, Brownwood, Tex.? The remembrance may greatly assist a deserving widow in securing a pension due her husband. This regiment was raised at or near San Antonio, Tex.

UNION OFFICER IN REGARD TO THE LEE STATUE.

[From letter by Col. J. A. Watrous in Washington Herald.]

In a battle to the left of Petersburg one of General Lee's soldiers shot my horse and a dozen more of them a few feet away, demanding my surrender. Within three-quarters of an hour I stood face to face with the great Confederate soldier. In a gentle voice, full of sympathy, he looked at me and asked: "Are you badly wounded, Major?" I replied that I was, and Lee said: "I am sorry, I am sorry, Major. Take good care of him, gentlemen." I joined in saluting the great man with a gentle, kindly heart.

A moment later the idol of the Confederacy, with his staff and escort, was hurrying to another part of the field.

The next morning, while our dejected band of prisoners was on its way to Petersburg, General Lee and escort were met. They were riding rapidly. I recall my feeling as I looked into the troubled, anxious face of the speeding general that forenoon in 1865 when I said to a friend: "I hope General Lee's army will be soundly whipped to-day, and that our folks will do nothing worse than capture them."

These incidents led to a growth of admiration for the man Lee and the General Lee, who at the most critical moment of his military life on seeing a badly wounded enemy said with as much sympathy as a fond mother: "I am sorry, I am sorry." No Northern soldier or citizen should raise a voice or put an obstacle in the way of placing a statue of General Lee in the Hall of Fame at Washington. There are many reasons why I give expression to this belief. In the first place, the law of Congress gives each State the right to place in the Hall of Fame statues of two persons chosen by the State. Nothing is said as to how the statues shall be made, how clad. Virginia, without a dissenting voice, chose General Washington and Robert E. Lee. Does it not go without saying that these are two of the greatest Virginians? It is insisted by some that the statue of General Lee would not exhibit the Confederate uniform. Virginia chose Lee in his uniform and Washington in his. Both, it is true, wore the uniforms fighting for their respective countries.

As a Northern soldier I am frank to say that in this late day, nearly half a century after General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, where he and his soldiers were so generously treated by another great American general to whom he surrendered, I am glad to see the old Confederates who followed Lee made glad. What harm can come from making them glad? What danger is there in the gray uniform? It is but a memory. It makes General Lee none the less one of the very first generals of the American republic or the world, who before wearing that uniform had honored the United States as but few officers had ever honored it.

In years to come the fame of such soldiers as Grant and Lee, Sherman and Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan and Longstreet, Thomas and Joe Johnston, Meade and Joe Wheeler will contribute largely to the honor and glory of the American nation, and few will stop to ask which army they served in. They were leaders in the greatest event the nation has known, an event that absolutely had to come. Only the clash of arms could constitute the needed remedy for the correction of something that simply had to be corrected if the nation was to progress and grow in power and grandeur. * * *

I do not censure myself for strongly advocating the allowing of Virginia to do just as she pleases under the law in the matter of the two statues in the Hall of Fame. Those two great men were great soldiers and the best-known type of Christian gentlemen. I do not censure myself for sincerly regretting the action of members of the Michigan Loyal Legion in urging Congress not to permit the statue of General Lee in the Confederate uniform to be unveiled in the Hall of Fame. With deep regret I lament the unpatriotic action of a handful of Grand Army men in Chicago who joined the Michigan Loyal Legion members in demanding that Congress prevent the placing of the Lee statue in the Hall of Fame. It was in bad taste. I regret it because of the effect that their action will have upon the South and the grief and righteous indignation it will cause the survivors of the men who bravely followed Lee; I regret it because it brings ridicule upon the Grand Army of the Republic and the Northern soldiers generally; I regret it because before this century is gone every descendant of those Michigan men and the Chicago men will blush when their action is recalled.

Isn't the war over? Isn't the Confederacy dead? Isn't Lee's uniform harmless? Is it more than memory? * * *

There are reasons why we ought to be very generous and kindly in our thoughts and actions toward the South, and particularly toward the Southern soldiers. They lost all in the contest; they met bitter defeat. Our side won all. * * *

How quickly some of us forget! A few years ago our country had to engage in another war. From every Southern State thousands of young men, many the sons and grandsons of Confederate soldiers, clasped hands with other thousands of young men from the North, many of whom were the sons and grandsons of Union soldiers, and offered their services to the government in that righteous war. Old Confederate commanders responded. Three of Gen. Robert E. Lee's close relatives were among those who served in the Spanish-American War. How fondly we all thought as we looked upon the inspiring, uplifting, patriotic picture, "the Civil War is over." But some have forgotten.

We should not forget that this country is as much the South's as it is the North's; that she has the same rights that the North has, that our flag is their flag, that they were as ready in 1898 to assist in fighting the country's battles as the North was, and that no portion of the country would respond more promptly should other dangers demand great armies.

Has there been a President since the war, had another war come and Robert E. Lee still alive and in condition to command, who would not have selected him as the commander of an army? Grant, McKinley, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, Roosevelt, and Taft would have counted themselves lucky to secure his service.

If alive, would Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Warren, Smith, Sedgwick, Howard, Logan, Rosecrans, Meade, or any of the great leaders of the Union army approve of the clamor against the Lee statue for the Hall of Fame?

OTHER VIEWS EXPRESSED.

While the act is not worthy of record, it illustrates the ultra sentiment of the "other side" to quote from proceedings of Grand Army men at Bloomington which "goes the limit in sarcasm." The Chenoa Post, G. A. R., adopted the following resolution on January 12: "We respectfully petition the President of the United States that a statue sacred to the memory of Benedict Arnold be placed in the Hall of Fame, Washington, D. C., robed in the British uniform he wore and adorned with the British flag. * * * While many people held the name of Benedict Arnold in execration, we submit that time has bridged the chasm, and henceforth succeeding generations should be taught to look upon and alike adore side by side in the Hall of Fame statues sacred to the memory of George Washington and Benedict Arnold."

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF VALUES SOUTH.

The Christian Science Monitor of Boston prints an editorial on the South in 1860-1910 in which it states: "Such assertions as that 'the South is the greatest material asset of the United States,' and that the day will come when because of its wealth it 'will again dominate the republic,' come from a Southern newspaper, and result from an enthusiasm that is not without warrant in view of the marvelous progress of the Southern States during the last twenty years. So an excuse for the claim may be found, even if complete justification for it be sought in vain. * * * That there are many interesting details going to show that the change for the better has been wonderful, a few eloquent figures will suffice. In 1860 the value of property of every description in the South was $6,300,000,000. Nearly half of this was wiped out by the war; but since then not only has the loss been made good, but $15,000,000,000 has been added. Astounding though the statement may be, the value of property in the South to-day is greater by $5,000,000,000 than that of the entire country fifty years ago. But the increase in national wealth has been general. The East and the West have also been prospering."

Kentucky Leads in Tobacco Crops.—According to the Bureau of Agricultural Statistics, tobacco is grown in every State and territory in the Union, save only in Colorado and Rhode Island. About ninety-nine per cent of the crop is raised east of the Mississippi River, where every State and almost every county is a more or less important producer. With this large tobacco acreage it seems remarkable that Kentucky produces more than the three next largest contributing States together, or one-third of the entire tobacco crop of the United States and one-ninth of all in the world.

Tribute to the South.—The late United States Senator George F. Hoar said in his declining years: "I have learned not only to respect but to love the great qualities that belong to my countrymen of the Southern States. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the virtues that give strength and glory to a free people—their love of home, their chivalrous respect for women, their courage, their delicate sense of honor, their constancy that can abide by an opinion or a purpose through prosperity and adversity and through years and generations. And there is another thing—covetousness, corruption, and the low temptation of money have not yet found any place in Southern politics."

WHERE CONFEDERATE GENERALS ARE BURIED.

W. H. Frye writes from Lynchburg, Va.: "Four Confederate generals are buried here—Generals Early, Rodes, Garland, and Deering. The inscription on General Early's tomb is: 'Jubal Anderson Early. Born in Franklin County, Va., Nov. 3, 1816. Graduated at West Point, 1837. Appointed 2d Lieutenant 3d Artillery. Served in Seminole War, 1837-38. Member of Virginia Legislature 1841-42. Major of 1st Virginia Infantry in Mexican War, 1848. Delegate to Virginia Convention, 1861. Colonel of 24th Virginia Infantry Regiment, C. S. A. Made Lieutenant General May 31, 1864. Died March 2, 1894, at Lynchburg, Va.' Gen. Robert E. Rodes was killed at Winchester September 19, 1864. S. H. Garland was killed at Crampton's Gap September 14, 1862; he was the first colonel of the 11th Virginia Infantry. Gen. Richard Deering was killed at High Bridge, on the N. & W. Railroad, a day or two before the surrender. He was one of the youngest generals of the army—think he was about twenty-seven."

Is There Still Real Danger in the Stars and Bars?—At a meeting of McCrosky Post, No. 210, G. A. R., of Springfield, Mo., a resolution was passed relative to the enactment of a bill now before Congress providing that the Federal government shall take over and maintain the Confederate Cemetery, three miles southeast of Springfield. This cemetery adjoins the National Cemetery, the two burying grounds being separated by a stone wall.

The resolution says in part: "In the event the National Congress assumes control of the cemetery that there shall be embodied in the law assuming control of the cemetery a provision that there never shall be permitted to enter the grounds of the cemetery any person or company of persons carrying a Confederate flag or any imitation of it or any other emblem of description of the late Confederate States, but all such bodies shall display the nation's flag, the stars and stripes."

The care of the Springfield (Mo.) Confederate Cemetery is a tax upon the friends which they cannot well sustain. If the government should be generous enough to care for it, the inclination would be to show due deference to the conditions; but it is hardly imaginable that our comrades, and especially our women, would permit government oversight on the conditions set forth. Senator Heyburn's recent test of such sentiment as set forth above may be beneficial in showing that the day of all such is past.

Gave Her Sons to the Confederacy.—In the Virginia Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., there is an autograph letter from Mrs. Robert E. Lee which was sent with a photograph of General Lee and a little book of consolation to Mrs. Henry W. Wood, of Fluvanna County, as an expression of sympathy in her deep affliction. Mrs. Wood gave several valiant sons to the Confederate army. Samuel died of fever at the Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Va.; six weeks later Augustus was shot through the heart in the battle of Winchester, Va.; the same day Junius and John were severely wounded, the latter losing a leg, while the former had a piece of flesh about a foot long torn from his thigh by a cannon ball, disabling him about a year. Henry was severely wounded in the thigh during the battle of Gaines Mill, in the vicinity of Richmond. Marion, the sixth son, was too young for service.

Nine Ex-Confederate Soldiers in United States Senate.—With the death of Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, the list of ex-Confederate soldiers in the United States Senate was reduced from nine to eight; but the appointment of Senator Gordon to fill the vacancy left by McLaurin restored the number to nine. Senator Gordon ranks first in point of age. The other Confederate Senators are: Johnston and Bankhead, of Alabama; Taliaferro, of Florida; Bacon, of Georgia; McEnery, of Louisiana; Maney, of Mississippi; and Daniel and Martin, of Virginia.

Veteran and Mother Both Strong.—At a meeting of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp at Dalton, Ga., Comrade J. B. Dowling incidentally spoke of his mother in the present tense, when it was developed that he was the only member of the Camp with a living parent. Subsequent investigation showed how few veterans in the State were so fortunate as to have a parent. Mrs. Dowling is eighty-six, and both mother and son are fine specimens of health. Comrades would be surprised to find how few have living parents.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LIVINGSTON, MISS.

On July 1, 1901, a resolution was introduced in the Holmes County Camp, U. C. V., of Livingston, Miss., looking to the erection of a Confederate monument, and later a committee conferred with the Bly-Humphreys Chapter, U. D. C., asking their coöperation. The Camp, Chapters U. D. C., Board of Supervisors, and the people of the county coöperated, and herewith appears the result. A pamphlet containing the names of every soldier from the county, so far as could be ascertained, was placed in the base of the monument.

The cost of the monument was $3,500. The inscriptions are as follows:

On front and west sides:

(Design of Confederate Flag.)

Erected by the B. G. Humphreys Chapter, No. 463, U. D. C.

(Design of two crossed swords.)

C. S. A.

To the Holmes County soldiers of 1861-65 and members of Holmes County Camp, No. 398, U. C. V., in memory of their patriotism and heroism, and to commend their example to future generations.

1908.

East side:

(Design of Confederate Battle Flag.)

C. S. A.

The men were right who wore the gray,
and right can never die.

North side:

C. S. A.

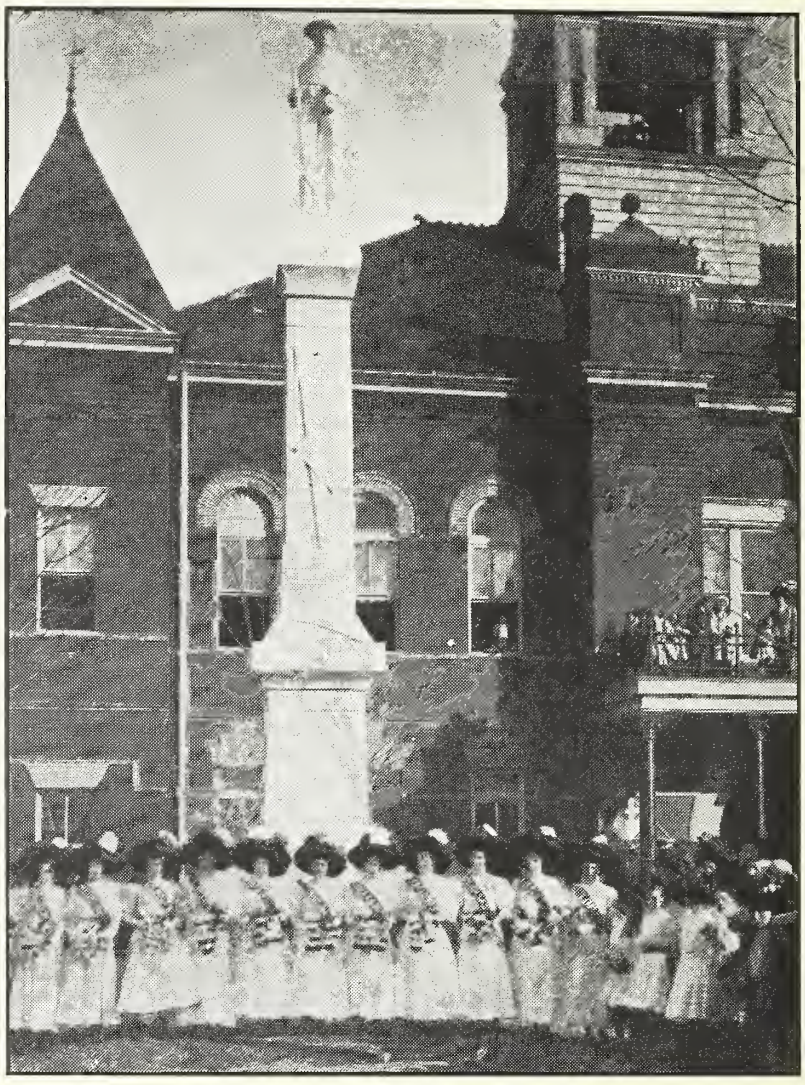
Their deeds, proud deeds, shall remain for us,
Their names, dear names, without stain for us,
The glories they won shall not wane for us;
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us.

South side:

(Design of Anchor.)

C. S. A.

Honor to Heroes Is Glory to God.



LIVINGSTON (MISS.) MONUMENT.

A Monument for Meridian, Miss.

The Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., is beginning a movement toward the erection of a monument at Meridian, Miss., which they hope to push rapidly through.

MONUMENT NEAR HAGERSTOWN.

BY DR. L. H. KELLER, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Here in Hagerstown we have a Confederate Memorial Association made up of Southern sympathizers during the War between the States. We have many things of interest. The last is a book in the possession of Mr. C. A. Gabe, now of Hagerstown, but at the time of the battle of South Mountain he was living in Boonsboro, Md., and was fifteen years of age. That battle was fought September 14, 1862. Mr. Gabe has a vivid recollection of it and of visiting the hospitals that were in and about Boonsboro at that time. There is in his possession a book, published by order of Oden Bowie, Governor of Maryland, about 1867, which contains a record of every trench and other locations where the bodies of Confederate soldiers were buried. The work was done by request from Governor Bowie to Mr. Thomas A. Boulitt, and contains the names, the company, regiment, and State when practicable. By this list I find that they are from all parts of the South.

From this book it appears that Southern soldiers were refused burial in the Antietam Cemetery, and a plot of ground was secured in Rose Hill Cemetery, Hagerstown, to which the bodies were removed and buried in trenches on this Confederate lot. But all identity was destroyed because they were buried in trenches and the ground was leveled. A beautiful monument has been erected by Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland on this ground.

Additional information may be secured from Mr. John Kyd Beckenbaugh, Hagerstown, Md.

MONUMENTS IN VIRGINIA.

Mecklenburg, Va., unveiled a monument in August, 1908. It is a massive granite base ten feet high surmounted by a bronze figure of an infantryman with his gun at "Ready." It was

erected at a cost of two thousand dollars, five hundred of this being furnished by the county and the rest by private subscriptions.

Charlotte County unveiled in 1903 a handsome granite shaft upholding a marble figure of a Confederate private. It stands in the Courthouse Square, and cost two thousand five hundred dollars, the county contributing three hundred of this, and the remainder being given by individual donations.

New Monuments and Memorials in Virginia.—At the Convention of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., which was held in Lexington, through Chapter reports it was learned that several monuments or memorials have been erected during the year. Middleburg has a memorial hall to William R. Terry. Bedford City, McCormas, Pearisburg, Warnick, Boulevard, and Dinwiddie each has a monument, and Winchester has added four stones to mark the graves of Confederate soldiers. Other Chapters reported a rapidly increasing fund that allowed a hope for monuments to be erected in the near future. Several Chapters are working to establish funds for the support of needy Confederate women, each Chapter to be responsible for one inmate.

MONUMENTS ADDED TO THE LIST.

The local Chapter, U. D. C., of Bowling Green, Va., in 1906 erected a beautiful monument at the cost of about seventeen hundred dollars. It is a tall shaft surmounted by the figure of a private soldier at parade rest. On the shaft are the crossed flags with the dates 1861-1865. The base of the monument bears the simple inscription: "Caroline County, Va."

The Ladies' Memorial Association of King George County has erected a white shaft to the memory of the Confederate dead. It stands in Olivet Cemetery, Moorefield, W. Va.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of King George County, Va., was organized just after the war for the purpose of raising a monument to the men of that county killed in service, and in 1868 they erected a granite shaft sixteen feet in height appropriately inscribed. The shaft bears the names of the ninety men killed, fifteen being officers.

MONUMENT AT OXFORD, N. C.

On October 30, 1909, a monument was unveiled at Oxford, N. C., which was dedicated to the soldiers of Granville County who lost their lives in defense of the Southland. It was achieved by the untiring efforts of the U. D. C., and special praise is due the President of the local Chapter, Mrs. W. H. White, who was indefatigable in the work. Governor Kitchin's speech of presentation was very strong and patriotic, and the acceptance by Maj. Dennis Brummit was highly enjoyed by the hundreds of Veterans, Daughters, and Sons present, as well as the large number of visitors. The long parade, fine music, and splendid dinner were added attractions.

The shaft is thirty feet high, and is capped by the bronze figure of a soldier standing at "Ready." At the base is engraved: "Our Confederate dead, 1861-65." On the die is inscribed, "Granville Gray Chapter, U. D. C.," and the plinth is lettered "C. S. A."

MONUMENT AT PARIS, TEX.

Paris, Tex., has a handsome monument which was erected at a cost of five thousand dollars through the long and persistent efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It is located in the courthouse yard. It is a sixteen-foot shaft of gray Texas granite with figures of bronze. The base is of solid blocks of granite which support large busts of President Davis, Gens. R. E. Lee, T. J. Jackson, and J. E. Johnston. The capping figure is a private soldier seven feet high in marching attitude. The monument is very handsome, and the citizens of Paris are justly proud of it.

MONUMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

[The President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., has sent the following account of monuments in that State, also of several in process of erection.]

The second monument to the Confederate soldier in the South was erected in Fayetteville, N. C., in 1866, and since then monuments have been rising all over the State in memory of North Carolina's "boys in gray." Of the eighty-eight U. D. C. and twenty-seven Children's Chapters in the State, every one is diligent in raising funds for a Confederate monument. Monuments to her celebrated war Governor, Zebulon B. Vance, and to other officers of high rank rise on every side.

In October the North Carolina Division and Cape Fear Chapter of Wilmington laid the corner stone of a monument to the Hon. George Davis, Attorney General of the Confederacy, and the unveiling of this only awaits the life-size statue from the hands of the sculptor.

To the Confederate soldiers, the privates of the State, there now stand handsome completed monuments as follows: Raleigh, three; Asheville, three; Fayetteville, two; Washington, two; Greenville, one, and another in course of erection; Tarboro, one. There is one at each of the following towns: Charlotte, Newbern, Warrenton, Jonesboro (to Miss Anne Carter Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee), Edenton, Lumberton, Hendersonville, Wilmington, Shelby, Concord, Pittsboro, Winston-Salem, Weldon, Statesville, Thomasville, Wadesboro, Red Springs, Lexington, Newton, Goldsboro, Kinston, Chicora, Salisbury, Oxford, Cornelius, Franklin, and Candler. Reidsville, Monroe, Lenoir, and Henderson have given out their contracts, and will all unveil in the spring. Lincolnton has a memorial hall and High Point a hospital as monuments to their Confederate dead.

Besides these, the Division has on hand funds almost sufficient for a handsome monument to Henry L. Wyatt, the first soldier killed in battle during the war at Big Bethel. This will be placed in the Capitol Square in Raleigh. Another handsome monument soon to be completed is the memorial arch, to be erected at the entrance to the Confederate Cemetery in Raleigh not only to the dead of North Carolina, but of all the States whose sons sleep there, and on it will be carved the names of the States so represented. Work is rapidly progressing in raising funds for another handsome monument, doubtless the finest of the three, to be erected on the campus of the State University to the "Boy Soldiers of Chapel Hill," who, when the cry "To arms!" rang out, flung aside their books and marched forth to battle for the right.

Monument to Terry Rangers.

In the Capitol grounds of Austin, Tex., is a handsome monument thirty-one feet six inches from base to top of statue erected in honor of the Terry Rangers. It is an equestrian figure of large size, the cavalry soldier holding his gun indicating readiness for instant use, and the tightly reined black horse showing in its open mouth and taut muscles the sudden alarm and quick preparation for action.

FLAG OF BARTOW'S EIGHTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

BY B. H. W., 1ST KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Fling out, fling out upon the breeze
The starry banner of the free;
It waved along Manassas plains,
The harbinger of victory.
It stood, as some tall forest pine,
Amid the battle's swell,
Where gallant Bartow led the van
And Bee immortal fell.

In proud defiance let it float,
The Southron's hope and pride;
A thousand hearts leap forth to meet
The battle's fury tide,
And treat with scorn the Yankee's boast
To tear that ensign down;
For freemen battling for their rights
Ne'er heed a tyrant's frown.

The Georgians on that bloody day,
When sorely pressed to yield,
Caught up the dying hero's words,
"Never give up the field;"
And, rallying round his fallen form,
With loud, victorious shout
They drove the fierce invader back
In wild, disordered rout.

Their fallen brave, their memories shrined
Deep in a nation's heart,
For them will prayers like incense rise
And manly tear drops start;
Their brave, heroic deeds are placed
In Fame's proud temple high
As patriots fired by stern resolve
"To conquer or to die."

CARE FOR OLD CEMETERIES.

It fell to the lot of the editor of the VETERAN to suggest the organization of a Woman's Tennessee Historical Association. Eminently representative women responded, and the association has done much valuable service. Always cordial in accepting suggestions from the one man who is a member, they have undertaken the reclamation of the old City Cemetery in Nashville, and happily they have secured the care of it to the City Park Commission, an organization with a splendid perpetual income from a percentage of receipts from the Nashville Street Railway Company.

Early after the war trains ran through this old City Cemetery, and the sight, which could not be avoided then, was so painful to the writer when making trips from his home, at Shelbyville, that he has through all these years yearned to see the place improved, and that is how the suggestion happened to be made. Well, the Park Commission has put the various avenues in splendid condition, so that passengers on all South-bound trains have better impressions of the city.

To the editor of the VETERAN was assigned the presentation of the memorial gate. The time fixed was Sunday afternoon; the weather conditions were excellent, and there was a large assembly present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS.

This cemetery for the city of Nashville was acquired by purchase, beginning with a plot secured from Nathaniel Cross in 1818, and was added to from time to time, the last purchase being made in 1855. * * *

The records have been preserved since 1846. The city appropriated $1,500 for a wire fence to this cemetery; but the Commissioners, finding wire sufficient from the last suspension bridge (a suspension bridge over the Cumberland River was destroyed during the war), used only about one-fourth of the sum.

This cemetery is the burial place of many distinguished persons. The gate being a memorial to Gen. James Robertson, it is fitting to note that he and his noble wife, Charlotte, are interred here, as is also Dr. Felix Robertson, their son, who was the first white child born in Nashville.

James K. Polk, a President of the United States, was buried here on June 20, 1849; though on May 22, 1850, his casket was moved to Polk Place, and later to the Capitol grounds.

The handsomest monument in this cemetery is to Gov. William Carroll, erected by the State.

Two United States Senators, Ephraim H. Foster and G. W. Campbell, are buried here. A brother of Thomas H. Benton, who fought a duel with Andrew Jackson, rests here. Sixteen Mayors of Nashville are buried here.

The names of many buried here include two Speakers of the State Senate, one Speaker of the House, two postmasters, Robert Porter, United States Senator from Louisiana, and Lieut. Lipscomb Norville, a Revolutionary soldier. Lieutenant General Ewell and Brig. Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer are of the Confederates here interred, as are also Lieut. White Turpin, of Mississippi, who died of wounds received in the battle of Nashville, and H. M. R. Fogg, an only son, killed in the battle of Fishing Creek. Many other Confederates were buried originally in this cemetery who were afterwards removed to the Confederate circle in Mount Olivet Cemetery.



THE MEMORIAL GATE.

Paul Shirley was born in 1791 and died in 1834. Two of his sons were commodores, one in each of the United States and Confederate States navies. The namesake of his father, who stood for the Union, died near Columbus, Ohio, thirty-three years ago this day, and is buried here, as is his father. John Shirley, the Confederate commodore, built the Tennessee Ram, a vessel famous among Confederates, and also famous after its capture in the United States service. Major Lewis, who was a mere boy at the time, took the iron to

Memphis and delivered it to the Confederate authorities and received the pay for it. The ladies are grateful to Major Lewis for designing and having erected this superb structure.



MRS. EUGENE CRUTCHER.
The gate was erected while Mrs. Crutcher was President.

Like a servant of old, Major Lewis is conspicuous for saying "no" and then straightway doing many good things. I take the liberty in this connection of referring to his work in designing and personally directing the erection of the Sam Davis monument on Capitol Hill especially, and to add that the city of Nashville has but little idea of what he is doing for our memorials and for "the city beautiful." I am sure, however, that I could not say enough to express the gratitude of the Tennessee Woman's Historical Association for his unselfish labor in this work. I am proud to present this splendid memorial for the Tennessee Woman's Historical Association. The work was accomplished by the local membership, but the association comprises some of the noblest women in Western and Eastern Tennessee.

DEATH OF OLDEST RETIRED UNITED STATES OFFICER.—Gen. Daniel H. Rucker, who was the oldest United States retired officer, died at Washington January 6, aged ninety-eight years. General Rucker was appointed second lieutenant of United States Dragoons in 1837, and ten years later was made captain. He took part in the Indian campaign in the Southwest, and commanded a squadron with such bravery in the Mexican War that he was brevetted major. In 1861 he was appointed brigadier general, and was brevetted major general for gallantry in the field. For several years he was quartermaster general, and was retired at his own wish after forty years of service. His first wife was the sister of Gen. Phil Sheridan.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

List of contributions through Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky.:

CAMPS.

Bedford Forrest, No. 1697, Stratford, Tex	$ 5 00
Anson Camp, No. 846, Wadesboro, N. C.	5 00
Bowie Pelham, No. 572, Bowie, Tex	5 00
John Sutherland, No. 890, Ripley, Tenn	5 00
Newnan Camp, No. 1161, Newnan, Ga	5 00
Pat Cleburne, No. 191, Charleston, Ark	5 00
Preston Smith Camp, No. 1362, Lavinia, Tenn	5 00

CHAPTERS.

Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, Ky	$10 00
Jane Hughes Children of the Confederacy, Newbern, N. C.	5 00

INDIVIDUALS—ALPHABETICAL AS TO STATES.

A. C. Pickens, Mobile, Ala	$ 1 00
William A. Gunter, Jr., Montgomery, Ala	1 00
H. Minor Friend, Mobile, Ala	1 00
William M. Johnston, Mobile, Ala	1 00
George E. Pegram, Demopolis, Ala	2 00
J. J. Bolton, Demopolis, Ala	1 00
J. C. Dow, Sr., Demopolis, Ala	1 00
B. F. Hatch, Demopolis, Ala	2 50
D. H. Turner, Normal, Ala	1 00
M. B. Hampton, Leighton, Ala	1 00
William Richardson, Huntsville, Ala	1 00
Mrs. M. V. Echols, Hartselle, Ala	1 00
C. W. Gazzam, Mobile, Ala	1 00
A. Yarborough, Paragould, Ark	1 00
B. P. Haynes, Hope, Ark	1 00
Capt. J. H. Black, Hope, Ark	1 00
W. M. Wallis, Hope, Ark	1 00
W. C. Ratcliffe, Little Rock, Ark	2 00
A. S. Bennett, Paris, Ark	1 00
A. J. Snodgrass, Little Rock, Ark	1 00
J. R. Gibbons, Bauxite, Ark	2 00
C. A. Bridewell, Hope, Ark	1 00
W. W. Folsom, Hope, Ark	1 00
T. Collabaugh, Farmington, Ark	1 00
Col. Louis Tiemann, Los Angeles, Cal	1 00
John Hoodless, Milton, Fla	1 00
W. J. Donahue, Apalachicola, Fla	1 00
Adam A. Boggs, Cocoanut Grove, Fla	1 00
Lucien H. Boggs, Jacksonville, Fla	1 00
F. A. Andrew, Sopchoppy, Fla	1 00
J. J. Murph, Marshallville, Ga	1 00
Dr. W. M. Durham, Atlanta, Ga	1 00
J. P. Chapman, Americus, Ga	1 00
Dr. Gilbert H. Boggs, Atlanta, Ga	1 00
Miss Marion A. Boggs, Atlanta, Ga	1 00
D. Y. Dancy, Savannah, Ga	1 00
I. J. Stephens, Newnan, Ga	1 00
W. A. Sanders, Elberton, Ga	1 00
R. J. Stewart, Savannah, Ga	1 00
F. D. Bloodworth, Savannah, Ga	1 00
T. J. Stapleton, Ocilla, Ga	1 00
C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky	1 00
H. C. Hays, Vine Grove, Ky	2 50
John H. Shaw, Morton's Gap, Ky	1 00
John E. Shaw, Morton's Gap, Ky	1 00
Miss Emily Houston Brown, Louisville, Ky	1 00
Graham Brown, Shelbyville, Ky	1 00

John W. Arnold, Versailles, Ky.....$ 1 00
J. C. Bryan, Franklin, Ky..... 1 00
Dr. H. H. Carter, Shelbyville, Ky..... 1 00
W. F. Randolph, Shelbyville, Ky..... 1 00
M. B. Stovall, Adairville, Ky..... 1 00
W. J. Cunningham, Natchitoches, La..... 1 00
John R. Wood, Amite City, La..... 1 00
H. Barnacastle, Haughton, La..... 1 00
W. H. Bledsoe, Haughton, La..... 1 00
W. H. Scanland, Benton, La..... 1 00
R. W. Allen, Franklin, La..... 1 00
L. H. Pugh, Albemarle, La..... 1 00
R. C. Martin, Labadieville, La..... 10 00
Isaac H. Martin, Benton, La..... 1 00
J. J. Roberson, Plain Dealing, La..... 1 00
Dr. Thomas R. Boggs, Baltimore, Md..... 1 00
H. L. Taylor, Bentonia, Miss..... 2 00
Clem B. Gwin, Benndale, Miss..... 1 50
T. R. McCormick, Meridian, Miss..... 1 00
George P. Hammersly, Iuka, Miss..... 1 00
T. P. Hill, Senatobia, Miss..... 1 00
M. P. Moore, Senatobia, Miss..... 1 00
J. B. Boothe, Lexington, Miss..... 1 00
Z. H. Lowdermilk, Joplin, Mo..... 1 00
L. D. Snapp, Carthage, Mo..... 2 00
H. S. Duncan, Springfield, Mo..... 1 00
W. D. Harkey, Senath, Mo..... 1 00
R. S. Catron, Butler, Mo..... 1 00
W. B. Tyler, Butler, Mo..... 1 00
R. H. Ricks, Rocky Mount, N. C..... 1 00
J. V. Guinn, Chelsea, Okla..... 10 00
W. F. Blakney, Caddo, Okla..... 10 00
W. T. Browne, Cross Hill, S. C..... 1 00
E. P. Jenkins, Dyersburg, Tenn..... 1 00
J. W. Ashcraft, Roelyn, Tenn..... 1 00
A. L. Brevard, Union City, Tenn..... 1 00
W. L. Burdette, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
J. I. Ball, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
E. S. Connor, Paris, Tenn..... 1 00
W. G. Barry, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Capt. James S. Davis, Waxahachie, Tex..... 1 00
W. A. McLeod, Murchison, Tex..... 1 00
J. C. Hillsman, Ledbetter, Tex..... 1 00
Seth P. Mills, Waco, Tex..... 1 00
J. M. Spinks, Longview, Tex..... 1 00
J. C. Organ, Dodd City, Tex..... 1 00
L. I. Dodd, Dodd City, Tex..... 1 00
Dr. T. J. Van Noy, Dodd City, Tex..... 1 00
H. H. Hayley, Bronte, Tex..... 1 00
W. J. Ross, Waxahachie, Tex..... 1 00
P. M. Lewis, Forney, Tex..... 5 00
W. F. Young, Longview, Tex..... 1 00
W. M. Wagner, Bowie, Tex..... 1 00
M. M. Vivion, Van Alstyne, Tex..... 1 00
R. C. Levister, Bowie, Tex..... 1 00
J. A. Cummins, Bowie, Tex..... 1 00
J. F. Donald, Bowie, Tex..... 1 00
J. K. Bivins, Longview, Tex..... 1 00
Charles Bean, Brownwood, Tex..... 1 00
Ike B. Smith, Brownwood, Tex..... 1 00
H. W. Martin, Quanah, Tex..... 1 00
G. H. Alexander, Quanah, Tex..... 1 00
W. R. DuPrey, Quanah, Tex..... 1 00
J. E. Ledbetter, Quanah, Tex..... 1 00
P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.....$ 1 00
James E. Hill, Livingston, Tex..... 1 00
Joe Rascoe, Normangee, Tex..... 1 00
D. L. Palmer, Normangee, Tex..... 1 00
J. P. Barron, Van Alstyne, Tex..... 1 00
E. C. Grayson, Pulaski, Va..... 1 00
E. M. Ingles, Dublin, Va..... 1 00
S. M. Bowman, Timberville, Va..... 1 00
W. H. Arehart, Harrisonburg, Va..... 5 00
W. P. Nye, Radford, Va..... 1 00
W. P. Owens, Radford, Va..... 1 00
Col. William H. Stewart, Portsmouth, Va..... 1 25
Capt. J. H. Toomer, Portsmouth, Va..... 1 00
Charles D. Parker, Hampton, Va..... 1 00
H. C. Hoggard, Norfolk, Va..... 5 00
Theo. S. Garnett, Norfolk, Va..... 1 00
Dr. R. M. Bidgood, Petersburg, Va..... 1 00
Collections through Confederate Veteran.....$119 00
Rent from Fairview, Ky..... 60 00

Additional Contributions through the Veteran.

E. G. Williams, Waynesville, Mo.....$ 7 50
C. H. Howard, Crocker, Mo..... 12 50
R. E. Lee Chapter Children of the Confederacy, St. Louis, Mo..... 1 00
Mrs. F. C. Roberts, Newbern, N. C..... 1 00
M. B. Angle, Toston, Mont..... 1 00
Emmet MacDonald Chapter, U. D. C., Sedalia, Mo.... 50 00



TUNNEL L. & N. RAILROAD, NEAR BIG STONE GAP, VA.

"This is the shortest tunnel in the United States." When the South Atlanta and Ohio and the Louisville and Nashville railroads were being built past Big Stone Gap, Va., there was a great race between the two corporations, as choice of routes was given the first company to get possession. A young engineer who was known to the readers of the Veteran, son of the Editor of the Veteran—Paul Davis Cunningham—during Christmas week nearly lost his life from pneumonia, getting into Powell's River while locating piers. A little way up the stream a great rock jutted out to the edge of the stream which was about forty feet thick and three times as high. It was assigned to young Cunningham to make the surveys for the tunnel, which he did by climbing to the top of the rock. This engraving will be of interest to builders of that railroad who never saw it after completion.

National Association of Blue and Gray.—Maj. B. F. Dixon, Commander in Chief of the National Association of the Blue and Gray, announces that the next annual encampmetn will be at Southern Pines, N. C., April 18-20, 1910.

CONCERNING EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

BY POWHATAN WEISIGER, NEW YORK.

At a meeting of the New York Confederate Veteran Camp held on the 22d of November, 1909, it was suggested and agreed upon that the Executive Committee (of which I am a member) be designated to reply to the queries of one Sergeant Spileman, of the 78th Illinois Regiment, of which the National Tribune attempted to explain in its ignorance of Confederate history all the facts referred to in regard to the exchange of prisoners in the last two years of the Civil War.

It is well known that the Confederate government was always ready and anxious to enter into a cartel for exchange, as our prisons were full to overflowing, with a dearth of provisions, being cut off from all the ports of the world, with every available man in our army, and those left unable to labor in cultivation of its resources, insufficient for the defenders against invading armies of the South.

The Confederate authorities made every effort to exchange prisoners with the Federal government, but were most peremptorily refused. Their excuse was that it would be unwise, as every soldier kept out of the regular Confederate army added proportionately to the strength of the army of the United States, and at the same time weakened materially that of the Confederates, so badly in need of men, especially at the time referred to. That was the true reason, and Stanton's associates knew it. When the mortality was so great in our prisons and hospitals among the Federal soldiers for want of requisite medicines that our government could not procure, our authorities made a pledge to return in value to that of the United States for all furnished in gold tobacco or any product of the South; further, that the said medicines should be only applied to the use of the Federal prisoners, and even this proposition was rejected. This statement was attested by Judge Robert Ould and confirmed by General Mulford, both Commissioners for Exchange for the two armies. Many other propositions were made by the Confederate authorities, and all were refused.

Upon the surrender at Appomattox a splendid repast was tendered General Lee by General Grant, which was most courteously declined by General Lee. He had not eaten anything for a day and night, but he could not accept while his men were starving. With this explanation General Grant ordered his commissary to issue rations at once to the remnant of Lee's army of about 28,000 men. They were then subsisting on parched corn, and hundreds were barefooted and ragged. With Grant's large command compared with Lee's depleted force and its pitiful condition, can it be wondered that the Confederate army was forced to surrender?

The Sergeant asks why Libby Prison was found empty on the advance of Grant's army into Richmond.

Prior to its entrance a large force of officers and men escaped under cover of night by a subterranean passage under the canal. Penitentiary convicts released the others. They were turned loose with the escaped prisoners and pillaged our demoralized people. Of course I have only given facts which I trust will be satisfactory explanation to the queries of that sergeant of the 78th Illinois.

The National Tribune made a statement that "our government stood ready to exchange man for man, but declined to parole the surplus, as this would give toward the end of 1864 approximately 200,000 well-rested, well-fed, well-clothed men to swell the armies opposed to Grant and Sherman."

I have the statement of a living witness who was a prisoner for many months at Elmira, N. Y., who says that during his confinement there were 10,000 Confederate prisoners there when the smallpox appeared, and that an average of twenty-five died per day. The fare was a discredit to the United States government, and when exchanged many were so weak as to be unfit for service for months, only confirming the ignorance of the editor.

WHO BETRAYED GENERAL MORGAN?

The question of who gave the information which led to the death of General Morgan has never been definitely settled. N. H. Gaines, who lives in Greeneville, Tenn., where General Morgan was killed, and who was in his command, saw the famous leader die, and gives what he thinks is an accurate account of the affair.

A woman was seen to leave the farmhouse of Mrs. Williams a short time after Morgan and his men rode up. As she returned next morning, after the surprise and killing of General Morgan, escorted by a Federal guard, she was naturally accused of the betrayal. Mr. Gaines said, though this woman's husband was in the Yankee army, she was a Southern sympathizer, and had two brothers in the Confederate army; that she had gone to a neighbor for watermelons to serve to the General, was detained by a heavy rain, and had to spend the night, returning next morning in ignorance of what had occurred. She met the Federal pickets and was carried by them into town.

Mrs. Sara E. Thompson, who tried to get a special pension through the Legislature on the plea that she had betrayed Morgan to his death, Mr. Gaines said, had nothing to do with the matter; that the information of Morgan's whereabouts was furnished the Yankees by a boy named John Leady, who also acted as guide to the Federals, so they could approach undetected. This explanation fits in well with the dispatch of General Gillem sent to his superior officer, which should put an end to the false rumors to the effect that no woman had aided him in his raid.

MRS. ELLA PALMER AS NURSE.

(Sketch concluded from January VETERAN.)

Mrs. Palmer remained at Macon until after the battle of Chickamauga, when she was sent to the Ford Hospital at Marietta, Ga. She went by Mobile and the Alabama River to Montgomery, thence by rail via Atlanta to Marietta. The Ford Hospital was well organized as a field hospital, but was in need of a matron. The Sisters of Charity and Mrs. Newsom were serving in hospitals at Marietta.

While at Macon Mrs. Palmer met a young woman from East Tennessee, Mrs. A. F. Alexander, who was there visiting her sick husband, a soldier. He had gotten well, and before starting to the front took his young wife to Mrs. Palmer at Marietta. As she was an expert needlewoman and so neat and orderly, Mrs. Palmer had her assigned to the linen room. To the end of the war these two ladies always roomed together. Mrs. Palmer was faithful to her charge and treated her as she would a younger sister.

While at Marietta Col. J. B. Palmer, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was brought to the hospital very dangerously wounded and not expected to live. As he was a first cousin of her husband, Mrs. Palmer secured the best nurses in the hospital and gave him her personal attention. After long and tedious nursing the Colonel came out all right, and returned to his regiment to be made a brigadier general.

Every Southerner knows how Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was fighting at this time. Though he was being driven back all the time because no reënforcements were sent him, he con-

tested every mile of the country. When he was forced to retreat from one line of breastworks, he always had others in the rear to fall back into. To be always on the defensive and always retreating is not only discouraging to the general but to the army as well. The enemy outnumbered Johnston two to one, so if he gained a point he could not hold it. There were many battles and skirmishes at the front, and of course many wounded. The Ford Hospital was full all the time, even though all who could be moved were being sent to the rear.

Orders next came for the three hospitals to move to Atlanta with their sick and wounded. The Ford went in a long freight train. The men on cots were condensed as closely as possible. It was a long slow train and was sent through Atlanta out on the Augusta road to a rolling mill, where tents were pitched. The rolling mill was on one side of the tracks and the Ford Hospital on the other. Some of the hardest part of the battle of Atlanta took place around the rolling mill and on the ground where Mrs. Palmer and the Ford Hospital slept the night before. In a great oil painting called "The Battle of Atlanta" the artist has painted the fight on the Ford hospital ground.

The tents of the Ford Hospital at Atlanta had no floors, and were without other carpets than the growing grass. Most of the time they had about one thousand in these tents. They remained there about a month, when the authorities began to send away every man that could sit up. The army came in closer, and cannonading was heard all the time, and then firing of small arms could be heard. At last orders came to go to Forsyth, but how? There was nothing to go on. Great was the excitement and anxiety. But the night before the battle a long freight train was backed down from Atlanta. There was fighting along Peachtree Creek. The cannonading was terrific, and the small arms could be heard plainly. The wounded men, hospital stores, and baggage had to be put aboard this train, and it was all accomplished before seven the next morning, the day of the battle. Everybody was aboard the train, all except seven men, who were so badly shot and had gangrene that the doctors said they could not live anyhow; but Mrs. Palmer objected and said they should not be left. She found one old dirty car that had not been used, and had those men put into it and got in with them. The doctors told her that if she chose to risk her life she could not take her daughter in with that gangrene. So they took charge of the child.

It must be remembered that every patient was almost wild with excitement, as the battle had begun; the cannonading and firing were tremendous. The post surgeon took the little girl to a flat car on which the great fly wheel of the rolling mill had been loaded. On this car and wheel were about forty negroes, wild with fear and religious enthusiasm, in charge of a white overseer. The child was put in with these negroes, and there she sat most of the day, with nothing to keep off the burning Southern sun from her little head but an old broken parasol held over her by one of the colored mammies.

Then they steamed out and went into the city. What a strange sight that train must have been as it rolled slowly through Atlanta—the wounded groaning and crying because the jolting of the freight cars hurt them so, the negroes singing, shouting, and praying, and so wild that at times the overseer could hardly control them! The battle seemed to be raging on all sides. What a terrible morning! What a ride!

Mrs. Palmer got her seven men all alive to Forsyth, Ga. She thought at times they would all die on the train. One died after they reached Forsyth. All the rest got well. One of them was a Mr. Johns, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. The kind people of Forsyth, Ga., met the train in a body and welcomed the strangers with all kinds of edibles, which were more than acceptable, as there had been no breakfast that morning, and only the wounded had had anything to eat.

The same afternoon the Ford Hospital ground at Atlanta was the center of one of the most desperate and terrible battles of the war. Afterwards Gen. J. B. Palmer told Mrs. Palmer that he had ridden by the Ford Hospital field at five o'clock in the afternoon leading a charge, and the bullets were so thick that men went down on every side.

Finding no suitable houses in Forsyth, the hospital tents were pitched in a beautiful grove just back of the town. The work that this involved can be imagined, as all the tents were floored and trenches were dug around each one. A scientific man belonging to the corps found a bed of pottery clay; and as all kinds of vessels, dishes, etc., were becoming very scarce, this proved a great boon to the hospital. A potter was speedily found, and a large furnace was built, which was run night and day until the need was more than supplied. They made enough cups and plates and other vessels to last them through the rest of the war. Mrs. Palmer said that the clay at Forsyth, Ga., made the best and strongest brown stone crockery that she had ever seen.

The hospital had hardly become settled and in good running order when the battle of Stone Mountain occurred. The next morning the trains began to come in bearing the wounded. The most of the injured men of this battle were sent to the Ford. It was well that that hospital was in a grove, for it had tents for only twelve hundred men, and they already had eight hundred on hand. Over a thousand wounded men were brought off these trains. These were hauled out to the hospital in ambulances and wagons and laid under the trees. The need was so urgent that the people of Forsyth went to work and helped bring them out to the hospital in their wagons, carriages, etc. These good people tore up their sheets, tablecloths, etc., to make bandages, and brought bedding and other necessary things to the hospital. The physicians of the town came in and offered their services, which were gratefully accepted. The surgeons had their operating tables placed out under the trees and attended to the most urgent cases first. Most of the wounds had been dressed in the ambulance hospital, but some of the injured had received no attention at all.

All day long Mrs. Palmer, with her scissors hung by a cord from her waist, went from soldier to soldier, cutting the dry and bloody bandages off the wounds, so they could be dressed by the nurses. Even the services of her little girl were in demand that day when she went from tent to tent with her little bucket and cup giving water to the thirsty wounded whose nurses had been taken away from them to take care of the new arrivals.

The merchants of Forsyth took the negro men of the hospital and others from the town and cut limbs from the trees and built beautiful bowers, and in these they drove down stakes and improvised cots of leafy branches on which to lay the wounded until more tents or cots could be obtained or some of the wounded be shipped to the rear.

Outside of the hospital limits there were crowds of the women and children of Forsyth, who had done all they were permitted to do, silently waiting to see if there would be any more need for their services. The kindness, humanity, and patriotism of the people of Forsyth, Ga., should never be forgotten. Mrs. Palmer said that she never saw anywhere else people who helped so much as they did.

Several times while at Forsyth the hospital was in danger of being captured by different troops of Federal cavalry. One time the hospital was all lighted up as the Federals galloped by, and at other times, although the lights had all been put out, the full moon plainly revealed to the enemy the white tents among the trees. They evidently knew that it was a hospital, for not a shot was fired into it. They only blew their bugles and galloped on to Macon, Ga.

Where Mrs. Newsom and the Sisters were at this time Mrs. Palmer did not know. The hospital remained at Forsyth the rest of the summer and into the fall, when orders came that it must follow Hood's raid into Tennessee. Then the hospital people were taken away on a freight train. One car was used for the kitchen. Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Alexander had their beds in the end of another car and Mrs. Cummings and another ward matron in the other end. A stove was set up near the door to keep them warm. Their meals were brought to them from the kitchen car. It was a very long train, which traveled night and day, going to Macon and Columbus, Ga., over to the Tombigbee River to a wharf in the woods, where they waited for a steamboat to come and take them down the river to another railroad station, where they boarded another freight train for Corinth, Miss. There they found Mrs. Newsom and the Sisters already established. Mrs. Newsom's hospital was then called the Harding Hospital.

The Ford went on to Iuka, Miss., and was soon established in vacant stores and other buildings, as the winter was coming on. The hospital was soon again filled with the sick and wounded. After Christmas an awful snow fell all over that part of the country. It was the worst storm in years. It first snowed, then came sleet, which froze as it fell on the snow. Every tree was enveloped in thick ice from bottom to top, and it was very cold. During this time came Hood's retreat. The men were badly scattered, all trying to get to Corinth. They were all in rags, and many without shoes; some had taken parts of their blankets and wrapped their bare, bleeding, frost-bitten feet to keep them off the ice-covered ground.

All the commissary stores had been captured, so that many of the men had been for days without food. The army was utterly demoralized and largely disorganized. Very few of the commanders had any considerable number of their men together. Mrs. Palmer saw many officers walking along in tears because they were so discouraged, cold, and hungry. The hospital could not help them, as they had but very little food for the sick. The hospital supply of food was reduced to corn meal coffee, rice, molasses, and bacon, and very little of these articles.

General Palmer's brigade brought up the rear. He had slept under trees by the side of his horse, staying with his men. He stopped a few minutes to speak to the hospital people, as they were like home folks to him. While he sat on his horse the head cook ran out to him with a couple of sandwiches and a cup of corn meal coffee. He had had but little to eat in nearly three days. After Palmer's Brigade passed, the hospital was between the lines, and remained so for some time.

During this retreat a Federal captain was left at the Ford. He had been provost marshal of Winchester, Tenn. When General Forrest's cavalry attacked the town, the Federals set fire to some of the principal buildings. This provost marshal with a squad of soldiers stopped to put out the fire, so as to save the town. He was captured while at this work. Many thought that under the circumstances the General should have set the captain free; but this he could not do. When the captain arrived at Iuka, he had contracted pneumonia, so was left at the Ford. Mrs. Palmer became interested in him and gave him special care. All the people about the hospital sympathized with him and wanted to keep him out of Andersonville. While he was convalescing Mrs. Palmer told him where the Federal gunboats lay, some six or seven miles from Iuka. When the hospital was ordered to move, he was able to walk around; but the surgeons did not discharge him, for fear he would be sent to Andersonville. On the train on which they left Iuka a passenger coach was attached for the doctors, matrons, and principal officers of the hospital. Mrs. Alexander, whose husband was then in a Northern prison, was on the car and she was opposed to letting the Yankee go; but Mrs. Palmer told him that the first station after Iuka was a wood station, where the train would stop to take on wood for the engine. The next after that was under General Wheeler's cavalry, and there would be no chance to escape when once within his lines. A lot of the doctors got off at the wood station and with them the captain, who forgot to come back with them. The train was well under way before he was missed, and the chief surgeon of Forrest's command made quite a fuss about the escape of his prisoner, and was going to hold the doctors of the hospital responsible for him; but Mrs. Palmer came forward and took all the blame. General Forrest afterwards met her in Nashville and told her that he was glad that she had let him go. The captain was a Kentuckian and the only son of a widow.

They stayed in Corinth only a few days, when they were ordered to Auburn, Ala. The hospital started at once; but when on their way there, just as the train was leaving Demopolis, the car Mrs. Palmer was in ran off the track and fell over the trestle. Several were killed and a lot injured; among the latter Mrs. Palmer, who was very badly hurt. Her little girl with Mrs. Alexander, however, escaped without injury. Mrs. Palmer was taken back to Demopolis and put into a hospital. This was the only time she was incapacitated during the war. Mrs. Alexander went on with the hospital and took charge when they arrived at Auburn.

Mrs. Palmer remained in the hospital about three weeks, and as soon as she was able to get around on crutches she secured transportation and started again for Auburn. When she arrived at Selma, she went aboard the steamboat; but she could not secure a stateroom until she met General Bate, of Tennessee, who, with his division, came up and demanded the boat, and every one was ordered off to give place to the soldiers. Mrs. Palmer on her crutches went to the captain of the boat and informed him who she was. General Bate, being present, told her to remain, as several officers of the division had their wives with them. Mrs. Palmer and her little girl were given a stateroom with one of these ladies. All the freight was taken off the boat as well as all the passengers, and the soldiers crowded on. It was the largest and finest boat running on the Alabama River, but every foot of space was crowded with soldiers. The lower deck, the hurricane deck, saloons, and guards were full. The boat was so low in the water that it was dangerous; but it arrived at Montgomery all right.

Mrs. Palmer went on to Auburn and took charge as soon as she was able to get around without crutches. They did not remain there long, for General Wilson was then raiding that part of the country, and they were ordered to Macon,

Ga. As soon as they arrived at the depot at Macon they received orders to go to Cuthbert, Ga., where they remained with their train until the news came of the surrender of General Lee. When assured that this was true, they called in the people of the surrounding country and bade them help themselves to the hospital stores.

Mrs. Palmer then went up to Macon and surrendered with the rest to General Wilson. He treated her beautifully, and asked her where she wanted to go. She said to Nashville. He told her he could not send her there immediately; that she must wait until the roads were opened from Atlanta to Chattanooga and things were a little more settled. She told him that neither she nor Mrs. Alexander had any money except Confederate bills or anything to stay anywhere with. He then sent them over to a hospital which was filled with Southerners, telling her that she would feel at home with them. They remained at this hospital for some time, and then General Wilson gave them their transportation and they started for Tennessee. At Chattanooga Mrs. Alexander met her husband in the car shed of the depot. This meeting was entirely unexpected, as he was just out of prison and was going South to find her. They afterwards went to Colorado, where he became a prosperous and rich merchant at Coal Creek, near Canon City, Colo. The Alexanders both died in Colorado, honored and respected wherever known.

Mrs. Palmer went to Nashville and put her little daughter in Mr. W. E. Ward's seminary for young ladies, and there she remained until she graduated. Mrs. Palmer moved to Colorado in the year 1873. She made a study of mineralogy and became an expert assayer. Some years later she discovered a gold mine near Lake City, Colo., which for a time produced much valuable ore; but afterwards the property became involved in litigation, and she was compelled to sell it.

[In the foregoing there are evidently some mistakes, the reminiscences having been supplied by the little "five-year"-old child, yet it is a remarkably vivid portrayal of that trying period.—Ed. Veteran.]

First Shot at Fort Sumter.—About a mile from Easley, S. C., is the Mansel family burying ground, and in it is a simple shaft bearing the inscription: "William Mauldin, born July 18, 1843; and died November 18, 1873. He fired the first shot at Sumter that opened the Civil War." Close investigation has been made of Mauldin's record and of the claim that he fired the first shot. South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860. At this time Maj. Robert Anderson was in charge of Fort Moultrie, but after Christmas withdrew to Fort Sumter. Before volunteers were called for William Maudlin, then only eighteen years old, joined the regulars, and was in the fort when Beauregard ordered the attack. It is claimed that he fired the first shot, and the claim is substantiated by many who were with him in the fort. William Ligon, of Greenville, who was standing near him at the time, gives him the honor. The battle thus begun lasted from April 12 to the 14th, 1861, and was the means of bringing the doubting States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas into the Confederacy. Mauldin went home after his term of enlistment had expired, but again entered the army under Longstreet, and served under him in much of his campaign and fought in the battles of Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battles, Petersburg, and around Chattanooga.

Mistake in a Name.—In the November Veteran a mistake is made in a name. Mrs. M. E. Lear, of Poplar Bluff, Mo., writes that she is the widow of Zachariah (not Jeremiah) Lear. He was a member of the militia for six or eight months before he joined the regular Confederate army. He was with Price in all his battles in Missouri; then he went to Memphis and joined the artillery. His wife does not know under what captain, but thinks it was Giubor and Lieutenant Harris. Lear was known to his comrades as Wyrage. He was at the bombardment at Grand Gulf. If any one can assist in establishing his war record, please write Mrs. Lear.

Corrects Story of "Water Witch."

Bartlett Johnson, who was a midshipman in the Confederate navy, writes from Baltimore: "Permit me to correct some errors in John R. Blocker's statement of the capture of the 'Water Witch' as given in the December Veteran. The officer in charge of that expedition was Lieutenant Pelot, not Captain Pilote. There was no midshipman in the C. S. A. navy named 'Rasler.' It was a boatswain who put back with an excuse of losing his way. I do not mean to say the midshipmen were braver than any other men; but I do not believe any failed to do his duty, and I never heard of one backing out of a fight."

Key-Crowbar: How a Missouri Girl Released Her Brother.—Sedalia, Mo., had a lecture and musical program given by the ladies of the U. D. C., a prominent feature of which was a story told by Mrs. Mary Carroll Brooks, of that city, which was very dramatic. Mrs. Brooks was only seventeen at the time of the war; but she asked and received permission to cook the meals for her brother (who was several years older than she was) and his friends who were Confederate prisoners in the jail at Booneville. She managed to get an impression of the key of the prison, and after infinite labor, done principally by a dim light at night, she managed to make a rough key seven inches long and with it opened the jail door and liberated her brother and all the rest of the prisoners.

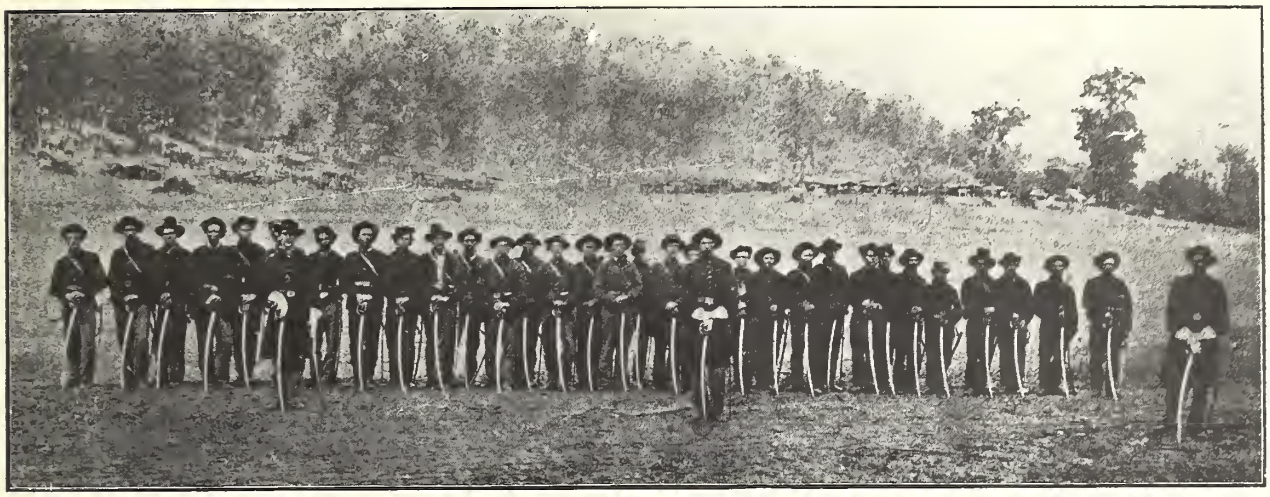
BATTLE OF PHILIPPI RECOUNTED.

BY MAJ. D. B. STEWART, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

Having been urged to write of the battle of Philippi, W. Va., which occurred on the 3d of June, 1861, just one week before the battle of Big Bethel, and therefore the first infantry fire of the War between the States, I do it the more readily since I was a participant in that first fire. * * *

Having been detailed on detached duty in Monongalia County, I did not reach Grafton until the morning of the 28th of May, having passed through Fairmont on the previous evening when Colonel Kelley's forces were supposed to be somewhere between Farmington and Barracksville, advancing on Colonel Porterfield's position at Grafton. When I reported to Colonel Porterfield on the morning of the 28th, he was breaking camp to fall back to Philippi, which place we reached about nightfall the same day.

On the Saturday following as officer of the day I was surprised to find that there was only a detail of a guard sufficient to place sentinels around the camp, with a relief guard for the night watch, which was stationed on the top of the hill at the junction of the Clarksburg and Beverly roads. After relieving the old guards and placing the guard for the day, not being satisfied with the arrangement, I returned to town, hoping to secure an additional detail for picket duty. On meeting Captain Moomau, of Pendleton County, I told him my idea of the situation. He fully agreed with me, but suggested that, instead of asking for the guard as intended, I make a requisition on the captains of the several companies for the number



COMPANY OF 4TH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.—WAR-TIME PICTURE.

of men needed, saying that he would honor my requisition and get the others to do likewise. Believing this to be the easiest if not the surest way, I made the requisitions for the additional number of men, about eighty to place pickets on the roads leading to town, and the requisitions were all honored.

Pickets were then placed on the roads below town. Believing that if an attack was made on our position a force crossing the river at the ford would be sent across the hills northeast of Philippi to cut off our retreat or rather to surround the town, a picket was placed at the crossing to detect and report any move in that direction, while the reserve was stationed at the forks of the road leading to Clarksburg and up the west side of the river.

Perhaps we ought to have reported this to the commander; but, being new in military affairs, it was not done. Next morning Captain Stofer, of Pocahontas County, relieved me as officer of the day. What disposition was made of the pickets or what was the detail for duty, I was not informed, but suppose it was only the usual detail, which was inadequate as it was on the day before. The pickets, if any, were withdrawn on account of the rain that night.

On that day (Sunday, June 2) Miss Abbie Kerr and Miss Mollie McCloud, of Fairmont, having learned of Colonel Kelley's intention to surprise and capture our forces, arrived at Philippi about 2:30 in the afternoon, having made a detour around Grafton and through a part of Harrison County, and gave us full information in regard to Colonel Kelley's plans to take the place.

The forces in Philippi at this time consisted of seven companies of infantry armed with altered army muskets. They had been virtually without ammunition till the Morgans of Marion County constructed molds in a blacksmith shop and from lead pipe molded enough bullets to make about seven rounds to each man. In addition to the infantry, we had the Churchill Cavalry from Augusta County and Captain Dangerfield's company from Bath County, with two or three other companies whose locality I do not recall, but all from about Warm Springs and the Shenandoah Valley. They were better equipped than the infantry. A council of the officers was called that afternoon, and it was agreed that an evacuation would take place at daybreak the next morning.

Some time later I went down to headquarters, and was surprised when informed by our commander that he believed he would stay and "give them a little brush in the morning." I suggested to him that his small force and want of ammunition would not enable him to make much of a fight; but he replied that he would "try it anyway."

I then went back to the hotel, the Barron, where I was stopping, and told some of the other officers I met of the change of plan and had my horse saddled and hitched, so I could get him at a moment's notice. Capt. (afterwards Col.) W. P. Thompson occupied the room with me, and we both lay down with our clothes on. Just as day was breaking next morning we heard the cannon go off on top of the hill across the river from town. Thompson thought it was a small arm; but it fired again quickly, when he jumped over me, landing on the floor. By the time we got to the door his company was passing. I got my horse and rode out in front of the hotel, to find Colonel Porterfield mounted and facing the road leading to town from the direction of Grafton.

It was now light enough to see the enemy, two regiments marching down the hill west of town. Shortly afterwards Hon. Robert Johnson, member of Congress from the Clarksburg District, came out on a horse got from the quartermaster's department rigged out with a wagon saddle. By this time all of the soldiers had passed out of town, and Kelley's force had crossed the bridge, entered Main Street, and marched up as far as Strickler's store, where they halted. Colonel Porterfield started to ride down toward them. Thinking that he must be acting under some mistake, I rode to him and asked whether he was not close enough to the enemy. He replied: "O, no, these are our own men." I asked him if he had not discovered that they were marching under the stars and stripes. He exclaimed: "Why, yes, and the blue uniform." We were then within about a square and a half of them and close enough to see even the brass buttons on their uniforms. He turned his horse round and started up the street. Not being so well mounted (my horse was lame from a kick), Johnson and I followed as fast as we could. We had not gone far when a volley of musketry from a platoon of Kelley's soldiers greeted us, this being the first infantry fire of the war.

Captain Jordan, quartermaster of the command, his clerk, Mr. Sims, and others were loading the contents of the office into the wagon. The office was next to the hotel, and may have been in sight of the firing squad. It was there that Colonel Kelley was wounded. His soldiers charged Sims

with the shooting, and would have killed him on the spot had not Colonel Kelley very generously interfered, commanding his men to desist.

We passed on. The cavalry halted some distance farther up the road toward Beverly. Shortly after this the Federal force that had been sent to cut us off crossed the hill, and were engaged by the cavalry and a small portion of the infantry. Captain Dangerfield, of Bath County, was wounded in the leg by a musket ball so badly that the limb had to be amputated that night. He had been hauled the entire distance to Beverly in a wagon. Young Hanger, of Augusta County, who was visiting the men from that county in their quarters, had his leg broken by a cannon ball, and it was also amputated. There were a few casualties among the skirmishes, but no others were killed.

We reached Beverly that evening and the next evening fell back to Huttonsville, where we remained until General Garnett arrived with reënforcements, relieving Colonel Porterfield. He organized our command, established the two camps, one under Col. John Pegram at Rich Mountain and the other at Laurel Hill, which he commanded in person.

INGERSOLL'S SPEECH ON WALL OF LEE'S HOME.

Mr. John A. Crawley, of Washington, D. C., writes the Veteran of a framed speech of Robert G. Ingersoll that hangs on the wall of Lee's old home at Arlington Cemetery. Mr. Crawley says he is a Northern man, but he resents this speech being where it is, for it is an insult to the memory of General Lee, "the grandest type of a soldier and a gentleman this country has ever produced." Mr. Crawley says:

"This speech contains statements offensive to every Southerner who visits that beautiful cemetery. In attempting to portray the general slavery conditions prevalent throughout the South in ante-bellum times Mr. Ingersoll in this speech not only refers to the men of the South who sold babies away 'from the mother's breast,' but uses the words 'outrage infinite, cruelty unspeakable,' and similar aspersions calculated to keep alive the slumbering embers of sectional prejudice. In view of the foregoing, it is not to be wondered at that the Confederate veterans protest against the presence of this particular speech in the old Lee home.

"President Taft recently returned from an extended trip through the Southland, where the hospitality extended him was as cordial and as spontaneous as any greeting he ever received at the North and the applause as sincere. And why not? Is he not the President of a united people? Has he not sworn to support a Constitution that recognizes neither North nor South?

"Former President Roosevelt did a most praiseworthy act when he had the name of Jefferson Davis replaced on the arch of Cabin John Bridge, from which it had been erased by Secretary Stanton during the big war of 1861-65, and now it remains for President Taft, whose speeches are teeming with expressions of good will for the South, to do a commendable as well as a just thing by having the copy of Mr. Ingersoll's speech removed from the walls of the old Lee home in Arlington Cemetery, where it serves no purpose other than to promote the devilish spirit of sectional hate.

"Although born and reared in Northern Pennsylvania, the writer is not blind to a realization of the fact that every worthy Northern man owes it to himself as well as to a reunited country to do his utmost toward effacing every remnant of sectional bitterness resultant from a cruel and unfortunate war."

Mr. Crawley writes that he has had the encouragement of all the Confederate soldiers and Southerners to whom he has spoken of his desire to have this obnoxious speech removed from the wall, especially of Representative C. C. Carlin, of the Eighth District, Virginia, whose father was a Confederate soldier, and who promises to do what he can in this good work.

Who Was the Confederate?—C. W. Hull served in Company A, 76th Ohio. His present address is 69 Chestnut Street, Newark, Ohio. During the siege of Atlanta some Federals met some Confederates between the lines and exchanged coffee, tobacco, etc. One of the Confederates expressed a wish for water from a spring that was in the Federal lines. Hull told him to get all the canteens he could carry, which he did, and then Hull escorted him to the spring, standing guard over him while he filled his canteens. The soldier said: "I want to get a good look at you; and if I can ever return this favor, I will." Mr. Hull has thought often of this Confederate, and if he is still alive wants to hear from him.

"Was Davis a Traitor?"—A patron of the Veteran very much desires the book with the above-named title, and would be gratified to receive information in regard to it.



CAMP OF 4TH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A. WHO CAN LOCATE IT?

THE RETURN OF COTTON TAX.

BY A THIRTY-FOURTH MISSISSIPPI VETERAN.

I see that our comrades at a State convention in Little Rock passed a resolution asking Congress to pay back to the South the cotton tax. It seems eminently proper that the old soldiers should ask this. The tax was by one of the reconstruction acts, stimulated by feelings engendered during the war. This tax should be refunded. What each State in its wisdom would do with it cannot be foretold. It might be used for building good roads in part, some of it for the school fund, and part of it at least should be paid to Confederate veterans and their widows.

It is an opportune time for Congress to take some steps in the matter. The government has had the use of the money over forty years. I suppose the South would be glad to get back the amount without interest. We believe a better sentiment is gradually growing at the North.

To make this a stronger government in united sentiment, each section must treat the other justly. It would be hard now to pay the amount back, but not so hard as it was for the South to pay the tax when her people were bankrupt, struggling to repair the desolations of war.

"WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG."

The following words to the song indicated above are being used by Confederate Choirs. It was popular with soldier boys when they and the Maggies at home were still young:

"I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove has gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung,
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As sprays by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young."

Mrs. Susan T. Munford, of Auxvasse, Mo., R. F. D. No. 2, desires to hear from J. M. Allmon, his wife, or children. Mr. Allmon was a member of the 2d Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A. His wife is a sister of Mrs. Munford.

CORRECTION AS TO A MISSISSIPPI COMPANY.—N. P. Davidson, of Axtell, Tex., corrects reference to Maj. John M. Miller, one of the "fighting parsons," reported on page 27 of the January VETERAN in the statement that refers to his "original company" being at Belmont, Mo., while the other companies were held at Columbus, Ky. Mr. Davidson asks that the term "original company" should be given as Company A, of the 1st Mississippi Battalion.

DREW A PENSION, THOUGH WORTH A MILLION.—The death at Muskogee, Okla., of an aged miser, Peter Eatt, according to publication, developed the fact that he had been drawing a Confederate pension for several years, though he held tax receipts that showed he owned property in Oklahoma and other States valued at over one million dollars. He was placed on the pension roll after the board had passed upon his case. In order to get a pension the petitioner had to swear that he was not worth over four hundred dollars. If this be true, the case was pitiable.

CONCERNING A CONFEDERATE—LAWSON, WHO DIED IN THE WAR.—L. C. Price (Penmoken Farm), Lexington, Ky., writes: "In September last, while grading on my farm, one mile from the city on the Nicholasville Pike, for an interurban railroad, the workmen uncovered the grave of one of the poor boys who gave his life for the great and good cause. He had been put away nicely by a kind old Scotchman, an undertaker, named Patterson, who was ever ready to do something for those who loved the South and her soldier boys, in a terra cotta coffin which was well preserved, but was broken by the workmen. I had the remains reinterred on my farm near by, and as soon as additional ground is secured in the cemetery at Lexington for burial of other Confederates I shall have his remains moved there, provided his relatives do not wish them. After inquiry through the press of Lexington and of elderly citizens, I learned from an old lady who nursed him in his last hours that he died in the late summer or early fall of 1862, and that he belonged to Gen. Kirby Smith's infantry. A button from his gray jacket showed this. His name was Lawson, a young man and small. The old lady does not recall where he was from. He died of typhoid fever at the home of Thomas Montague, who then owned the farm. I desire to hear from any one regarding this matter, and shall cheerfully give any information I can to his kindred."

SUBMARINE AS A LIFE SAVER.—The submarine Cigogne, of the French fleet, performed a remarkable life-saving feat while practicing diving in the open sea during a recent storm. A fishing smack was disabled and sank, and the submarine dived under the boat when only the smokestack was above water. Getting the smack across her deck, the Cigogne opened all valves and rose to the surface, holding the disabled boat till all the crew was rescued. A submarine as a life saver instead of a destroyer is something new, but this one proved its full capacity for its novel work.

A sore puzzle in regard to the above is how the passengers on the ill-fated vessel could have avoided drowning while it was under water. This feature of the story creates suspicion as to proving life-saving qualities.

A pathetic story comes in connection with the suicide of a Mr. Welters, cashier of a bank at Ellaville, Ga. He misplaced forty to fifty thousand dollars of the bank's assets; and, being utterly unable to find the money, evidently fearing he would be condemned as a thief, the matter so depressed him that he committed suicide. Afterwards the funds were found.

PAYMENT FOR NEGROES SUGGESTED.

BY E. H. LIVELEY, ABERDEEN, WASH.

[Mr. Liveley has written a strong paper to the Charleston News and Courier in behalf of payment for slaves freed by President Lincoln. The following points are from it.]

The South returned to dilapidated and destroyed homes, negroes gone, bonds, crops, and securities gone, fences burned, cattle driven off and fed to merciless foes and carpet-baggers, and her women and children found almost naked and penniless. England did better by the alien Boers.

Japan erected a battle monument to the memory of the Russians who fell in defending Port Arthur. In this the Japanese people builded better than they knew. Such distinction was never rendered to a fallen foe, and the Russian people touch their hats in honor of such recognition.

The United States in her treaty with Spain at Paris paid the latter government twenty millions of dollars for the Philippine Islands. This is in surprising contrast with the condition of the South, which was taxed by the Federal government in excess of what Germany charged France. Spain never paid a cent of war damage, and her troops were provided with medicines and attendance and sent to their Spanish homes free of charge.

The people of the country are reminded by the partisans of Mr. Lincoln that had he not been assassinated he would have seen to it that the people of the South received some compensation for their negroes set free by his order. But his allowing the order of Grant to Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia to burn and destroy when he could have prevented it is the rub.

The thousands of dollars belonging to private individuals which was taken from the New Orleans banks by General Butler was returned last year (1909) by Congress upon the ground that the money was private property. So with the negroes. Under all the circumstances we had no more right as a nation to take the negroes than we had to take the Arlington or the McVeigh estates. These, being private property, were restored to their owners. Mr. McKinley declared in his speech at Atlanta his willingness to share with the South in taking care of the graves of the Southern soldiers.

Mr. Lincoln issued before his death a proclamation restoring private property to those who had engaged in "rebellion." In 1862 General McClellan's army took possession of my printing plant at Williamsburg, Va., and carried it to Yorktown, where they published a paper known as the Cavalier. Subsequently they took it to Old Point Comfort. When the war was over, I claimed this property under the above proclamation, under the provisions of which the application was indorsed by General Ord, commanding at Old Point Comfort, and Quartermaster James, of the post, gave me transportation for same to Williamsburg via Yorktown. This shows the equity of my proposition.

ONE OF THE FIRST KILLED AT FORT DONELSON.—At Fort Donelson on the morning of February 14, 1862, I was a member of Buckner's Brigade, which was composed of the 3d and 18th Tennessee, 14th Mississippi, and 2d Kentucky Regiments. At the commencement of the battle we were in the rear of Graves's Battery, which was firing rapidly. Two or three men carried a tall, slender fellow dressed, as I remember, in brown jeans, to the rear. When passing near where I stood, the man shrieked and said: "Tell them at home I died fighting for my country and in a glorious cause." I should be glad if some comrade could tell who this hero was.—*Old Soldier.*

SPILLER'S LASS—BATTLE DAYS.

BY CAPT. WILLIAM PAGE CARTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

'Twere Ewell that saunt us over the crick;
I mind it plum and squar;
'Pears like it mought be yisterday—
Honeybee time and cl'ar;
Apple-bloom blossoms, mornin' and spring,
Pretty es pretty could be.
"Shoo 'em up, Billy," a bit on the left,
Ewell writ word to me;
Over the crick in the airly dew
Ewell saunt Company C fer the Blue.

Sakes! how the zippers did whack and sizz
When the Yanks come over the way,
Man and horse, horse and man
'Pear like they come to stay;
Never in forty fight or mo'
Seen the Blues no wust.
"Hop and go split, gents; ain't you seen
A tumbler rip and bust?"
Pretty the sun es pretty could be
"Shook 'em up, Billy," he writ to me;
Over the crick in the mornin' dew
Ewell saunt Company C fer the Blue.

Forrards and charge, and don't you fergit
It worn't no cheap side show;
Shootin' fer keeps, no short-stop cinch—
"Blow, bugle, blow."
Jam to the firin' line she come,
Apple blooms in her hand,
Bucket and cymnin gode inside,
Water to beat the band.
Pretty the lass as pretty could be;
Spiller's tollgate lass was she.
Over the crick in the airly dew
Ewell saunt Company C fer the Blue.

"Cap'n, I fetched the boys a drink
From Spiller's tollgate pump;
Cap'n, I hand the blooms to you;"
And she shied 'em up in a clump.
"Cap'n, now hit 'em a Sunday lick
And bounce 'em nigh the pump.
Boys," she says, "be quick, be quick;
You gittin' 'em on the jump."
And the boys was chuck with rossum and tow
And you couldn't hear no pin drap sho!
Pretty the eyes in the mornin' dew.
Over the crick went we fer the Blue.

Then word went up and down the crick
Fer many a time up thar
That Spiller's lass whipped the rattlin' fight
At Spiller's tollgate bar;
And down the pike when we come back
In the dim uv the springtime day
Was Spiller's lass er strooin' blooms,
Some on the Blue, some on the Gray—
Pretty the eyes in the evenin' dew—
Blooms on the Gray, blooms on the Blue.

A NORTHERNER FOUGHT FOR CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. M. E. MONTGOMERY, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

Lieut. Col. J. G. M. Montgomery was born near Auburn, N. Y., December 12, 1833, was married to Mary E. Wheeler, of Auburn, January 24, 1855, and died June 13, 1904.

The year after their marriage they came South and located in Chattanooga, Tenn. Shortly afterwards they removed to Cleveland, Tenn., where he engaged in mercantile business, which he followed successfully until the War between the States. He saw the path of duty at the call for volunteers and promptly cast his lot with the South. He closed his business at much sacrifice and enlisted in the Southern army. He joined the 5th Tennessee Cavalry in the fall of 1861, was elected lieutenant colonel, and remained in the army until the war closed. He served under Gen. Kirby Smith, going with him through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, during which campaign he was in the battle of Perryville, Ky. His command covered the retreat of the Confederate forces as they were forced back by General Buell's large army. In the latter years of the war Colonel Montgomery served under Gen. Joe Wheeler, to whom he was devoted. During his soldier life he received several wounds. On the retreat of General Wheeler's command from Middle Tennessee from a conflict with General Wilder's large brigade, five thousand strong, he was severely wounded, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

His affection for his fellow-comrades was deep and abiding. As proof of this, in a journey home from a visit to his son in St. Louis, where he fell sick, as the train stopped in Nashville, Tenn., where the Confederates were gathering for their annual Reunion, he asked to be helped off the train that he might meet some of "the boys." It was the effort of his life, for he lived only a few hours after he reached the home and the people he loved so fondly, as had been his great desire. He was a true Christian soldier and sweetly passed away. He sleeps his last sleep, having fought his last battle, and with many old comrades has crossed the river of death and is "at rest."

Lincoln's Friend Served Confederates.

Adam Shefner, of German birth (June, 1832), died in Taylor, Tex., in November, 1909. He came to America at the age of seventeen, and settled in Illinois, where he remained till about 1860, when ill health caused him to come South. He was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, a friendship brought about through a very dramatic incident. It is said that Shefner's son was pursued by a vicious bull, and that Mr. Lincoln saved him from being gored to death by seizing the bull by the horns and holding on till assistance came. This friendship with Mr. Lincoln stood Shefner in good stead later on. A party of Yankees were preparing to burn his house, when Shefner showed a personal letter which he had just received from the President.

Shefner espoused the Confederate cause, and he rendered effective aid. During the Georgia campaign a quantity of percussion caps had been damaged, and Gov. J. E. Brown, who was also a personal friend of Shefner's, knowing of his mechanical skill, sought his aid in restoring the gun caps; and after several experiments, he succeeded.

A New Englander Served the Confederacy.

Copy of an old letter from Henry Clark comes from the Register and News, Randolph, Mass. Mr. Clark was a native New Englander. Born in 1827, at the age of twenty-seven he engaged as clerk in Petersburg, Va. Two years later (in 1856) he married Miss Bettie Robertson, of Petersburg, daughter of a leading merchant there. When the war broke out, he enlisted with a band to serve with the 14th Tennessee Infantry. The band was "mustered out," but he was retained as a bugler for the regiment. He was later appointed commissary sergeant to serve at Petersburg. When that city surrendered, he was captured and sent to Hart's Island, New York Harbor.

After the war, he engaged in merchandising at Keyesville, Va., and was Mayor of the town at the time of his death, June 2, 1892.

In writing to his wife concerning the 14th Tennessee (Forbes's) Regiment on June 30, 1862, he stated: "Our regiment has about eight hundred men on the roll, but we can't muster but one hundred and sixty-five men; but when the command is given to 'Charge!' the boys rush upon the enemy with the same desperate courage as when their ranks were well filled."

PATRIOTISM OF THE SOUTH.

[Ransom W. Davenport, in Ohio State Journal.]

Did I fail to express myself on this matter, my self-respect would suffer a permanent loss. For this reason and also in hope that my words may convince some of your readers, I beg to discuss the article in this morning's Journal entitled "Would Prevent Display of Confederate Flag."

I was born in New York State, of a family which was stanchly for the Union. There could be no one more patriotic than myself, in so far as believing in the abolition of slavery. But I have lived South for several years, and I feel quite as much a Southerner as a Yankee. Since my return I have frequently heard the remark: "They don't know the war is over down South."

Ah yes! They don't know it is over. We take good care that they shall not forget. We are still kicking our fallen enemy. That they were wrong as we saw it does not in any sense belittle the cause that was led with such glorious bravery by scores of immortal heroes. Can any one deny that the Confederate flag represents as much self-sacrifice, as much bravery, as much belief in the high honor of its cause as the Union flag? Is it possible that a man, though gallantly fighting for his own cause, knows not what patriotism is? Is it possible for him to believe that any man can give his life for a lie? And, granting that the Confederate soldier believed in his cause, is it possible for a Union soldier who was great enough to offer his life then to have become so small as to claim all the bravery, all the honor? It would seem so, since he classes the Confederate flag with "the red flag of anarchy."

O, it is such a grand thing to ask, such a little thing to grant, just to be permitted to reverence a bit of torn bunting for which their fathers, husbands, brothers, sons died! No, my anonymous friend, it is not to "fool the children" that they display the flag, but to express an eternal homage so deep, so true, that could it but be yours you would die the happier.

Southerners Like This Sentiment.—In the program for dedicating a memorial building at Dayton, Ohio, January 5 the following appears: "The memory of the soldier will never depart from this land so long as human hearts thrill at the tales of heroic deeds and are moved with the story of man's love for liberty."

Union veterans may be sure that Confederates possessed the highest patriotism by the sacrifices they made.

ARBOR DAY AT TENNESSEE SOLDIERS' HOME.

For several years the custom has obtained of having an Arbor Day at the Old Soldiers' Home in Tennessee. On this day the various Chapters either attend or send delegates, and in the name of some one they wish to honor plant a young and vigorous tree. Arbor Day of 1909 was carried out with an elaborate program of speeches and music, twenty young ladies from Buford College, Nashville, giving charming readings or musical selections. Three portraits were unveiled by young ladies, who made appropriate addresses, and the pictures of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Gen. George Maney, Gen. John C. Brown, and Mrs. M. C. Goodlett will make handsome additions to the Home. An elaborate dinner was served to the veterans and all visitors, after which Kate Lytton Hickman, Nashville, First Tennessee Regiment, and John W. Thomas Chapters, U. D. C., and Mrs. S. A. Gaut and Mrs. Richardson planted trees, which were named for famous generals or for people whom they were anxious to honor.

The Nashville Chapter planted three trees, one for Father Ryan, the soldier-poet-priest, one for General Starnes, and one for Gen. George W. Gordon, the only Confederate general in the national legislative body.

Kate Lytton Hickman Chapter planted two trees, one for President Davis and one for Gen. Frank Cheatham. This Chapter also planted the three trees for Mrs. Gaut, of Franklin, for Gov. Peter Turney, Gov. Albert Marks, and Mr. S. A. Cunningham, and for Mrs. Richardson, of Franklin, whose trees bore the names of Mrs. John McGavock and Mrs. John B. Ewing, both deceased.

The First Tennessee Regiment Chapter planted trees to Gen. George Maney, Maj. Robert McKinney, and Marcus B. Toney, and the John W. Thomas Chapter, of Monteagle, for Mrs. M. B. Pilcher planted a tree to the memory of John W. Thomas. His flag with the motto, "Be Faithful," was used.

Capt. M. S. Cockrill, President of the Board of Trustees, received both the pictures and trees for the old soldiers in a feeling talk. He has long been an officer of the Board.

MEMORIAL TREES.

BY MRS. E. G. BUFORD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

[Dedicated to the veterans of Tennessee.]

Come, let us plant Memorial Trees!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade,
Wide let its hollow bed be made.
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet—
So plant we these Memorial Trees.

What plant we in Memorial Trees?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
In planting these Memorial Trees.

Each year shall give unto these trees
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous bloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass; but we
Shall hear no longer where we lie
The summer's song, the autumn's sigh
In boughs of these Memorial Trees.

What plant we with Memorial Trees?
Dear memories of ye olden times,
All crystallized in sweetest rhymes;
Great principles by heroes striven,
For love and home and country given.
For consecrated lives like these,
Whose blood upon our soil was shed,
Now numbered with the sacred dead,
We plant with these Memorial Trees.

But time shall waste these Memory Trees.
O, when their aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting these Memorial Trees?

"Who planted these Memorial Trees?"
Descendants in that distant day
Unto some aged one shall say;
And, gazing on each mossy stem,
The gray-haired one shall answer them:
"They were the loyal U. D. C.'s,
The women of fair Tennessee,
Who came with hands and hearts so free
And planted these Memorial Trees."

GALLANT LIEUT. COL. JOHN B. HUTCHESON.—Replying to an inquiry in the December VETERAN for a history of Lieut. Col. John B. Hutcheson, attached to Morgan's command and killed at Woodbury or Snow Hill, R. M. J. Arnette (of Morgan's Cavalry), of Lorman, Miss., writes: "'Old Fighting Hutch,' as he was known in Morgan's command, organized a company of infantry in 1861 for one year. He went to Virginia, served the time out, returned home and organized a company of cavalry, and then joined Col. John H. Morgan at Knoxville, Tenn., his company becoming Company E of the regiment. B. W. Duke was lieutenant colonel and George W. Morgan major. After our first raid into Kentucky, in July, 1862, the command having been recruited largely and Colonel Morgan promoted to brigadier general, B. W. Duke became colonel and 'Old Hutch' was deservedly promoted to lieutenant colonel of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry. Wherever there was any hard fighting for the command to do, Colonel Hutcheson was always ready and did it. He was killed in the winter of 1862 near Woodbury in a skirmish with a Federal command whose wagon train he had captured and successfully carried off. No braver or better soldier or more gallant officer ever rode a horse than Colonel Hutcheson, of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry."

THE MOBILE REUNION TO BE HELD IN TENTS.—The committee in charge of the arrangements for the Mobile Reunion April 26-28 have adopted some unique ideas. Army tents will be used for quarters for those who wish them, and a large circus tent has been procured for the sessions. The tented city will make the old soldiers recall old times vividly.

CONFEDERATES BURIED ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The graves are numbered consecutively to 205, but the omissions are where names are not known. There are fifty of these. The figure after each name is the number of the grave. This list was furnished by Comrade Rev. John Hewitt, now of Bellefonte, Pa. The deaths began November 8, 1863, and the last date is May 1, 1865.

Col. J. E. Cruggs (or Scruggs), 85th Va. Reg., 1.
Capt. E. M. Tuggle, Co. H, 35th Ga. Inf., 2.
Capt. A. E. Upchurch, 55th N. C. Inf., 8.
Second Lieut. J. P. Peden, Hamilton's Battery, 10.
Lieut. Col. Joel Barnett, 9th Bat. La. Cav., 13.
Lieut. William J. Hudson, 2d N. C. Inf., 15.
Capt. D. E. Webb, 1st Ala. Cav., 16.
Lieut. J. W. Nullins, 1st Miss. Inf., 18.
Lieut. W. E. Hansin, 1st Ga. Inf., 19.
Capt. H. D. Stephenson, 15th Ark. Inf., 20.
Lieut. R. D. Copass, 6th Tenn. Inf., 21.
J. D. Cassaway, 22.
C. B. Jackson, Guerilla, Va., 24.
Lieut. J. Huptettler (or Hoffstetter), 1st Ark. Bat., 25.
Lieut. L. B. Williams, 63d N. C. Inf., 26.
Lieut. W. P. Harden (or Harder), 5th N. C. Inf., 28.
Lieut. J. M. Dotson (or Dodson), 10th Tenn. Cav., 29.
Private D. D. Kellar, 2d Tenn. Cav., 30.
S. G. Jetter (or Jeters), Co. H, 31st Ala. Inf., 31.
Capt. C. W. Gillespie, Co. D, 66th N. C. Cav., 32.
Private B. Anderson, Mo. State Cav., 33.
Lieut. W. W. Veasy (or M. W.), 10th Ky. Cav., 34.
Capt. J. W. Gregory, 9th Va. Inf., 38.
Private Peter Cole, 60th Va. Inf., 47.
Private Wm. Johnson (or W. J.), Poindexter's Mo. Cav., 51.
E. L. Moore, 59.
Daniel Herrin (or John), Poindexter's Mo. Cav., 60.
Lieut. J. W. Collier, 18th Ky. Inf., 61.
Capt. John M. Kean, 12th La. Bat. Art., 63.
Capt. L (ord) W. McWhister, Co. H, 3d Miss. Inf., 67.
John Dow, Pulaski, Ohio, 68.
R. Hodges (or J. R.), Memphis, Tenn., 69.
Lieut. E. Gibson, 11th Ark. Inf., 70.
D. Christian, Co. E, 128th Va. Inf., 72.
L. Rasins (or Rains), Co. C, 46th Va. Inf., 73.
S. W. C., 74.
Col. Samuel Fox, 75.
J. Ashbury (or Ashby), Kentucky, 78.
J. Reeves (or M.), Co. J, 1st Ga. Cav., 79.
Lieut. J. A. McBride, Co. H, 60th Tenn. Inf., 82.
First Lieut. S. R. Graham, Co. J, 3d Tex. Cav., 83.
Capt. S. W. Henry, 19th Tenn. Cav., 84.
Lieut. E. M. Orr, 62d N. C. Inf., 86.
J. R. H., 89.
Capt. Mark Beckon, Co. D, 6th Tenn. Inf., 90.
Capt. J. B. Hardy, 15th Ark. Inf., 92.
Private Hugh Cobble (or Gobble), Co. E, 5th Ky., 93.
Lieut. J. B. Cash (or Gash), 62d N. C. Inf., 94.
Capt. J. W. Johnson, Green's R. Mo. S. Gs., 95.
Capt. J. U. D. King, Co. K, 9th Ga. Inf., 96.
M. R. Handy, Hopkins County, Ky., 98.
Private E. Morrison, 8th Ala. Inf., 99.
Col. Charles H. Metlock, 4th Miss. Inf., 100.
R. E. M., 101.
Private W. W. Davis, 35th Miss. Inf., 102.
Lieut. W. N. Swift, 34th Ga. Inf., 103.
Lieut. A. Kelly, 10th Ark. Inf., 104.
Private J. D. Conoway, 19th Va. Cav., 105.
Capt. J. Middlebrooks, 40th Ga. Inf., 106.
Capt. J. B. Hazzard (or Haggard), 24th Ala. Inf., 107.
Capt. J. P. Vann, Co. E, Bell's R. Ark. Inf., 108.
Lieut. D. H. McKay, Co. D, 46th Ala. Inf., 109.
Capt. John R. Jackson, Co. H, 38th Ala. Inf., 110.
Lieut. H. B. Dawson, Co. A, 17th Ga. Inf. (or Co. I), 111.
Lieut. D. D. (or D. S.) Johnson, Co. A, 48th Tenn. Inf., 112.
Capt. J. B. Hardy, Co. I, 5th Ark. Inf., 113.
Lieut. W. T. Skidmore, Co. D, 4th Ala. Cav., 114.
Capt. M. D. Armfield, Co. B, 11th N. C. Inf., 115.
Capt. E. (or G.) W. Lewis, Co. C, 9th Bat. La. Cav., 116.
Lieut. or Capt. J. N. Williams, 6th Miss. Inf., 117.
Lieut. J. T. Sigon, 53d Va. or 23d Ark., 118.
Lieut. T. G. W. Coleman, 7th Miss. Art., 119.
Lieut. J. E. Threadgill, Co. H, 12th Ark. Inf., 120.
Capt. J. G. Shuler, Co. H, 5th Fla. Inf., 121.
Lieut. B. J. Blount, Co. H, 55th N. C. Inf., 122.
Lieut. J. D. Arrington, Co. H, 32d N. C. Inf., 123.
Lieut. Joseph (or Jas.) Lawshe, Co. C, 18th Miss. Cav., 124.
Lieut. John (or Jas.) Holt, Co. G, 61st Tenn. Inf., 125.
Samuel Chormley (Ghormley), Blount County, Tenn., 126.
Lieut. J. W. Moore, Co. B, 25th Ala. Inf., 127.
Second Lieut. D. L. Scott, Co. I, 3d Mo. Cav., 128.
Lieut. William Peel, Co. C, 11th Miss. Inf., 129.
Lieut. J. L. Land, Co. A, 24th Ga. Inf., 130.
Capt. N. T. Barnes, Co. E, 10th Confederate Cav., 131.
Lieut. John F. McElroy, Co. F, 24th Ga. Inf., 132.
Lieut. John Q. High, 1st Ark. Bat. Inf., 133.
Lieut. J. C. Long (or J. P.), Co. I, 62d N. C. Inf., 134.
Lieut. B. C. Harp (or B. J.), Co. I, 25th Tenn. Inf., 135.
Lieut. W. S. Norwood (or Wardwood), Co. E, 6th S. C. Inf., 136.
Lieut. R. K. C. Weeks (or Wicks), Co. F, 4th Fla. Inf., 137.
Capt. S. P. Sullins, 1st Ala. Inf., 138.
Capt. P. J. Rabenan, 5th Ala. or La. Inf., 139.
R. H. Lisk, Citizen, 140.
Capt. F. F. Cooper, Co. K, 52d Ga. Inf., 141.
Adjt. W. E. Watson, 1st Tenn. Inf., 142.
Albert F. Frazier (A. J. Frazier), Co. H, 15th Miss. or 21st G. Y. C., 143.
Lieut. W. E. Killem (or Killen), Co. H, 45th Va. Inf., 144.
Lieut. F. T. Coppeye (B. F. Coppuye), Tenn. Inf., 145.
Private J. L. Dungan (or Duncan), 22d Va., 146.
Second Lieut. S. T. Moore, Co. F, King's R. Ala., Inf. or Art., 147. This must have been the 9th or 41st.
Lieut. John J. Gobeau (or Gobo), Co. B, 10th Miss., 148.
Lieut. W. A. Stephens, Co. K, 46th Ala. Inf., 149.
Capt. T. J. Lowis (or Lewis), Co. C, 3d Va. Inf., 150.
Lieut. John W. Hill, Co. L, 9th or 19th Va. Inf., 151.
Col. James A. Campbell, 27th Miss. Inf., 152.
Lieut. John Welch, Co. B, 40th Va. Inf., 153.
Capt. S. V. Hamilton (or J. E.), Co. B, 2d Choctaw Cav. or Indian, 154.
Lieut. G. W. Swink (or E. W.), Co. K, 8th Va. Inf., 155.
Capt. A. B. Archibald, Co. D, 8th Confederate Cav., 156.
Lieut. J. Dean, Co. H, 28th Tenn. Inf., 157.
Lieut. C. B. Nash (or C. C.), Co. H, 30th Miss. Inf. or 6th La., 158.
Lieut. Francis Baya, Co. H, 2d Fla. Inf., 159.
Lieut. F. J. Alexander (or T. J.), Co. C, 4th Ala. Bat., 160.
Capt. M. C. Peel, 8th Ark. Inf., 161.
First Lieut. R. C. Love, Co. K, 1st Miss. Art. or Ga., 162.
Capt. P. Nichols, Co. B, 11th Batt. N. C. Inf., 163.

Lieut. R. P. Bolling, Co. H, 6th Ga. Cav. or Miss. Art., 164.
Lieut. J. B. Wood, Co. G, 10th Confederate Cav., 165.
Lieut. B. F. Lock, Co. E, 4th Ark. Cav., 166.
Lieut. P. W. Lane, 23d Ark. Inf., 167.
Capt. Joshua Bisell (or Misel), Co. G, 8th Fla. Inf., 168.
Lieut. S. H. Bankey, 49th Ala. Inf., 169.
Surgeon John J. Nichell, 2d Ky. Mounted Rifles, 170.
Capt. James E. Webb, 8th Ark. Inf., 171.
Lieut. Willis Randall, Co. G, 52d N. C. Inf., 172.
Second Lieut. W. E. Phillips, 4th Ala. of Forrest's Cav., 173.
Lieut. E. B. Holt (or E. R.), Lexington, N. C., 174.
Capt. W. J. Porter, Co. D, 61st Ala. Inf., 175.
Lieut. Peter Machin (or Mankin), Co. I, 16th Miss. Inf., 176.
Col. John W. Henagan, 8th S. C. Inf., 177.
First Lieut. J. M. Henken (or Henekins), Co. K, 12th S. C. Inf., 178.
Maj. J. A. Lash, 4th Fla. Inf., 179.
Lieut. John F. Brigham, Co. E, 14th Tenn. Inf., 180.
Capt. W. W. (or W. H.) Wynn, Co. G, 6th Va., Inf., 181.
Lieut. H. Wilkinson, Co. B, 9th Va. Inf., 182.
Capt. M. L. Helton, Co. F, 23d N. C. Inf., 183.
Capt. J. W. Day, Co. D, 55th Ga. Inf., 184.
Lieut. or Capt. B. B. Starnes, Co. B, 9th Ala. or 9th La. Cav., 185.
Lieut. E. N. Puckett, Co. K, 12th or 21st Ark. Inf., 186.
Lieut. J. W. Jacques, Co. F, 24th Tenn. Inf., 187.
Second Lieut. J. W. McRae, Co. E, 67th Ga. Inf., 188.
Lieut. William P. Norton, Co. D, 22d N. C. Inf., 189.
Lieut. Henderson H. Creswell, Freeman's Mo. Cav., 190.
J. Coulter, Citizen, Maryville, Tenn., 191.
Lieut. Thomas Ruffin, Co. D, 59th N. C. Cav., 192.
Lieut. C. B. Morris, Co. I, 9th Ala. or 9th La. Inf., 193.
Third Lieut. J. Miller, Williams's Ark. Cav., 194.
Second Lieut. Robert Gamble, Co. G, 9th Ala. Inf., 195.
Lieut. J. P. Noland (or Nolan), English's Miss. Bat., 196.
Capt. J. M. Hill, Co. G, Dobbin's Ark. Cav., 197.
W. C. Raidy (or Reading), Co. G, 11th Ky. Cav., 198.
Lieut. M. H. Michael, 59th Va. Inf., 199.
Second Lieut. A. G. Pitt, Co. K, 20th Tenn. Inf., 200.
Adjt. J. L. Hood, 59th Va. Inf., 201.

Lists of comrades who died in Northern prisons are procured with much care, and readers would often confer a favor upon the families of such by giving notice when they see names of persons of whom they have knowledge.

"ASK THE SURVIVORS OF BENTONVILLE."

BY SAMUEL W. RAVENEL, BOONVILLE, MO.

The writer read with interest in the December VETERAN a statement by Capt. B. H. King, of Atlanta, Ga., of the comparative losses by commands on both sides during the War between the States, and noted that after giving the fearful percentage of losses by the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg, the 9th Illinois at Shiloh, and the 1st Maine at Petersburg, on the Federal side, and the 1st Texas at Antietam, the 26th North Carolina at Gettysburg, and the 8th Tennessee at Murfreesboro, on the Confederate side, he asks, "What say the survivors of Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, and Bentonville?" intimating the severity of the hard-fought struggle on those fields.

Captain King does not mention Averysboro; but as Bentonville followed Averysboro so closely that it may almost be considered the second stand of a continued engagement, I give the percentage of loss in one company in that fight.

There was a Capt. B. H. King at the opening of the engagement at Averysboro who made a narrow escape from capture just after Gen. Alfred Rhett was surrounded and overpowered. After being shot at by sharpshooters every time he showed himself, he was accosted by General Taliaferro in these cheering words: "Captain, I never tried as hard to have a man shot in my life as I did you." But that is not what I started to write about.

Lucas's Battalion of Artillery occupied the extreme left in that engagement, and a company of regulars—Capt. J. J. Richardson, I think—was on the extreme left of the battalion. A lieutenant in that company was Thomas J. Heyward, then only about twenty-two years old. Captain Richardson's company went into the fight that morning ninety strong. Stubbornly they held the extreme left all day; but that afternoon they were flanked by overwhelming numbers, and while fighting as "regulars" do, with the regularity of a drill, they were being shot in the backs with death-dealing vollies. Rather than surrender, they valiantly cut their way out. At roll call the next morning only nineteen answered, including the orderly sergeant and Lieutenant Heyward, in command.

Lieutenant Heyward saw Captain Richardson shot down, cut through both legs, while leading his men out of the flanked trenches, and remarked to the writer the next day that as he sprang forward to take command he felt as though he was simply taking his place to be shot down. I was not so familiar with the other companies of Lucas's Battalion, but doubt not that the havoc was great among them all.

I recall that at the reorganization and review of his decimated army by General Hardee at Smithfield, N. C., I saw Lieutenant Heyward standing proudly and with all the soldierly bearing of a Citadel Cadet Academy graduate in front of a little squad of heroes, their company having lost seventy-nine per cent!

Lieutenant Heyward was at the firing upon the Star of the West in the beginning of hostilities, and fought in the battle of Bentonville, the last real hard struggle of the cause; so he might be termed the Alpha and Omega of that fearful four years of struggle and hardship.

I heard a North Carolinian, Sergeant Devant, say to two other couriers from the same State—and all three had been at Gettysburg—at dusk that evening while in front of an enfilading battery of artillery: "If there was a place in the battle of Gettysburg as hot as that spot, I never saw it."

If living, Capt. W. Perrin Kemp, of Maryland, a member of Gen. W. B. Taliaferro's staff, as well as Sergeant Devant, may recall the spot at dusk in the evening of March 18, 1865, when a bunch of horsemen, composed of General Taliaferro, his staff, couriers, and signal corps, at a point near a battery of artillery, could easily see through the underbrush in the pine forest the flash of every gun as the artillery enfiladed our shattered lines. He may recall the men of the reserve line lying down and lowering their colors, and even the officers kneeling in compliance with the personal orders of General Taliaferro. He may recall too how, after all had dismounted except General Taliaferro, Captain Mathews, and another South Carolinian, he thoughtfully admonished a lad of sixteen to get off his horse, saying, "It is foolish to sit there," and how as the lad thanked him he threw his leg over the saddle and seated himself behind a tree, when a grapeshot dashed across the seat of his saddle and buried itself in the ground at his feet, and also how that raging leaden hailstorm of grape and canister literally barked the trees, cutting off the limbs as if cut by hand.

CHANCELLORSVILLE AND SALEM CHURCH.

Special Features of Battle of the Latter.

BY HON. GEORGE CLARK, WACO, TEX.

After the victory of Fredericksburg and the overwhelming defeat of Burnside in December, 1862, the Army of Northern Virginia rested from its arduous labors upon the Rappahannock, and there spent the winter. The 2d Corps, commanded by Jackson, took post below Fredericksburg along the south side of the river and extending for more than thirty miles; while the 1st Corps, commanded by Longstreet, took post from near Hamilton Crossing up the river and extending north of Fredericksburg beyond the vicinity of Bank's Pond. The winter was spent quietly except a cavalry engagement up near Germania Ford early in March, 1863, in which "the gallant Pelham" gave his splendid young life to the cause; and Longstreet took two of his divisions, Hood's and Pickett's, and went on a foraging expedition down the James River to Suffolk, where he was with both divisions when the Chancellorsville campaign opened and concluded.

In the latter days of April, 1863, the enemy, under Hooker, began its movement up the Rappahannock River, and crossed at Germania and other fords with an immense force, reported at the time to be 119,000 infantry; and after crossing, swept down the right bank of the river to Chancellorsville, and there concentrated, that point being on the old plank road leading from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg and about eight miles north of the last-named place.

When this movement of the enemy took place, General Lee was resting quietly in his winter encampment, the army being composed of Jackson's 2d Corps, consisting of four divisions, and McLaws's and Anderson's Divisions of Longstreet's 1st Corps, with the artillery somewhat scattered for winter subsistence, and a brigade or two of cavalry, the remainder of that branch of the service being engaged with Stoneman's raiders in their jaunt to our rear. But the army had enjoyed a quiet winter's rest, the ranks had been somewhat renewed, and the men, with perfect confidence in their gallant commander, were ready for action, regardless of disparity of the forces.

On the morning of May — the Army of Northern Virginia broke camp and began its movement against the enemy, then concentrated at and near Chancellorsville. Wilcox's Alabama Brigade moved out from its camps near Bank's Ford toward the plank road as Jackson's Corps was passing up toward Chancellorsville and just as glorious old Stonewall and staff came riding by. The loud and continuous cheers that greeted him as he rode rapidly up the plank road manifested the love and admiration of the army for him; and this was not confined to his own splendid troops, but pervaded all hearts. Moving forward with quickened pace, the brigade was filed off to the right and took the turnpike road toward Chancellorsville, and after a time was filed off to the right and formed line of battle. Evidently we were on the extreme right of our line, only a squadron of cavalry being between us and the river. After waiting a time, the ranks were formed and the brigade moved through the woods and brush, and so continued until nearly dark, when the advance was halted and no enemy encountered. Then our steps were retraced until we again reached the pike and moved forward toward Chancellorsville; but we were suddenly halted again and received orders to return to Bank's Ford or near there, reaching there about twelve at night.

Here we remained all that night and the next day, puzzling our brains as to what was meant by isolating us from the rest of the army, that we knew had been concentrated at or near Chancellorsville, some six or eight miles distant, with no enemy near us that we could discover. Late in the afternoon, however, we could hear the cannon roaring at Chancellorsville, and realized that a serious engagement must be going on there, and toward dusk with glasses we could see a long line of Federal troops across the river moving northward toward the vicinity opposite Chancellorsville across the river, and assumed that the enemy was hurrying reënforcements to that quarter. The cannonade up about Chancellorsville continued sometime after dark; but the brigade spent the night again at Bank's Ford, sleeping quietly and apparently enjoying its ease. But, as was soon demonstrated, this was only the calm before the storm.

Shortly after sunrise the next morning the ranks were formed and the brigade was hurried down the river to the heights above Fredericksburg near the Taylor House and placed in the rifle pits used during the battle in December previous. Our position overlooked the Rappahannock Valley, and just across the canal lying behind the embankment was a long line of Federal troops, their bodies concealed from view, but each regiment with its flag unfurled and waving defiantly. They were rather too far for musketry fire, and we had no cannon with which to open on them. Suddenly down on the right about Marye's Hill a furious cannon and musketry fire was heard, and in a few moments orders came to right face and move rapidly in that direction. As soon as we reached near Stanbury's Hill, just above Marye's Hill some little distance, the whole face of the earth seemed to be covered with Federal troops. Forming into line quickly, skirmishers were thrown forward, and soon the rattle of musketry began. Our skirmishers were on the incline of a hill, and by a brisk fire succeeded in halting the masses immediately in their front for a short while; but soon heavy battalions appeared on their flanks, which forced a retreat, leaving many of their number wounded on the field. It was ascertained that Sedgwick's 6th Corps and Brook's Light Division constituted the force in our front, the command numbering more than twenty thousand men, and that they had assaulted our lines at Marye's Hill and captured it with some artillery on the heights, and that Early's Division, stationed there and below, had retreated toward Hamilton Crossing, leaving only Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, two guns, and a small squad of cavalry between the heavy force of Sedgwick and Lee's rear at Chancellorsville. Evidently Sedgwick saw his opportunity, and was determined to press forward rapidly with his whole force to attack Lee's rear at Chancellorsville, not being aware perhaps at the time that Lee had already driven Hooker from his works at that point and had forced him into new works behind Chancellorsville and a mile nearer the river.

Sedgwick moved forward steadily and rapidly toward Chancellorsville, opposed only by Wilcox's Brigade of less than two thousand men. The brigade would form line every few hundred yards and await the advance of Sedgwick's overwhelming force, fight for a short while, and then retire rapidly to escape capture, and then form again and fight. These maneuvers were repeated often, and necessarily forced Sedgwick to move slowly and cautiously, and thus the day was passed up to about 3 P.M. when the brigade reached Salem Church, directly on the plank road and distant about three miles from Fredericksburg. Here preparations were made promptly for battle. Information of the situation had reached General Lee; and after driving Hooker out of his works

at Chancellorsville, he promptly dispatched two brigades to our assistance, who met us at Salem Church. The brigade formed for battle in the following order across the plank road: The 14th Alabama (Col. Lucius Pinkard) on the left, then the 11th Alabama (Col. J. C. C. Sanders) extending to the plank road; then the 10th Alabama (Col. William H. Ferney) on the right of the road, then the 8th Alabama (Col. Y. L. Royston) and the 9th Alabama (Col. J. H. King) on the right. One of the brigades that came down to our assistance took position on our extreme right, and I was told that it was Mahone's Virginia Brigade. The other brigade formed on our extreme left, and I was likewise told that it was Semmes's Georgia Brigade.

By the time this formation was complete Sedgwick's troops advanced to the assult. Our line, facing toward Fredericksburg on the left of the road, was behind a brush cedar fence which extended from the road toward the river; but, according to present recollections, the force on the right of the road stood in the open. Sedgwick had evidently massed his force for an assault on the plank road, and his men came up to the work in splendid order. Not a sound was heard except the tramp, tramp of his heavy masses until his front lines came within a short distance, when a sheet of flame burst from our lines, mowing down hundreds, when the brigade leaped forward to the charge apparently without orders, and the chase began. Down through the brush and thicket the brigade rushed, encountering a second line of the enemy, which gave way precipitately, and on and on went the boys, until the entire force of the enemy was driven beyond the red house, which then stood far to the left of the plank road and to the little yellow cottage, which stood farther on toward the city. Here we halted with a view to re-forming the lines; and the enemy, perceiving that only a brigade was chasing them, formed and turned, massing many pieces of artillery upon us. But the brigade held its ground until about sundown, when it returned to its original position at the church, having lost in the fight many valuable officers and men. Suffice it to say that the Confederates retained possession of the field with a number of prisoners; and having blocked Sedgwick's pathway and cut off all succor for Hooker, the enemy next day retreated across the river, and the campaign was practically ended.

General Lee came down from Chancellorsville the next day and brought additional troops, evidently with a view to capturing Sedgwick; but before arrangements could be made and the lines properly formed, Sedgwick had slipped across the river and escaped. Then the line of march was taken up the plank road to Chancellorsville, with a view to paying our respects to Hooker, but on reaching his intrenchments it was ascertained that he too had slipped away in the dead hours of the night and had gone across the Rappahannock. So ended the campaign.

Undoubtedly the future historian of the war, when he gathers up his material and compares the campaigns of General Lee one with the other, will not hesitate to conclude and so write that for bold and masterful strategy and for superb tactics on the field no campaign of our great leader can compare with his work at Chancellorsville; and the matchless glory he achieved on that field when with only a moiety of the enemy's force he boldly assaulted him and drove him from his intrenchments and forced him to sneak away at night and betake himself to his old haunts, with a river for his protection, furnishes the acme of military achievements. And yet this grand victory was the culmination of the war and our success, for we lost Jackson, and his place could never be filled. It is usual to speak of a hero as "the noblest Roman of them all," but in this instance we can truthfully say that Rome never had such men as Lee and Jackson.

It is more than fitting that the statue of our great commander should adorn the Memorial Hall in our Capitol side by side with the father of his country. The one was a Rebel, but successful; the other a Rebel and unsuccessful. Both fought for the same principles, and the one passed away full of years and of honor; the other stood erect with his people in defeat, having sacrificed his sacred home and all he had for the cause in which he had enlisted. Both were typical Americans. Nay, more: they were representative men of the Old South, which has always taught her children to love liberty and to die if need be for principle. And as the future American passes through that sacred hall and looks upon these two representative Virginians but one thought can come to him: "There were giants in those days."

FOR MOUNTAIN GIRLS IN GEORGIA.

The advancement of the mountaineers of Georgia must begin with the child, the girl child especially, for it is the woman in the home that influences it for good or evil. To carry forward the reform for good and to correct the careless trend of generations of ignorance, it is necessary that schools he established. The Georgia Mountain Association fully realize this need, and they wish to establish at Mineral Bluff a well-equipped school where the mountain girls can learn the science of correct living and receive the industrial training that will elevate them and their homes above the present pitiful condition of their fathers and mothers.

The city of Mineral Bluff will give five hundred dollars to the industrial school if the association will raise as much, and the association is endeavoring to raise this sum. As soon as this is done a small school will be opened. Cooking, housekeeping, sewing, agriculture, floriculture, stenography, and typewriting will be taught. No nobler charity is possible. Contributions are solicited. Even small sums will be gratefully received. Address Mrs. Robert Blackburn, 423 Washington Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Lieut. Col. John B. Hutcheson.—Harry Pipes writes from Lexington, Ky., referring to the inquiry in the December Veteran about Col. J. B. Hutcheson: "He enlisted in the 1st Kentucky Infantry service. Later he made up a company for Morgan's command—Company E, 2d Kentucky Regiment—and was promoted to lieutenant colonel of that cavalry. I was transferred from the 2d Kentucky Infantry to Company E, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, when Hutcheson was captain. We were stationed at Snow Hill and Woodbury at different times. Colonel Hutcheson was killed at Woodbury, Tenn., and buried at McMinnville. He was a gallant soldier and officer, and beloved by all who knew him."

In Honor of General Zollicoffer.—A movement has been started to place a marker on the Nashville residence of Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, one of the first officers to lay down his life for the Confederacy. The marker will be an "In Memoriam," costing one hundred dollars, and contributions are requested, as the marker is to placed on his home May 17, the date of his birth. Address Nashville Banner or Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin, Tenn., chairman of the movement.

NASHVILLE WHEN IN THE CONFEDERACY.

[The American of Nashville is republishing interesting reminiscences of this city before its surrender to the Federals. On May 29, 1861, the following appeared.]

There will be a mass meeting of all those who oppose the usurpations of the tyrants of the North and favor Southern independence next Wednesday at 4 P.M. on the streets of the city. The ladies will form on foot on the sidewalk on Church Street from Dr. Eve's (Church and Vine Streets) to the St. Cloud and on Summer from the St. Cloud to Cedar under directions of marshals assigned. The men and boys will form on the streets between the files of the ladies.

Distinguished speakers and fine music will add to the occasion. Let every man, woman, and child bring a flag, banner, or token of a true Southern heart, and let the capital of the Volunteer State speak out. There will be a guard of honor for the ladies of our brave volunteers.

The scholars and teachers of the high schools of the city, Mr. Nichols's academy, and those connected with all the private schools will form on Summer between Church and Broad Streets. The Nashville Female Academy will form on Church Street west of Dr. Eve's.

ORDER FOR MARCHING.

The whole procession will move under charge of proper marshals, music, etc., the ladies marching in double file on the sidewalks and the gentlemen in the streets, preceded by the military.

It is hoped and believed that no one, man, woman, or child, with a heart true to Tennessee and her rights, with the rights and interests of the South will fail to join in this demonstration of the people of the county and city. Let nothing prevent. Give two hours in the evening to such a noble cause. Bring your family and neighbors.

We respectfully request all our citizens appreciating the crisis and willing to aid the good cause to close their business on to-morrow evening at four o'clock and join in the procession.

Delegations from Edgefield and other suburban districts are requested to report to the marshals, and a place will be assigned them in the procession.

Every one that can possibly bring out a flag or banner is requested to have it in the procession.

All the companies of artillery, cavalry, and infantry are requested to report to the Executive Committee, and also the Home Guard companies, the Zouaves, etc.

Procession at four o'clock: Chief Marshal, L. F. Beech; Assistant Marshals, H. L. Saunders, Monroe Cheatham, H. L. Claiborne, James Bradshaw, William H. Ewing, W. S. Cheatham, and George Darden.

For the ladies, aids on foot: W. H. Morrow, C. M. Hays, George Crockett, R. A. Allison, George A. Leiper, H. C. Shapard, N. D. Cross, J. M. Hamilton, G. W. Donegan, W. Meredith, W. J. Porter.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEMONSTRATION GIVEN ON MAY 30.

The greatest spontaneous demonstration ever witnessed in Nashville was that of yesterday, in which it seemed that almost the entire population of the city participated. It was evident from the hour of three o'clock, at which time crowds of ladies commenced gathering on the streets, that they were determined to show their enthusiasm for the cause of the South. At 3:30 the church bells of the city commenced their chime, and thousands were seen congregating and lining the sidewalks of the principal thoroughfares. Sedate old age was there to give gravity and earnestness to the occasion. Laughing children appealed to every patriotic head to rally around the sacred homesteads of Tennessee and save them from the profanation of a ruthless enemy. Gentle womanhood proclaimed by her presence and kindling glances that she gave her heart and hand to the heroic determination to drive back the invader and throw off the yoke of the usurper.

At 4:30 the procession commenced moving. Its route was along Church Street to Vine, thence to Cedar, and down Cedar to the Public Square. The order of procession:

Horn's Silver Band.

The public schools, consisting of about 1,500 girls and boys.

Fleetwing Zouaves, Dunlap Zouaves, Van Leer Zouaves, and Edgefield Rifles.

Capt. McCrory's Marshall County Company.

Captain Collier's Bedford County Company.

Captain Stewart's Williamson County Company.

Tenth District Home Guard, Captain Hawkins.

Rock City Guard Reserve, Captain Porter.

Another company (name not known).

Two companies Nashville Home Guards.

Tennessee Rangers of Cavalry, Captain McNairy.

Bragg Artillery, Captain Morton.

Citizens on foot.

The sidewalks, windows, and balconies along the route presented the appearance of a parterre of beautiful flowers. The view from the summit of Capitol Hill through Cedar Street to the Square was one of the most animating spectacles we ever witnessed. A living mass of people formed a solid column, filling the streets in the middle. The view on the Public Square was also striking in the highest degree. The business houses, courthouse, and market place were crowded with spectators.

After the procession arrived at the Public Square and closed up in one vast mass, the crowd by acclamation unanimously ratified the nomination of Gen. Washington Barrow for Senator from Davidson and Ira P. Jones, Esq., for Representative. Never before in Tennessee did two nominees receive a more unmistakable and enthusiastic indorsement from the great popular heart.

After General Barrow and General Jones spoke, the following gentlemen delivered stirring, patriotic, and eloquent speeches: Hon. Andrew Ewing and Hon. W. L. Oldham, of Texas; Hon. Neil S. Brown, A. L. Demoss, Esq., and Hon. R. B. Cheatham.

The clouds were dropping tears upon this solemn yet inspiring pageant which a people who have sworn to protect their rights, equality, honor, and constitutional liberty, even amid the hurricane of war, spontaneously effected.

The unanimous resolve of the people was apparent in every eye and in the alacrity with which the crowd moved on, unheeding the storm. It was a demonstration which brands with falsehood the calumny now propagated in East Tennessee that there is a reaction in Nashville and Davidson County in favor of the infamous and atrocious usurping government of Lincoln. It demonstrates that the overwhelming and crushing sentiment of the people keeps time to the doctrines and spirit that prompted our ancestry of 1776 to resist oppressions and to seal with their blood the declaration that their children should never submit to a tyrant's yoke. Nashville and Davidson County have spoken in tones of terrible earnestness to every foe; and they will never, never see their sons, who have rushed to the tented field branded as traitors by a bloody and usurping government which has wantonly and ruthlessly overturned the Constitution of our fathers.



LIEUT. J. C. PRESLY.

J. C. Presly, a member of Camp Owen, U. C. V., died at his home, near Abbeville, S. C., September 12, 1909, and was buried at Lebanon Church, of which he was a deacon.

At the first call for volunteers in 1861 he enlisted under Capt. R. B. Hicks in the 7th South Carolina Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, and was with them till the surrender. His regiment was in the First and Second Manassas, Yorktown Dam No. 1, Garnett's Farm at Malvern Hill, Rappahannock, South Mountain, Thoroughfare Gap, Sharpsburg, Spottsylvania, Knoxville, Tenn., Cold Harbor, Wilderness, Petersburg, Fort Harrison, and Appomattox. He was wounded several times. He was a warm-hearted, earnest man, and fearless in the performance of his duties.

JAMES R. FERGUSON.

James R. Ferguson was born in Albemarle County, Va., in December, 1838; and died at his birthplace November 5, 1909. He enlisted in Sturdivant's Battery, 12th Virginia Battalion Artillery, and participated in the seven days' battles around Richmond, Va., in June, 1862. His company was then assigned to Whiting's Division, under General Beauregard, and was in all the engagements of that department and assisted in the capture of a Federal gunboat near Smithfield, Va. Early in 1864 his battery was transferred to A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and he was captured along with his captain and twenty men in one of the earlier battles before Petersburg, Va., in which every commissioned officer and thirty men of this company were killed, wounded, or captured. He was imprisoned at Elmira, N. Y., until paroled June 13, 1865.

When he returned home, he engaged in teaching and farming, and served his county as surveyor for many years, discharging the duties of this office most acceptably to the time of his death. He was a man of fine business capacity, great industry, and unswerving integrity. In war he was a gallant, faithful soldier, and in peace a highly honored and useful citizen. He was remarkable for his purity of heart and his unselfishness. He was an active member of the Goss-Grigsby Camp, U. C. V., of which he was Treasurer from its organization. It was often said of him that he never shirked a duty and was faithful to every trust.

[Sketch and tribute by William W. Minore.]

P. W. DAVIS.

Philip W. Davis was born in Kemper County, Miss., July 11, 1842; and died March 22, 1909, survived by his wife, eight children, and many friends. Phil Davis was a true man, and wherever duty called he unhesitatingly went. In 1861 he volunteered in Company I (Capt. J. G. Knox), 8th Mississippi Regiment, and was in all the prominent battles fought by the Army of Tennessee. During that four years' struggle he received only one wound, which would have proved fatal but for some silver coins in his pocket.

He returned home after the surrender in 1865, poor, all broken up, to start life anew, with no capital but his indomitable will and muscle. By hard work he accumulated a competency for himself and family. He was generous, and always gave liberally to his Church—the M. E. Church, South. He was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, being made a Master Mason in 1872, and exalted to the august degree of R. A. M. in Meridian, Miss., R. A. Chapter No. 25, in February, 1891.

The committee composed of J. B. Warren, J. B. Hale, and W. T. Hurt submitted the following, which was adopted:

"*Resolved,* That we, as members of the Longstreet Lodge, extend to his family the hand of sympathy and all the benefits of the fraternity; that a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of Longstreet Lodge, a copy be furnished his family, also the Meridian Star and CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication."

S. L. SANDERS.

S. L. Sanders was born in Alcorn County, near Corinth, Miss., in 1839; and died at Corinth October 31, 1908. He was reared in Mississippi, but moved to Arkansas prior to the great war. He enlisted in the 1st Arkansas Regiment, and served



S. L. SANDERS.

under Bragg and Johnston. During their severe campaigns he was wounded several times.

Comrade Sanders was an extraordinary soldier. His patriotism and his manly courage made him conspicuous in the ranks, and he was often selected to carry the colors of the regiment at perilous times. In the battle of Murfreesboro his arm was shattered by a grapeshot; but, catching the flagstaff with the other hand, he heroically bore it throughout the fight, refusing to transfer it to another. Again, when the Confederate line was being pressed back by superior numbers, the colonel of the 1st Arkansas dashed up to Sanders and said, "Give me the colors!" but the ensign refused, saying: "Colonel, I am color bearer, and will carry the colors wherever you order."

Mr. Sanders directly after the war married Miss Mary Young, daughter of I. P. Young, who survives him, with two sons and two daughters. S. L. Sanders was a humble Christian and a good citizen.

[Sketch by G. W. Bynum, of Corinth, Miss.]

Judge J. C. MacRae.

Judge James Cameron MacRae, an unfaltering veteran to the end of the cause dear to every Southern heart, quietly passed away at his home, in Chapel Hill, N. C., on Sunday night, October 17, 1909. Space in the Veteran is not asked for a record of the rare lawyer, statesman, judge, and teacher of the young that he was, but as one of the Confederates with whose interests he was so loyally identified and whose call he was always ready to heed, a grateful memorial is contributed.

About his latest public appearance was when summoned by the United Daughters of the Confederacy he gave a ringing address to his surviving comrades on last Memorial Day on the campus of the University of North Carolina. It was then that his cross of honor was given to him.

When little past his majority and but fairly entered upon his legal profession, he enlisted in the ranks of the Independent Light Infantry, an organization of his native town, Fayetteville, N. C., three days before the State seceded.



JUDGE J. C. M'RAE.

Thenceforth from the first clash of arms at Bethel, where he won honorable mention in the report of Col. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) D. H. Hill, as later in the battle of Williamsburg, he was at the front to the end. He issued the order of his superior officer, Gen. Lawrence S. Baker, whose adjutant he had risen to be, for the disbanding of the command after the surrender of Generals Lee and Johnston. When General Baker was given command of the second military district, Department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia, Captain MacRae was made his adjutant and inspector general.

A no less faithful soldier of the cross, his delight was in the work of the Sunday school, and just before the final summons came he was engaged in studies for a Bible class of young men in the parish church.

It was a touching scene on that early morning of October 19, already a memorable day in American history, when the members of his law class, some seventy-five in number, walked beside his remains, with bared heads and reverent hearts, to the little railway station, nearly a mile away. As "the shades of night were falling fast" we laid to rest in the cemetery of his native town this noble patriot, loyal friend, and devout Christian. Then the last "taps" by the comrades of the military company with which he had gone to the great conflict of the sixties sounded over the sleeping soldier.

Maj. John J. Hood.

Maj. John J. Hood, one of the best-known and most highly esteemed citizens of Mississippi, died at the home of a son in Jackson, Miss., after a brief illness. He was seventy-seven years old, but only for the past four or five years had his advanced age begun to tell on him. He was a man of exemplary habits and one who preferred the quiet of country life. He had enjoyed good health, and appeared much younger than he was.

John Joseph Hood was born in Nashville, Tenn., August 23, 1832; and at eighteen years of age went to Mississippi, where he engaged in cotton-planting successfully until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted in Barksdale's Regiment, and fought valiantly throughout the war, shedding his blood for the Confederacy.

When the struggle was over, he had reached the rank of major. He returned to Mississippi, married, and settled down as a country merchant at Forest. He never sought political office, although very popular. He is survived by two sons and one daughter, and a brother, Levan P. Hood, of New Orleans.

Readers of the Veteran will recall many interesting high-toned, patriotic articles from Comrade Hood. His death is an event of sorrow to many friends.

Charles F. Foster.

Charles F. Foster was born in Texas; and died at Corning, Cal., December 16, 1909.

At the age of seventeen he enlisted against the Comanche Indians in Western Texas, and at the expiration of his service joined what was really the fourth Confederate regiment organized, but which was registered as the 12th Texas Cavalry. As orderly sergeant he served in Arkansas and Louisiana, being in the battles of Searcy Lane, Cotton Plant, Langell, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Jenkins Landing, Alexander, and Yellow Bayou, at the mouth of Red River. His command was under fire thirty-one times in thirty-two days. Then the men were furloughed for meritorious conduct.

At the end of the war he returned to Texas and took beef cattle to New Orleans. He furnished mules for the State of Louisiana, and was very successful. He was in business in Alvarado and Waxahachie, and served as sheriff of Ellis County.

Charles Foster and his brother Robert started for California with a large drove of cattle, and wintered in Salt Valley. Charles then joined his wife at Red Bluff, and Robert returned to Texas for more cattle; but on his way to California was killed by Apache Indians, who robbed him of a large sum of money. Charles Foster and his father-in-law continued the cattle business for some time.

Neagle.—John L. Neagle, a member of John B. Gordon Camp, of Seattle, Wash., died in that city in October, 1909. Suitable and very complimentary resolutions were framed by the Camp and sent to the family, local newspapers, and to the Confederate Veteran. John Neagle was First Lieutenant Commander of Camp John B. Gordon.

Robert D. Bell.

A report by Gen. R. B. Coleman, of McAlester, Okla., contains an account of the death of Robert D. Bell on December 19, 1909. Comrade Bell enlisted as a private in Company G, 5th Tennessee Infantry, at Nashville, Tenn., in April, 1861, and became color bearer of the regiment, which was attached to Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, and served through the war in the same company and regiment as color bearer, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., with Joseph E. Johnston. After the war he went to the Indian Territory, where he was married to an estimable Choctaw girl. Of this union there survive two sons and two daughters. Comrade Bell was a charter member of Jeff-Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, and was buried by his comrades of this Camp.

Aza Powell Gomer.

Capt. A. P. Gomer was born in Nansemond County, Va., in October, 1835; and died in Suffolk in December, 1909. He received his early education in an old field school; but was a student at Roanoke College, Salem, Va., at the beginning of the war, when he returned home and enlisted in the Nansemond Rangers (Capt. William Arthur), Company F, of the 3d Virginia Infantry, and was made second sergeant.

He was in the Peninsular campaign under General Magruder, in several engagements around Yorktown, and in every battle with his command till Gettysburg, when in the charge of the Cemetery Ridge and at the Bloody Angle he was wounded so that a leg had to be amputated. He fell into the hands of the Federals, and was held prisoner for nine months. During this time he, with six others, was condemned to be hanged in retaliation for some Federal spies in Tennessee. However, this sentence was not executed, and he was further imprisoned at Point Lookout. He was exchanged and appointed by the Secretary of War to the command of Buchanan in Botetourt County, where he remained till the surrender.

Dr. James Wharton McLaughlin.

Dr. J. W. McLaughlin, one of the leading physicians of Austin, Tex., and Regent of the University of Texas, died at his home on the 13th of November, 1909. He was born near Springfield, Ohio, in 1840. On the death of his father he studied medicine with his uncle, C. D. McLaughlin, with whom he lived until the breaking out of the War between the States. Being an ardent supporter of States' Rights, young McLaughlin was soon convinced that south of Mason and Dixon's line was the safest place for him; so he quietly disappeared from his home early in April, 1861. Reaching Louisville, Ky., he enlisted in Company D, 1st Kentucky Infantry, and at Harper's Ferry, Va., was sworn into the Confederate service for one year, but remained in the service unto the end, serving at various times under Johnston, Jackson, Morgan, and Forrest. Unreconstructed, McLaughlin and A. H. Cross, an army comrade, started for South America; but on reaching Texas McLaughlin began the practice of medicine with Dr. McLeary near Columbus, and the next spring, 1867, he graduated in medicine at the University of Louisiana.

He was married in September, 1867, to Miss Tabitha Bird Moore, and located in Fayette County; but in 1869 he removed to Austin, where he had become one of the most widely known physicians of Texas. His intellectual and spiritual characteristics were such as to make him an ideal physician, whose great heart gave comfort to many ills of the spirit and of the flesh. His work was his joy, as the love he inspired was his comfort. Dr. McLaughlin was always a student of medicine and the allied sciences, and worked earnestly to the advancement of medicine along scientific lines. His numerous contributions are scattered widely through current medical literature. He served as President of the District Medical Society, the Travis County Medical Society, the Texas State Medical Association, and as President of the Texas Academy of Science. From 1897 to 1905 he was professor of medicine in the University of Texas, and in 1907 he was made Regent of that institution through the appointment of Governor Campbell. Though greatly beloved by his students, his greatest work was as physician and friend.



DR. J. W. M'LAUGHLIN.

Stevens.—Bishop Peter F. Stevens, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, died in Charleston, S. C., in January, 1910. He was born in Pendleton, S. C., in 1831, and was educated in the South Carolina Military Institute, graduating with high honors. He was professor of mathematics at the Arsenal Academy, and later professor of French and literature at the Citadel, and in 1859 he was made superintendent of the academy. He had charge of the civil engineering department. He enlisted in the Confederate army, and was in service at Fort Sumter and vicinity. Later he was wounded at Sharpsburg. After the war he entered the ministry.

Crump.—Elijah H. Crump died of heart disease December 29 at Gamewell, Caldwell County, S. C.

Elijah Crump was elected sergeant of Company H, 58th South Carolina Regiment, and his first service was in Tennessee and Kentucky. In August, 1863, this regiment with other troops of General Buckner, who was then occupying East Tennessee, reënforced General Bragg at Chattanooga; and at the battle of Chickamauga Sergeant Crump was desperately wounded, and was more or less an invalid from its effects to the end of his life. He was an enthusiastic Confederate veteran, a noble, true friend, and a public-spirited, conscientious citizen. He leaves a widow and one son.

Deaths in Stonewall Camp, C. V., of Portsmouth, Va.

Langhorne.—W. S. Langhorne died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., on January 7, 1910, at the age of sixty-five years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in the "Old Dominion Guards," Company K, 9th Virginia Infantry Regiment, Pickett's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the battles of Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Warrenton Springs, and Second Manassas, when he was mustered out on account of being under the age limit (eighteen years). He at once reënlisted in the 1st Company Independent Signal Corps, and was assigned to duty with General Pickett's command. He was later ordered to Port Walthall as signal officer. When relieved from that post, he was ordered to the blockade runner Stormy Petrel until she was wrecked near Fort Fisher. He was then assigned to the steamer Banshee, which was at Nassau when Fort Fisher fell, and on her return she ran into Galveston; and Comrade Langhorne reported for duty to his command, with which he served to the end. He was paroled June 6, 1865. He was at the time of his death Commander of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va. He was prominent in the business and social life of the city and a devout member of St. Paul's Catholic Church. He was a brave soldier and a true friend.

Parker.—Joseph A. Parker died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., January 1, 1910, at the age of sixty-eight years. He was a private in Capt. Hance McNeil's Rangers; and after Captain McNeil's death from wounds a brother, Jesse McNeil, was made captain. The Rangers did splendid service, and were frequently mentioned in general orders. Comrade Parker was Past Commander of this Camp, a prominent business man, proprietor of the Parker Hosiery Mills, director in the Merchants' and Farmers' Bank, and fully identified with the progress of the city. He was a member of St. Paul's Catholic Church, and his Christian character was illustrated by his broad charity. He left a host of friends to mourn his death.

Hodges.—Capt. Thomas M. Hodges died at his residence, in Portsmouth, Va., December 13, 1909, at the age of seventy-five years. Comrade Hodges entered the service April 19, 1861, as orderly sergeant of Company A, 3d Regiment Virginia Infantry, and was promoted to lieutenant and captain of his company. He was wounded at Gettysburg, Frazier's Farm, and surrendered at Appomattox C. H. He was in all the memorable battles of Northern Virginia, and was in command of his company in the battle at Five Forks and when the war ended. He was a true friend, a Christian gentleman, and a splendid citizen.

Whitehurst.—N. E. Whitehurst died at his residence, in Portsmouth, Va., June 18, 1909, at the age of sixty-four years. Comrade Whitehurst entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in Company C, 16th Regiment Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded three times, once in the ear at the Wilderness, in the leg at Gettysburg, and lost his left arm at Spottsylvania. He was a gallant soldier and a true friend.

Reynolds.—H. C. Reynolds died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., August 23, 1909, at the age of sixty-six years. Comrade Reynolds enlisted March 10, 1862, as a private in Company D, 61st Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Davis's Farm, August 19, 1864. He was a true soldier.

Capt. T. B. Smith.

T. B. Smith was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., in 1824; and died in Hill County, Tex., in January, 1910, aged eighty-five years. He was one of the most honored citizens of Hillsboro. His family moved to North Carolina when he was eight years old, and he remained there till after his marriage. His grandfather, Reuben Smith, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, serving as aid-de-camp to Washington.

Captain Smith married Miss Sara Slater [or was it Slatter.—Ed.], and a year after their marriage they located near Aberdeen, Miss., where they lived for forty years.

When the war began, Captain Smith organized a company of home guard, but soon resigned and joined Company K, 27th Mississippi, Walthall's Brigade. He commanded the company in the battle of Murfreesboro. In 1886 with his family he removed to Henrietta, Tex.; later he moved to Hill County. He was very successful as a farmer. He was a strong man physically and independent in thought and action. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and at the time of his death was the oldest Mason in Texas. He is survived by one child, Mrs. W. M. Lacy, of Hillsboro.

Mrs. Belle T. Read.

Mrs. Belle Thornton Read died on December 3, 1909, at her home, in College Park, Sherman, Tex. She was the wife of Dr. J. D. Read and was sixty-one years of age.

Mrs. Read was born in Hawesville, Ky. When she was seventeen years old, her parents, T. W. and Sarah (Harris) Thornton, moved to Camden, Ark., soon after the great war. They soon moved to Arkadelphia and from there to Bell County, Tex., and later to Freestone County, where she was married to Dr. J. D. Read, who had served in Company K, 45th Mississippi Regiment. Later he was surgeon of the Texas State Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Mrs. Read was a member of the Presbyterian Church and of exalted character, an exemplary wife and mother. She is survived by her husband, a son, her father, two brothers, and two sisters.

Col. J. G. Cain.

Col. James G. Cain, venerable and esteemed and most respected citizen of Louisville, Ga., was found dead in bed of heart disease January 12, 1910, aged seventy-four years. He had lived all his life in Jefferson County, and was very prominent in all local matters of public concern. He filled an unexpired term in the Legislature, being elected Senator the following year. He was lieutenant colonel of the 28th Georgia Infantry, and was wounded at Bunker Hill. He was President of the Board of Trustees of the Louisville Academy, and is survived by two daughters.

James J. Doonan.

J. J. Doonan, one of the most respected citizens of Georgia, was born in Augusta; and died in his home, Atlanta, January 11, 1910, aged sixty-seven years.

In 1863 James Doonan enlisted in the 2d Georgia Regiment, and was a faithful soldier to the end of the war. After the surrender, he was in the employ of the Georgia railroads, holding many positions of trust. He was a devout Roman Catholic and a good citizen. He was a devoted husband and father to his wife and six children, all of whom survive him.

Joyner.—S. J. Joyner, aged sixty-nine, who was a brave Confederate soldier, died in Jackson, Ga., January 10, 1910.

CHESTER C. GODWIN.

Chester C. Godwin was born in Maysville, Ky., on July 10, 1837; and died in San Diego, Cal., on the 27th of February, 1909, in his seventy-second year. He went to Louisiana when quite young, and from that State enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war in a cavalry company called the "Briarfield Rebels," serving faithfully to the end. He went back to Louisiana after the war was over, and began life anew in that desolated land, with broken health, but with a determination and will to succeed, as did thousands of others of that noble and gallant army. Comrade Godwin was a brave and gallant soldier, and was in many of the fiercest battles of the war, including Shiloh. He was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery at San Diego, mourned by a wife and many friends.

WRIGHT.—J. D. Wright died at Columbia, Tenn., in December, 1909, in his sixty-seventh year. He was a member of the 9th Tennessee Battalion, and belonged to the local Bivouac, by whom the interment was conducted. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Jeter and Mrs. Sands.

OXFORD.—J. L. Oxford was born in North Carolina in 1840; and died in Georgia in December, 1909. He enlisted in Company E, 9th Georgia, Anderson's Brigade. He was wounded at Brandy Station, Rappahannock, and sent to the hospital at Culpeper. He returned to the army and served faithfully till the end.

KEMP.—W. R. Kemp was born in Callaway County, Mo., in July, 1811; and died of pneumonia in Mexico, Mo., in December, 1909. He was a member of Capt. Roger Austin's Company, 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Elijah Gates, and took part in many important battles. He was for sixteen years connected with the police service of Mexico, Mo., and at the time of his death was chief marshal of the city.

COCHRAN.—Mr. Owen H. Cochran was born in Carroll County, Ga., eighty years ago; and died in Campbell County of that State in December, 1909. He was a Confederate veteran, having served his country for four years as a lieutenant. He is survived by three sons.

WANTS TO FIND AN OLD FAMILY SERVANT.—Miss B. B. Brewster, of Corpus Christi, Tex., desires to know the fate of an old family servant named Sylvia Byrd, as she wishes to assist in taking care of her. Miss Brewster formerly lived in Greenville, Tex.

BOWIE.—Walter Bowie, aged sixty-six, died in Nashville in December, 1909. He graduated at the Virginia Military Academy, and enlisted in the Confederate service under Colonel Mosby. He is survived by his wife and five children.

SMITH.—James D. Smith died in Lyerly, Ga., November 4, 1909, in his eighty-second year. He was a member of Company H, 39th Georgia Regiment, served gallantly the entire four years of the war, and received honorable discharge at its close.

SMITH.—Henry A. Smith, a prominent citizen of Rome, Ga., died in that city in November, 1909, and was buried with the Confederate ritual by Floyd Camp, of which he was an active member.

MARTIN.—Thomas J. Martin, who served as a Tennessee soldier for four years in the Confederate army, died November 30 in Los Angeles, Cal., and was interred in that city.

J. J. KEESEE.

Comrade Keesee was born in Grant County, Ark., November 25, 1844. He enlisted on April 5, 1861, in Company B, 11th Arkansas Cavalry, and served until the close of the war, and was ever faithful to duty as a soldier. He moved from Arkansas in 1873 to Denton County, Tex., where he lived until his death, which occurred September 25, 1909. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and was a humble Christian.

GILLUM.—Col. Henry Gillum was born in New Orleans; and died in New York City in April, 1907, his remains being placed in the vault of that city. In October, 1909, he was carried to Charlestown, W. Va., where he was buried. At the beginning of the war he raised and equipped at his own expense a regiment of Confederate soldiers which he led through Tennessee to the Peninsular, where they did valuable service. His command being independent, they gave to the Trans-Mississippi Department the same sort of aid that Morgan gave Kentucky and Mosby gave Virginia. He is survived by his wife, who is an invalid and resides in New York City.

CROCKETT.—John A. Crockett was born in Rutherford County, Tenn.; and died in Nashville November, 1909—aged ninety-three years. For many years he was in the hotel business in Nashville, and by his upright life and methods won many friends. He served during the first year of the war in Ledbetter's Company of Maney's First Tennessee Regiment. He was a man of sterling worth and many noble characteristics. One daughter survives him.

HAMILTON.—J. M. Hamilton was born in Clarksville, Tenn., in 1843; and died at the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., in December, 1909. He was a member of Company K, 7th Tennessee Regiment. He took part in every engagement of his brigade. He leaves no near relatives.

JOHNSON.—James Johnson, a soldier of the Confederacy, was born in Wilson County, Tenn.; but moved to Simpson County, Ky., where he remained till his death, in December, 1909, aged seventy years.

GOMER.—Capt. A. P. Gomer was a soldier in Pickett's Division, and lost a leg at Gettysburg. He died at Suffolk, Va., in December, 1909, and was buried in his Confederate uniform, the casket being wrapped in the well-loved flag of the South.

WEBSTER.—Col. John R. Webster, of Reidsville, N. C., for many years editor of Webster's Weekly, died in November, 1909, at the age of sixty-four. He served through the war under Lee.

MCCLANAHAN.—Robert McClanahan, a worthy and respected citizen of Centerville, Tenn., died in December, 1909, aged seventy years. He was a brave Confederate soldier. He is survived by his wife and several children.

JOHNSON.—James Johnson was born in Wilson County, Tenn.; and died in Franklin, Ky., in December, 1909, aged seventy years. He served throughout the great war in the Confederate army.

DUBOSE.—John E. DuBose, an able lawyer and Confederate veteran, was stricken by apoplexy, and died in Bowling Green, Ky., January 11, 1910. He was a native of Jacksonville, Fla., but he had resided for years in Kentucky. He leaves a brother, Mr. Will T. DuBose, of Nashville, and three sisters.

Joe P. Angell.

Joe P. Angell, a Confederate veteran, died at his home, in Pine Bluff, Ark., on February 8, 1909. He was born of English parents in 1838, going with his father's family in 1849 to Huntsville, Ala., where he grew to manhood and lived until the breaking out of the War between the States. He enlisted in one of the first companies raised in that city, which became Company F of the 4th Alabama Infantry, a regiment that won fame in the first battle of Manassas under Col. E. J. Jones, who was wounded and died in Richmond.

In this battle Joe P. Angell won the plaudits of his officers and comrades by his gallant and heroic conduct. When Colonel Jones fell, Joe remained with him against his protest and in utter disregard of danger. Finding it impossible to remove him from the field unaided, he started in pursuit of his regiment to procure help; but soon found himself exposed to a terrific cross fire. He threw himself down upon his face to avoid being killed, but was soon stunned by a cannon ball which struck his knapsack and scattered its contents all around. A Federal soldier came along and robbed him of his knife, pistol, and cap, leaving him for dead. When the field became more quiet, he arose and moved on. Finding a comrade to assist him, the two carried the colonel off the field.



JOE P. ANGELL.

Serving faithfully with his regiment to the close of the war, Joe Angell then made his home in Memphis, Tenn., where he pursued his trade as jeweler. He was married to Miss Emily Dobyns, of Amite City, La., in July, 1867, and in December of that year he removed to Pine Bluff, Ark., which was his home until death. He is survived by his widow, one son, and two daughters. He was a devout Church member, upright in all his dealings, a loving husband and father.

Pruett.—W. H. Pruett, who had attained the rank of major in the Confederate army before he was twenty-one, died in Eufaula, Ala., January 10, 1910.

Col. John T. Hillsman.

Col. John T. Hillsman, well known in Tennessee, died in Memphis in November, 1909, in his seventieth year. He was a native of Tennessee and a member of a prominent family. Previous to the war he lived in Trenton, and enlisted from there in the Confederate army, serving gallantly to the end under Vandorn, Jackson, and Forrest. He was a member of the firm of Martin & Hillsman in Memphis, was active in politics of the Democratic party, and was a warm friend of Senators Harris, Bate, Carmack, and Turley, and was a friend and close follower of W. J. Bryan on the silver question. He was Chairman of the State Democratic Committee, Chairman of the Floterial Committee, and United States Internal Revenue Collector under Cleveland. He is survived by a daughter and two sisters.

William Chadwell French.

William C. French was born in 1837 at Maysville, Ky. In 1854 his parents removed to Pana, Ill., where he lived until the beginning of the Civil War, when he returned to Robertson County, Ky., and with Oliver G. Cameron raised a company of soldiers for the Confederacy. He was commander of the company, the 2d Kentucky Mounted Riflemen, while Cameron commanded the battalion. When their time expired, French took his company to Morgan's command, and at the close of the war he was first lieutenant of Company H, 11th Kentucky Cavalry.

After Johnston's surrender, French volunteered to go to Mexico with Davis and Breckinridge, but was captured at Washington, Ga., on May 10, 1865. Upon release he returned to Madison County and became a prosperous farmer. He died September 5, 1909, at his home, Esparanza, near Richmond, Ky. He was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Harber, who survives him with five children.

Warren McDonald Camp, U. C. V., of Union City, Tenn., reports the following loss by death in its membership since the last annual meeting: D. C. Young, Asa Hickman, John W. Thorn, George W. Calhoun, James Harris, Charles Cobb, Sam Lyons, Joe Roulhac, William Snow, Sanders Carman, Thomas H. Park, Sam Ryan. A memorial report was read at their annual meeting at Troy, Tenn., in October.

Martin.—Timothy Oakley, Adjutant of Camp Henry Gray, of Timothy, La., reports the death of J. A. Martin on the 27th of October at his home, near Redland, Rossier Parish, La. He served in Company A, 19th Regiment Louisiana, throughout the four years. Comrade Martin was a consistent member of the Church, a member of Redland Lodge, F. A. M., and of Camp Henry Gray, U. C. V.

Wynn.—John Augustus Wynn was born in Harris County, Ga., in 1834; and died at his home, in Orlando, Ark., October 31, 1909. He enlisted in the 46th Georgia Regiment and served during the war. He removed to Arkansas in 1876, and had since resided at Orlando. He was a good and true man in all the relations of life. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and three sons.

Garrett.—Mr. William H. Garrett, one of the most respected citizens of Laurens, S. C., died in that city in November, 1909, in his eighty-sixth year. When the war broke out, he was a member of the State Guard, and went to the front as an officer in Company A. After the surrender he returned to Laurens and entered the mercantile business. He was a Mason, and he leaves his wife and two children, a daughter, Mrs. E. J. Gage, of Greenville, and Claude W., of Greenwood.

Deaths in 1909 in Lee-Jackson Camp, Lexington, Va.

Capt. Mark Hatton, Capt. S. W. Paxton; W. A. Patterson, Samuel R. McGaffin, 2d Rockbridge Artillery; James P. Ford, Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry; Frank A. Ott, Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry; John L. Morter, Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry; Samuel B. Shaw, Company G, 58th Virginia Infantry; W. P. Long, Company E, 52d Virginia Infantry; Dr. Horace Paxton, Company I, 4th Virginia Infantry; R. K. Dunlap, W. L. Patterson, Company I, 4th Virginia Infantry; Charles A. Adams, S. J. N. McCampbell, Company H, 27th Virginia Infantry; David L. Roadcap, 5th Virginia Infantry; Walter A. Reed, James A. Mays, J. H. Hay, George P. Smith.

Capt. Grant Davis Heard.

Capt. Grant Davis Heard was born in Newton County, Ga., November 4, 1841; and died at his home, in Covington, Ga., January 9, 1910.

He first enlisted as a private in Company H, 6th Regiment Georgia State Troops. In May, 1862, he became second lieutenant of Company E, 53d Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., which regiment was assigned to Semmes's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and was engaged in all the principal battles from the seven days' fight around Richmond to Sailors' Creek; also the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Knoxville with General Longstreet. At Sailors' Creek the remnant of General Longstreet's corps, under command of General Ewell, was captured on the 6th of April, 1865, after a hard-fought battle.

In the battle of Gettysburg the captain of his company was killed, and Lieutenant Heard was promoted to captain of the company. On the second day of the fight Captain Heard was wounded, and the ball was never extracted.

He was present for duty in every battle of his regiment, except in the first Maryland campaign, at which time he was sick in the hospital. He frequently commanded the regiment, being the senior officer present, and was in command at the time of its surrender. The lieutenant colonel was killed in that engagement. He was imprisoned on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, and was held until after the surrender of Lee and Johnston. He reached his home, near Covington, Ga., June 28, 1865, on parole.

Captain Heard served his county as judge of the Court of Ordinary from 1904 to 1908.

As citizen, soldier, and public official his conduct was ever marked by that integrity, fidelity, and courage that won for him many friends and the esteem of all who knew him. He leaves a wife and five children. He was for more than forty-five years a member of the Holly Spring Primitive Baptist Church and for more than thirty years a deacon.

[J. McD. Radford, who sends the foregoing, states that Captain Heard was the leading spirit in erecting the Confederate monument at Covington, Ga.]

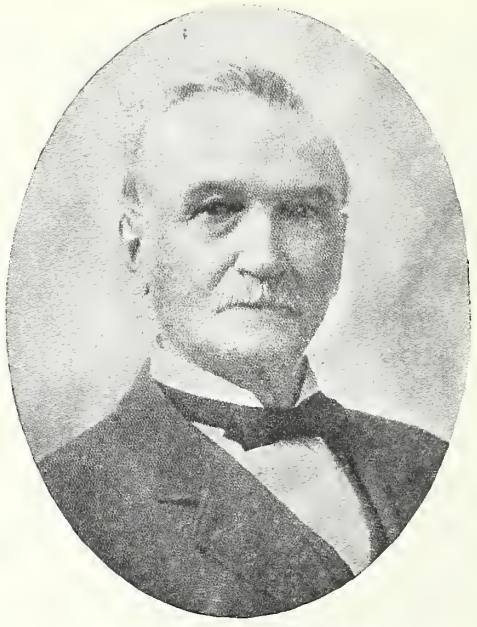
Isaac VanMeter.

After a short illness, at his home, in Hardy County, W. Va., Isaac VanMeter entered into rest on December 30, 1909. He was born in June, 1845, the son of Jacob VanMeter, and his whole life had been spent in the "Old Fields" community, his later years at the old homestead, where he dispensed so generously true Southern hospitality. At the beginning of the war Comrade VanMeter cast his lot with the South, and as a member of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's Laurel Brigade, he served with honor to the end. He was a man of kindly disposition, yet firm convictions, always ready to lend a helping hand or to give a word of cheer, and his community has lost an appreciated citizen. He is survived by his wife and three children, a daughter and two sons.

Anthony Murphy.

Anthony Murphy, who was made famous by the part he took in the celebrated chase of the engine "General" by the "Texas," died in Atlanta, Ga., December 28, 1909, in his eightieth year.

Mr. Murphy was born in Ireland and came to America when he was twenty years old. He engaged in the construction of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. When the war broke out,



ANTHONY MURPHY.

he joined the Confederate army, and was appointed by Governor Brown to important duties in the ordnance department. On April 12, 1862, when some Federals as spies seized an engine at Big Shanty, Ga., detached it from the train, and run it from there nearly to Chattanooga, cutting all wires and burning bridges, Mr. Murphy and Capt. W. A. Fuller, conductor of the train from which the engine had been taken by the raiders, followed on another train in pursuit, and succeeded in running down and capturing the raiders, as has been reported before at length in the Veteran.

The estate of Comrade Murphy when the will was probated was estimated to be worth a million dollars.

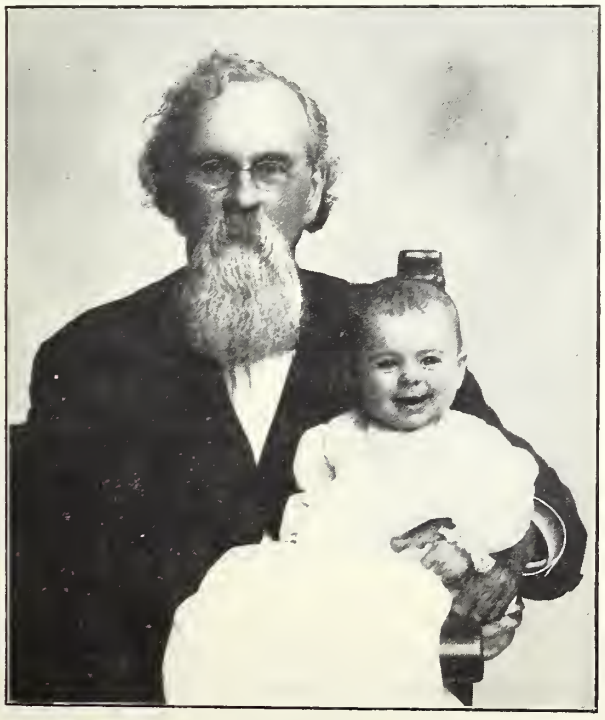
M. A. Ayres.

Manlius A. Ayres was born near Sedalia, Mo., on November 9, 1847; and died in Sedalia August 1, 1909. His service as a Confederate soldier dates from August, 1862, when not yet fifteen years of age. He went with eight others in September following to Carrollton, Ark., where he joined Capt. William Barry's company of Missouri cavalry, at that time acting as escort for Gen. M. M. Parsons. He served with this company on scout and picket duty, and with Dorsey's Squadron of Missouri Cavalry in West Arkansas and the Indian Territory until August 6, 1863. Discharged on account of extreme youth, he could not secure the written consent of his widowed mother, as required by the Confederate War Department; so he went to Little Rock and managed to get

into the 28th Louisiana Infantry. He next went to Shreveport, La. (Gen. E. Kirby Smith, department commander), where he performed duties for a conscript officer. He was promoted to sergeant, and served until the close of the war, surrendering at Mansfield, La., on May 18, 1865. At the end of the war he attended Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.; and after returning to his home, in Pettis County, Mo., he married Miss Virginia Dorsey, of Georgetown, Mo., on February 14, 1871, and resided in Sedalia until he died. He was the father of six children, five of whom are living. Late in life he took up the practice of law and became a member of the Pettis County bar.

Dr. J. P. Furniss.

John Perkins Furniss was born to Dr. John P. Furniss and Annie Frazier Neilson Furniss in Columbus, Miss., on September 24, 1841. The father was a native of Maryland. The son was educated at Professor Tutwiler's Greene Springs School and at the University of Mississippi, graduating in the year 1860. He then entered the medical school of Tulane University, and almost immediately afterwards left for the war, enlisting as a private in Company K, 14th Mississippi Regiment. He served in that company for about nine months, and was then transferred to the medical department as an assistant surgeon. A short time afterwards he was promoted to full surgeon, in which capacity he served efficiently until the close of the war. After the war Dr. Furniss completed his education in medicine and surgery at the Tulane University. He located in Selma, Ala., in 1866, and continued to practice until within a few months of his death, when he was compelled to forego activity. He awaited death with the calmness built on eternal principles. The end came on December 3, 1909. Dr. Furniss was married in Selma on December 21, 1876, to Miss Elizabeth M. Dawson, daughter of the late Col. N. H. R. Dawson, and to them were born five children, two of whom are physicians. One is in New York City and the other in Selma. Mrs. Furniss died several years ago. Dr. Furniss was honored with many distinctions by his professional brethren. He stood high in the councils of the State society, and in his county he was "the patriarch of physicians." His love of men was so obvious that it disarmed the evil-disposed and won the virtuous.



DR. JOHN PERKINS FURNISS.

Mrs. John A. Jackson.

Several months have elapsed since the death of Mrs. John A. Jackson, of Pulaski, Tenn. She was born December 12, 1821. Mrs. Jackson was a daughter of Elder Anderson, of

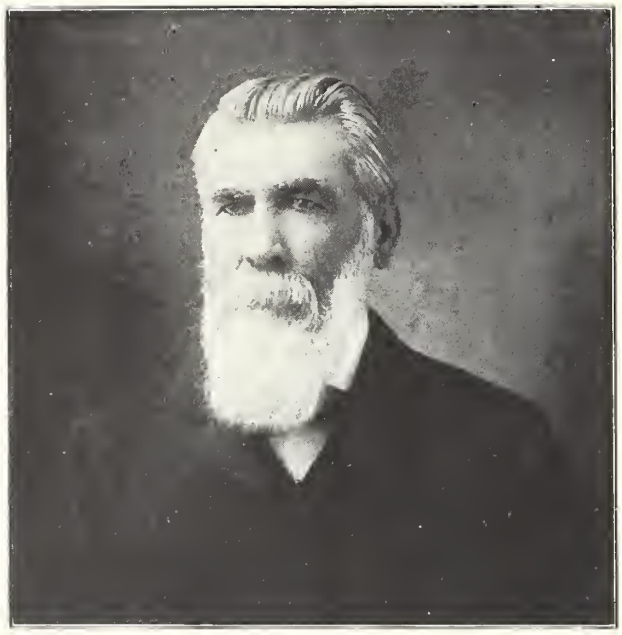


MRS. JOHN A. JACKSON.

the Disciples' Church, and a most remarkable woman. Her husband was a Union man, so that she was safer than most Southern women in aiding Confederates. She was extraordinarily tactful and fascinating, so that she had much influence with the Federal commanders. One of the evidences of her influence is given in the assertion that she saved the life of Frank Herron. There was intense excitement in regard to Herron. (Particulars cannot be given here, but it was a very sensational case, and much praise was given Mrs. Jackson by Southerners for what she did in connection with it.) Her greatest disappointment in life, and her greatest sorrow evidently, was in not having been able to save Sam Davis from the gallows. It was a topic which in later years she refrained from discussing; but the impression was made upon the Editor of the Veteran in an effort to learn particulars from her that she grieved in not having been able to save him. It is stated by one who lives in Pulaski that "she did more for the people there than any other woman." Even to very old age Mrs. Jackson was vivacious and most fascinating. She was a devout Christian withal and a blessing to the community. Conspicuous in her life work was the exquisite order in which she kept her husband's grave. He had been dead many years. They were childless.

The Last Roll sketches are becoming so numerous that brevity is urged. Preference is given to sketches of patrons.

Capt. J. C. Gent.—At a meeting of McElhaney Camp, Lebanon, Va., suitable resolutions of honor were passed on the death of Capt. J. C. Gent, who died Christmas day, 1909. He was born in Russell County, Va., in 1837, and was teaching school at the beginning of the war. He enlisted, and was



CAPT. J. C. GENT.

made captain of Company B, 16th Regiment Virginia Cavalry. After the war he returned home, and was chosen clerk for his county court. He began the practice of law in 1882, and in 1899 he was elected to the Legislature. He served till 1901, during which period he made an enviable record for integrity of character. The Camp of which he was Commander, through a commitee composed of S. H. Wyatt, M. S. Hurt, and George W. J. Gray, paid earnest tribute, in which it is stated: "The Camp has sustained a loss well-nigh irreparable. An intelligent, energetic, and devoted member of our Camp, diligent in business, firm and unanswerable in right conduct, of spotless integrity, genial and pleasant in his life, he leaves no memory but that of purity and tenderness."

W. A. Lane.

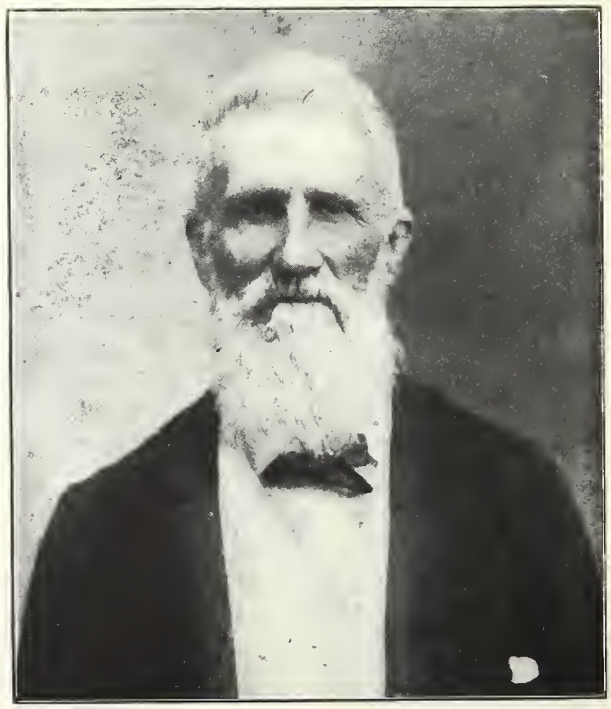
From resolutions adopted by a committee of Camp R. E. Lee, of Fort Worth, Tex., the following sketch is given of the life of W. A. Lane, long a member of this Camp and a useful citizen: "Though born in the State of Maine, W. A. Lane was the son of Southern parents; and, true to his ancestry, he early enlisted in the Confederate cause, entering the service in Louisiana as a member of Company A, 16th Louisiana Infantry, Gibson's Brigade, Claiborne's Division, Army of Tennessee. He was made a sergeant of his company, and at the reorganization of the army was promoted to third lieutenant for bravery, and afterwards promoted to first lieutenant for the same reason. He was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Jonesboro, and with General Hood on the Nashville expedition. He was captured near Nashville December 16, 1864, and confined on Johnson's Island until June, 1865. Returning to his home at Clinton, La., he was first married to Miss Lizzie Chapman. Removing to Fort Worth in 1874, he married his second wife, a sister of Judge Henry Furman, of Oklahoma, Judge Sam Furman and S. M. Furman, of Fort Worth, who survives with two daughters and a son. Since being a resident of Fort Worth he had been connected with different firms of the city until his death, on October 28, 1909."

John Francis.

John Francis was born in Monroe County, Miss., November 12, 1841; and died in Lee County, Miss., in May, 1909. He enlisted in Captain Armstrong's company, 10th Mississippi Infantry, in April, 1861, serving in that regiment, then in Chalmers's Brigade, until after the battle of Shiloh. At the expiration of twelve months he reënlisted in Warren's Alabama Battalion of Cavalry, where he remained a faithful soldier until the end. He was with Forrest in many raids, and was one of the five hundred who rode with Col. W. A. Johnson from North Alabama to take part in the bloody battle of Brice's Cross Roads, and he was also at Hattiesburg.

William Lego Ditto.

William Ditto was born in Louisiana January 20, 1826; and died in Florida December 11, 1909, leaving an aged wife, one daughter, and four sons. He was left an orphan at seven years of age, was educated at Lexington, Ky., began the study of law under Judge Pryor, of Carrollton, Ky., and graduated at the Tulane University, New Orleans. In the fall of 1861 he raised Company K, 1st Regiment of Louisiana Cavalry, and was elected its captain. The regiment, under Colonel Scott, was sent to Bowling Green, Ky., assigned to duty under Gen. Sidney Johnston, and formed his rear guard on his retreat from Nashville. They were in Franklin and Columbia, fought the advance guard of General Burnsides, and by burning the bridge over Elk River stopped the advance of



WILLIAM LEGO DITTO.

General Buell. The regiment made nine raids into Kentucky, the last to relieve General Morgan at Richmond, Ky. William Ditto was a prisoner for eighteen months, and reached home the day Lee surrendered. One year later he was elected to the Legislature of Louisiana.

ADDITIONAL LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTERS.

Vienna Chapter, Vienna, Ga.....$5 00
Mildred Lee Chapter, Fayetteville, Ark..... 1 00

INDIVIDUALS.

A. H. Johnson, Franklin, Ala.....$5 00
W. T. Jones, Taylor, Ala..... 1 00
J. M. Stewart, Little Rock, Ark..... 1 00
Job Hyde, Tillar, Ark..... 1 00
Judge John H. Rogers, Fort Smith, Ark..... 1 00
J. W. Russell, Russellville, Ark..... 1 00
Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Washington, D. C..... 5 00
E. D. Edwards, Fresno, Cal..... 1 00
I. M. Solomons, Savannah, Ga..... 1 00
J. B. Legg, Atlanta, Ga..... 1 00
R. W. Lynch, Griffin, Ga..... 1 00
J. T. Thompson, Griffin, Ga..... 1 00
J. Sid Holland, Atlanta, Ga..... 1 00
S. M. Clark, Louisville, Ga..... 1 00
Dr. W. B. Burroughs, Brunswick, Ga..... 1 00
Dr. E. B. Curd, Hazel, Ky..... 1 00
L. Koellner, Louisville, Ky..... 1 00
G. W. Hopkins, Louisville, Ky..... 1 00
R. M. Hogan, Trenton, Ky..... 1 00
A. L. Slack, Tallulah, La..... 1 00
H. B. Holmes, Tallulah, La..... 1 00
W. H. Griffin, Houlka, Miss..... 5 00
S. B. Driver, Bay St. Louis, Miss..... 1 00
B. F. Cross, Hickory, Miss..... 1 00
P. A. Haman, Learned, Miss..... 1 00
B. F. Murdock, Platte City, Mo..... 1 00
Alfred C. Reynolds, St. Louis, Mo..... 1 00
Joseph H. Green, Jefferson City, Mo..... 1 00
James B. Gantt, Jefferson City, Mo..... 5 00
J. A. Davis, Tarboro, N. C..... 1 00
A. W. Dumas, Wapanucka, Okla..... 1 00
J. L. Crabtree, Wapanucka, Okla..... 1 00
S. P. Scott, Dresden, Tenn..... 1 00
J. N. Meroney, Darks Mill, Tenn..... 1 00
J. C. Fly, Milan, Tenn..... 1 00
Roland Gooch, Nevada, Tex..... 1 00
D. F. Couch, Karnes City, Tex..... 1 00
C. H. Word, Karnes City, Tex..... 1 00
W. J. Brandon, Cumby, Tex..... 1 00
R. Carpenter, Cumby, Tex..... 1 00
G. C. Hopkins, Pittsburg, Tex..... 1 00
M. V. Gribble, Temple, Tex..... 2 00
L. J. Hensley, Stratford, Tex..... 1 00
Jesse G. Jones, Knox City, Tex..... 1 00
J. G. Witherspoon, Crowell, Tex..... 1 00
J. H. Landers, Burleson, Tex..... 1 00
D. I. Murphy, Burleson, Tex..... 1 00
G. W. J. Gray, Lebanon, Va..... 1 00
T. D. Coghill, Bowling Green, Va..... 1 00
Rev. D. G. C. Butts, Franktown, Va..... 1 00
David A. Lyon, Petersburg, Va..... 1 00
M. V. Campbell, Roseland, Va..... 1 00
W. O. McCorkle, Harrisonburg, Va..... 1 00
Page Sutton, Bowling Green, Va..... 1 00
William B. Conrad, Summit Point, W. Va..... 2 00
J. J. Ogden, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
J. R. Mehen, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
W. S. Merchant, Charlestown, W. Va..... 1 00
Rent post office at Fairview, Ky.....$4 00
Rent W. H. Griffin, Fairview, Ky..... 5 00
J. T. Keahey, Dothan, Ala..... 1 00
T. C. Wallace, West Blocton, Ala..... 1 00
Thomas W. Thurman, Griffin, Ga..... 1 00
A. N. Thigpen, Abbeville, Ga..... 1 00
C. W. Mathews, Warrenton, Ga..... 1 00
G. E. Dorrill, Dossville, Miss..... 1 00
A. J. Wells, Farmersville, Tex..... 1 00
R. R. Williams, Cumby, Tex..... 1 00
R. D. Goree, Knox City, Tex..... 1 00
R. L. Davis, Center, Tex..... 1 00
Dr. Eugene C. Powell, McKenney, Va..... 2 00
H. R. Smith, Petersburg, Va..... 1 00
J. L. Coff, Mingo, W. Va..... 1 00
William G. Taylor, Morristown, Tenn..... 5 00
Dr. T. R. Meux, Fresno, Cal..... 5 00
M. V. Reagan, Red Oak, Ind. Ter..... 1 00

The report of receipts for the Jefferson Davis Home Association appears in two places in this VETERAN.

MISS LEE AND MRS. MCCLELLAN.—The Westminster Gazette, London, states: "It is of remarkable interest that the daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee and the widow of Gen. George B. McClellan are staying at Mentone together. As commander in chief of the Confederate States army General Lee met and defeated General McClellan's army of the Potomac in the terrible 'seven days' battle' around Richmond, Va., and later in the same year routed him in the great conflict of Antietam. The opposing generals had been at West Point together, and had fought side by side in the Mexican War. Lee survived the Civil War only a few years, but McClellan survived until the late eighties. Both men had kindly traits of character which were charmingly displayed. It is told of the knightly Lee that as he was riding away from the scene of his terrible defeat at Gettysburg a wounded Federal soldier raised himself from the ground in order to jeer at the beaten general. Bending from his horse, Lee said, speaking very earnestly: 'My poor fellow, I hope you will soon be well.'"

VALUED COURTESY OF A POSTAL CARD.

In the early days of February the VETERAN expended about $150 and much labor to send reminders to patrons of subscriptions due. Was one of them sent to you? If you were to pay out that much money in a proper spirit and manner to secure an answer from a friend, would it be fair to ignore the courteous request? Somebody on this list of thousands will never respond. Are you of that number? In some instances the subscriber has died, and notice ought to be sent. Venerable comrades, whose days are far spent, will you not arrange for payment in event of your death? A brigadier general who was a gallant officer and who had due credit in the VETERAN died, and a son in business, to whom the bill was sent for dues of his father, deliberately replied: "General ——— has been dead two years."

Please reply to the letter mailed you in February. If not convenient to remit at once, write a postal anyhow, that conditions may be known to the VETERAN. Please do it now.

TO RETURN CANNON CAPTURED AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.—The House passed a bill which was introduced by Representative Lee to restore to Governor Brown, of Georgia, the small brass cannon captured from the Military Academy at Milledgeville. The cannon goes to the Confederate Cemetery.

FRANCIS S. BARTOW.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., is working hard to establish a permanent educational fund to be called the "Francis Bartow Memorial," and Prof. Joseph T. Deery gives in the Atlanta Constitution a fine sketch of Bartow: "Francis Bartow was born in Savannah, Ga., in September, 1816. He was graduated from the University of Georgia with high honors in 1835. He studied law and rose rapidly in the profession. He soon after married the daughter of the distinguished Senator John McPherson Berrien, and early in his career Bartow was elected to the Legislature, and made an enviable record. He was a member of the Provisional Congress, C. S. A., in 1861, and was made chairman of the Military Committee. He was at the time captain of a company of State Militia, the Oglethorpe Light Artillery of Savannah. Bartow telegraphed his company and they offered their services for the war to President Davis. It is said that this was the first company to volunteer for the entire war. A detachment of this company with other forces, under orders from Governor Brown, seized Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River before the secession of Georgia. Bartow entered field service, and with the Oglethorpes was ordered to Virginia. Bartow was chosen colonel of the 8th Georgia Regiment. They were in the first battle of Manassas. Bartow was killed while leading a brigade in a heroic charge."

INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY W. C. WHITEFIELD, PADUCAH, KY.

In your excellent and thrilling address at the forty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Franklin you speak of a general officer you thought was Lowery or Loring, dressed handsomely and riding a magnificent black horse, to whom General Hood said, "General, we will make the fight," and the two clasped hands. I am of the opinion that it was General Forrest. He was following the 35th Alabama, my regiment, when the first shot from the osage orange hedge was aimed at my columns and struck the ground just in my front. I was beyond them and was stung by the dirt like bird shot. It passed over and came near getting General Forrest.

My regiment had the advance from Spring Hill. After leaving the road and marching beyond some cavalry, marching both ways in single file, we came to some Yankee cavalry in the wood behind a rock fence. Buford's Division of Forrest's command was hammering away at them when we struck them in the flank, and just such a scattering and running to get across Harpeth! We were urged on in the hope of getting their artillery before they got it over the river. In running hard over briers, bushes, logs, etc., I got a hitch in my side, and thought I would die. While detained a few moments to adjust our line for the continued charge on Franklin I recovered, and never stopped until I was against the hedge and under their guns so close they could not depress them on me, but filled my face full of smoke. I got a wound at Peachtree Creek, and carried it into this fight unheeded, barefooted, and blood-bespattered. Brigadier General Scott was wounded, Major Dixon was killed, and Colonel Ives was struck by seventeen bullets in clothing and person by my side just as we crossed the railroad embankment. The flag bearer, Wheeler, was killed, as were Lieutenant Stewart and many others.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO APPROPRIATELY MARK BATTLE OF PEACHTREE CREEK.—A bill is before the Senate at Washington for an appropriation of one thousand dollars to purchase markers for the noted points in the battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

J. W. Cook, of Helena, Ark., desires to know the whereabouts of Comrade Hugh A. Knowles, of his own company, A, 43d Mississippi Regiment, who lost a leg at Decatur; also Tom Carmichael, who was captured with him at Nashville. While *en route* to Camp Douglas Carmichael abused a United States Congressman who wanted them to take the oath and be released as minors.

Rev. John A. Wright, of Indianapolis (148 Spruce Street, Irvington), Ind., writes: "If the brother or a relative of Otis Bethune, of a North Carolina Regiment (perhaps the 53d) in the Confederate army, will write to me, I will give some facts of interest to him. Otis Bethune died in Stanton Hospital, Washington, D. C., from a wound received in battle."

Simon Baruch, 51 W. Seventieth Street, New York City, who was assistant surgeon of the 3d South Carolina Battalion, desires to obtain the address of the surgeons who after the battles of Boonsboro (South Mountain), Md., and Sharpsburg, Va., were sent to be exchanged on the Steamer Louisiana from Baltimore to Fortress Monroe, and thence to Acker's Landing in September, 1862; also the addresses of any of the one hundred and six surgeons and fifteen chaplains who were "detained" at Fort McHenry after the battle of Gettysburg. Dr. Baruch was among those ordered by General Lee to "remain until further orders" in charge of the wounded after these battles.

James M. Howard, Barlow Ben, Ala., of Company H, 3d Alabama Infantry, inquires for any of the sharpshooters in the charge that captured Hare's Hill a short while before they left Petersburg. He expects to attend the Reunion at Mobile in April, and would especially like to hear from Lieutenant Huggins and Sergt. William Ramsey, who commanded the first corps of sharpshooters from the 3d Alabama Infantry. He also inquires for persons who were in prison at Johnson's Island with Lieut. William T. Williamson (his brother-in-law), of the 2d Alabama Regiment, or who was with him when he fell mortally wounded at Bentonville, just at the close.

W. L. Hunley, of Lancaster, Tex., who belonged to Company H, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., seeks comrades who can identify him in his service, so that he may secure a pension. Comrade Hunley has lost track of all his comrades. His captain, Stuart, has been dead several years, and he wrote to Col. D. C. Kelley, who died several months ago.

William Gay Harris, of Bibb County, Ga., served in the command of the 1st Georgia Reserves. Dr. William F. Holt was surgeon. They were in the battles of Griswoldsville and Lake City. The daughter of William Gay Harris desires information in regard to her father, also of his company and regiment. Address Mrs. C. J. O'Farrell, 178 Childs Street, Athens, Ga.

ABOUT REORGANIZATION OF ARKANSAS BRIGADES.—An error occurred in the report of the Arkansas State Convention U. C. V., as given on page 12 of the January VETERAN, in stating that "Gen. B. W. Green offered a resolution asking that the brigades be reorganized, as there were thirty-six Camps in the First Brigade and only twelve Camps in the Second." This resolution was written and read to the Convention by Gen. Thomas Green, Sr., of Pine Bluff, who commands the Second Brigade, while the Gen. B. W. Green credited lives in Little Rock and is a member of the First Brigade.

BOOKS IN REVIEW.

Of the output of the Neale Publishing Company very complimentary things may be said. The work is well done.

"Moore's History of the United States" is a funny history, and seems an anomaly; but Judge Charles F. Moore has written a brilliantly epigrammatic combination of witty statements of well-known facts. Every pessimist should own a copy, which can be warranted as a cure for the blues.

"Race Adjustment," by Kelly Miller, is a number of essays on the negro in America. These essays are well written and forceful. One is on "Radicals and Conservatives," in which the author gives a fine reading of the characters of Fred Douglass and Booker Washington, and shows the sharp line of similarity and dissimilarity between the two.

"William Fitzhugh Gordon." This celebrated "English gentleman of the old school" is treated with a tribute of reverence and affection from his son, Armistead C. Gordon. It is a life story, closely and critically written, and portrays in a masterly manner the great Virginian, a friend and follower of Thomas Jefferson, who, together with Calhoun, Monroe, Tyler, Jackson, Houston, Randolph, Marshall, Yancey, Clay, and Crockett (what an array of noble names!), lives and moves through the pages. The book is fine from both a historical and literary view.

"Their Day in Court: The Case of American Letters and Its Causes," by Percival Pollard. Mr. Pollard divides his subject under three heads: "Women, Womanists, and Manners," "Men and Manners," and "Criticism." Like a literary sheriff, he brings the author into "court" for trial. He makes his view-point so clear that to follow his brilliant exposition of his ideas is generally to agree with him. The book is worthy the most careful study, for its criticisms are not only good guideposts, but the English is so pure that unconsciously one assimilates what is best in construction and establishes a higher literary ideal.

COMMENT ON "BRIGHT SKIES."—Samuel H. Pendleton writes from 1201 Fairmount Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.: "I have read the book, 'Bright Skies and Dark Shadows,' with much interest and enjoyment. Such a book by such a man as Dr. Field must open some blind eyes in these regions. The whole north country, notwithstanding the vastness of public school education, is yet in benighted ignorance as to the causes of our great war and of the things that happened during that period and afterwards in reconstruction days. 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again.' It gave me pleasure to see you face to face in the January VETERAN."

THE KING AND HIS KINGDOM—TRUTH EXPRESSED IN FACT.—Rev. R. S. Clark, of the Montana Conference, has issued a pamphlet from the press of the M. E. Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., which is a prelude to two books that he has in manuscript, "The King and His Kingdom" and "Truth Expressed in Fact," and as a help to their publication. He sets forth God's plan to recover Adam's throne in the social life of the world beyond the grave and of his dethronement in his world redeemed, and then in conjunction with God's sovereignty reign in its spiritual life. Its "Second Adam," or Redeemer or King, is presented to the world in a new light. Copies of this pamphlet may be had of the author, care M. E. Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., for twenty cents.

Several late issues of the VETERAN contain lists of books on Confederate subjects supplied by the VETERAN in the main at special bargain prices.

MEMOIRS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beautiful and Just Tribute by His Wife

No one was so well prepared to write of the exalted character of this grand man as his wife, who in the close comradeship of over a quarter of a century had seen that character develop through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, in shadow and sunlight.

Mrs. Davis had kept her finger upon the pulse of the exciting times of war, and thoroughly understood the bearing of events upon the life of Mr. Davis; and her book portrays these scenes in a masterly manner, leaving out no side lights that are needed for a thorough comprehension of things as they were.

The VETERAN has the sole agency for these books, only a limited number of which can be had, as they are out of print. While the edition lasts they will be sold at a bargain. They are in two volumes, octavo, richly illustrated.

PRICES, WITH BINDINGS, PER SET

Best English Cloth	$ 5 00
English Grained Cloth	6 50
Half Morocco, Marbled Edges	7 50
Half Russia, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges	8 00
Half Calf, Marbled Edges	10 00
Full Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt	12 00

The VETERAN will supply them at 20 per cent off, paying the postage or express.



"IN MEMORIAM"

Confederate Statues in Bronze

We furnish Statues for ALL KINDS of Monuments

Write Us For

Prices, Designs, Etc.

American Bronze Foundry Co.,

73d and Woodlawn Ave. • • Chicago, Ill.

Lux Will Cure CONSUMPTION

in ninety cases out of every hundred when used during the earlier stages. It is an EXTERNAL remedy—no nauseous drugs or disturbances of digestion. Rub it in well on the chest and back and in thirty minutes you will detect its presence in the breath, showing that it penetrates to the seat of the disease. LUX is a healing, soothing, nourishing liniment with many remarkable cures to its credit. Mr. S. A. Church, 1121 Delachais St., New Orleans, says: "I have used LUX with wonderful results. I was suffering with a severe cold and cough which I could not get rid of. I used LUX one month and am completely cured." For all sub-surface inflammations, whether of joint, muscle or lung tissue, LUX is a safe and certain cure. Ask your druggist or send $1.00 and receive a bottle by registered mail.

THE LUX CO., Box 507, New Orleans, La.

SPEND YOUR VACATION

— IN THE —

"Land of the Sky"

IN PICTURESQUE

North Carolina

THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL

SAPPHIRE COUNTRY

ON THE

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

LAKE TOXAWAY, N. C.
FAIRFIELD, N. C.
BREVARD, N. C.
SAPPHIRE, N. C.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

For Circulars and Full Information, write

J. E. SHIPLEY, D. P. A.,
KNOXVILLE

P. C. Gadd, of Hickory Flat, Miss., inquires for old comrades of the 14th Tennessee Cavalry, Richardson's Brigade, under Forrest. He served in Company F.

J. W. Ellison, of Young, Ariz., wishes to get a copy of the VETERAN for July, 1897, and will appreciate hearing from any one who can supply it.

R. Y. Johnson, of Guthrie, Ky., wants a $500 and a $1,000 Confederate treasury note. Address him, stating price. He has copies of the VETERAN for October, November, and December, 1893, which he will exchange for any other numbers of that year.

Mrs. A. L. Vucovich, 204 Intendencia Street, Pensacola, Fla., wishes to secure information of her husband, Alexander L. Vucovich, or Elex O'Neill (after his stepfather), who went out with the first Florida troops, and presumably served with Hood's Brigade. She thinks he was transferred to the cavalry or artillery. Any information of his service will be appreciated.

R. F. Vaughan, of Fairview, Ky., needs the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file, and will be glad to hear from those who can supply them as to price, condition, etc.: All of 1893 wanted; January, February, June, July, September, November, December, 1894; February, March, 1896; January, February, March, December, 1897; February, April, June, 1898; September, October, 1900. Write him.

Mrs. Mary A. Harkins, of Lono, Ark., who seeks information of the war record of her husband, Robert F. Harkins, writes that he served only three months in 1861, and was then discharged on account of rheumatism, being bedridden for eighteen months. She wishes to prove his service, that she may secure a much-needed pension. She thinks some of his old comrades may be about Maynesville, La.

H. Livingston, of Mount Olivet, Ky., who belonged to the 3d Texas Cavalry, Company G, enlisting at Jefferson, Tex., in 1861, desires to learn of Fred Luhn, of Galveston, who was with him in Camp Morton, Ind., and sergeant of Barrack No. 8; also of Fred Wagner, of Tennessee, and —— Sanders, who was his bunkmate. He also mentions his friend Haydon, whom he especially wants to hear from; this friend he met in Memphis in 1868. In fact, if any of the boys remember the "Third Texas Dutchman," he will be glad to renew old acquaintanceship before all are mustered out.

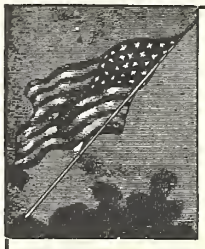


Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

you can find nothing more pleasing to the people for Memorial Day than my two poems entitled: **"OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD"** and **"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."**

Have them spoken by two young ladies on that day during your exercises. Both of the poems pay a high tribute of praise to the living as well as the dead soldiers. They tell of your gallantry and chivalry during those trying days, and close with beautiful and tender expressions of love and remembrance of those whose graves you will soon decorate with flowers.

They are nicely printed, and both of them will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of $1 money order. Every living veteran should have them. Send NOW. Address

T. R. ARMSTRONG, University Place
Lincoln, Nebr.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SORE EYES

J. W. Watson, of Roxton, Tex., wishes to purchase a complete file of the VETERAN. Those having a set will kindly write him as to price asked, etc.

Any person knowing the whereabouts of Michael McCafferty, living or dead, will confer a favor by writing to Joseph E. Clegg, of Van Buren, Ark. Mr. McCafferty was color bearer of the 22d Arkansas Infantry, and was captured when sick and escaped.

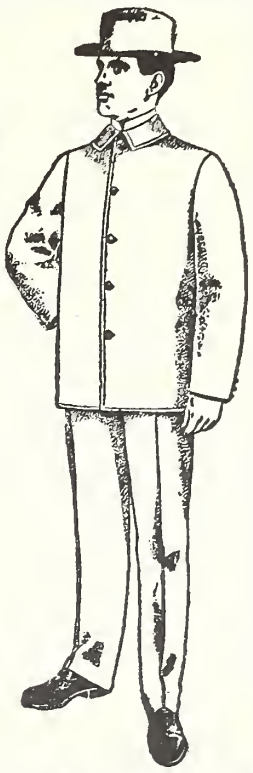
Mrs. E. A. Barber, of McClenny, Fla., desires to secure some information of Isaiah Barber, who was in Captain Beal's company, C. S. A., and in the summer of 1864 was at Camp Jackson, near St. Mary's River, Fla., from which place he was sent to Georgia, South Carolina, and then into North Carolina, and died near Rockingham, N. C., on a forced march.

T. L. Beadles, of Big Creek, Miss., would like to hear from any survivors of Camp Douglas Prison who remember him. He was released on parole June 13, 1865, and with James Starke, of Georgia, a fellow-prisoner, he spent that night and the next day with Mr. and Mrs. Larimore on Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Those who were in Masonic Barrack No. 18 will doubtless remember this comrade.

M. B. Holifield, of Mayfield, Ky., wishes to secure the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file: All of 1893 and 1894; June, August, and October, 1895; January, March, July, and December, 1896; February, March, April, July, November, and December, 1897; January, April, May, July, September, and October, 1898; February and August, 1899. Those who can furnish these copies will confer a favor by writing him as to condition and price.

T. S. Lucas, of Dalton, Ga., makes inquiry for members of the 25th North Carolina Regiment who can testify as to the service of John G. Thomas, who enlisted June 21, 1861, under Capt. Thomas F. Lenoir, in Company F, 25th North Carolina Regiment, in Asheville, N. C., his home being in Haywood County. His destitution is pitiful through having suffered a stroke of paralysis, and he now seeks State aid, but has not been able to locate a former comrade in arms who can testify as to his whereabouts at the surrender.

Confederate Uniforms



LEVY'S SPECIAL $8

Coat and trousers with regulation U. C. V. buttons. The *best* uniform at the price to be had anywhere.

Finer uniforms at moderate prices. Made to order and guaranteed to fit.

Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggins, and insignia of rank of all kinds.

Write for new catalog and samples, mentioning the VETERAN.

We make special terms for outfitting whole camps.

Levy's Third and Market
LOUISVILLE, KY.

A Book for Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans

A NARRATIVE OF THE CIVIL WAR BY A. E. SNYDER

This is a truthful narrative of the facts and events of the great War between the States, the Civil War, written in a plain style and chronologically arranged. It is designed especially for the young people of the South, and covers the entire subject in a way that makes it intensely interesting and of great value to all who wish to know correctly about the war and its various phases. The book is handsomely bound and contains many interesting illustrations. Price, postpaid, **60c.** Send all orders to

THE EPWORTH ERA, ... Nashville, Tenn.

MEMORIAL WAR BOOK

A Magnificent Book of 612 Pages. Size, 9x12 Inches. Artistic Cloth Binding. 2,000 Superb Illustrations. Produced from Photographs, and Cannot Be Reproduced. It Is Not a War History, but the Personal Reminiscences, Stirring Adventures, Lifelike Descriptions of Battles, Camp Life, Marches, Heroic Deeds, Etc., as Seen by Soldiers ON BOTH SIDES. A Collection of Stories and Pictures Never Before Published. **2,000 SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS.** 612 Pages. Size, 9x12 Inches. This Book Was Published to Sell for $5. We Offer it for **THREE DOLLARS,** Postpaid. Address **W. B. JONES CO., Silver Creek, N. Y.**

Jack Williams, of Meridian, Miss., wishes the record of his uncle, Col. Byrd Williams, who was first major, then lieutenant colonel and colonel of the 41st Mississippi Regiment, and was killed at Jonesboro, Ga. His shoulder straps and watch were removed by a private, E. T. Moore, of Columbus, Miss., now deceased.

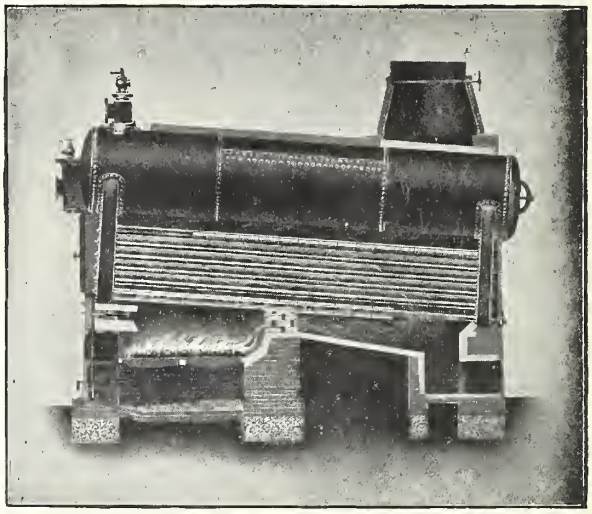
Sam Turner, of Barnes, Ark., asks that any survivors of Company I, 23d Texas Cavalry, will kindly write to him at address given, as he wishes to get into communication with some old comrades of the sixties.

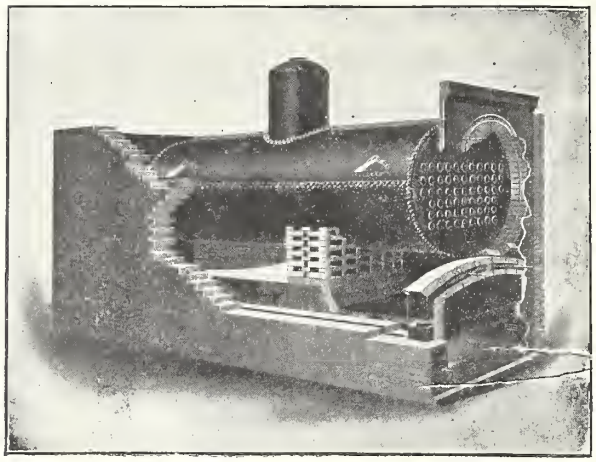
If afflicted with SORE EYES Use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Harris Smokeless Furnaces FOR STEAM BOILERS

In Manufacturing Plants, Municipal Public Buildings, School Buildings, etc., are rapidly being recognized as the best furnaces in low initial cost, durability, small cost of maintenance, and economy of fuel. They burn slack soft coal, and lignite of such low grades that other furnaces cannot burn at all, while the **Harris** makes **ABSOLUTELY PERFECT COMBUSTION** of **ALL** the fuel, both fixed and hydrocarbons, without smoke.

Do not install costly stokers to plants of one to five ordinary-sized boilers, when the **Harris Furnace** at half the cost proves just as economical in fuel; and as for smoke, the **Harris** has them all "skinned," not a block, but block after block, and the **Harris Furnaces** produce such perfect combustion as to show a clear stack of 100 per cent 98 per cent of the time.





If interested in the more perfect combustion of fuel, and the conservation of fuel, call and investigate the **Harris**, see the furnaces in operation. If at a distance, ask for information. All kinds, sizes, and makes of boilers are set in the **Harris Furnaces.**

Blue prints of setting plans of the **Harris Furnaces** to all the various makes and sizes of boilers. In writing state kind and size of your boilers,

Address

HARRIS SMOKELESS FURNACE CO.

Phone Main 1938
Room 210 Stahlman Building

J. B. HARRIS, General Manager
Nashville, Tenn.

AGENCIES

BOSTON, MASS. Robertson & Co., 30 State St. E. Milton

DETROIT, MICH. J. M. DeFord, 823 Penobscot Bldg.

TORONTO, CANADA Ideal Steam Separator & Supply Co., 73 Adelaide St. East

MILWAUKEE, WIS. Wm. Belk, 614 Broadway

ST. LOUIS, MO. Chas. R. Ragsdale, 6144 McPherson Ave.

EL PASO, TEXAS The Wm. Jennings Co. (Inc.), Engineers, Herald Bldg.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. Wm. M. McKenna, 1604 N. 7th Ave.

CINCINNATI, O. Hawkins & Ferguson, 458 E. 5th St.

NEW ORLEANS, LA. H. Dudley Coleman, 853 Carondelet St.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. W. J. Mathew, 215 E. Pine St.

KNOXVILLE, TENN. J. P. McMullen

R. G Hitt, Manager Hitt Salvage Co., Atlanta, Ga., makes inquiry for the address of Mr. Penn, who contributed the short article on page 532 of the November VETERAN. The address was overlooked at the time, and he cannot now be located.

H. R. Boynton, Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., wishes a copy of the following poems, and will appreciate hearing from any one who can furnish them: "Alabama, Here We Rest," "Wasn't That a Sweet Sight for a Father?" "Think of Your Head in the Morning."

Miss Dorothy A. Burnham, Box 57, Paducah, Ky., is very anxious to secure the war record of her uncle, A. J. Luttrell, better known as "Jack" Luttrell, who was connected with the Secret Service Department of the Confederacy. About fifteen years since he was holding a government position in Venezuela, but his family have heard nothing of him for many years and suppose he is dead. Any information from those who know his war record will be appreciated.

Dr. H. A. Parrott, of Blountville, Tenn., wishes to know if Jacob R. Coffee, of the 2d Kentucky Infantry, is still living. His home was at Lexington, Ky.

W. J. Miller, 214 Woodlawn Avenue, Burlington, Iowa, wishes to get up a file of the VETERAN, and those having back volumes to dispose of will confer a favor by writing to him as to price, condition, etc.

Mrs. W. H. Brown, of Huntington, Ark., Box 7, will appreciate any information as to the command of Fred Mack, who served in the Confederate army four years in a Tennessee regiment, thought to be the 4th and 5th consolidated.

Mrs. Mary H. Sutherland, of Owensboro, Ky., makes inquiry for the company and regiment to which John Sutherland, of Ripley, Tenn., belonged. She says he probably enlisted in Ripley or Memphis, and was killed in the battle of Shiloh. Write her care Adams Express Office.

Meyer's Military Shop

1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Confederate Goods

Gold button or pin	.90
Rolled plate button or pin	.45
Gold-plated button or pin	.25
Hat pins	.25
Silk flags	5c to $1.50
Belt plates for ladies	.75
Watch charms	$1 to $15.00

Write for illustrated price lists



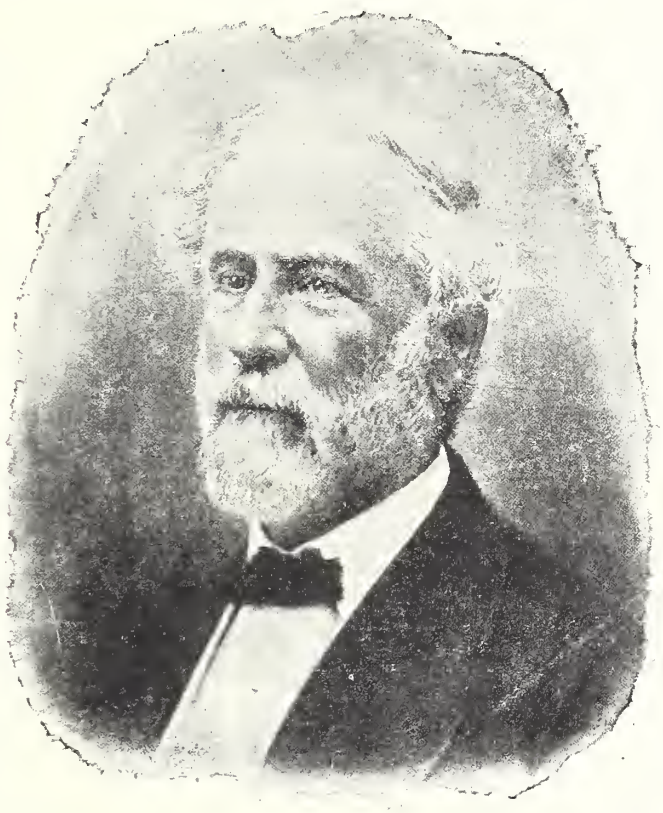
For Shetland Ponies of High Class
PONY VEHICLES AND HARNESS
Visit or write
L. C. PRICE
Penmoken Farm
Lexington, Ky.

Capt. W. O. Connor, of Cave Spring, Ga., wishes to get copies of the VETERAN for September, 1895, and February, 1898. Write him about price asked, etc.

R. E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy

By Henry Alexander White, A.M., Ph.D., D.D., Professor of History in Washington and Lee University

Verily a fine combination of biography and history is this late work by Professor White, while the treatment of Secession and Slavery and the Crisis of 1861 vindicates the Southern Cause.



"More than all else," says a most competent critic, "the book is to be commended for the clear portraiture of a character which was the consummate flower — the glorious crown — of our old Southern civilization. It should be read with pride by every American as an inspiration to high endeavor and noble deeds."

To give this book the largest circulation possible, the VETERAN has secured special arrangements with Putnams, the publishers, whereby it is offered free as a premium for six new subscriptions, or in combination with two new subscriptions to the VETERAN for $3. The publisher's price of the book is $3.

Write for sample copies of the VETERAN, and begin at once to make up a club of subscribers for this book. It should be in the library of every Camp and Chapter. The study of the character of Lee is an inspiration regardless of age or sect, and the book embodies in succinct form a vivid history of the Confederacy. Supplied by

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, - - - Nashville, Tenn.

"DO THEY LOVE YOU STILL IN DIXIE?"

The poem, "Do They Love You Still in Dixie?" by Emmett Rodwell Calhoun, of Birmingham, Ala., has been set to music by Mrs. E. T. Oltrogge, of Jacksonville, Fla., by whom it has been published and is now on sale at forty cents per copy, postpaid. It is especially appropriate for Memorial Day. Part of the proceeds from the sale of this song, and of all other songs published by Mrs. Oltrogge in the future, will be devoted to Confederate monumental purposes. It will be remembered that this poem was written in response to the closing paragraph of the address prepared by Gen. S. D. Lee for the Birmingham Reunion, "Do they love us still in Dixie?" A picture of General Lee reviewing the veterans in parade forms a most pleasing frontispiece.

The VETERAN office wishes to purchase sets of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and those who have this work for sale will confer a favor by writing of its condition and price.

Confederate Monuments

See what others think of our work

Below we give only a few of the many testimonials received from the Chapters that we have erected monuments for.

Office of United Daughters of Confederacy,
Abbeville, Ga., April 16, 1909.

McNeel Marble Company, Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: We desire to say that we are exceedingly well pleased with the monument in every particular. All the citizens of our city are loud in their praises of the design, workmanship, etc., of the monument. Accept our thanks for the promptness and faithfulness with which you have complied with your contract.

[Signed] Mrs. G. F. McLeod, *Pres.;* Mrs. J. H. Little,
Miss Irene McLeod, *Sec.;* Mrs. W. G. Barnes.
Miss Nannie Little, *Cor. Sec.;* Mrs. P. D. Wooten,
Mrs. L. E. Hallowes, *Treas.;* Miss Alice Shepherd.

Eufaula, Ala., January 1, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co.

Dear Sirs: The Confederate monument that has just been completed by your agent, Mr. Davis, here has given entire satisfaction to everybody. In fact, it *surpassed our expectations.* It has been pronounced by those capable of judging one of the handsomest monuments for the price in the South. The workmanship and design are perfect in every detail. It is a standing advertisement for your firm in this section. Very respectfully,

[Signed] Mrs. J. G. Guice,
Pres. U. D. C. Chapter, Barbour County.

La Fayette, Ga., March 17, 1909.

To the McNeel Marble Company, Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Mr. Wright has put up our monument and it has been duly and officially received by our Chapter. *It is beautiful and exceeds our expectations,* which of course were high. Thanking you for your kindness to us, and trusting that our relations in the future will be as pleasant as in the past, we are,

Very truly yours,

[Signed] Mrs. J. E. Patton, *Pres.;* Mrs. W. D. Stewart,
Mrs. Earl Jackson, *Treas.;* Mrs. John W. Bale,
Mrs. Paul D. Wright, Mrs. J. M. Jackson.

Millen, Ga., June 4, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

We are delighted with the monument, and all expressed themselves as being pleased. Many have said it is much prettier than some really more expensive monuments you have put up in neighboring places. Truly yours,

[Signed] Electra Tyler de Loache.

Moultrie, Ga., March 20, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: The Committee of the local Chapter of U. D. C. having in charge the erecting of the Confederate monument here has notified me that the monument has been accepted, and they desire that I should say to you that they are much pleased with the work. The shaft is a very handsome one, and the ladies feel that it fully measures up to their expectation and to the contract. This letter is voluntary. With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

[Signed] Thad Adams.

Thomaston, Ga., April 23, 1908.

The McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to write you that the beautiful monument which you have erected to the Confederate soldiers of Upson by the Daughters Chapter here, is beyond our expectation. I congratulate you on your selection. *It is much finer and nicer than I ever dreamed of,* and you have won the hearts and future business of this community. This letter is unsolicited by you, and comes from my heart and business judgment as to values and beauty. The ladies certainly have a *big bargain* in my own private judgment, and I have had quite an experience in the monumental line, as I am undertaker and see lots of work. I will always refer any of my friends and customers to you for work. Very truly,

[Signed] G. A. Weaver, Jr.

Monticello, Ga., December 14, 1909.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The monument complies with the contract of purchase in *every detail,* and the workmanship is *perfect.*

[Signed]

F. C. Goolsby, *Ordinary;* Monroe Phillips, *Mayor;*
R. L. Davis, *Clerk, S. Ct.;* J. J. Pope, *Chairman;*
W. P. Persons, *Sheriff;* Mrs. Monroe Phillips, *V. P.;*
W. B. Malone *T. C.;* Nevin S. Tolleson, *Co. Clerk;*
O. G. Roberts, *J. P.;* Maud Penn,
D. C. Thomason, *L. C.;* Mrs. B. Leverett,
Mrs. Green Johnson, *Treas. Monticello Chapter, U. D. C.;* N. C. Fish,
J. S. Malone, Jr.,
W. T. Fish, Miss Gladys Pope,
Mrs. W. R. Pope, Mrs. J. D. Harvey.

Jacksonville, Ala., August 3, 1909.

McNeel Co.

Dear Sirs: The monument has been erected and is perfectly satisfactory. The U. D. C. are greatly indebted to your firm for kindness shown us. Accept our thanks. With best wishes for your success, I am most cordially,

[Signed] Mrs. Chas. D. Martin,
Treas. John H. Forney Chapter, U. D. C.

Hawkinsville, Ga., July 28, 1908.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Our monument was unveiled on the 21st of July, and I want to write you and let you know how delighted we are with it. It is a beauty. You have certainly given us a fine job; it is entirely satisfactory and according to contract. It is very much admired, and pronounced by drummers as the prettiest one they ever saw. Very truly,

[Signed] Mrs. P. H. Lovejoy,
Sec. and Treas. U. D. C.

Clayton, Ala., July 13, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Your Mr. Wright has finished the erection of the monument to the Confederate soldiers for which we contracted with you. The monument is satisfactory, and we have received same from your Mr. Wright, and hereby express our satisfaction.

[Signed] Mrs. A. L. Martin, Mrs. B. T. Roberts,
Pres. Clayton Chapter, U. D. C.

Blakely, Ga., March 31, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Mr. Mosley turned the monument over to our Chapter to-day, and it is satisfactory in every way. You have all been very kind and courteous to us in every way, and we thank you all. Yours truly,

[Signed] Mrs. Walter Thomas,
Pres. Blakely Chapter.

Columbia, S. C., February 3, 1906.

The McNeel Marble Co.

Gentlemen: I desire to say that the monument which you erected and built under the contract with the Gonzales Monument Association, to the memory of the late N. G. Gonzales, has given entire satisfaction. The monument has been admired by very many, and is regarded as a fine piece of workmanship, excellent in design and execution. It is located upon quite a prominent street of Columbia near the Capitol, where it is seen by many people. Up to this time I have heard no adverse criticisms upon it, but have heard it spoken of by many in the most complimentary terms.

Yours very respectfully,

[Signed] W. A. Clark,
Chairman Gonzales Monument Association.

Our record is, no Chapter has ever failed in this work who placed its order with us. ¶ **We gladly give Chapters successful plans for raising money.**

McNeel Marble Company, - - Marietta, Ga.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVIII. APRIL, 1910. NO. 4.



LOBBY OF BATTLE HOUSE, MOBILE.

Headquarters of the Adjutant General U. C. V., the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and Jefferson Davis Home Association.

FOR RICH AND POOR ALIKE

This bank is for the rich and poor alike. It helps the wage-earner to save part of his earnings for future use by inviting savings of $1 or more and paying interest thereon four times a year at the rate of 3% per annum.

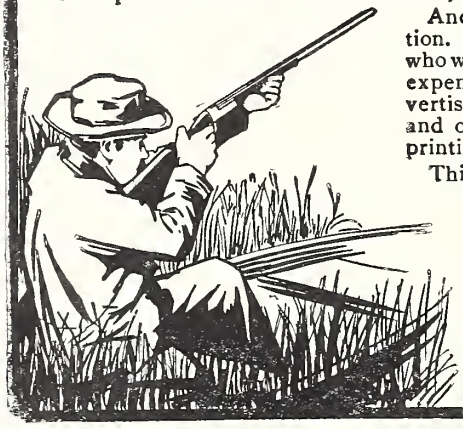
It affords to the business man and to the wealthy a safe place for their funds and every convenience for transacting any banking business.

It is the only million-dollar National bank in Tennessee. Its CAPITAL, SURPLUS, and Stockholders' Liability of $2,750,000.00 guarantees the safety of deposits.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, - - - Nashville, Tenn.

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN

THE MARGUERITE COMPANY

Invites you to visit them during the Reunion

TAILORED SUITS, GOWNS, FRENCH BLOUSES, LINGERIE and ACCESSORIES OF ALL KINDS FOR WOMEN

EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN MILLINERY

Marguerite and Redfern Corsets Fitted by an Expert Corsetiere

21 N. CONCEPTION ST., NEAR CAWTHON HOTEL - - MOBILE, ALA.

MEMORIAL WAR BOOK

A Magnificent Book of 612 Pages. Size, 9x12 Inches. Artistic Cloth Binding. 2,000 Superb Illustrations. Produced from Photographs, and Cannot Be Reproduced. It Is Not a War History, but the Personal Reminiscences, Stirring Adventures, Lifelike Descriptions of Battles, Camp Life, Marches, Heroic Deeds, Etc., as Seen by Soldiers ON BOTH SIDES. A Collection of Stories and Pictures Never Before Published. **2,000 SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS.** 612 Pages. Size, 9x12 Inches. This Book Was Published to Sell for $5. We Offer It for **THREE DOLLARS,** Postpaid. Address **W. B. JONES CO., Silver Creek, N. Y.**

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

"From Bull Run to Appomattox."
The author's four years' experience in J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry of Lee's Army. Send for a copy. If, after reading it, you do not care to pay $1.10 for it, stamps will be sent for its return. It is a book that should be in every library. L. W. Hopkins, Author and Publisher, 833 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

Smart people buy in the big city stores, saving money on all purchases. Greatest variety, lowest prices. Send for circular.

MISS K. HASSARD-SHORT
1416 Broadway, New York, Room 714

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1910. | No 4 | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

MOBILE REUNION ARRANGEMENTS.

Mobile has "two hundred years of romantic history," according to an entertaining writer. It was the first seat of government for the vast territory of Louisiana. It was formerly called Fort Charlotte. In its cemetery, awaiting the judgment day, are the earthly remains of Gen. Braxton Bragg, Admiral Raphael Semmes, the beloved Father Ryan, and many other notables of Confederate fame. Near the city, at the Gulf of Mexico entrance to Mobile Bay, is Fort Morgan, where Admirals Buchanan and Farragut fought a great naval battle on August 5, 1864. Near it is Dauphine Island, which was the rendezvous of Pakenham's forces of the remnant of the British army after the battle of New Orleans in 1812. Mobile has been dominated by French, British, Spanish, Confederate, and Federal powers, and is hence a very historic city, and its citizens take pride in its history. That which concerns many Confederates just now is hotel accommodations. They are magnificent if not ample. One company owns the leading hotels, and in so far as there is capacity accommodations will be high class.

The Battle House is now on the site of the hotel of the same name in the sixties. Several interior views of the hotel are given herein. On the front page appears the lobby of the Battle House, where will be located the headquarters of General Mickle, U. C. V., the location of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and the Jefferson Davis Home Association.

The Cauthon House is about two blocks away. The Bienville Hotel is an annex to the Cauthon. These latter hotels face upon a public square in which, it is understood, a brass band will discourse old-time airs day and night.



VINEYARD CAFE, SEVENTH FLOOR CAUTHON HOUSE, MOBILE.

The tented area is to be down by the bay, where the famous shell road was an attraction until terrific storms destroyed it a few years ago. Several street car lines and different standard railroads will carry passengers from the hotel area. The auditorium, a large tent, is to be located very convenient to tented quarters. It is expected to have "music all the day" and that comrades will lack nothing that can be done for their comfort.



TRELLIS RONCE CAFE, BATTLE HOUSE, MOBILE.

GOOD ARRANGEMENTS FOR ACCOMMODATION OF VETERANS AT MOBILE REUNION.—Excellent arrangements have been made for the accommodation of all veterans at the Mobile Reunion. United States tents with floors will be issued, and they will be pitched in old-fashioned camping style along Mobile Bay about three miles from the city on the car line. Any one desiring to hire a horse for use during the three days of the Reunion can do so by sending three dollars to Mr. Frank W. Crenshaw, Mobile, Ala.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASS'N.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, sends out a special to Memorial Associations from New Orleans, La., March 14, 1910, in which she states:

"The eleventh annual Convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be held in the city of Mobile, Ala., April 25-28, 1910.

"The patriotic men and women of the beautiful city of Mobile have made special arrangements for our entertainment. The President of the C. S. M. A. sincerely hopes that the women of the sixties will attend in large numbers, to assist our hosts in honoring our beloved veterans.

"Each Association is entitled to two delegates and two alternates. One delegate or alternate can cast the vote of the Association.

"All Vice Presidents, Presidents, and chairmen of committees are requested to have their reports typewritten and to leave them with the Secretary, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

"Reading of reports will be limited to ten minutes.

"The Battle House will be the official headquarters.

"The Convention will open on the afternoon of Monday, April 25, in the auditorium of the hotel. The Cathedral of the Scottish Rite, where other business sessions will be held, is on the St. Francis Street car line, five squares from the Battle House. Daily sessions will be held at 9:30 A.M. and 2 P.M. Delegates are urged to be prompt and regular in attendance.

"Parties desiring information as to hotel and boarding house accommodations can communicate with Mr. Charles B. Hervey or Mr. Harry T. Hartwell, of the U. C. V. Reunion Committee, Mobile.

"Remember that each Association shall pay in advance the annual fee of two dollars to the General Treasurer. Dues for 1910 should be in the hands of the Treasurer, Mrs. Charles G. Wright, 1022 Cranford Street, Vicksburg, Miss., by April 20.

"The ranks of the Memorial Associations are thinning fast; many of these faithful women have passed away. Can we who have been spared afford to neglect the work begun by them in the dark and gloomy days and under great difficulties? No; we will stand firm, shoulder to shoulder, until the last one answers: 'Lord, I am here.'



PORTION OF LOBBY, CAUTHON HOUSE, MOBILE.

"The gray ribbon badge and the C. S. M. A. pin can be obtained upon application to Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary. (See address above.) Price of ribbon badge, fifteen cents delivered; the gold pin, $3.

"Association Secretaries are requested to send to the C. S. M. A. Secretary the names of deceased members, with a short sketch of the life and work of such members, to be inscribed in the 'In Memoriam Book' of the Confederation."



ROOF GARDEN, BATTLE HOUSE, MOBILE.

SONS OF VETERANS AT MOBILE REUNION.

The U. S. C. V. at the Mobile Reunion will hold the first session on the evening of April 25 in the German Relief Hall. The Convention will be called to order by Max Hamburger, Commander of the Dixon Camp, Mobile. Mayor Pat Lyons will welcome the Assembly to the city and Col. E. L. Russell will welcome them for the veterans. P. W. Hodges, of Greenville, commanding the Second Brigade, will preside. An address of welcome will be made by John H. Wallace, Jr., of Montgomery, and Mrs. Letitia Dowdell Ross, of Auburn, will speak a welcome on the part of the Daughters. Response to addresses will be made by Louis Spencer Daniel, of Pass Christian, Miss.

Commander Moulton will then turn the meeting over to J. P. Norfleet, of the Army of Tennessee Department, who in turn gives way to Commander in Chief C. J. Owens.

The annual address will be by R. W. Bingham, of Louisville, Ky., whose subject will be "Justice to the South." Gov. J. Y. Saunders, of Louisiana, will present the official women, with response by Judge Moses Wright, of Rome, Ga. After that will come the roll call and the appointment of committees.

The session of Wednesday, April 26, will be taken up with reports of officers and committees, including the executive council, also presentation of historical papers. A committee to extend greetings to the veterans will also be appointed.

On the second afternoon officers will be chosen and the work of the session concluded. On the third day there will be a meeting with the official women and on the fourth day the grand parade.

Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Commander in Chief, has announced sponsors and maids of honor as follows:

Matron of Honor, Mrs. B. B. Ross, Auburn, Ala.; Chaperon, Mrs. N. B. Forrest, Memphis; Sponsor in Chief, Miss Georgia Whiting Saffold, Montgomery. Maids of Honor: Miss Clara Ellen Forbes, Montgomery; Miss Mary Henry-Ruffin, Miss Nannie Goodbrad, Miss Lillie Radcliffe, Mobile; Miss

Mary Rosalind Tardy, Birmingham; Miss Annie Lyde Smith, Tuskegee; Georgia, Miss Lydia Hutchins, Athens; Louisiana, Miss Gladys Broadway, Monroe; Mississippi, Miss Sallie Hunt, Greenville; Miss Mildred Merriweather Sledge, Como; Miss Cornelia Wallace, Como; South Carolina, Miss Maybelle Weatherstone, Williston; Miss Ruth Kennedy, Greenville; Virginia, Miss Avis Walker Grant, Richmond. Maids of honor for the general staff for States not listed will be named later.

Miss Frances Alexander Duncan, of Auburn, will represent the Children of the Confederacy.

Appointments for the Louisiana Division named by Commander B. H. Richardson are as follows: Sponsor, Miss Coralie A. Renaud, New Orleans; Maids of Honor, Misses



SECOND FLOOR, BATTLE HOUSE.

Georgia Richardson, Andrea Fredereichs, Leila Lee Riddell, New Orleans, and Miss Georgia McDonald, Mobile; Chaperon, Mrs. P. J. Fredereichs, New Orleans.

Northern Virginia Department, by Commander C. M. Felder: Sponsor, Miss Lila L. Jamison, Roanoke; Maids of Honor, Miss Grace G. Pinckard, Rehoboth Church, Va., and Miss Annie Baker Lamar, North Augusta, S. C.; Matron and Chaperon, Mrs. L. F. Fleming, Augusta, Ga.

Virginia Department, by Commander T. W. Spindle: Sponsor, Miss Mary Darnell, Roanoke; Maid of Honor, Miss Mary Hunter Bethel, Danville; Matron, Mrs. William L. McGill, Petersburg.

SAMUEL P. MOORE MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

Officers of the Medical Association, Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

The survivors of this association constitute the committee for the Surgeon General Samuel Preston Moore Monument. The dates indicate the time of office.

Presidents.

J. B. Cowan, Chief Surgeon Forrest's Cavalry; Tullahoma, Tenn. 1898. (Dead.)

Francis L. Parker, Surgeon; Charleston, S. C. 1899.

Preston B. Scott, Medical Director Field and Hospital; Louisville, Ky. 1900. (Dead.)

Jas. M. Kellar, Medical Director; Hot Springs, Ark. 1900.

D. D. Saunders, Asst. Medical Director; Memphis. 1901.

W. J. W. Kerr, Assistant Surgeon; Corsicana, Tex. 1902.

S. E. Chaille, Surgeon and Medical Director; New Orleans, La. 1903.

J. R. Gildersleeve, Assistant Surgeon; Tazewell, Va. 1903.

John S. Cain, Surgeon; Nashville, Tenn. 1904.

Charles H. Todd, Assistant Surgeon; Owensboro, Ky. 1905.

Ernest S. Lewis, Surgeon; New Orleans, La. 1906.

S. E. Lewis, Assistant Surgeon; Washington, D. C. 1907.

J. C. Abernathy, Surgeon; Birmingham, Ala. 1908.

G. B. Thornton, Surgeon and Division Director; Memphis, Tenn. 1909.

Vice Presidents.

K. C. Devine, Atlanta, Ga. 1898.

J. J. Knott, Atlanta, Ga. 1899.

J. R. MacKensie, Surgeon; Weatherford, Tex. 1901. (Dead.)

John L. Dismukes, Medical Inspector Forrest's Cavalry; Mayfield, Ky. 1901. (Dead.)

G. O. Brosnahan, Assistant Surgeon 12th Louisiana Regiment; Pensacola, Fla. 1901.

D. H. Key, Assistant Surgeon; Monroe, La. 1902-04.

J. F. Tipton, Surgeon C. S. Navy; Roanoke, Va. 1902.

Joel C. Hall, Surgeon Bate's Brigade Infantry; Anguila, Miss. 1902.

James M. Holloway, Surgeon; Louisville, Ky. 1903. (Dead.)

W. E. Brickell, Surgeon; New Orleans, La. 1903.

J. D. Croom, Maxton, N. C. 1903-06.

J. M. Kellar, Surgeon; Hot Springs, Ark. 1900.

F. R. Calhoun, Surgeon; Cartersville, Ga. 1903.

J. D. Plunkett, Assistant Surgeon; Nashville, Tenn. 1904.

William Martin, Kingston, Ky. 1904.

Peter B. Bocat, Florence, S. C. 1904.

J. D. Elliott, New Orleans, La. 1905.

C. W. Brock, Surgeon; Richmond, Va. 1905.

J. M. Fry, Wills Point, Tex. 1905.

J. C. W. Steger, Surgeon; Gurley, Ala. 1905.

R. Y. Rudicill, Surgeon; Summerville, Ga. 1906.

W. F. Beard, Surgeon Grace's Brigade; Shelbyville, Ky. 1906-08.

T. E. Prewitt, Asst. Surgeon; Grand Junction, Tex. 1906.

E. A. Flewellen, Surgeon and Medical Director Army of Tennessee; The Rock, Ga. 1907.

Blair Burwell, Virginia. 1907.

J. G. Wilson, Demopolis, Ala. 1907.

G. C. Phillips, Surgeon; Lexington, Miss. 1907.

E. D. Newton, Surgeon; Athens-Atlanta, Ga. 1908-09.

G. M. Burdett, Surgeon; Lenoir City, Tenn. 1908.

J. W. Hunter, Assistant Surgeon; Waco, Tex. 1908.

Henry Christmas, Assistant Surgeon; Tchula, Miss. 1909.

E. H. Sholl, Assistant Surgeon; Birmingham, Ala. 1909.

Grant A. Hogg, Assistant Surgeon; Altheimer, Ark. 1909.

Secretaries.

V. G. Hitt, Atlanta, Ga. 1898-99.

Deering J. Roberts, Surgeon 20th Tennessee Regiment Infantry; Nashville, Tenn. 1901-06.

A. A. Lyon, Surgeon; Nashville, Tenn. 1907-09.

Chaplains.

Rev. A. T. Porter, Charleston, S. C. 1899.

Rev. George B. Overton, Louisville, Ky. 1900.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn. 1901.

Surgeon General, U. C. V.

C. H. Tebault, New Orleans, La.

Samuel E. Lewis, M.D., *Chairman.*

This organization is steadfast in keeping official record of its proceedings and of its membership. Dr. Lewis has been unstinted in labor and expense in its maintenance.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION FUND.

CAMPS.

Jefferson County Camp, No. 1661, Charlestown, W. Va.	$10 00
Samuel Corley, No. 841, Helena, Ark.	5 00
Ben T. DuVal, No. 146, Fort Smith, Ark.	5 00
Stonewall Jackson, No. 1581, Atlanta, Ga.	5 00
Albert Sidney Johnston, No. 113, Colorado, Tex.	5 00
Mayfield Camp, No. 1249, Mayfield, Ky.	40 00
St. Louis Camp, No. 731, St. Louis, Mo.	10 00

CHAPTERS.

Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson, Tenn.	$ 5 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Humboldt, Tenn.	5 00
Russell Hill Chapter, Trenton, Tenn.	5 00
Newbern Chapter, Newbern, N. C.	5 00

INDIVIDUALS (alphabetical by States).

W. H. Johnston, Mobile, Ala.	$ 1 00
John M. Snow, Anniston, Ala.	1 00
R. W. Smith, Arkansas City, Ark.	1 00
R. P. Weaver, Batesville, Ark.	1 00
J. F. Shaw, Fouke, Ark.	1 00
J. W. House, Little Rock, Ark.	5 00
Dr. C. P. Smith, Arkansas City, Ark.	5 00
B. S. Johnson, Little Rock, Ark.	2 00
John Shearer, McCrory, Ark.	1 00
G. W. Wiggins, Hope, Ark.	50
W. F. Slemons, Monticello, Ark.	1 00
J. W. Goodlett, Ozan, Ark.	5 00
V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.	1 00
Joseph Sigle, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
C. F. Harper, Los Angeles, Cal.	10 00
John Young Bedell, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
C. H. Hance, Los Angeles, Cal.	5 00
H. L. Flash, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
Gabriel Edmonston, Washington, D. C.	1 00
C. Whitfield, St. Petersburg, Fla.	1 00
Prof. James M. Tate, Roberts, Fla.	1 00
A. J. Wood, Blountstown, Fla.	1 00
W. L. Wittich, Pensacola, Fla.	10 00
S. H. Brooks, Thomaston, Ga.	1 00
J. H. Moore, Tunnel Hill, Ga.	1 00
J. H. Little, Abbeville, Ga.	1 00
J. F. Jenkins, Hamilton, Ga.	1 00
T. H. Kimbrough, Hamilton, Ga.	1 00
J. F. C. Williams, Hamilton, Ga.	1 00
C. I. Hudson, Hamilton, Ga.	1 00
P. H. Wells, Griffin, Ga.	1 00
L. N. Johnson, Griffin, Ga.	1 00
J. C. Little, Louisville, Ga.	1 00
John M. T. Mayo, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
Col. Mitchell King, Savannah, Ga.	5 00
John B. McFadden, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
F. J. Reeves, Thomaston, Ga.	1 00
G. L. Carson, Sr., Commerce, Ga.	1 00
S. W. Jackson, Commerce, Ga.	1 00
W. C. Davis, Commerce, Ga.	1 00
R. B. Reeves, Thomaston, Ga.	1 00
William Teare, Uniontown, Ky.	1 00
James Branham, Vine Grove, Ky.	1 00
J. T. Davis, Bardwell, Ky.	1 00
W. M. Cox, Woodburn, Ky.	2 00
R. P. Hite, Uniontown, Ky.	1 00
F. G. Terry, Cadiz, Ky.	1 00
Levi S. Dunning, Wallonia, Ky.	1 00
Walter Stewart, Woodland, La.	1 00
W. J. Hughes, Shreveport, La.	$ 5 00
Thomas Lyles, Midway, La.	2 00
T. H. Elliott, Baskington, La.	1 00
John C. Pace, Logansport, La.	1 00
Thomas J. Shaffer, Irish Bend, La.	1 00
John A. O'Neill, Sr., Irish Bend, La.	1 00
William H. H. Ellis, Bozeman, Mont.	1 00
J. L. Patterson, Bozeman, Mont.	1 00
E. D. Ferguson, Bozeman, Mont.	1 00
John Robinson, Bozeman, Mont.	1 00
S. N. Cowan, Bozeman, Mont.	1 00
P. W. Webster, Bozeman, Mont.	1 00
J. W. Williams, Bozeman, Mont.	1 00
G. Joseph Kling, Red Lick, Miss.	1 00
G. C. Phillips, Lexington, Miss.	1 00
James B. Cable, Gulfport, Miss.	1 00
W. H. Webb, Liberty, Miss.	1 00
C. S. Word, Oxford, Miss.	1 00
H. Hearn, Iuka, Miss.	1 00
C. J. DuBuisson, Yazoo City, Miss.	5 00
R. A. Owen, Port Gibson, Miss.	2 00
A. P. Waddell, Cedar Bluff, Miss.	1 00
E. G. Williams, Waynesville, Mo.	3 00
J. Henry Farley, St. Louis, Mo.	1 00
T. H. Garrett, St. Louis, Mo.	2 00
Samuel Gordon, St. Louis, Mo.	1 00
Charles A. Cox, St. Louis, Mo.	1 00
Thomas H. West, St. Louis, Mo.	5 00
W. T. Ferguson, St. Louis, Mo.	10 00
A. W. Moise, St. Louis, Mo.	1 00
L. B. Valliant, Jefferson City, Mo.	5 00
John A. Woods, Fayette, Mo.	1 00
J. P. Newman, Fayette, Mo.	1 00
William T. Gorham, Tarboro, N. C.	1 00
John W. Williams, Davis, Okla.	1 10
J. K. Taylor, Headrick, Okla.	1 00
J. P. Wood, Wapanucka, Okla.	1 00
Robert Moorhead, Anderson, S. C.	2 00
D. H. Rush, collected from Ellorec, S. C.	20 00
John J. Howell, St. George, S. C.	1 00
J. L. Williams, Pinhook, Tenn.	1 00
A. Ross, Morristown, Tenn.	2 00
J. M. Asbill, Selmer, Tenn.	1 00
J. L. Devinney, Ripley, Tenn.	1 00
G. J. Hutcheson, Ripley, Tenn.	1 00
Thomas F. Rice, Ripley, Tenn.	1 00
William Tucker, Ripley, Tenn.	1 00
John T. Goodrich, Fayetteville, Tenn.	1 00
W. S. Smith, Lavinia, Tenn.	50
A. J. Vawter, Atwood, Tenn.	1 00
C. S. O. Rice, Henning, Tenn.	1 00
W. G. Bennett, Franklin, Tenn.	1 00
S. A. Pepper, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Robert Robinson, Lavinia, Tenn.	1 00
S. J. A. Frazier, Hill City, Tenn.	1 00
J. T. Banister, Mount Vernon, Tex.	1 00
B. F. Evans, Lufkin, Tex.	1 00
Wells Thompson, Bay City, Tex.	2 00
W. D. Kennedy, San Angelo, Tex.	1 00
John S. Conway, Gonzales, Tex.	1 00
E. P. Anderson, Waxahachie, Tex.	1 10
J. W. Hardcastle, Lexington, Tex.	1 00
J. M. Clark, Pittsburg, Tex.	1 00
Sam J. Brown, Amarillo, Tex.	1 00

J. W. Ozier, Amarillo, Tex	$ 1 00
J. H. Rockwell, Amarillo, Tex	1 00
B. T. Lanier, Knox City, Tex	1 00
R. A. Foster, Mount Vernon, Tex	1 00
Capt. J. S. Evans, Livingston, Tex	1 00
J. D. Shaw, Waco, Tex	1 00
Walter Kennedy, Angleton, Tex	1 00
J. W. Rymer, Wolfe City, Tex	1 00
W. H. Currie, Wolfe City, Tex	1 00
S. W. Paulett, Farmville, Va	1 00
W. B. Harrison, Petersburg, Va	1 00
B. M. Robertson, Manchester, Va	2 00
Ira R. Fuller, Elway, Va	5 00
Dr. O. S. Burns, Lebanon, Va	1 00
M. S. Hurt, Lebanon, Va	2 00
L. Gilmer, Lebanon, Va	1 00
R. D. Miller, Farmville, Va	1 00
J. F. Walton, Farmville, Va	5 00
E. L. Erambert, Farmville, Va	1 00
P. H. C. Rice, Farmville, Va	1 00
J. W. Anglea, Farmville, Va	1 00
Calvin N. Dotson, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
John M. Senseman, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
C. C. Martin, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
J. B. Osbourn, Shenandoah Junction, W. Va	2 00
W. C. Raleigh, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
Edgar Heermans, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
Russ Hammett, Vienna, W. Va	1 00
Paul Neal, New England, W. Va	1 00
John G. Poland, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
Joseph B. VanMetre, Shepherdstown, W. Va	1 00
George W. Watson, Parkersburg, W. Va	3 00
Miss Kinnie E. Smith, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 50
Harry D. Perkins, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
Rent from Postmistress at Fairview, Ky	2 00
Rent from W. W. Griffin at Fairview, Ky	5 00

Additional Contributions through the Veteran.

R. E. Williams, St. Louis, Mo	$ 2 00
J. A. Jones, Bay City, Tex	1 00
D. H. Maury Chapter, U. D. C., Wilmington, Del	5 00
W. R. Hale, Hector, Ark	1 00
Judge C. R. Brice, Carlsbad, N. Mex	2 50
Capt. E. P. Bujac, Carlsbad, N. Mex	2 50
T. C. Cain Chapter, U. D. C., Bastrop, Tex	1 00
Savannah Chapter, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga	5 00
J. M. Tisdale, Covington, Ky	1 00
H. C. Wells, Savannah, Ga	1 00
Maj. W. A. Obenchain, Bowling Green, Ky	1 00
James P. Gibson, Rusk, Tex	1 00
C. F. Gibson, Rusk, Tex	1 00
J. P. Mallard, Rusk, Tex	1 00
W. H. Pearson, Rusk, Tex	1 00
S. B. Barron, Rusk, Tex	1 00
J. D. McGarry, Bardane, W. Va	2 50
Hon. Minor Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo	5 00
W. J. Spivey, Huntsville, Ala	2 00
J. W. Campbell, Huntsville, Ala	1 00

Wants Information to Help Get a Pension.—Mrs. W. H. Bolton, Second Street, Nashville, Tenn., asks information of the war record of her husband. He was an engineer, and served in Ashby's 2d Tennessee Cavalry, and was killed by his engine in Tracy City.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Report of Treasurer for Month Ending February 28, 1910.

Receipts.

Balance on hand, $14,861.35.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, $25. Contributed by K. K. Salmon Chapter, No. 631, U. D. C., Clinton, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $17.75. Contributed by Edgefield Chapter, No. 108, U. D. C., Edgefield, S. C., $4; John Bratton Chapter, No. 929, Winnsboro, S. C., $6.75; St. George Chapter, No. 1035, U. D. C., St. George, S. C., $1; Students of Furman University, $5; Col. L. P. Miller, $1.

Miss Salome Townsend, Director for Arizona, $2.50. Contributed by A. S. Johnston Chapter, No. 3199, U. D. C., Bisbee, Ariz.

Mrs. L. F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, $87.

R. E. Williams, St. Louis, Mo., $1.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $1. Contributed by Mrs. Josephine Williams.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $22.76. Contributed by Krafft's School, Charleston, S. C., $7.56; Bennett School, Charleston, S. C., $2.35; High School, Easley, S. C., $5; Cokesbury Conference School, $1.10; Lebanon (S. C.) School, $1.50; Mount Carmel (S. C.) School, $2.25; Ebenezer School, $3.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, $5. Contributed by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 815, U. D. C., Riverside, Cal.

J. T. White, Salem, Ala., 10 cents.

W. T. Wear, Opelika, Ala., 10 cents.

Expenditures, none.

Balance on hand, $15,023.56.

Wallace Streater, *Treas.*

Mrs. Plane's Birthday.—The Atlanta Woman's Club was beautifully decorated with the flags of the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., and many beautiful flowers in honor of the honorary President, Mrs. C. Helen Plane, whose birthday the Chapter celebrated. At this meeting Miss Alice Baxter gave an interesting account of the unveiling of the monument to the Women of the Confederacy at Rome. Mrs. John Purser read an excellent paper on "The Civil War," showing much thought and study, one the Chapter will delight to preserve. Mrs. John K. Ottley gave an account of the Shiloh monument work. Mrs. Jarnagin sang "A May Morning" and "The Four-Leaf Clover," the latter to give good luck to Mrs. Plane. Mrs. Edward Brown accompanied Mrs. Jarnagin in her own charming manner. Miss Etta Putnam, the lovely young President of the Julia Jackson Chapter, in a few graceful words presented Mrs. Plane with an exquisite bunch of carnations from their Chapter. This was but the beginning of the shower of blossoms which almost covered her, and she was hailed "Queen of the Flowers." A beautiful heart-shaped cake, with its sixteen pink candles, was brought in all ablaze, and as each candle was blown out the officers and Mrs. McCabe's little grandson, Master Ottley, made beautiful birthday wishes to the dear mother of the Atlanta Chapter. The loving cups were passed around, toasts were drunk, and dainty refreshments served, bringing to a close a notable occasion. Courtesies and kindness to Editor of the Veteran appreciated.

John H. Hineman, of Arkansas, calls attention to the fact that the handsome monument at Union City, Tenn., was omitted from the list of monuments in the Veteran.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DONATE FOUR DOLLARS.

A gentleman called at the office to subscribe for the Veteran and wrote his check for four dollars. "You make a mistake, Mr. Lea; the price is only one dollar," said the founder. The reply was: "It has been published four years, hasn't it?" The affirmative being given in response, he said: "I ought to have been a subscriber from the first."

Many personal friends of the Editor and even veteran Confederates with ample means have never yet become subscribers; while a multitude of strangers, some of whom are poor of purse, have taken the magazine for seventeen years. What is the trouble? For more than a dozen years it has been deemed worthy a place in any home or library in Christendom. It has been so dignified, and yet so fair, that the most ultra Southerners are pleased, and Grand Army veterans who have taken it for years are of its most faithful patrons.

Is it not time for you to enlist? To be consistent with Mr. L., you can make up now by sending four dollars and the names of four worthy men or women, and a complimentary copy will be sent to you. If not familiar with it, send address, and sample copies will be sent at once. The price is $1; $2.50 for three years and $4 for five years. If you subscribe for old fellows whose eyes are not too dim, it will be the best possible way to give much pleasure for a little money.

Should your support of the Veteran be on a financial basis? Its management has never been obliged to ask alms; but it does more gratuitous service evidently than does any other periodical. It will not accept pay for any of its personal or "Last Roll" sketches, and they have cost thousands of dollars. No other publication has existed upon a patronage that is so fast fading away. If too busy to read the Veteran, don't fail to aid in sending it to some who would cherish it second to "the Book of books." The time is speedily coming when such service cannot be rendered. It is fitting here to quote from a letter by one of our youngest comrades (a man who has been grandly prosperous and has had the owner of the Confederate Veteran on notice for years that if it becomes necessary to ask for money he be allowed to furnish it without stint, and that the first mail will bring a thousand dollars at any time. This offer was volunteered without any other consideration than his interest in the stability of the Veteran). After reference to the debility of our leading Confederates, he states: "Such things will continue to happen the oftener now that the threads of life are beginning to loosen. Retrospection admonishes me that a kind Providence has been watchful in preserving our leaders and the Confederates in general beyond our candid expectations. But beyond all that I grieve to behold the dear old men becoming impaired and worn, and, worse than that, their rapid transit to the other world. O how I do want harmony and good will to the end of the journey!"

The first duty of Confederates is to look to the success of this publication. In proportion to their support it will be made better and better. The widow of a Veteran wrote recently: "I regret to stop the Veteran, as my husband was so devoted to it, but I am taking so many magazines!"

It has been impossible to publish in this issue of the Veteran much that was intended. In compensation for this failure, it is expected to have the May Veteran sixteen pages larger than usual, ready for distribution at the opening of the Reunion. All who desire articles or advertising in that issue must send us promptly, or it will be impossible to serve them.

It was most fortunate in visiting Mobile to locate headquarters for the Veteran and the Jefferson Davis Home Association that Adjutant General W. E. Mickle, Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief, General Evans, was at home, since he was unstinted as to time and service in aid of the Veteran. The spirit of all the committees was not only hearty but enthusiastic. The trades associations and Sons of Veterans coöperated with the Veterans in most practical ways. Reports showed that money had been given most liberally and that all latchstrings are in easy reach from the outside.

Mr. Charles B. Hervey, President Mobile Hotel Association, sends "notice to travelers" as follows: "For your convenience please avoid Mobile on April 26, 27, 28, 1910."

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SCHOLARSHIPS IN U. D. C.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA FRANKLIN M'SHERRY, PRES. GEN. U. D. C.

We make an appeal to every Chapter in the U. D. C. to send contributions (through the Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Draper, Va.) for the benefit of the scholarships, which are under the supervision of the Committee on Education. Our object in asking this is to enable the candidate to be ready to enter college in September, 1910. By waiting for the appeal made at the General Convention a loss of several months will be incurred.

Your President General feels that the education of these dear Daughters of the Confederacy is one of the most important works of our organization. No matter what financial trouble may come, if a woman is thoroughly educated, she can cope with the world and be independent.

I hope all will read this appeal and respond generously.

Tennessee Regiment to Attend Reunion.—Gen. J. H. McDowell, Commander of the U. C. V. in Tennessee, says that eight or ten uniformed companies will attend the Reunion in Mobile on April 26. The regiment is composed of five hundred men under command of Col. E. N. Moore, of Obion County, and Lieut. Col. J. H. Fussell, of Columbia. The companies are located at Jackson, Memphis, Covington, Dyersburg, Union City, and Trenton. Troop A and Company B, of Nashville are not members of the regiment, but will attend the Reunion armed and uniformed. Special arrangements have been made in Mobile for their accommodation.

Sponsor for Alabama Division, U. C. V.—Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., has appointed Samuel T. Whitecott aid-de-camp at the Mobile Reunion; Miss Eunice Semmes, granddaughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, sponsor; Miss Aileen Jones, Mobile, Miss Nettie Jones, Montgomery, Miss Mabel Good, Mobile, maids of honor; Mrs. Harvey Jones, Montgomery, matron; Mrs. B. B. Ross, Auburn, chaperon.

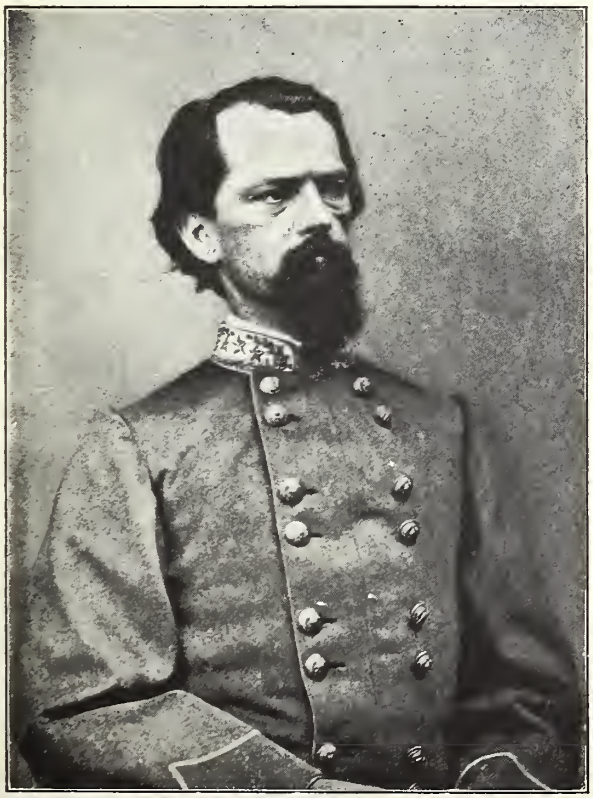
Lincoln's Substitute to Have a Monument.—It was not generally known until recently that a soldier fought through the war as a paid personal substitute for Abraham Lincoln. This substitute, J. S. Staples, of Stroudsburg, Pa., died about ten years ago. A bill is now before Congress to appropriate $20,000 for a monument to him in his native city.

REVIEW OF THE REUNIONS.

Sketch of All the U. C. V. Conventions.

The custom of holding regimental reunions began soon after the war, and State reunions followed. Then the idea of holding closer the relation between all Confederate organizations was promulgated. The conception of this is attributed to Gen. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga. A circular was sent out signed by F. T. Washington, Chairman General Committee; J. A. Chalaron, Secretary; Charles Moore, Assistant Secretary; and a general committee selected from the Army of Northern Virginia, Army of Tennessee, and veterans of Confederate States cavalry. This circular called a meeting for the consolidation of Confederate organizations, the purpose being "historical, benevolent, and social."

This convention met at the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia in New Orleans on June 10, 1889, F. S. Washington presiding, and the report showed the following were represented: Cavalry of Louisiana Division, N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Cavalry of Tennessee Division, Tennessee Division Confederate soldiers, Benevolent Association U. C. V., Shreveport, Confederate Association, Louisiana, Eighteenth Louisiana Regiment, Adam's Company Mississippi Veterans, Louisiana Division of Army of Tennessee, and Army of Northern Virginia. Chairman Washington stated that he had communicated with Gen. J. B. Gordon, then Governor of Georgia, asking if he would accept the presidency of the Association, and his reply was favorable. The election of General Gordon was made after Mr. Trezevant had altered the resolution to read "General Commander" instead of "President." P. J. Trezevant, of Shreveport, La., as chairman of the committee on formulating the constitution, reported fourteen articles, which, after discussion, were adopted.



GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

4*

First Annual Reunion.

The first annual Reunion was held in Chattanooga July 3, 1890, Gen. J. B. Gordon presiding, Col. D. A. Given Secretary, N. B. Forrest Camp hosts of the occasion, and Gen. E. Kirby Smith principal speaker. A Revisory Committee of the Constitution was appointed with Gen. C. A. Evans Chairman. "The Sons of Confederate Soldiers," T. R. Cress, of New Orleans, Chairman, memorialized the Reunion for permission to organize. This request was referred to the Revisory Committee with plenipotentiary powers. The memorial was approved with the word "soldier" stricken out and "veteran" inserted. Gen. C. A. Evans in a patriotic speech offered a resolution that the organization would assist in erecting a monument to President Davis. Colonel Given said the Christian Woman's Exchange of New Orleans would receive contributions for the veterans. Officers for the ensuing year were elected by acclamation: John B. Gordon, General Commanding; W. L. Cabell, Lieutenant General Trans-Mississippi Department; E. Kirby Smith, Lieutenant General East Mississippi. On motion of Colonel Given, the badge, consisting of a square battle flag with U. C. V. in the center, was adopted. Many new Camps and Bivouacs were added to the roster.

Second Annual Reunion.

The second annual Reunion was held in Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1891. Officers presiding: Gen. J. B. Gordon, General Commanding; Col. D. A. Given, Secretary. The meetings were held in the House of Representatives, and the roll call showed thirty-six Camps represented. Resolutions of love and respect for the memory of Gen. J. E. Johnston, lately deceased, were read and approved. A committee to confer on the best way to aid disabled or indigent veterans was appointed. J. B. Gordon as its chairman was nominated from the floor. The former officers were reëlected by acclamation.

Third Annual Reunion.

The third annual Reunion was held in Washington Artillery Hall, New Orleans, April 8, 1892, J. B. Gordon, General Commanding; George Moorman, Adjutant General. Gen. W. J. Behan, representing the Louisiana Division, made the address welcoming the veterans to the best Louisiana had to offer, as the best, he said, only was suitable to the South's brave defenders. General Gordon responded. Gen. George W. Gordon, of Tennessee, offered a resolution to give Mrs. Jefferson Davis a pension during her life. (This resolution was carried with the heartiest approval; but as there were no funds available, it was never carried out.) A resolution was adopted to petition the Governor of each State and Territory to see that some suitable appropriation was made for the maintenance of a Home for Confederate soldiers. A motion was carried to appoint eleven ladies to look after the graves of Southern soldiers in Northern lands and to devise means to mark and embellish the sacred spots. A committee was appointed to select proper histories for Southern schools. Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, the orator of the occasion, made a magnificent address at the French Opera House, and many social features marked this Reunion. The name of John B. Gordon for reëlection was greeted with cheers and applause, and Louisiana's nomination was seconded by many States with hearty encomiums of the work that General Gordon had done. On motion, all the present officers were reëlected by a unanimous vote.

There was no Reunion in 1893, it having been postponed at Birmingham's request.

FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION.

The fourth annual Reunion was held in Birmingham, Ala., April 25, 1894. John B. Gordon, General Commanding; George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. This Reunion was held in the Winnie Davis Wigwam, erected especially for this purpose. Maj. Gen. Fred S. Ferguson opened the Reunion, greeted the veterans, and introduced Gov. Thomas G. Jones, whose welcoming address was cordially received. He was followed by Mayor Fox, giving the freedom of the city to the visitors. General Gordon's response was enthusiastically received. General Watts presented a gavel in the name of Texas. John C Underwood, of Chicago, called attention to the facsimile of the Confederate monument recently erected in that city. (Miss Lucy Lee Hill unveiled the bronze as the band played "Dixie.") A resolution to appoint a committee to select officers for the ensuing year was carried, and Gen. W. H. Jackson, its chairman, reported as follows: J. B. Gordon, Commander in Chief; Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Commander Department Army of Northern Virginia; Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander Department Army of Tennessee; Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department. All were elected. It was at this Reunion that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was made official organ of the body, which relation has ever been heartily maintained.

FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION.

The fifth annual Reunion was held in Houston, Tex., May 22, 1895. John B. Gordon, General Commanding; George Moorman, Adjutant General. Addresses of welcome by W. D. Cleveland, President U. C. V. Relief Association, Governor Culberson, and Mayor Brown were replied to by General Gordon. A report of the Historical Committee showed the good work done, and contained a list of histories specially indorsed for Southern schools. The constitution, which had been disapproved by a number, was put into careful revision under a committee with Gen. Stephen D. Lee as chairman. Speeches were made to urge on the Davis monument fund, and a contribution of ten thousand dollars was made by the different Camps. Richmond and Charleston, S. C., invited the next meeting, both being well indorsed, and on ballot Richmond was selected. Many social events were given, and Miss Winnie Davis, the guest of the Reunion, received many courtesies. A letter from Charles Broadway Rouss urged the formation of a National Memorial Association, and pledged one hundred thousand dollars for the work. General Gordon was nominated for reëlection, his nomination being enthusiastically received. Gen. Wade Hampton, of Texas, was elected Lieutenant General Department of Army of Northern Virginia and W. L. Cabell Lieutenant General Trans-Mississippi Department. General Lee was reëlected Commander Department of Army of Tennessee.

SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION.

The sixth annual Reunion was held in Richmond, Va., in July, 1896. J. B. Gordon, General Commanding; George Moorman, Adjutant General. The Reunion assembled in the auditorium, and eight hundred and sixty Camps were represented. The gavel used by General Gordon was made from a tree cut down by bullets on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Governor O'Ferrell's oration of welcome was a masterpiece. He was followed by General Buckner, Mayor Taylor, General Wise, and answered by General Gordon and General Hampton. The historical report received much attention, and General Gordon appointed men in each section to coöperate with the committee to see that correct histories were used in the schools. Mrs. Davis, her daughter, Mrs. Addison Hayes, and grandson, Jefferson Hayes Davis, were presented to the Reunion by General Gordon, and enthusiastically received, many coming forward to shake hands. General Cabell announced that Mrs. Hayes was a member of his staff with the rank of colonel. The Battle Abbey Commission offered a charter, which was adopted. Much discussion was had as to the location of the Battle Abbey, and a letter was read from C. B. Rouss offering, instead of his one hundred thousand donation, five hundred thousand if a like sum was raised for the building and it was located in Washington. Baltimore and Nashville both extended invitations for the next Reunion, and on ballot Nashville was selected. All the old officers were elected by acclamation. A memorial was read urging all States and Camps to unite in their efforts to raise suitable monuments to the women of the South. The Convention indorsed the movement. Parades and many social features added luster to the sixth Reunion. One of the most notable events was an inspiring address by Corporal Tanner, who had both feet shot off in the Union army.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

The seventh annual Reunion was held at the Ryman Auditorium, Nashville, Tenn., June 22, 1897. J. B. Gordon, General Commanding; George Moorman, Adjutant General. One thousand and thirty-one Camps were represented. The platform was filled by sponsors, maids of honor, speakers, and Confederate officers and their staffs. Governor Taylor warmly welcomed the veterans, and he was followed by Bishop Fitzgerald, Judge Ferriss, Col. A. S. Colyar, and Col. J. B. O'Bryan. General Gordon responded, as did Judge John H. Reagan. A parade and reception at the Capitol took the afternoon session. During the reading of the credential reports the North Carolina Division entered the hall singing a verse of the "Old North State," and with banners fluttering marched to their seats. General Gordon announced that he felt hon-



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN, ADJT. GEN. AND CHIEF OF STAFF.

ored by the high position that had been given by the veterans, but that he could not accept reëlection. His speech of farewell, with its patriotism and pathos, brought tears to all eyes and formed a scene never to be forgotten; but the Reunion would not accept General Gordon's decision. From every part of the hall were cries of nomination, and Gen. Joe Wheeler moved that the rules be suspended and that General Gordon's name be put up at the beginning instead of the end of the session. This was done, and amid a storm of applause General Gordon was declared reëlected by the unanimous vote of the Reunion, and he could only bow what his emotions would not allow him to speak. Georgia moved that the name of the Association be changed from United Confederate Veterans to Confederate Survivors' Association; that the letters C. S. A. were endeared by precious memory. The motion was lost. A memorial was read from Winnie Davis Chapter, of Meridian, Miss., urging the expediency of purchasing Beauvoir for a home for Confederate soldiers. Gen. Stephen D. Lee gave glowing tribute to the "Memoirs" of Jefferson Davis by his wife, and urged that the Convention commend the history to all true Southerners. Baltimore and Atlanta were rivals in their invitation for the next Reunion, and on a vote of States Atlanta won.

Eighth Annual Reunion.

The eighth annual Reunion was held in Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 1898. J. B. Gordon, General Commanding; George Moorman, Adjutant General. One thousand five hundred and fifty-five Camps were represented. Addresses of welcome were made by Governor Atkinson, Mayor Collier, Col. T. B. Felder, and Col. W. A. Hemphill, and the oration by Gen. Charles E. Hooker was one of the features of the Reunion. Gen. C. A. Evans, Commander of the Georgia Division, called the Reunion to order, there being fourteen thousand people in the hall. The historical report urged each soldier to make out his personal record for preservation in his Camp and that State histories be studied in the schools. Gen. Stephen D. Lee moved that, as the United States was stirred by the war with Spain, the U. C. V. place themselves on record as pledging their hearty support to the government, and stand ready to uphold the President of the United States as commander in chief of our army and navy. This resolution was forwarded to the President with the signatures of the Chairman and Secretary. In reply to this President McKinley sent a warm letter of personal thanks and approval. All of the officers of the Association were reëlected by acclamation. Mrs. Johnson (née Sanson), who rode behind N. B. Forrest as a scout when only fourteen, was made a member of the Association. Mrs. H. A. Rounsaville, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., presented a handsome banner to the Georgia Division, U. C. V. The Committee on Resolutions urged the condemnation of the words "war of the rebellion" as used by newspapers, etc., as reflecting upon the Southern patriotism. The Alabama Division, U. D. C., asked the cooperation of the General Division, U. C. V., in the purchase of the house used by President Davis while in Atlanta. Miss Winnie Davis was introduced by General Gordon to the Reunion as the "Daughter of the Confederacy," and was received by them with great enthusiasm. Charleston and Louisville in friendly rivalry invited the Reunion to visit them, and on a vote of States Charleston was selected.



MAJ. GEN. WM. E. MICKLE, ADJT. GEN. AND CHIEF OF STAFF.

Ninth Annual Reunion.

The ninth annual Reunion was held at Charleston, S. C., May 10, 1899. J. B. Gordon, General Commanding; George Moorman, Adjutant General. There were twelve hundred and nine Camps represented. Addresses of welcome were made and responded to by General Gordon, who then led the widow of General Jackson forward and presented her to the Reunion. He said, "I will shake her hand for you all," and quickly added, "I will hug her too," which he did amid great laughter and applause. The Reunion was opened by Gen. C. I. Walker, Commander of South Carolina Division, U. C. V., using the gavel with which the Convention of Secession was called to order December 20, 1860; the table on which the secession ordnance was signed was also used. He was followed by Hon. F. B. Gary, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Lieut. Gov. M. B. McSweeney (who took the place of Governor Ellerbe, who was ill), Mayor Smith, Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, and General Gordon. A fine parade, about five thousand being in line, and social functions came in the afternoon. General Wheeler was orator of the occasion, and General Moorman delivered the memorial address. A handsome flag was presented General Moorman by the sponsors and maids of honor. A flag was presented by the ladies to the General Division, U. C. V., and was received by Gen. Wade Hampton with a graceful speech. Impressive "in memoriam" ceremonies were held in honor of the memory of Winnie Davis, who had died since the last Reunion at Narragansett Pier of a cold contracted while riding in the parade at Atlanta. Col. Bennett H. Young made a beautiful address in tribute to the Daughters of the Confederacy, and a fine medallion portrait of Miss Davis was on the stage during the ceremonies. It was decided to build a cottage to be used as an orphanage near Luray, Va., to be called the "Winnie Davis." The officers of the Association were all reëlected.

Louisville, Ky., and Norfolk, Va., both inviting the Reunion for the next year, a vote was taken favorable to Louisville.

Tenth Annual Reunion.

The tenth annual Reunion was held in Louisville, Ky., May 30, 1900. One thousand two hundred and seventy-seven Camps were represented at this meeting. General Gordon presided, and addresses were made by Mayor Weaver, Hon. Attila Cox, Gen. Simon B. Buckner, Col. Bennett H. Young, and General Gordon, with Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, as orator of the day. During the second day's meeting the See-Noo-Kee Camp of Indian Veterans marched into the hall amid great enthusiasm, and were presented by General Gordon. They belonged to the famous Cherokee Regiment, and carried their bullet-riddled flag. Senator Berry, whom Gordon said in introducing had left a fourth of himself on the battlefield of Shiloh, made a stirring address on "David Dodd's Heroism." All of the old officers were re-elected by acclamation, and Memphis was selected as the next meeting place.

Eleventh Annual Reunion.

The eleventh annual Reunion was held in Memphis, Tenn., May 28, 1901. General Gordon presided, and 1,359 Camps were represented. Addresses were made by Governor McMillin, Hon. Tim E. Cooper, Mayor Williams, Thomas Turley, Gen. George Gordon, and Gen. John B. Gordon, with Col. Bennett H. Young as orator of the day. Twelve o'clock of the second day being selected as "in memoriam hour," short services were held in honor of President Davis, Winnie Davis, and all Southern dead, Rev. George Harris making the address. Many encouraging reports were read and good business done. A fine parade with many social affairs made this Reunion one of special interest.

Twelfth Annual Reunion.

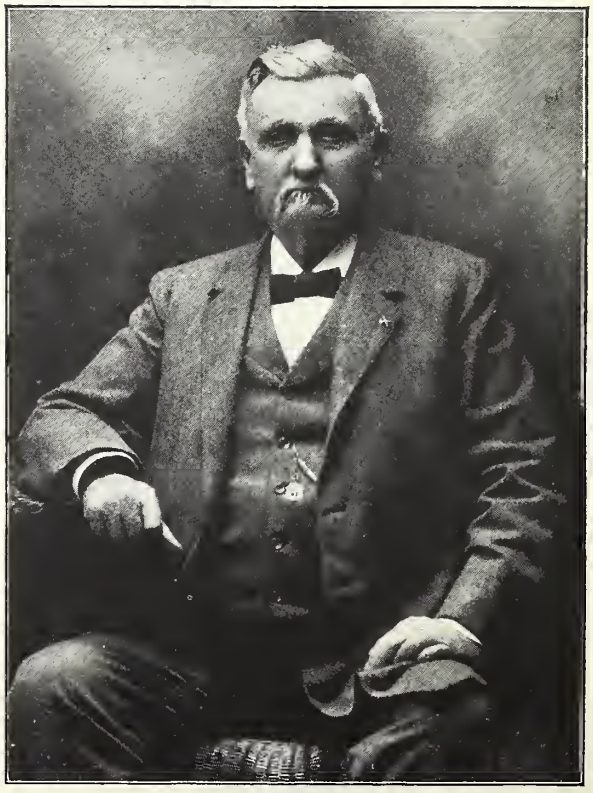
The twelfth annual Reunion was held in Dallas, Tex., April 22, 1902. The great auditorium, called "The Albert Sidney Johnston Encampment" for the occasion, was used for the Reunion, at which Governor Sayers, Mayor Cabell, Hon. McKamy, Col. W. L. Crawford, Hon. C. B. Gerald, Stephen D. Lee, and General Gordon spoke. General Walker announced the death of Gen. Wade Hampton, and paid high tribute to "the man South Carolina loved." His resolutions of honor to the dead soldier were accepted with a tribute of bowed heads. Private John Allen, as orator of the day, made a strong, soul-stirring speech, and Judge John H. Reagan made a fine address. New Orleans was selected as the next meeting place, and Gen. Irvine C. Walker was elected to take the place of Gen. Wade Hampton as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Thirteenth Annual Reunion.

The thirteenth annual Reunion was held in New Orleans May 19, 1903. J. B. Gordon, General Commanding; William E. Mickle, Adjutant General. The Reunion was held at the Fair Grounds, with 1,524 Camps represented, the speakers being Hon. Paul Capdeville, Governor Heard, Loys Charbonnet, and Hon. E. B. Kruttschnitt. General Gordon responded, followed by Judge Reagan, the last survivor of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet. Judge John H. Rogers, the orator of the day, took for his theme "The South Vindicated," which he handled in a masterly manner. This great speech was published in the Veteran, and thousands of copies distributed. Gen. J. A. Chalaron told of the death of General Moorman —who had been Adjutant General since the formation of the organization—of the noble work he had done, of the high ideals and knightly courtesy of the man and the bravery of the soldier, and introduced touching resolutions of respect. Reports of committees showed a gratifying increase in the Davis monument fund and great interest in the monument to Southern women. All of the old officers were reëlected unanimously, and Nashville was selected as the next meeting place. At a called meeting of the Executive Committee Gen. W. E. Mickle was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General Moorman.

Fourteenth Annual Reunion.

The fourteenth annual Reunion was held in Nashville, Tenn., in June, 1904. Stephen D. Lee, General Commanding; William E. Mickle, Adjutant General. The Reunion was held at the Ryman Auditorium, with perhaps the largest attendance in the history of the organization, and with Maj. Gen. George W. Gordon, Division Commander of Tennessee, in charge. The speakers were Governor Frazier, Mayor Williams, and Tulley Brown, with the response by Gen. Stephen D. Lee, whose address was filled with loving tributes to the dead Commander, Gen. John B. Gordon. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, of Washington, the orator of the day, made an eloquent address (which was published in the Veteran). Col. W. L. Calhoun, of Atlanta, offered a resolution that the General Division U. C. V. should erect a monument or equestrian statue of General Gordon, and that he wished Gordon's native State to have the honor of inaugurating the movement. The Reunion as a body gave their approval of special medals being given to mothers, war wives, and widows of Confederate soldiers, and gratification over the establishment of a "Home for Needy Confederate Women" at Richmond, and commended the Home to the sympathy and aid of all the South. Gen. Anson West nominated General Lee for the post of Commander, made vacant by the death of General Gordon. Many



LIEUT. GEN. W. L. CABELL.
(Commander Trans-Mississippi Department since its organization.)

speeches were made in seconding the nomination. Gen. Clement A. Evans was nominated to succeed General Lee as Commander of the Army of Tennessee, and Capt. W. P. Tolley moved that the election of these officers, with the reëlection of the old officers, be made unanimous, which was done. Louisville was selected as the next meeting place by a rising vote. Judge Thomas G. Jones, former Governor of Alabama, made a magnificent speech in eulogy of General Gordon.

Fifteenth Annual Reunion.

The fifteenth annual Reunion was held in Louisville, Ky., June 14, 1905. Gen. Stephen D. Lee presided, and the Reunion was opened by Col. Bennett H. Young. The speakers were Governor Beckham, Mayor Grainger, Col. E. H. Bowen, Col. Bennett H. Young, Gen. Simon B. Buckner, Judge James P. Gregory, General Wheeler, Harry B. Hawes, Captain Leathers, and General Lee. General Lee presented Miss Wheeler and the widow of General Longstreet to the Convention. Rev. E. L. Powell delivered the memorial address, in which he included Zollicoffer, Jackson, Pelham, and Stewart. New Orleans was selected by acclamation as the next meeting place, and the old officers were reëlected.

Sixteenth Annual Reunion.

The sixteenth annual Reunion was held in New Orleans in May, 1906. General Lee presiding, the sixteenth annual Reunion of the U. C. V. was marked by the great amount of the business accomplished as well as the fervor and good will manifested by the large number of veterans in attendance. A notable feature of the occasion was the battle flag, near the statue of General Lee, formed of school children, who sang patriotic airs while the parade was passing.

Seventeenth Annual Reunion.

The seventeenth annual Reunion was held in Richmond, Va., June 30, 1907. This Reunion, which was presided over by General Lee, was attended by a great concourse of people, many others besides the veterans being attracted by the unveiling of the splendid statues of President Davis and Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the latter being unveiled by the little granddaughter of the cavalry general.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, made a fine address before the unveiling of the Davis monument. This unveiling was a gala rather than a mournful occasion, and skyrockets floating Confederate flags were beautiful, while the music of bands added to the rejoicing. June 3 was selected as the most proper time to give to the South the grand monument of the man she delighted to honor, and the occasion was marked by one of the grandest military parades ever given in the State. Addresses at the monument were made by Governor Swanson, Mayor McCarthy, and the orator of the day, Gen. C. A. Evans. The exercises were both appropriate and beautiful. The unveiling was by Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, only surviving child of President Davis, assisted by her son, who bears his grandfather's name, Jefferson (Hayes) Davis. The beautiful monument was presented to Richmond and the entire South by Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President of the General Division U. D. C., in the name of her Division, the splendid presentation speech being made by the late Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee.

Eighteenth Annual Reunion.

The eighteenth annual Reunion was held in Birmingham June 9, 1908. The Reunion was held in the Hippodrome, which was elaborately decorated. Gen. C. A. Evans presided. Speeches were made by Mayor Ward, Governor Comer, Mr. Rufus Rhodes, Mrs. Charles G. Brown, Gen. George P. Harrison, Gen. W. L. Cabell, and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, General Evans speaking in response, with Col. E. L. Russell orator of the day. Colonel Russell in his address paid many beautiful tributes to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who since the last Reunion had fallen into his last sleep. He said his close personal relations with General Lee well fitted him to speak upon his character either as a man or soldier, for both were fitted to win him the highest love and admiration. Colonel Russell's address made the gallant Lee to live once more before the eyes of his devoted friends and soldiers, and was received with wet eyes and half-suppressed sobs. The memorial address on General Lee by W. A. Montgomery, of Edwards, Miss., was a masterly bit of oratory. The address General Lee had prepared for this Reunion, but which his fatal illness prevented his delivering, was read to the Reunion with great effect. Gen. C. A. Evans was placed in nomination for Commander, and was elected. Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, was elected to fill the vacancy thus made. Memphis was chosen as the next Reunion city.

Nineteenth Annual Reunion.

The nineteenth annual Reunion was held at the Bijou Theater, Memphis, Tenn., in June, 1909, General Evans presiding. The decorations were unusually elaborate, and the platform was filled with officers, sponsors, maids of honor, and the members of the Confederate Choir. Major General McDowell, Chief Marshal, was in charge. Speeches were made by the Mayor, Governor, and many notables, and were responded to by General Evans. Many beautiful features characterized this Reunion, one of the prettiest being the floral parade in which the sponsors and maids of honor rode in the flower-decked carriages and automobiles. A bronze tablet was placed on the house formerly occupied by President Davis, and was unveiled by his youngest granddaughter, Miss Lucy Hayes, who was present as sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry. The remnant of the "Immortal Six Hundred" held a special convention, and attractive designs for the "woman's monument" were exhibited and elicited spirited discussion. Nashville, Chattanooga, Mobile, and Houston gave pressing invitations for the next Reunion, and Mobile gets it.

At all of these Reunions the Sons of Veterans have been represented, holding special meetings and in every way maintaining the honor of their organization. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association, through its President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, who has been President from its organization, has always taken active part in their important work. The Association of Naval Officers also have meetings at every Reunion.

OUR VETERANS.

BY MARY HERON EDMONSON.

They were the boys of the sixties
  Who gallantly wore the gray;
Where the battle raged they were ever found
  In the thickest of the fray.

When swords were sheathed and victory dear
  Adorned another shield,
With sorrowing hearts they hurried home
  To fight in another field,

To redeem the South, to stand by her
  In her days of dark despair,
From the vandal's hand to keep our land—
  Our land so rich and fair.

WOMEN OF AIKEN, S. C., IN TIME OF BATTLE.

BY JOHN C. BAIRD, COMPANY E, 1ST ALABAMA CAVALRY.

In the February VETERAN (page 61) W. H. Morris, of the 10th Ohio Cavalry, tells I. B. Ulmer, of the 3d Alabama Cavalry, "something he does not know." Now let me tell Mr. Morris something that he may not know.

The 1st and 3d Alabama were in the same brigade. I. B. Ulmer's article in the December VETERAN is correct in regard to the Aiken fight as "a very important affair."

As we rode into Aiken General Wheeler was at the head of our regiment, the 1st Alabama, and many ladies were out on the balconies waving handkerchiefs and I heard them plead: "Do not let the Yankees come into this town." Now I have always thought that this was why the order was given to about face and make the charge. I do not believe that over five hundred men were in that fight. I saw only three regiments in the charge—viz., the 1st and 3d Alabama and 8th Texas—and most of the regiments were then reduced to less than two hundred effective men.

The Ohio Cavalry were as brave a body of troops as we ever met in battle; and if they had known of the appeal from the ladies of Aiken to us, they doubtless would not have ventured so near the town.

Mr. Morris admits that they "left Aiken in a hurry," but he evidently did not know that the fair women of Aiken were responsible for the "hurry." I write as a private soldier who could not see much in time of such deadly conflicts, and it has been so long that it now seems like a dream to me. When I enlisted, in 1861, I was a very delicate boy of sixteen years, and weighed only ninety-three pounds. Now I am sixty-five years old, have thirteen children and fifteen grandchildren, all stout and healthy, and all of them are fine-looking.

STORY OF "BIG FISH" FROM NEW ORLEANS.

An old lady, who has lived for many years in New Orleans, tells an interesting war-time incident connected with that city, though unfortunately she has forgotten the names and dates. Some years after the war there was washed up on the beach of Lake Ponchartrain a huge fish of strange appearance. It was constructed of iron, the fins or wings were movable, and the head seemed a receptacle for a storage battery. When the body was opened through a little trapdoor, the skeletons of three men were found in it. The event created considerable interest, and many went out from the city to see the strange thing; among others, a man who attracted attention by wringing his hands and exclaiming: "This explains it all, and for years I have thought them to be traitors!" When questioned, he at first refused to speak, but at last said he was an inventor, and when the Federal gunboats were in the lake he had invented this vessel in the shape of a fish, and, with the aid of three other Confederates, had attempted the destruction of the boats. The men entered the body of the fish, and, moving under water, they were to blow up the boats with torpedoes. He was to direct their movements by signals from the shore. The boat fish left the shore; but as the men did not respond to his signals nor return, he concluded that they had turned traitors and gone over to the Yankees, so fled to Europe, where he had remained till just before the lake cast up the mute witness to their faithfulness. The machinery of the boat had evidently gone wrong, and the men died where they were. The skeletons were interred near where they were found, and a small monument marks their last resting place. The fish remained for years one of the curiosities of the beach at Lake Ponchartrain.

YANKEES TAKEN FOR REBELS AT COLUMBIA.

BY JAMES T. LAMBRIGHT, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In the VETERAN for January, 1910, page 32, an article under the caption, "Sherman at Columbia," by Maj. G. W. F. Harper, interested me deeply; also the testimony of John H. Watt, of Morganfield, Ky., in regard to the denial by Clement Saussy of the correctness of Gen. Joe Wheeler's report of the firing of the bridge at Columbia, S. C.

After the lapse of so many years, it is difficult to recall with accuracy every circumstance under conditions so stirring and exciting as existed at that particular point on that occasion. My recollections corroborate Comrade J. H. Watt substantially, so far as he has stated, what he observed and his experience and recollections of that occasion, and I will give a short statement of my own recollections.

I was a member of Company G Troop, 5th Regiment Georgia Cavalry, Anderson's Confederate Brigade, Wheeler's Corps. After repulsing the enemy at Aiken, S. C., driving back their cavalry under General Kilpatrick to their infantry column, which was heading for Columbia, S. C., our cavalry took up a line of march parallel for the same point. It was a very cold day and night, rain and sleet falling steadily on us as we marched in column *en route*—everything covered with ice, icicles hanging from our hat rims and stirrup guards. The manes, tails, and fetlocks of our horses were frozen, and a bridge we crossed had to be sanded continuously to enable our horses to keep their feet while mounting and descending the slopes at either end. It was some time after night before we halted and went into camp for the rest of the night. We soon had big fires burning; and after drying our clothes and warming, we wrapped up in our blankets and lay down by the fires to get what rest and sleep we could. At dawn we were up, and by sunrise were again in our saddles and on the march. Our regiment, the 5th Georgia, headed our column, and shortly after leaving our camping ground we were passing a field on our right inclosed with a rail fence which was about thirty feet from the road, and on the fence were perched about two dozen soldier boys, wrapped in the regulation overcoats, enjoying the warm rays of the rising run, which felt good after our experience of the day and night just preceding.

I will here state that the majority of our boys wore over long uniforms rubber "ponchos," or the United States overcoat of blue involuntarily supplied by the boys in blue. The boys on the fence had left their arms at their camp, and, as was usual, chaffing began between them and the boys on the march; but all at once a discovery was made which caused the boys on the fence to fall off like so many cooters off a log in a mill pond and scoot like wild turkeys for the other side of the field. The discovery was mutual, but before any shots were fired at the fleeing Yanks some big-hearted Johnny among us called out in a loud voice: "Don't shoot them, boys; they haven't any arms; let them go." The Yanks on reaching the other side of the field looked around at us; and, it appearing that no effort was being made by any of us to pursue them and no shots were fired at them, they stopped, waved their hats at us, and leisurely entered the woods beyond, rejoining their comrades. Evidently we had camped within a hundred yards or so of each other during the night under the impression that we were a part and parcel of the same command.

We continued our march toward Columbia parallel to the enemy's line, and at noon we had a brush with their infantry. A part of our cavalry took a road to the left, leading, as I

understood, to Lexington, and my recollection is that it was General Williams's Kentucky Brigade. We continued our march; but the position of Anderson's Brigade was somehow changed from the head to the rear of the column, and did not cross the river at Columbia until late that night, and I think we crossed below the city over a railroad bridge, temporarily planked over for the occasion, and marched through and camped on the outskirts of the city on the north side. Next morning we were moved back and across the river over a covered bridge, and took position to the right some distance from the bridge. We understood that we were there for the purpose of guarding the approaches to the bridge and protecting the flank of Williams's Brigade, which was coming through from Lexington and were heading for, and expected to cross at, that bridge. Gen. Joseph Wheeler (our "Little Joe") was with Gen. R. H. Anderson and his brigade when we crossed and took position across over on the west side of the river to the right of the brigade; and when Williams's Kentucky Brigade came to where we were stationed, General Wheeler directed the movements in crossing at the bridge, and I think our (Anderson's) brigade brought up the rear and crossed after the Kentucky brigade. At any rate, the bridge, a covered one, was on fire when we got to it, and a number of our men were trying to extinguish the flames, using water from barrels that were on each side of the passageway the length of the bridge, and succeeded in checking the fire sufficiently to allow our troops to cross. Several of our men and horses were severely scorched, however, and a squad of six or eight were unable to force their horses to enter the bridge and had to turn back, and followed the river up until they succeeded in finding a crossing. They rejoined the command about a week later after being given up as lost.

Our command then moved to the right across a stretch of meadow toward what appeared to be large factory buildings, passing on our left a body of cavalry in line and facing our flank as we moved in a column. I understood that this was General Butler's command, a part of General Hampton's cavalry. Shortly after taking a position near the river bank the enemy with a battery of howitzers began to shell that portion of the city, and got our range. We were then moved farther back, and a portion of our men even dismounted and were distributed along the bank of the river, where they remained until driven out by the enemy, who had crossed the river somewhere below and entered the city, of which fact we were not long in ignorance, for Sherman soon had his beacon lights started and bonfires aglow, leaving a pathway of devastation and destruction back to the Savannah River, then through Georgia to Atlanta.

We believe in a merciful God. In him we trust. He will condemn or he will justify.

MORE ABOUT THE DEFENSE OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

There are so many glaring errors and misstatements in the article by Private Dodson in the February VETERAN, page 75, that I must make reply. Dodson still contends that only Wheeler's Cavalry had any hand in defending the city of Columbia in February, 1865. As to the burning of the bridges, my article in the November VETERAN makes clear this incident, and that part of the controversy is closed; but he still claims that "every gun fired in its defense was by Wheeler's command and every soldier who fell in its defense belonged to Wheeler's Cavalry."

It has been proven that Wheaton's Battery of Butler's Division was at Granby, about two miles below the city, and fired on Sherman's army all night February 16, and that on the morning of the 17th, while the battery by its well-directed fire was preventing Sherman from placing his pontoons across the river within range of our twelve-pound Napoleons, we were confronted with a regiment of sharpshooters, who lined the bank of the Congaree River on the other side, at which time Corporal O'Byrne and Privates Lovell and Tearney and fifteen of our battery horses were wounded.

Dodson scoffs at the statement that Wheaton's Battery was in Columbia when the Yankees were, and that they failed to capture us. Captain Wheaton's diary of that date states: "Sometime in the morning (February 17) orders were received to march promptly through Columbia to Saluda Mills to prevent the enemy from crossing the river at that point. We were in the road in ten minutes, and as we approached Columbia and were within about five hundred yards of the Statehouse a courier reached us with the information that the Federal army was then crossing the river, and that the main street of the city was already swarming with their soldiers. He ordered us to countermarch the battery and make our way around the city and join our army at Killian's Mill. Sergeant Gray, who had been in Columbia by my permission, was returning, and directed our attention to a squad of Federal soldiers in full view. The chances of escaping capture appeared desperate." Captain Wheaton then goes on to describe the rapid, circuitous march of thirty-five miles to Killian's Mill, requiring continuous duty for about fifty hours.

One of Dodson's witnesses asks sarcastically how it was that the men and horses of Wheaton's Battery "got scorched while passing over the burning bridge." We passed over the bridge in the afternoon, and were shelling Sherman's army that night from Granby when Butler's Cavalry was burning the bridge over the Congaree River.

Now to 'sum up the matter. In none of my articles has there been any reflection upon this credit to Wheeler and his brave men; but when Dodson makes such gross errors as he does in his book, "Wheeler and His Cavalry," page 329, when he uses these words, "Thus fell the capital of South Carolina. Every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's Cavalry and every soldier who fell in its defense belonged to Wheeler's brave command," it is time to protest against his error; and when it has been conclusively proven that others besides Wheeler's Cavalry were in the defense of this fair city, then Dodson should correct it with a revised issue or print an addendum to it.

Private Dodson in his book usually ends chapters with humorous items; so I will do likewise, painting a moral. Some days since a crowd of negro women were standing at a street corner, and as I went by one old woman, much excited, was haranguing the crowd. I asked her what was the matter. She complained of the great irreverence of the young negroes, and said to me: "Boss, dese young niggers is de debble; dey got no manners. 'Tain't the imprunce of de chile what I min's so much, but it am de sassness what I can't stand." See?

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY W. H. DAVID, NIXON, TEX.

I have seen many stories in your valuable magazine concerning the burning of Columbia, S. C. My regiment, the 4th Tennessee Cavalry (Baxter Smith's), were the last Confederate troops to leave Columbia. We burned the railroad depot, which had a lot of commissary supplies and ammunition stored

there; but when the rear of our column disappeared from that city, there was not a flame in sight except the burning depot, which was too far distant from any other buildings to jeopardize them. So I know that the story that Gen. Wade Hampton burned Columbia is the fullest type of falsehood. General Sherman burned Columbia, and any of his honest soldiers who were there will confirm what I state.

Went through the Burning Bridge at Columbia.

A. C. Copeland writes from Fort Payne, Ala.: "I am a subscriber to the Veteran. I enlisted in Company B, 3d Confederate Cavalry, under Gen. Joe Wheeler, in February, 1863; and surrendered at Jonesboro, N. C., in April, 1865. I see much in the Veteran about the burning bridge near Columbia, S. C. I went through the bridge after it was fired, and came very near losing my life. The bridge, being covered, was burning in the roof, and the smoke almost suffocated us. Some rosin fell from above on the back of my hand and burned it. Two of our regiment never got across the bridge. They hid on the bank in the shrubbery and avoided capture. They reported to the command in a short time. One of them was John W. Newman and the other McEntire. I love to read the Confederate Veteran, as I see the places I was at mentioned. If this escapes the wastebasket, I will come again."

Masonic Memorial to George Washington.

An imposing Masonic memorial will be erected in Alexandria, Va., at the cost of one hundred thousand dollars, in honor of George Washington. The meeting in that city of the Masonic Commanders, held February 22, was attended by Secretary of War Dickinson, and a National Masonic Memorial Association was formed.

The stately memorial structure will stand on Washington Strect, close by the church in which Washington was vestryman. On a field not far off he held his last military review, and in the courthouse of Alexandria he cast his last vote, and here his will is still on file.

Alexandria was held to have an undisputed right to the site of the memorial. Washington moved to Mount Vernon when a boy of sixteen, and till his death it was his home and Alexandria his home town. He was a member of its council, represented it in the House of Burgesses, endowed its school, established its fire department, and was master of its lodge. The Masonic meeting which led to the formation of the association was held in the lodge room in which Washington had presided.

The institute will be unique among memorials insomuch as it will allow any grand jurisdiction to honor any Mason it may deem worthy by a leaf in its Hall of Fame, a portrait, and a biography.

An Error in Location of Monument.—In one of the lists of monuments given in the Veteran some time since an error was made in locating one at Fayetteville, Ark., as at Fayetteville, Ala. Miss Sue Walker, who was prominent in securing the monument there and who is proud of their success, asks the correction, which is cheerfully made.

Portrait of Lee in Missouri Historical Exhibits.—On the one hundred and second anniversary of the birth of General Lee a large crayon picture of this beloved general was presented by the St. Louis Chapter, U. D. C., to the Missouri Historical Association. The handsome frame was the gift of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. The portrait was presented by Mrs. L. C. Reilly in a short and forceful talk, and was received by Judge Shepard Barclay in behalf of the Association. Music and addresses were the chief features of the occasion, in which the children of the R. E. Lee Chapter took prominent part.

Wanted Information Concerning Relations between President Lincoln and John Yeates Beall.—Mr. Isaac Markers, care the New York Cotton Exchange, desires to secure data showing the connection of President Lincoln with John Y. Beall and John Wilkes Booth—that is, any proof of Booth's having interceded with Mr. Lincoln for the life of Beall and his promise to commute the death sentence. He will appreciate hearing from all who can give any proof of such connection. He also makes these inquiries: Were Beall and Booth members of the Masonic fraternity? Was Beall present as a member of the 2d Virginia Regiment at the execution of John Brown? Did Booth and Beall ever meet during the Civil War? Did Booth ever visit the White House?

Arizona Territory, Confederate States of America.—Gen. J. M. Ray, U. C. V., of Asheville, N. C., writes of Arizona as a Confederate territory, giving some interesting statistics in which he states that Arizona was organized into a territory in January, 1862, by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, and on the 25th of that month Mr. G. H. Ouly was admitted to a seat on the floor of the House as a delegate from the territory of Arizona. On the 1st of March, 1861, at Mesilla, Ariz., the reputed seat of government, John R. Taylor, lieutenant colonel commanding the Confederate sympathizers in Arizona, issued a proclamation taking possession of Arizona in the name and on behalf of the Confederate States of America, the boundary to comprise all that portion of New Mexico lying south of the thirty-fourth parallel of north latitude, and declaring a temporary territorial organization as a military government and on such terms as Congress might otherwise provide. The officers appointed by President Davis, C. S. A., for the territory of Arizona, as per his proclamation organizing the territory, dated February 14, 1862, were as follows: John R. Baylor, Arizona, Governor; Robert Josselyn, Mississippi, Secretary; Alexander M. Jackson, New Mexico, Chief Justice; Columbus Upson, Texas, Associate Justice; Russell Howard, Arizona, Attorney General; Samuel J. Jones, Arizona, Marshal; delegate to Congress, M. H. McWillie. McWillie took his seat on March 11, 1862.

The Alabama Was Never in a Confederate Port.—Maj. T. P. Weakley, Nashville: "In the February number of your valuable periodical in the reminiscences of Mrs. Ella Palmer in hospital service it is stated that the Alabama ran the blockade and anchored at Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay. This is an error. Captain Semmes in his 'Service Afloat' makes no mention of such an occurrence. In fact, he distinctly says that he was never in any Confederate port during his entire sea service of three years. Such an event in the history of the Alabama he would have recorded. On September 4, 1862, the Florida, Capt. John N. Maffitt, ran the blockade at Mobile and anchored under the guns of Fort Morgan. It was a gallant act, and is worthy to be remembered. The Florida was refitted, and on January 15, 1863, ran the blockade again at Mobile and went out to sea and on her cruise. She was treacherously captured October 6, 1863, by a United States war vessel in a neutral port, Bahia, Brazil, and her career as a Confederate man-of-war ended."

F. K. ZOLLICOFFER—FIRST AND LAST BATTLE.

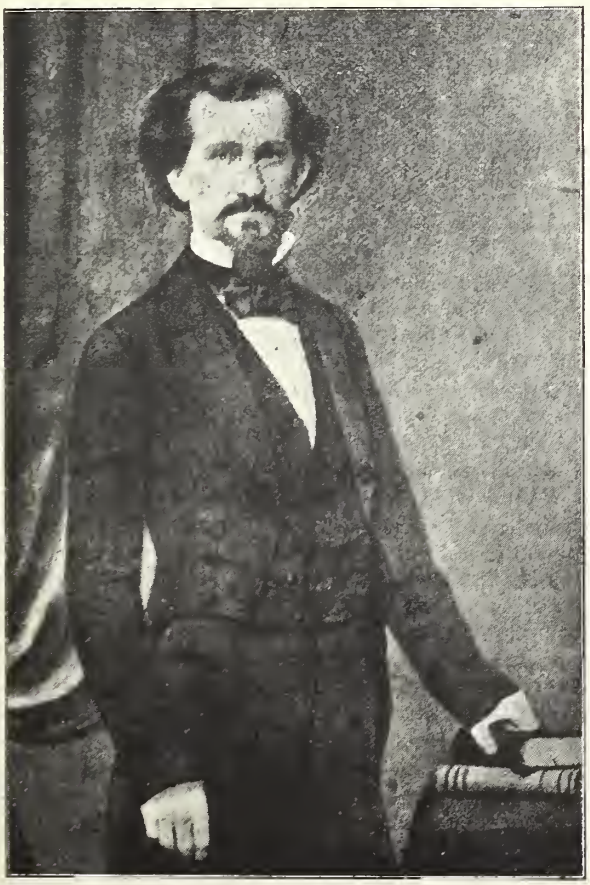
BY MRS. ANNA M'KINNEY, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Gen. Felix Kirk Zollicoffer was born in Maury County, Tenn., on May 19, 1812. He was the son of John Jacob Zollicoffer and Martha Kirk, and was of ancient lineage. The Zollicoffer family was ennobled by Rudolphus II. in 1578.

In the year 1586 Lord Leonard Zollicoffer built the castle of Altenklingen near Lake Constance, in the Canton of St. Gall, Switzerland, which is still in the possession of his descendants. Under the terms of the entail the rank and title of baron and the right of occupancy of the castle descend to the oldest Zollicoffer of the line. The income of the estate is charged with annuities to be paid to the oldest members of the several branches of the family living in any part of the world. This is done by officers chosen from the members of the family, whose representatives meet annually, and this has been done for nearly four hundred years. Other patents of nobility were bestowed on Zollicoffers by France, Denmark, and Russia.

There is no record extant that one of the name has ever dishonored it. They have been distinguished in divinity, jurisprudence, statecraft, and arms in many countries.

John Ludwig was lieutenant general in Denmark; Lodovico, of the Council of War in Prussia and director of the Royal Military Academy; William Laurenz, lieutenant general in the Schleswig-Holstein War and commandant of Breslau; George Joachim, a divine of Zurich, whose pulpit orations are mentioned in the biography of Goethe, and have been translated into English; Maximilian, court physician in Hungary; Johan George, judge of the Supreme Court of the Helvetian Republic; Julius Heironemus, President of the Chamber of Administration St. Gall and judge of the Carton; John Conrad, an officer in the French army, who resigned his commission and was furnished with a letter from Silas Dean. Our first commissioner to the Court of France came to America and was commissioned by North Carolina and served in the Revolutionary War.



GEN. FELIX KIRK ZOLLICOFFER.

George, the grandfather of Felix K., was the inheritor in his day of the baronage, but never occupied the Castle of Altenklingen because he was a citizen of the United States and a captain in the Revolutionary army and fought to the end of the war. John Jacob, the father of Felix K., received the annuity as the oldest living Zollicoffer till his death.

Felix K., the subject of this address, was entitled to the annuity as second senior of his branch, but instructed the family council to donate it to the school maintained by it for the higher education of girls of the name. The birth and death of each member of the connection has been recorded in the castle archives to the present day, making the establishment of claims and seniorities of easy determination.

From time to time during all these years reunions are held at Altenklingen, which are attended by Zollicoffers from all parts of the civilized world. There are displayed ancient costumes worn by the ladies Zollicoffer, antique cabinets containing swords and medals and trophies won and worn by the Zollicoffers, silver tankards engraved with the coat of arms, and shields and banners blazoned with crests and heraldic devices. Ancestral portraits look down from the old walls, old cannon under the arch of entrance command the moat, and stained windows picture forth knightly deeds. Within the spacious court stands the chapel of St. Wiborad in which the ancestors worshiped after the forms of the Protestant faith. Thus they meet in the old Schloss, with its records, its genealogical tree, its blazoned quarterings of heraldry. Its old fireplace blazes with kindly warmth, the baronial hall is lighted up, and from turret to foundation stone the old home throbs with proud memories and glows with ancient hospitality.

And among them all—soldiers, scholars, statesmen—there is no more splendid figure, no prouder name than that of the Tennesseean and Confederate, Felix K. Zollicoffer.

No man ever heard these things from him; not that he was ashamed of them, but he was as modest as he was brave, and thought,

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

His eldest daughter when going to school was informed by her Maryland kin of these facts in the history of the family. She asked her father why he hadn't told her. He smiled and said that quarterings and crests of heraldry were all very well, but that the thing to be proud of was that, as far as he knew, all the Zollicoffer men were honest, brave, and true, and all the women were fair and pure and good. The record of his life proves that he was worthy of his name and lineage.

The Tennessee boy was educated in country schools and at Jackson College, Columbia, till at fifteen his independent spirit led him to rely upon his own efforts, and he entered a printing office. From the compositor's case he rose to the editorial tripod at seventeen at Paris, Tenn.; then he worked at Knoxville and at Huntsville, Ala.; then editor again, at Columbia, of the Observer (newspaper) at twenty-two.

At twenty-four he married Louisa Gordon, the fair daughter of the Indian fighter, Captain John Gordon.

He fought the Seminoles the next year and returned to edit the Southern Agriculturist, and was then State printer, when his health gave away. After its recovery, he was called by the old Whig party to the editorship of the Republican Banner at Nashville in 1842. Two years afterwards he was elected State Comptroller, which office he administered with business acumen and success, resigning to go to the State Senate. Again his party called him to edit the Banner.

By his intercession and influence he induced Col. William B. Campbell to take the Whig nomination for Governor; and although both were prostrated with sickness during the campaign, Campbell won the fight. Zollicoffer's invincible spirit dominated the infirmities of his body, and his editorial conduct of the campaign has never been surpassed. He wielded a graceful pen, and his essay of the "Hours" is one of the gems selected for Field's scrapbook, a Tennessee classic that has molded the style and helped the education of two generations of schoolboys.

Let me interrupt this chronological detail with one incident partly to preserve the remembrance, but chiefly to show the sort of man we are speaking of and the times in which he lived. There was no anonymous or "yellow" journalism in that day. Editors were personally responsible for what they wrote.

It was after the time of the *Code Duello*. Legislation had abolished it and fulminated against it felonious punishment and disqualification for office as penalties for a meeting upon the field of honor. The era of personal combats had followed, and to a man of Zollicoffer's high sense of honor and unflinching courage it was a matter of course that the bitterness which characterized journalism at that time should involve him in altercations and collisions with opponents.

> "He would resent the insult where 'twas given,
> If 'twere in the court of heaven."

In these affairs he displayed that scrupulous punctilio and cool nerve that distinguished the knights of chivalry (or of old).

The incident here given did not arise from political differences, though political antagonism may have sharpened the edge of controversy. The Cumberland River at Nashville was crossed by a low wooden bridge, supported on piers in midstream that obstructed navigation. To remedy this, the Broad Street Bridge Company was incorporated by the Legislature. When it came to locate the bridge, it was proposed to build it at the corner of the Public Square instead of at Broad Street. The Union, a Democratic newspaper, advocated the site on Broad Street; the Banner that on the Square. John L. Marlin, city editor of the Union, intimated that the motives of Zollicoffer, editor of the Banner, were influenced by self-interest. This added to the heat of the discussion and elicited from Zollicoffer a strong but dispassionate denial of the imputation and a full explanation of the grounds of his position on the bridge question, pointing out the fact that, had his advocacy been prompted by self-interest, he would have favored the location of the bridge at the foot of Broad Street, near which he had a block of storehouses, the value of which would have been greatly enhanced thereby; and, as to his property over the river in Edgefield, that its value would be enhanced by the building of a new bridge wherever it was located. The Union returned to the attack in a stinging article. Zollicoffer replied in a stern rebuke and demanded an immediate retraction of the charge. The Union declined and stood its ground. Zollicoffer sent W. Matt Brown (afterwards Mayor of the city) to Marlin with a message or note, denouncing him and telling him to prepare to defend himself. Marlin replied that he could be seen next day on Cherry Street. That evening Zollicoffer went to his rooms in the City Hotel and told his wife about it. The daughter of the pioneer sustained him in his resolve to vindicate his honor and molded the bullets for his pistols on her nursery hearth. Her heart was as intrepid as her husband's.

Next day Zollicoffer walked from the Banner office on Deaderick Street down to Cherry to a point opposite the Union office (the Duncan Hotel now stands on the site). Marlin was in the office executing his will, written by Andrew Ewing, and on being notified of Zollicoffer's presence across the street came at once down the stairs. Zollicoffer's words of denunciation were interrupted by Marlin's shot. Zollicoffer's pistol—a Derringer—failed to fire, the cap only exploding. He then deliberately took another cap out of his vest pocket and adjusted it. While doing so a ball from Marlin's pistol struck his pistol hand between the joints of the first and second fingers. Zollicoffer then threw his pistol across his left forearm and fired, striking Marlin in the cheek below the eye. Seeing the effect, he stopped firing, and the fight was over.

Six years afterwards the antagonists casually met. Marlin's health had failed. They mutually extended their hands, and a few words ended the feud between these brave men. Zollicoffer anxiously inquired of Marlin's health and if it had been affected by the wound, and he replied that it had not; that his disease was of the lungs. Zollicoffer expressed his gratification at this and hopes for his restoration to health. This incident shows the kind, brave hearts of the two gallant men who were without fear and without malice.

Zollicoffer was elected to Congress in 1852, and served three terms, till 1858. He was a supporter of the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. He voted for John Bell for President in 1860. At the invitation of his party, he spoke through the cities of New York, making a profound impression by his plain, earnest, and didactic advocacy of his cause in the attempt to save the Union from the rage of extremists of both sections and prevent the shedding of fraternal blood.

When the war cloud was rising after the election of Lincoln, he was appointed by the General Assembly of Tennessee a Commissioner to the Peace Congress in Washington; but nothing could withstand the current which was sweeping the country into the vortex of war. He came home full of sad forebodings for the future. He stood by the Union as long as it was the Union of the Constitution. When it was transformed to that of Coercion, he took his stand by the South.

He declined a commission as major general in the Provisional Army of Tennessee, because, he said, he would not risk by his inexperience the safety and reputation of the Volunteer State. Upon urgent solicitation, he accepted a commission of brigadier general in that army, which position was also afterwards given him by the Confederate States, and he was assigned to the command of East Tennessee.

He respected the neutrality of Kentucky until the establishment of Federal camps in her territory threatened the invasion of East Tennessee; and then, the safety of the State requiring it, he occupied Cumberland Gap and other strategic positions in the mountains. He proclaimed his sympathy with Kentucky, and warned her of the attempted subjugation of the South and of herself by the concentration of Federal troops on her border, and pledged himself to withdraw his

forces as soon as the menace was withdrawn. His administration conciliated the people of East Tennessee, and his name is still held in reverence by Union men and Federals.

He dispersed the Federal camp at Barboursville. By a *ruse de guerre* he caused the precipitate retreat of General Schoepf in what is known as the "Wildcat Stampede." He took position at Mill Spring, on the south bank of the Cumberland, and also crossed to the north bank and intrenched at Beech Grove. Major General Crittenden arrived and took command. Gen. George H. Thomas, by order of Gen. Don Carlos Buell on January 17, had halted at Logan's Farm and was awaiting the arrival of the remainder of his force from Columbia, which, in combination with Schoepf's force from Somerset, he considered sufficient to attack the Confederates in their trenches at Beech Grove and drive them from their works.

The position at Beech Grove was of known weakness; Cumberland River, in its rear, rendered its evacuation difficult. Its supplies had been cut off by the Federals on the river below, and the route from Monticello was difficult for transportation. There were about four thousand effective men for duty—not enough to man the intrenchments. The position was commanded by points in front and flank on both sides of the river. There were no supports or reënforcements within reach. Crittenden, hearing of the concentration of the force in his front at Logan's, ten miles from Beech Grove, and that the sudden rise in Fishing Creek had prevented Schoepf's junction with Thomas, determined to attack before reënforcements arrived, relying upon the spirit and bravery of his command for success. Thus Crittenden attacked Thomas's superior force in the position at which he had concentrated it. The information of scouts of raw cavalry or of emissaries and spies was false. Schoepf had already sent to Thomas one regiment and the Tennessee Federal Brigade on the 17th, before the rise in Fishing Creek. The attack was reckless. Zollicoffer was in front with four regiments of infantry and a battery; Carroll's Brigade was in the rear. The morning was lowering and a misty rain was falling. Nine miles brought them to the Federal pickets, which were driven in, and the Confederates were confronted by six regiments of infantry and three batteries; and, as was afterwards revealed, Thomas's rear column was in supporting distance. Zollicoffer had placed when he deployed his line the 15th Mississippi (Colonel Walthall) and the 20th Tennessee (Colonel Battle) on the right of the road, the 19th Tennessee (Colonel Cummings) and the 25th Tennessee (Colonel Stanton) on the left, Rutledge's Battery in the road, and Sanders's and Bledsoe's cavalry companies distributed as required. As the line advanced into the woods and the firing in front became heavy, Colonel Stanton is said to have reported that our men were firing into each other. Zollicoffer at once rode forward to inspect the position of the enemy and ascertain the situation, it being impossible to see clearly through the gloom and rain what was happening. By mistake he passed his own line and around the flank of the 4th Kentucky Federal Infantry.

It is said that the Federals were expecting a new brigade commander; and as Zollicoffer approached from their flank and rear, and as his uniform was enveloped in a mackintosh, they did not at first recognize him as a Confederate. It is said also that Zollicoffer, discovering his mistake, saluted and coolly checked his horse in bayonet reach, turned and rode off. At this instant a volley of musketry from the ranks pierced him with four wounds, instantly killing him and mortally wounding Lieut. Evan B. Shields and Maj. Henry M. R. Fogg, of his staff. The fight waxed hot, and was unequally maintained for several hours. When Zollicoffer fell, the unity of command was gone. The Confederates were poorly armed with flintlock muskets, which were rendered useless by the rain; and being vigorously pressed by the enemy, some confusion followed on the left until rallied and again lined up, to be driven back again.

On the right the unequal struggle was maintained by the gallant 15th Mississippi and the brave 20th Tennessee, who, fighting, fell back inch by inch before superior numbers to their supporting force, the chivalrous 16th Alabama and other regiments of Carroll's Brigade, and held the enemy in check until compelled to leave the field. The most heroic figures on that fatal field were Cols. E. C. Walthall and Joel Allen Battle, who gallantly but vainly tried by skill and valor to stem the torrent of defeat. Young Bailie Peyton died a glorious death for his country. James E. Patterson fell wounded with the colors of the 20th Tennessee in his hand. Young Allen Battle, adjutant, grasped them and imbued their silken folds with his blood. The gallant Evan B. Shields fills an unmarked soldier's grave on that field of blood. Henry Middleton Rutledge Fogg, in whose veins was the blood of of two signers of the Declaration of Independence, died the next day.

Gen. George H. Thomas in his report of the battle says that General Zollicoffer was killed by a pistol ball fired by Col. Speed S. Fry, of the 4th Kentucky. This is not the truth. One of Zollicoffer's surgeons, Dr. D. B. Cliffe (who is still living), who remained in charge of the wounded, examined his wounds and saw his body prepared for the casket. Four Minie musket balls took the hero's life—one in the thigh, one through the heart, and two in the head, all in front. The left ear of the charger he bestrode was punctured by a Minie. Zollicoffer died facing the foe by a volley from the ranks.

Universal sorrow filled the South for Zollicoffer's death. The brilliant Henry Watterson, who knew him well, thus expressed a tribute: "He filled the expectations of a people who long entertained exalted confidence in his courage and capacity, and redeemed the impressions of the thousands of young hearts around him, many of whose first notions of chivalry were derived from his daring. Up to the hour of his fall at the head of his troops, whose adoration makes a volume of suggestive eulogy and answers every question, nothing but an affectionate faith attended him. He was the pattern of integrity and manhood. He fell like a hero of antiquity.

The volume is closed. We bind it in mourning black and place upon the shut lids in letters of living fire the single talismanic witness of a hero's fame—his pure, God-blessed, nation-blessed name, Felix Kirk Zollicoffer.

Poesy bursts into triumphant music o'er his grave:

"First in the fight and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angel of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart
On the spot where he nobly perished
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice
And a name in song and story,
And fame to shout with her trumpet voice—
He died on the field of glory."

JOSEPH BRYAN.

A Model Character for His Fellow-Men.

Joseph Bryan was a private in Company D, 43d Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, Mosby's command. He died at his home, Laburnum, near Richmond, Va., November 20, 1908.

The passing years have brought the time when those who were among the youngest volunteers in the great armies of the South are gray-haired veterans, and now even their ranks are being thinned by the inevitable call. But Joseph Bryan was still so young in mind and heart, so occupied with varied and absorbing works, so full of broad, unselfish sympathies, that those nearest to him were slow to recognize the effects of time and labor. And thus it was an overwhelming shock to a multitude when his noble life on earth was ended.

A typical Southern man, he served his country faithfully and well in many ways; but without doubt that service by which he would like best to be remembered was when a mere boy in years, though mature in thought and convictions, he entered the Confederate service in the defense of his native land.

His father was from Georgia, his mother of Virginia, and their families had been prominent in those commonwealths from early colonial days. He was born on his father's plantation, Eagle Point, in Gloucester County, Va., on August 13, 1845; and ended a beautiful, most useful, and happy life at his home, Laburnum, near Richmond, Va., on November 20, 1908.

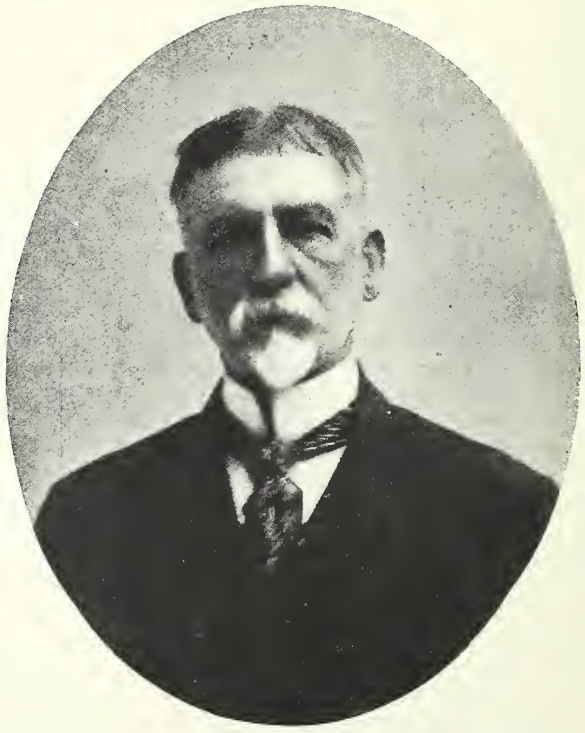
From a child he was remarkable for the brightness and strength of his mind, his appreciation of the beautiful in art and literature, his keen capacity alike for joy or pain; his unselfish desire to share his pleasures, and withal for a seriousness, purity, and loftiness of nature which made it impossible for him to trifle or find satisfaction in unworthy pleasures or employments. This seriousness was deepened by the death, in his eleventh year, of his mother, whom he much resembled and to whom he was ardently devoted. A woman of rare intellect, culture, piety, and wisdom, she recognized the rich promise of her remarkable son, who, inheriting her talents, was indelibly impressed by her character. Throughout his life her memory was to him a sacred stimulus, restraint, and guide. After passing five studious years at the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, Va., the admirable John P. McGuire, D.D., being rector of the school, his education was interrupted by the breaking out of the war; and in May, 1861, he necessarily returned home. On the evacuation of Yorktown in May, 1862, his home in Gloucester County fell within the enemy's lines, and his father's household was moved to another home, Carysbrook, Fluvanna County.

In the fall of 1862 Joe Bryan entered the University of Virginia, and spent one fruitful session in academic studies. On his eighteenth birthday, in August, 1863, when he was ready and on tiptoe to enter the active service of the army, he severely fractured the wrist of his left arm—his "bridle hand." While disabled in this way he visited his father's cousin, Gen. Carnot Posey, of Mississippi, who was lying at the University of Virginia wounded, and from subsequent illness he died. General Posey offered him a place on his staff as soon as they should both be fit for service; but General Posey's death soon followed, and Bryan's wrist was so badly broken that he could not attempt active service for several months. Anxious to begin service before being able for active field duty, he engaged with the niter and mining department in Southwest Virginia.

In the spring of 1864 he volunteered with the second company of the Richmond Howitzers, in which his brother St. George was serving. The fight of Spottsylvania C. H., May 18, was his first service in the field. He continued with that battery until it reached Hanover.

He next secured a discharge from the position he had held in Southwest Virginia, and in October, 1864, presented himself to Col. John S. Mosby as a volunteer in his battalion of cavalry. Mosby assigned him to duty in Company D, Capt. R. P. Mountjoy commanding. In his first fight under Mosby at Dulaney's, in Fauquier County, a few days after he joined the command he exposed himself so recklessly that he received two wounds, and the pummel of his saddle was shot away. Recovering speedily from his wounds, he soon took his place in "the first file of fours" in the troop, a distinction of which he was proud.

Tender-hearted as a woman, magnanimous and compassionate in the highest degree, his principles and his cause inspired him, and he fought, as he did everything else, with all his might. One of Mosby's men related recently an act (which no one ever heard Joe Bryan refer to) how once in the mêlée of a fight he saw a fleeing horseman fall under Bryan's pistol, and then as quickly as the man fell Bryan threw himself from his horse, lifted up his fallen foe, and said in his impulsive way: "Why didn't you surrender when I ordered you? I didn't want to kill you." Bryan waited to help the wounded man as best he could, then mounted and rejoined his comrades.



JOSEPH BRYAN.

He said after the war that, while in such hand-to-hand fights he must have shot many men, it was a comfort to him that he did not know that he had ever killed a man.

Among a number of other encounters, besides the one at Dulaney's, in which he was wounded, he took part in the remarkable fight at Mount Carmel, in Clarke County, February 19, 1865, in which forty-three of Mosby's men under Maj. A. E. Richards attacked and stampeded one hundred and fifteen Federal cavalry (according to their own report of the numbers), killing thirteen, wounding a large number, capturing sixty-three prisoners and ninety horses. Mosby's men lost only one man, killed in the excitement of the charge by his own com-

rades, and one other was slightly wounded. It was Bryan's duty to assist in carrying out these prisoners with a very small guard. After delivering the prisoners, he had the privilege of going home to Fluvanna, which was then being ransacked by Sheridan's Cavalry. There he scouted among the enemy for a week, and had some remarkably narrow escapes of his life under fire, and he was reported as dead along with Commodore George N. Hollins, of the Confederate States navy. Claiming that they had killed Hollins, the enemy received a bounty for the price set on his head. Returning to "Mosby's Confederacy," he served to the rapidly approaching end, and was in the last fight in Virginia, which occurred on April 10 at Arundel's Tavern, Fairfax County.

Mosby's command never surrendered. On receiving assurance of the surrender at Appomattox Mosby disbanded his battalion at Salem, Fauquier County, on April 21, 1865; and, turning from that last sad gathering of his comrades, Joe Bryan returned home, and not long afterwards he was paroled in Columbia, Fluvanna County.

His mind turned at once back to the University of Virginia. How was he to obtain means to enter it? Every dollar he possessed he had given to a comrade who was obliged to travel far to reach home. Just then Capt. William T. Glassell, of the Confederate navy, received some money from a relative in California. At the same time the War Department was selling great quantities of army mules in Washington. Glassell, not being a judge of mules, selected Joe Bryan to supply the needed information both as to the country and the animals. The two rode off to Washington and bought a lot of the government mules with Glassell's money. The mules were rapidly disposed of at a profit in Virginia; and two or three such trips had been prosperously conducted, when it leaked out in Washington that Bryan had been with Mosby and that Glassell was the man who with this torpedo boat David had so nearly destroyed the United States frigate New Ironsides in Charleston Harbor on October 5, 1864. The impromptu mule traders had to leave town "between days," which they did, but not failing to bring off the mules. This enabled Bryan on a very narrow margin to enter in September, 1865, the University of Virginia, where he spent two years in the study of academics and of the law.

Many other Confederates were there, among them Maj. A. E. Richards, of Mosby's command. He and his old friend "Joe" lived near each other. Instinctively they took their old pistols along to college—those terrible six-shooters with which Mosby's men used plentifully to arm themselves in belt and boot (for that cavalry carried neither saber nor carbine)—and it was amusing to see these two walk out back of their quarters and practice on the gateposts and fence stakes with their "persuaders," as they called these weapons in times past. Bryan and Richards left college in 1867, equipped for the successful lives that awaited them.

Bryan began at once to practice law at Palmyra, Va., and in 1870 he removed to Richmond, continuing the practice.

An extraordinary thing about Joseph Bryan was the quick and enduring hold which he took upon those with whom he was thrown. He was in Mosby's command less than six months; and though but a private and still a boy, he established a lifelong impression upon his comrades and his commander. Mosby became devotedly attached to him, and visited him in after years whenever he could. Soon after locating in Richmond he laid the foundation of that success and usefulness which won for him a lasting place in the esteem and admiration of the community.

He owed his success, however, not alone to the irresistible attractions of his person and manner, the wit that charmed but never gave pain, but to the manifest sincerity and truth of the man, the soundness of his judgment, the accuracy and breadth of his knowledge, his practical wisdom, and in all things the fairness and unselfishness of his life. He won friends among all sorts and conditions of men and inspired confidence which ever increased. He taxed a capacity to do enormous and most varied work. He possessed rare insight insight into the character and qualities of men with a buoyancy of temper which no strain could break and which was ever blended with sobriety and dignity. It is no wonder, therefore, that he held a unique place in the hearts and lives of a multitude of people and accomplished many extraordinary things.

The practice of the law was gradually superseded by attention to various interests, including official connection with several of the principal railroad systems of the South, a street railway in his own city, the great coal and iron works at Birmingham, Ala., the Times newspaper of Richmond (afterwards combined with the Dispatch), and the Richmond Locomotive Works, together with a large number of lesser objects. It was characteristic of him to resign the congenial work of a place on the Board of Visitors to the University of Virginia that he might take a place on the board superintending the management of the State Penitentiary, and he was exceedingly gratified by some of the work he was able to accomplish on that board.

In the midst of this press of affairs his devotion to whatever concerned the Confederate cause never flagged. He believed profoundly in the principle of States rights and in the ability of the Southern States to solve their own problems and successfully direct their own destinies. Although born of a long line of Southern planters, he was nevertheless opposed on principle to slavery; but he never doubted the righteousness of the Confederate cause, and did not believe that it was good for the country that the Confederacy fell. He deplored the fall of the Confederacy, and never ceased to resent the humiliations and wrongs under which the Southern States had been forced back into the Union and the infamy of reconstruction.

Reunions of the Confederate veterans were his delight, especially those of his own command. His heart and hand were lavishly open to relieve needy comrades. Personally and through others he expended thousands of dollars to uphold the honor and dignity of the Confederate cause, and especially in the education and advancement commercially of the sons of his less fortunate comrades. Not a tithe, however, of what he did in this way was ever known except to those who helped him to do the good.

But there was not a more broadly patriotic and loyal citizen in the United States. He sought no public place in the political field; but his wise and conservative force for the progress and welfare of the whole land, and especially of the South, was exerted in every way and most directly through the editorial columns of the Richmond Times (later the Times-Dispatch), which he owned and the policy of which he personally directed. In the great business interests of the country his splendid qualities as a man and as an administrator were felt beyond his own State. He was so natural, free, and unassuming that those close to him rejoiced in and counted upon him quite as on the gracious elements of nature.

Now that he is gone, his loss is felt as if some vital property had gone out of the air. The most delightful thing about this glorious man was that he drew all sorts of people to him and

bestowed himself upon them. The children worshiped him. One of his little friends was sadly disappointed at not receiving something she had asked for in her prayers. "Never mind," said her sister, "Cousin Joe has gone to heaven; he will ask God for you, and you will get it." Young men delighted in his company and opened their hearts to him.

A prince in hospitality, he was the light and spirit of the house and of the feast. "It does me good to see Mr. Bryan come into the car," said one he did not even know by name who took the same line with him into the city in the morning. His presence put men at their ease and at their best. It is no wonder that burdensome demands were made upon him to preside at meetings and make addresses on the most various occasions, religious, social, political, and economic. "I cannot imagine," he would say, "why people want to hear me talk." Those who heard him understood it very easily. It was because with clear voice, clear eye, and in the most winning and impressive manner he knew how to put the subject, give the reasons, and bring things to good conclusions. The more distinguished the occasion, the more certain he was to grace it. His perception of the appropriateness and fitness of things was intuitive.

He helped men, and therefore they kept on coming to him. The troubled, the needy, the afflicted naturally looked to him; and he helped them not merely with material aid—that was easy, for with him generosity became almost a fault—but out of the fullness of his own loving heart he helped them with tender consideration, council, personal effort. The case might call for a journey, for much time and care; still in a way which seemed almost impossible he did amazing service personally and without respect of persons. No one was surer of his sympathy and attention than some poor old negro. He understood the negro's nature thoroughly and felt for him profoundly. His influence with the employees in the various enprises in which he was interested was not merely that of a wise director in whom they had confidence, but of a friend of whose personal touch they were proud, and of whose concern for their best welfare they were assured.

But of all the noble qualities of this richly endowed man, none exceeded his magnanimity. Strict with himself and with those near to him, his patience with the weakness of human nature and with the demands which his own generosity well-nigh provoked seemed inexhaustible. He refused to measure himself or gauge his action by the faults or shortcomings of others. He overlooked ingratitude; he made no account of an injury. To do good and to do it well was the passion of his life. He seemed ever to have the supreme Example before him and to hear the words: "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

No more devoted Virginian ever rejoiced in his native land. From her broad salt waters, by which he was born, back to the mountains and valleys, where he had fought in her defense, he loved Virginia with a romantic and reverent affection. The checkered history of her glorious past was to him the most delightful study, to promote her prosperity and honor was the joyous labor of his life, worthily to emulate the example of her great sons was his highest earthly ambition, and to know (as surely he knew) that he enjoyed the grateful esteem of her citizens was the best and only reward that he desired. The duties which fell to him as President of the Virginia Historical Society were among the most congenial and refreshing engagements of his busy life.

That the man was a Christian need hardly be said. His faith in the Christian religion was the very foundation and strength of his life. Brought up in the Episcopal Church, he became a communicant in early manhood. Without ostentation and without restraint, whether in the midst of his happy home or in the midst of his business, Joseph Bryan was distinctly, unmistakably a Christian. Most truly and consciously did he live and move and have his joyous being in God. His nature, like his creed, was far too manly and reasonable to be touched with asceticism. Richly did he enjoy life, and he enjoyed still more the privilege of relieving the sorrows and suffering and adding to the positive happiness of others. He carried his religion actively into his business; and, moreover, he applied his business principles and his best powers actively in his religion. As teacher and superintendent in his Sunday school, lay reader of the services of the Church, vestryman of his parish, representative of his Church in the diocesan councils, representative of his diocese in the General Conventions, trustee on the boards of several Church institutions, he gave his best talents to the service of the Church. And these things always came first. Many a long-forced journey did he take to be in place on some board or in his Sunday school in the little country church where he loved to worship.

Some two or three years before he died his beautiful home was burned, with nearly all that it contained, he and his wife and children barely escaping. It was Sunday morning. He brushed from his clothes the ashes of his home and went to church with a heart full of thankfulness and praise. He was a standing demonstration that the busiest man can, if he has the heart and will, find time faithfully to serve Christ and his Church. His influence in this respect was very great. In addition to serving his own Church, his efforts were bound by no lines of sect or denomination. All Christians, all who sought to lift up mankind were his brethren. Gladly, unstintedly, unwearyingly he helped all.

The strain upon his abundant life was very great. Still the generous, joyous, elastic spirit never gave way; the fertile, wise, bright mind never failed; the everlasting principles remained; but strong and willing as the body was, the demand upon it was too great. He felt it and made some attempt gradually to withdraw himself from the burden, and in a small degree succeeded. But fresh demands pressed in, until at last, unconsciously even to himself, his health was fatally impaired. One week saw him fully occupied with his business and the affairs of his Church, the next he lay prostrated with an attack of heart trouble, and within six days the fatal stroke came. The good fight was done. The faithful soldier and servant passed to his reward in a still higher life, a still nobler service.

The shock of his death was felt far and wide, and was sorrowfully attested in many ways. On Sunday, November 22, a great concourse, representing every class of people and numbering thousands, gathered in and thronged about the little church, some four miles from Richmond, where he was laid to rest. More genuine love, admiration, and grief were never expressed than was manifested by that multitude for the friend they had lost. Among the veterans that stood about him as he lay in his Confederate gray was his stark old commander, Mosby, the tears upon whose withered cheek were no unworthy expression of the love he bore the friend, who as boy and man he had known and admired for forty-four years.

So passed from our midst one of the most gifted, consecrated, and effective men with which this generation in Virginia has been blessed.

UNION OFFICER WHO WAS IN PRISON.

A careful reading of an address by Gen. Harry White to the "National Association of Ex-Union Prisoners" is pathetic. He quotes General Grant's order, which states: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole or otherwise becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence the system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on till the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North will insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here."

Then General White goes on in his address: "It has always been my opinion that the Union soldiers, suffering as they were in Rebel prisons, were doing a great service in 1864 by keeping out of the field the many thousands of well-fed and well-treated Confederates in Northern prisons."

Confederates who were in prison and survived may smile in silence. The Editor of the VETERAN, who was a (Fort Donelson) prisoner at Camp Morton from February 16, 1862, to the time of exchange at Vicksburg in September following, recalls in this connection the very emaciated condition of the prisoners when leaving the Federal exchange boats at the "cut-off" above Vicksburg—the line of march was along the washed-out canal, smooth and dry to the ferry landing across the Mississippi from Vicksburg—and that the men, rejoiced as they were at being exchanged, were so feeble that they could hardly walk. If General Grant had seen us, he would hardly have designated us as being "active and well fed." A multitude of us were so feeble that we were put in a large building by the riverside in Vicksburg. A rather elderly man who was almost shouting, happy in being freed from prison, and was conspicuous in his joy, lay dead in the morning, but there was a smile of joy upon his emaciated face.

General White refers to the Wirz monument in sorrow. While he regrets that it was erected, he says:

"The proceedings of the dedication may not be regarded as having the importance of the approval of any considerable number of citizens of the States lately composing the Confederacy when it is recalled that it is located in a comparatively obscure spot after refusal by proper authorities to its erection in a more prominent place. It is observed also in the proceedings of dedication that the lady who unveiled the monument was the daughter of Captain Wirz. We may not give importance to the event by making controversy with the daughter, but rather think the project was the effort of the daughter in tender affection to pay a tribute to her father. In connection with those proceedings I recall the trial in court of a young man for a serious offense. The testimony of his guilt was convincing and clear, but his mother went upon the witness stand to prove an alibi. The only cross-examination by the attorney for the prosecution was to ask, 'Are you the defendant's mother?' with the added remark, 'That is all.' The improbable story narrated by the mother came from the love of a mother for her child.

"We may not, then, give undue importance to an occurrence that apparently comes from the influence of the natural affection of a daughter for her father. * * *

"We do not meet on these periodical occasions to perpetuate the angry purposes of war that contention and dissension may follow in the country; but,

'Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps the image as the other flies.'"

General White was the major of a Pennsylvania regiment and in Libby Prison. His prominence in having been a State Senator before the war was such that the Federal authorities made persistent effort to secure his release by exchange, even offering Brigadier General Trimble, but the Confederates could not consistently do it.

The VETERAN extends cordial greeting to Gen. Harry White, and hopes he may live long enough to realize fully that the Confederate authorities were distressed by the hardships to Union prisoners, and did all that was possible with honor to effect an exchange.

A CONFEDERATE MENU.

A subscriber has sent in this menu of Confederate days, the original of which was printed on wall paper just prior to the end of the siege of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, and was picked up by Col. R. J. Redding during a sojourn in that city. It is interesting to note the straits to which the army commissariat was reduced as well as the humor which never failed under the most adverse conditions.

HOTEL DE VICKSBURG, BILL OF FARE FOR JULY, 1863.

Soup: Mule tail.

Roast: Mule sirloin; mule rump, stuffed with rice; saddle of mule a la armee.

Vegetables: Boiled rice; rice hard boiled; rice any way.

Entrees: Mule head, stuff a la Reb; mule hoof, jerked a la Yankee; mule ears, fricassed a la getch; mule side, stewed, new style, hide on; mule liver, hashed a la explosion.

Side dishes: Mule saldal; mule hoof, soused; mule brains a la omelette; mule kidneys, braised on ramrod; mule tripe on half (Parrott) shell; mule tongue, cold a la Bray.

Jellies: Mule foot, three to yard; mule bone a la trench.

Dessert: White oak acorns; beechnuts; blackberry leaf tea; genuine Confederate coffee.

Liquors: Mississippi water, vintage 1492, very superior, $3; limestone water, late importation, very fine, $3.75; spring water, Vicksburg bottled, $4.

Meals at few hours. Gentleman to wait upon themselves. Any inattention in service should be promptly reported at the office. JEFF DAVIS & Co., Proprietors.

Card.—The proprietors of the justly celebrated Hotel de Vicksburg, having enlarged and refitted the same, are now prepared to accommodate all who may favor them with a call. Parties arriving by the river or by Grant's inland route will find Grape, Cannister & Co.'s carriages at the landing or any depot on the line of intrenchments. Buck, Ball & Co. take charge of all baggage. No effort will be spared to make the visit of all as interesting as possible.—*Exchange.*

"He is not dead whose glorious mind
Lifts time on high;
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

MARRIAGE OF OLD SOLDIERS.—What was almost an epidemic of weddings occurred at the Old Soldiers' Home, Beauvoir, Miss., when three marriages took place in the first week of this year. Capt. Robert Whitney and Mrs. Margaret Shephard, who had been boy-and-girl sweethearts, were wedded. Mr. H. H. Groves and Mrs. Eastland, both inmates of the Home, were married at Gulfport, and the wedding of D. C. Yancey and Miss Olivia Davis was celebrated at Beauvoir.

TRIBUTE TO A NOTED SOUTHERN WOMAN.

BY COL. BAXTER SMITH, NASHVILLE.

The reading of your address in a daily paper here on the battle of Franklin awakened in my mind recollections of other interesting events that occurred in that now historic town.

Franklin is still honored with the presence of a lady, now an octogenarian, Mrs. Judge J. C. Gaut, who in 1862 was the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Sarah A. Carter, at whose home the Confederate soldier was ever welcome, and who contributed in every way she could to the advancement of the Confederate cause.

General Rosecrans succeeded General Buell in Kentucky, and the former marched to Nashville in the fall of 1862 with an army of about fifty thousand men. It was evident on our side that a great battle would soon occur at Murfreesboro, where General Bragg's army was located, and preparations were made accordingly. During this state of affairs in November, 1862, I was ordered to Franklin to guard and picket our front, extending many miles to the right and left. We had almost daily collisions with the Federals, sometimes skirmishes which rose to the dignity of small battles. The tension became great as to when Rosecrans would make his advance on Murfreesboro.

About Christmas Mrs. Carter wished to visit Nashville, perilous as was the undertaking; but Mrs. Carter was young, handsome, and possessed extraordinary tact. While she was a true Southern woman, she had many friends on the other side. With these advantages I armed her with passes through my lines at a point most advantageous to her, and she set out for Nashville, and made a safe trip. After reaching Nashville, however, she was arrested and taken to Federal headquarters. She was interrogated for several hours, but she imparted no information of benefit to the enemy. She referred to Gov. William B. Campbell, her cousin, as to who she was. He was in Nashville at the time and was sent for. On arriving he requested them to release her, which they did. That night she procured information that the Federals would start in a few hours. She induced Governor Campbell to get her a pass to go back home—to Franklin. She then hired a team and a young man to drive her and hurried on to Franklin. She sent for me and told of the contemplated movements of the Federal army.

I at once dispatched a courier with all speed apprising General Bragg of the contemplated advance on the next day, which was the first information he had on the subject. The advance was made the next day, but it was retarded by our cavalry, so that the main Federal army did not reach Murfreesboro and take position until the evening of December 30. The battle opened the next morning, December 31.

This heroic part taken by this high-souled lady was only one of the many deeds of heroism performed by her during the war, and since the war by a thousand acts she has ministered to those who suffered by it. She has ever been in the front rank for the amelioration of the needy Confederate soldier. Many sick and wounded soldiers were nursed back to health by her.

After the war she did a great deal toward raising money to buy artificial limbs for those who were not able to supply them. Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter appointed her president of the Williamson County society which was organized for the purpose of giving this aid. And with the assistance of friends of Williamson County she gave two entertainments by which she made $1,000. She was also auxiliary president of a society to raise funds to buy a home for orphan children of Confederate soldiers. Three hundred and fifty dollars was raised, and a home bought near Clarksville.

After the battle of Franklin, Mrs. Carter's house was filled with Confederate wounded; and after the retreat of Hood's army, it was occupied by the Federals for a hospital. At the same time she had in her home both Confederate and Federal wounded. She is a charter member of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, Daughters of the Confederacy, and she organized the Franklin Chapter, No. 14, which is prominent in Confederate work, and she is its Honorary President, while her daughter, Mrs. R. N. Richardson, is the active President.

Although past eighty, she still retains much of her peculiar attractiveness of manner and conversation, and her reminiscences, especially of the war, are intensely interesting.

Capt. John M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., upon seeing the picture of Mrs. Gaut in the VETERAN for November, 1909, wrote to her: "I was so impressed with the picture of my dearest and most faithful friend in time of great pain that it brought tears to my eyes. I have many times spoken of you as the 'angel of mercy' to the Confederate soldier in his sorrow and distress."

BY A MEMBER OF GOV. "ANDY" JOHNSON'S STAFF.

Ben C. Truman, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes of Mrs. Gaut: "When I saw the picture of the lovely Mrs. Gaut (I knew her as Mrs. Carter away back in 1862-65) in the VETERAN of November, 1909, it set my heart to beating, and I called to mind how good she was and how many passes I used to give her when on Andy Johnson's staff. The military Governor, although he seemed to be severe in his speeches, impressed it upon me that I should treat the Nashville Confederates with kindness and consideration, and especially the women; and I also noticed that he maintained a high appreciation of the rectitude and influence of many of the leading ladies of Middle Tennessee who often called on us for passes and other favors.



MRS. JOHN C. GAUT.

"One of the famous beauties of Middle Tennessee at that time was a rich widow named Carter, who resided at Franklin. A week seldom expired that Mrs. Carter did not wish a pass between Franklin and Nashville or some other little favor. One day she came to me and said she wanted a permit to carry home six barrels of salt. While I knew her to be an honorable and all-round trustworthy woman, I bore in mind that she was a Rebel, and that salt, ice, and quinine were exceedingly scarce among those she loved best. So I made her request known to Mr. Johnson, who said: 'Give Mrs. Carter the permit for the six barrels. Six barrels of salt won't be of much service to the Confederacy, you know; besides, she is a lovely woman.'

"In about a month afterwards the lady again called and wanted to take out twelve barrels of salt. She owned many slaves, and was salting down a good deal of pork and beef; and there were other needs which the bewitching Rebel elaborated upon. I again consulted Mr. Johnson, and he said: 'Mrs. Carter is a lovely woman, but she can only have a permit for six barrels. You might tell her without offending her that she won't have to feed her niggers long.'

"I quickly informed Mrs. Carter that the Governor did not feel authorized to grant her a permit for more than six barrels. 'Then make me out two permits,' she archly replied, 'each for six barrels,' and I respectfully made out the two permits."

The First Successful Torpedo, and What It Did.—H. D. Brown, Esq., of San Antonio, Tex., writes at the request of a friend in regard to his father's invention, which was evidently the first torpedo: "The incident to which you refer was doubtless the blowing up of the United States gunboat DeKalb in the Yazoo River. While the principle involved had been attempted before, the application in this instance was an invention of my father. It recalls the adage that 'necessity is the mother of invention.' Having no torpedoes, or mines, as they are now called, and no facilities at hand for constructing them, my father took an ordinary five-gallon wicker-covered demijohn and filled it with cannon powder borrowed from the army; and with a common friction primer, such as was used by the artillery, he planted his 'torpedo' in the channel by means of a rope stretched from bank to bank. The DeKalb, steaming up the river without a suspicion of danger, set the thing off, and it sank in a few moments with a loss of many of her officers and crew. This was the first vessel destroyed in actual warfare by the use of the torpedo. My father afterwards had constructed several large copper torpedoes which he placed in the Yazoo, one of which destroyed a gunboat or transport, the name of which I do not now recall. The only recognition he received from the Confederate States Navy Department for this feat, which inaugurated a new era of warfare and which should have advanced him to the grade of admiral, was the criticism: 'You paid a very high price for your torpedoes.'"

Mrs. T. J. Jackson Guest of Honor.—Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was the honor guest at a large reception given last evening by the Confederate Veterans Camp, No. 71, and the District of Columbia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the Confederate Memorial Home. Mrs. C. D. Merwin, President of the District of Columbia Division, presented the guests to Maj. Holmes Conrad, who in turn made the introductions to Mrs. Jackson. Receiving with Mrs. Jackson were Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, whose guest Mrs. Jackson is during her visit to Washington; Mrs. G. F. R. Henderson; Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, President General of the D. A. R.; Mrs. W. F. Dennis, President of the Southern Relief Society; Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson, President Stonewall Jackson Chapter; Mrs. H. L. Wheatley, President R. E. Lee Chapter; Mrs. William O. Roone, President Southern Cross Chapter; Miss Mary Desha, President Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter; Mrs. Arthur E. Johnson, First Vice President Beauregard Chapter; Mrs. J. Somerville Harris, President Dixie Chapter.

Lived One Hundred and Five Years.—Mrs. Martha Rogers died in Atlanta January 8 at the age of one hundred and five years. She was the mother of Mrs. J. W. Bishop, of Atlanta, and had a great number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren scattered throughout the South.

GENERAL LEE'S SWORD RECOVERED FROM FIRE.

Laburnum, the beautiful home of Hon. Joseph Bryan in the suburbs of Richmond, which was destroyed by fire some time ago, contained rare paintings, silver, and heirloom furniture and bric-a-brac, which were entirely destroyed, save some few books, pictures, and papers which were on the second floor. Among other things that were lost was the historic sword of General Lee, the bright blade he used in the Mexican War, where he served first as a captain and then as a colonel in the United States army. Some time after the fire the sword was discovered by some men in the cellar under the library, of which it had been one of the most prized ornaments.

The hilt and scabbard had been melted or burned, but the blade was only a little discolored by the heat. So the sword can be easily repaired. The new hilt will be made after the pattern of those used by the officers of engineers in the Mexican War.

Veteran Traces Ownership of Old Canteen.—Mr. John N. Woodmancy, of Company F, Ohio Volunteers, now of Piqua, Ohio, while "on the march to the sea" with Sherman found an old canteen in Tennessee. It was in the shape of a small keg made of red cedar and banded with brass. It was about two and a half inches thick and seven in diameter. On one side was the inscription: "M. N. Stone, 6th Ky. Cav., C. S. A., Nov. 4, 1862." The other bore marks of a bayonet. Mr. Woodmancy took care of the canteen, and lately wrote the Adjutant General of Kentucky to try to find the owner. A paragraph to this effect was published in the October Veteran, and Mr. M. C. Saufley, of Lincoln County, Ky., answered the query, saying that Mr. Stone was dead, and that he was his only relative; that he was in prison at the date that Mr. Woodmancy found the canteen, and he could not tell the circumstances of its loss. Mr. Saufley often used the canteen when messing with his cousin.

A correspondent from Pendleton, Oregon, reports that a "mystery surrounds the unearthing near Cayuse of the remains of some soldier. There is only the fainest clue of identity. The dress and cap ornament bore insignia of Company K, 2d Louisiana Infantry. The skeleton was found nine feet underground and crumbled to pieces when removed. It is believed the body was that of a Confederate soldier."

The above is sent the Veteran by Lewis C. Garrigus, Esq., who adds: "The inclosed newspaper clipping is sent with the hope that by its insertion in the Veteran it may be seen by some one who can throw some light upon a dark matter. Some survivor of Company H, 2d Louisiana Infantry, may remember the disappearance of a member of his company or know of some relative who may identify the remains in some way."

Comrade D. H. Russell, of Anderson, S. C., calls attention to an error in the November Veteran where the repetition of Maney, colonel of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, page 543, is given as Maury, and he observes that the Veteran prints Pittsylvania County, Va., as Pennsylvania. Errors continue to occur even in the Veteran.

Change of Officers.—Because of ill health, Mrs. S. D. Aull, the efficient Corresponding Secretary of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., had to resign, much to the regret of the entire Division, to whom her conscientious work had much endeared her. The Executive Committee appointed Miss Alice Erle to fill the vacancy.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS OF TENNESSEE.

[Col. John P. Hickman made a talk and read a paper before the Tennessee Historical Association. His subject was "The Generals of the Confederate Army from Tennessee."]

Facts telling of the commands, when they joined the army, how long they served, and other interesting features were brought out by Colonel Hickman concerning the thirty-eight generals from Tennessee. These generals were: Alexander P. Stewart, Nathan Bedford Forrest, William B. Bate, John C. Brown, Benjamin F. Cheatham, Daniel S. Donaldson, W. Y. C. Humes, Bushrod R. Johnson, John P. McCown, Cadmus M. Wilcox, John Adams, Samuel R. Anderson, Frank C. Armstrong, Tyree H. Bell, Alexander W. Campbell, William H. Carroll, John C. Carter, H. B. Davidson, George G. Dibrell, George W. Gordon, Robert Hatton, Alfred E. Jackson, George Maney, William McComb, Joseph B. Palmer, Gideon J. Pillow, William A. Quarles, James E. Rains, Preston Smith, Thomas Benton Smith, Ortho F. Strahl, R. C. Tyler, A. J. Vaughan, John C. Vaughan, L. M. Walker, Marcus J. Wright, Felix K. Zollicoffer.

Following is the complete data concerning all of these distinguished men, and it is a compilation of facts valuable to history:

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Gen. Alexander P. Stewart.—May 17, 1861, appointed major of artillery; November 8, 1861, brigadier general; June 2, 1863, major general; June 23, 1864, lieutenant general. Commands: Brigade composed of 4th, 5th, 29th, 31st, and 33d Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, Clark's Division of Major General Polk's corps. March 31, 1863, commanded brigade in Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee, composed of the 4th, 5th, 19th, 24th, 31st, and 33d Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, and Standford's Battery of Artillery; June 6, 1863, commanded division composed of the brigades of John C. Brown, B. R. Johnson, O. F. Strahl, and H. D. Clayton; August 31, 1863, commanded division composed of the brigades of John C. Brown, William B. Bate, H. D. Clayton, and M. A. Stovall; in the fall of 1863 commanded division composed of the brigades of Stovall, Clayton, Alpheus Baker, and Randall L. Gibson; June 23, 1864, commanded corps composed of the divisions of S. G. French, W. W. Loring, and E. C. Walthall; March 16, 1865, assigned to the command of the infantry and artillery of the Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest.—May, 1861, captain of a company of cavalry; 1861-62, colonel Forrest's Regiment of Cavalry; July 21, 1862, appointed brigadier general; December 4, 1863, appointed major general; February 28, 1865, appointed lieutenant general. Commands: August 1, 1862, commanded brigade composed of 4th, 8th, and 9th Tennessee Regiments of Cavalry, 4th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry, and Freeman's Battery of Artillery. In December, 1863, assigned to the command of all the cavalry in West Tennessee and North Mississippi, consisting of the brigades of J. R. Chalmers, Ben McCullough, Tyree H. Bell, J. M. Jeffries, R. V. Richardson, and H. B. Lyon, the whole organized into two divisions, commanded by J. R. Chalmers and Abe Buford; in February, 1865, commanded the divisions of J. R. Chalmers, W. H. Jackson, Abe Buford, and Ben McCullough, together with the militia of Mississippi and East Louisiana.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Gen. William B. Bate.—April 27, 1861, elected colonel of 2d Tennessee Infantry; October 3, 1862, appointed brigadier general; February 23, 1864, appointed major general. Commands: Brigade composed of the 2d, 10th, 15th, 20th, and 37th Tennessee, 37th Georgia Regiments of Infantry, 4th Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters, and the Eufaula Battery of Artillery, A. P. Stewart's division, W. J. Hardee's corps. In September, 1863, in John C. Breckinridge's division, until February 23, 1864, when it became Bate's Division; division composed of the brigades of R. C. Tyler, J. H. Lewis, and J. J. Finley, and the batteries of Slocum, Cobb, and Mehane. In August, 1864, H. R. Jackson's brigade replaced J. H. Lewis's brigade, which was transferred to cavalry.

Gen. John C. Brown.—May 16, 1861, elected colonel 3d Tennessee Infantry; August 30, 1862, appointed brigadier general; August 4, 1864, appointed major general. Commands: Brigade composed of 18th, 26th, 32d, and 45th Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, and T. W. Newman's battalion of Tennessee infantry, A. P. Stewart's division, Leonidas Polk's corps. The 3d Tennessee Regiment of Infantry was subsequently added to the brigade. Division composed of the brigades of D. C. Govan and J. A. Smith.

Gen. Benjamin Franklin Cheatham.—May 9, 1861, appointed major general provisional army of Tennessee; July 9, 1861, appointed brigadier general; March 10, 1862, appointed major general. Commands: March, 1862, commanded brigade composed of the 154th, 6th, and 9th Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, and Blythe's Mississippi Battalion of Infantry; commanded second division of the brigades of Col. Preston Smith and Col. William H. Stephens; 1862-63, commanded division composed of brigades of George Maney, Preston Smith, Marcus J. Wright, and O. F. Strahl; in 1864 commanded W. J. Hardee's corps, consisting of the divisions of B. F. Cheatham, P. R. Cleburne, and William B. Bate.

Gen. Daniel S. Donelson.—March 9, 1861, appointed brigadier general provisional army of Tennessee; July 9, 1861, appointed brigadier general; January 17, 1862, appointed major general; died at Knoxville, Tenn., April 17, 1863. Commands: Brigade composed of the 8th, 16th, 28th, 38th, 52d Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, and Carnes's Battery of Tennessee Artillery, known as the first brigade, second division, first corps, Army of Mississippi; commanded first division of the right wing of the Army of Mississippi, composed of the brigades of George Maney, A. P. Stewart, and D. S. Donelson, commanded by Col. John H. Savage; January 17, 1863, commanded Department of East Tennessee.

Gen. W. Y. C. Humes.—June, 1861, appointed captain of artillery; November 16, 1863, appointed brigadier general; March, 1865, appointed major general. Commands: In 1863 commanded a brigade of cavalry in Wheeler's Cavalry; division composed of brigades of H. M. Ashby, Thomas Harrison, and John S. Williams.

Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson.—June 28, 1861, appointed colonel of engineers; January 24, 1862, appointed brigadier general; May 21, 1864, appointed major general. Commands: Brigade composed of the 17th, 23d, 25th, 37th, and 44th Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, and Darden's Battery Artillery; during 1862 commanded 3d Brigade, 3d Division of the Army of Mississippi. Division composed of brigades of Col. A. S. Fulton, H. A. Wise, S. J. Elliott, and Archibald Gracie, and 64th Georgia Infantry.

Gen. John P. McCown.—March 16, 1861, appointed lieutenant colonel of artillery; May, 1861, appointed colonel of artillery; October 12, 1861, appointed brigadier general; March 10, 1862, appointed major general. Commands: October 24, 1861, commanded the 3d Division of the Western Department, composed of the brigades of Colonel Neely and Colonel Marks; commanded division composed of the brigades of W. L. Cabell

and T. J. Churchill, Army of the West; commanded division composed of the brigades of Walton Ector, James E. Raines, and Evander McNair; in June, 1862, commanded Army of the West, composed of the divisions of J. P. McCown, D. H. Maury, and Stinson Little; September 1, 1862, commanded Department of East Tennessee; November, 1862, commanded a division in E. Kirby Smith's corps.

Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox.—March 16, 1861, appointed captain of artillery; July 9, 1861, elected colonel of 9th Alabama Infantry; October 21, 1861, appointed brigadier general; August 3, 1863, appointed major general. Commands: Brigade composed of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama, the 19th Mississippi, and 38th Virginia Regiments of Infantry, R. H. Anderson's division, A. P. Hill's corps; division composed of the brigades of J. H. Lane, Samuel McGowan, A. M. Scales, and B. M. Thomas.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

Gen. John Adams.—March 16, 1861, appointed captain of cavalry; in 1862, appointed colonel; December 29, 1862, appointed brigadier general; killed in battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. Commands: 1861-62 commanded post at Memphis; brigade composed of 6th, 14th, 15th, 20th, 23d, and 43d Mississippi Regiments of Infantry, W. W. Loring's division, A. P. Stewart's corps, Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Samuel R. Anderson.—May 9, 1861, appointed major general provisional army of Tennessee; July 9, 1861, appointed brigadier general; May 8, 1862, resigned; November 7, 1864, reappointed brigadier general. Commands: Brigade composed of the 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, and one company of Tennessee cavalry.

Gen. Frank C. Armstrong.—May 16, 1861, appointed second lieutenant of cavalry, but declined the commission; March 6, 1862; appointed assistant adjutant general to Gen. Ben McCulloch; May 14, 1862, elected colonel 3d Louisiana Infantry; January 30, 1863, appointed brigadier general. Commands: In 1863 commanded brigade in Forrest's Division, Van Dorn's Cavalry, consisting of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas troops; commanded a division consisting of G. G. Dibrell's and Thomas Harrison's brigades under Gen. James Longstreet, in East Tennessee; afterwards commanded a brigade in J. R. Chalmers's division, under Gen. Richard Taylor.

Gen. Tyree H. Bell.—June 4, 1861, elected captain in 12th Tennessee Infantry; June 5, 1861, elected lieutenant colonel of 12th Tennessee Infantry; July, 1862, elected colonel of 12th Tennessee Infantry; November, 1864, appointed brigadier general. Commands: In 1864, as colonel, commanded brigade composed of R. M. Russell, H. C. Greer, A. N. Wilson, C. R. Barteau, J. F. Newsom, and D. W. Wisdom's regiments of cavalry; as brigadier general commanded same regiments in W. H. Jackson's division, Forrest's Cavalry.

Gen. Alexander W. Campbell.—In 1861 elected colonel 33d Tennessee Infantry; 1862-63, colonel and inspector general on the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk; March 15, 1864, appointed brigadier general. Commands: Commanded a brigade in W. H. Jackson's division, Forrest's Cavalry.

Gen. William H. Carroll.—In 1861 appointed brigadier general in the provisional army of Tennessee; October 21, 1861, appointed brigadier general; February 1, 1863, resigned. Commands: Commanded a brigade in the District of East Tennessee; commanded a brigade in the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky.

Gen. John C. Carter.—In 1861 captain in 38th Tennessee Infantry; 1862, major of 38th Tennessee Infantry; 1863, colonel of 38th Tennessee Infantry; July 7, 1864, appointed brigadier general; killed in battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. Commands: Commanded Gen. Marcus J. Wright's brigade, composed of the 8th, 19th, 28th, 38th, 51st, and 52d Tennessee Regiments of Infantry, T. W. Murray's battalion of Tennessee infantry, and W. W. Carnes's battery of artillery, Cheatham's Division, afterwards John C. Brown's division; Cheatham commanding General Hardee's corps.

Gen. H. B. Davidson.—August 18, 1863, appointed brigadier general. Commands: Commanded a brigade of cavalry in Wheeler's Corps.

Gen. George G. Dibrell.—April 10, 1861, elected colonel of 25th Tennessee Infantry; September, 1861, elected colonel of 8th or 13th Tennessee Cavalry; July 26, 1864, appointed brigadier general. Commands: In 1862, 3d Brigade, composed of 4th Alabama and 8th and 9th Tennessee Regiments of Cavalry, Napier's, Cox's, and Shaw's Battalions of Tennessee Cavalry and Woodward's Kentucky Battery; in 1863, commanded Armstrong's Brigade; July 1, 1864, commanded Forrest's Brigade (succeeding Colonel Starnes); in 1865, commanded Dibrell's and Williams's Brigades of Cavalry, the latter composed of the 1st, 2d, and 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge commanding; April 12, 1865, ordered from Raleigh, N. C., to Greensboro to escort President Davis to Washington, Ga. Original brigade composed of 4th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th Tennessee Regiments of Cavalry, and Shaw's Battalion of Cavalry.

Gen. George W. Gordon.—May, 1861, elected lieutenant of 11th Tennessee Infantry; December, 1862, elected colonel of 11th Tennessee Infantry; August 15, 1864, appointed brigadier general. Commands: Brigade composed of 11th, 12th, 13th, 29th, 47th, and 154th Tennessee Regiments of Infantry.

Gen. Robert Hatton.—In 1861 elected colonel 7th Tennessee Infantry; May 23, 1862, appointed brigadier general; killed in battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. Commands: Brigade composed of 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee Infantry.

Gen. Alfred E. Jackson.—April 23, 1863, appointed brigadier general. Commands: Commanded the 4th Military Division of East Tennessee.

Gen. William H. Jackson.—In 1861 captain of battery of artillery; in 1861 colonel of 1st Tennessee Cavalry; December 29, 1862, appointed brigadier general; commanded cavalry brigade in Forrest's Division; commanded cavalry division Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana.

Gen. George Maney.—May 8, 1861, elected colonel 1st Tennessee Infantry; April 16, 1862, appointed brigadier general. Commands: Brigade composed of 1st, 4th, 6th, 9th, and 27th Tennessee Infantry, Frank Maney's battalion of Tennessee infantry and Melancthon Smith's battery of artillery, being 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 1st Corps, Army of Mississippi. The 41st and 50th Tennessee Infantry were added to the brigade in the Army of Tennessee.

Gen. William McComb.—September 2, 1862, elected colonel 14th Tennessee Infantry; January 20, 1865, appointed brigadier general. Commands: Brigade composed of 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee Infantry, 13th Alabama Infantry, and 5th Battalion Alabama Infantry, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Gen. Joseph B. Palmer.—In 1861 elected colonel of 18th Tennessee Infantry; November 15, 1864, appointed brigadier general. Commands: In 1862 commanded as colonel a brigade in Breckinridge's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Brigade composed of 3d, 18th, 26th, 32d, and 45th Tennessee Infantry, 23d Battalion Tennessee Infantry, and 58th and 60th

North Carolina Infantry; April, 1865, commanded all Tennessee regiments in the Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Gideon J. Pillow.—May 9, 1861, appointed major general provisional army of Tennessee; July 9, 1861, appointed brigadier general. Commands: July 30, 1861, commanded post at New Madrid, Mo.; October 24, 1861, commanded 1st Division of Western Department; commanded a cavalry brigade in the Army of Tennessee; commanded 3d Division, Army of Central Kentucky; in charge of conscript corps in Western Department.

Gen. William A. Quarles.—In 1861 elected colonel 42d Tennessee Infantry; August 25, 1863, appointed brigadier general Commands: Brigade composed of 42d, 46th, 48th, and 55th Tennessee Infantry (consolidated), 49th and 53d Tennessee Infantry, 1st Alabama Infantry, and the 4th and 30th Louisiana Infantry, and Fenner's Louisiana Battery, Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Gen. James E. Rains.—May 10, 1861, elected colonel 11th Tennessee Infantry; November 4, 1862, appointed brigadier general; killed at Murfreesboro December 31, 1862. Command: Brigade composed of 11th Tennessee Infantry, 20th North Carolina Infantry, 41st Georgia Infantry, 3d Georgia Battalion of Infantry, and McTyeire's Battery of Artillery, Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Preston Smith.—May, 1861, elected colonel 154th Senior Tennessee Infantry; October 27, 1862, appointed brigadier general; killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. Command: Brigade composed of 11th, 13th, 29th, 47th, and 154th Tennessee Infantry, a battalion of sharpshooters, and W. L. Scott's battery of artillery, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Thomas Benton Smith.—In 1862 elected colonel 20th Tennessee Infantry; July 29, 1864, appointed brigadier general. Command: Brigade composed of 2d, 10th, and 20th Tennessee Infantry, the 15th, 30th, and 37th Tennessee Infantry (consolidated), the 37th Georgia Infantry, and a Georgia battalion of sharpshooters, Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Otto F. Strahl.—In May, 1861, elected captain in 4th Tennessee Infantry; in 1862 elected lieutenant colonel 4th Tennessee Infantry; in 1863 elected colonel 4th Tennessee Infantry; July 28, 1863, appointed brigadier general; killed at Franklin, November 30, 1864. Command: Brigade composed of 4th, 5th, 19th, 24th, 31st, 33d, and 41st Tennessee Infantry, and Stanford's Battery of Artillery, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Gen. R. C. Tyler.—1861, captain, assistant quartermaster; 1861, major, assistant quartermaster; 1863, elected colonel 15th Tennessee Infantry; February 23, 1864, appointed brigadier general; killed at Fort Tyler, Ga., April 16, 1865. Commands: Brigade composed of 37th Georgia Infantry, the 10th, 15th, 20th, 30th, and 37th Tennessee Infantry, and 4th Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters; commanded post at West Point, Va.

Gen. A. J. Vaughan.—June 7, 1861, elected lieutenant colonel 13th Tennessee Infantry; 1862, elected colonel 13th Tennessee Infantry; November 18, 1863, appointed brigadier general. Command: Brigade (formerly Preston Smith's brigade) composed of 11th, 12th, 13th, 29th, 47th, and 154th Tennessee Infantry, a battalion of sharpshooters, and W. L. Scott's battery of artillery, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Gen. John C. Vaughn.—May 3, 1861, elected colonel 3d Tennesse Infantry; September 29, 1862, appointed brigadier general. Commands: Commanded 2d Brigade, M. L. Smith's division, Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana; brigade composed of seven regiments and two battalions (all mounted) from East Tennessee and one battalion of Georgia cavalry.

Gen. L. M. Walker.—November 11, 1861, elected colonel 40th Tennessee Infantry; March 11, 1862, appointed brigadier general; killed in a duel with General Marmaduke in Arkansas in 1863; commanded a brigade of cavalry in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Gen. Marcus J. Wright.—April 4, 1861, elected lieutenant colonel of 144th Tennessee Infantry; December 13, 1862, appointed brigadier general. Commands: March, 1862, Military Governor of Columbus, Ky.; January 10, 1863, assigned to the command of Roger Hanson's Kentucky brigade; February 1, 1863, commanded Daniel S. Donelson's Tennessee brigade, composed of the 8th, 16th, 28th, 38th, 51st, and 52d Tennessee Infantry, T. B. Murray's battalion of infantry, and W. W. Carnes's battery of artillery; February 3, 1865, commanded district of West Tennessee and North Mississippi.

Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer.—May 9, 1861, appointed major general provisional army of Tennessee; July 9, 1861, appointed brigadier general; killed at Fishing Creek, Ky., January 19, 1862. Commands: June, 1861, commanded camp of instruction at Camp Trousdale; July 26, 1861, commanded District of East Tennessee. Brigade composed of 19th, 20th, 25th, and 29th Tennessee Infantry, 15th Mississippi Infantry, and Rutledge's Battery of Artillery.

In 1861 Hon. Isham G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee and commandant of the provisional army of Tennessee, appointed Robert C. Foster, III., John L. T. Sneed, William R. Casswell, and C. W. Frazier brigadier generals in the provisional army; but they were not appointed when Tennessee became a part of the Confederate States. Gen. Mark P. Lowrey, of Mississippi, was a native of Tennessee.

IN WASHINGTON WHEN LINCOLN WAS KILLED.

The article by Will F. Christy, Company F, 10th Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, Creston, Iowa, which appeared in a recent issue of the National Tribune is very interesting, as he gives the events of the night that Lincoln was killed from the view-point of a soldier on duty in Washington. He says that the city that evening was brilliantly illuminated, the White House Band gave a concert in the grounds, and everywhere there was hilarity and restored confidence.

The men from the barracks were called from sound sleep about eleven o'clock by the long roll beaten as if all the energy of the drummers was being put into their efforts. The soldiers were all in line, guns in hand, like specters in the misty fog, before they learned of what had happened. When the captain told them that Lincoln had been killed, several seriously injured, and it was thought that several of the Cabinet were injured also, for a moment there was a breathless silence in the ranks of soldiers. Then pandemonium broke out, men wringing their hands and crying like children and others cursing like fiends, and there were bitter threats of what they would do when morning came.

The men were kept in line all night, fearing a riot in the city, and the next day the guards were doubled around the camp, and no men were allowed to leave it save in charge of an officer. This strict discipline most probably saved Washington from a scene of massacre. There were many ex-Confederate soldiers in the city, also many Southern sympathizers, and until the assassin was located the soldiers swore to wreak vengeance upon these innocent people.

SPIRIT SOUTH AT TIME OF FIRST BATTLE.

Mrs. H. A. Chambers, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has a letter written in Charleston just after the fall of Fort Sumter which represents the spirit of that time in a way that posterity, North as well as South, should know and remember. There is not an expression in it but of patriotism and human sympathy. Mrs. Chambers resurrected it quite accidentally. It was written forty-nine years ago by Mrs. Langston Bowie, wife of a wholesale merchant in Charleston, to her mother, Mrs. Sophia Park, of Knoxville, grandmother of Mrs. Chambers. It reads like a pean of victory for the success of the writer's cause, and is as follows:

"CHARLESTON, S. C., April 15, 1861.

"*My Dear Mother:* That I have witnessed a battle of thirty-six hours and have not shed a tear over the body of friend or foe is most marvelous to tell. The Lord has heard us in the day of our trouble. We rest beneath the shadow of his wing. He has heard us from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand. Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. The strong are brought down and fallen, but we are risen and stand upright. In the name of our God we will set up our banners.

"Early Saturday morning, the second day of the battle, I went down to the house of a friend on the battery and took my seat in the second-story piazza. I saw every gun fired by friend and foe. I saw every bomb burst. I saw formidable Sumter belch forth its volumes of brimstone like a volcano. I saw it enveloped in the black clouds of smoke that were destroying it. I saw the flag shot down by a ball from our own Fort Moultrie. I saw the white flag raised on the ramparts of our enemy. In a moment all was still. The battle was fought! I felt like I should burst, but in a moment the most deafening huzzas and shouts of victory rent the air. Not one killed, not one wounded. What else but the Almighty Arm could have protected us?

"Yesterday was the Sabbath. Truly it was a Sabbath of rest, a holy day to us. I never before felt drawn so near to my Heavenly Father, and with a thrilling, yearning heart! And toward you, my earthly parent, I feel that I must give vent to my feelings. Langdon [her son] came down with his company from Columbia while the bombardment was at its height, and they were sent over to Sullivan Island. I knew they had arrived in the city, but never dreamed they would be sent over to the island until they were gone. I have not seen him since, as every soldier is still at his post.

"The fleet of five United States vessels is still anchored out of harm's way, but in our view. They saw it all. Major Anderson fought nobly. He and his men were furnished every facility and allowed to salute their flag as they marched out of Sumter. But, sad to say, some of his men were killed by an accidental explosion of one of their own grenades in the act of firing their own salute to their own flag.

"I hope some of the family will be able to read this to your satisfaction. [Her mother was blind.] Accept our warmest love for yourself and all the family.

"From your affectionate daughter, JANE."

DATA CONCERNING JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Walter L. Fleming, professor of history in Louisiana University, Baton Rouge, La., seeks information about Jefferson Davis. He is engaged in writing a biography of Mr. Davis, and desires as much information as possible about every phase of his public and private life. He seeks such information and material as is indicated in the following list: Names and present addresses of relatives, neighbors, former slaves, etc., who can give information about him, letters, scrapbooks, diaries, privately printed books, pamphlets, newspapers, pictures of Mr. Davis and relatives, of his homes, and any places connected with his carcer, reminiscences, authentic anecdotes; also any information about his relatives in Wales, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

He seeks the loan of any documentary or other material, and guarantees its safe return.

BISHOP W. C. GRAY, A CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN.

Bishop William Crane Gray, of Southern Florida, was one of the "fighting parsons" of the war, having served as a soldier and chaplain during the entire struggle save the months he spent in a Northern prison. He is proud of his record as a soldier, as he also is of his cross, which was bestowed on him by Miss Lucy White Hayes, the youngest granddaughter of President Davis.

Bishop Gray was ordained to the Episcopal Diaconate of Tennessee in 1859, ordained to the priesthood on Ascension Day in 1850 by Bishop Otey, and was rector of the Church of the Advent, Nashville, Tenn., for twelve years. In this church he was consecrated bishop in December, 1892, and a short time afterwards was made missionary bishop of Southern Florida, where his work has borne abundant fruit in the establishing and upbuilding of many churches; also in the reclaiming of the scattered inhabitants of the Everglades and the interior of Florida, many of whom save for the Bishop's efforts would never hear the word of God. His work among the Indians has been remarkable; he has many congregations, and some earnest workers have been developed among the tribes, while morality and sobriety have made wonderful advancement.

The establishing of Church schools has always been close to his heart, and his first school, one for boys at Sanford, was very successful. When Mr. Pell Clark, a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, presented his own home as a bishop's residence, Bishop Gray saw an opening for his cherished desire—a girls' school in Orlando, Fla. The house he was then occupying was given up for this purpose. The school has grown rapidly, the first building added to the original house being a large structure of brick and stone which is called Bishop Gray Hall. This was the gift of a Northern friend, and another building given by the same friend, now in process of erection, bears the name of the generous donor and is called George B. Cluett Hall. The corner stone of this was recently laid with imposing ceremonies, Bishop Weed, of Florida, being the speaker.

Early in February at the eighteenth annual convocation, which was held in Orlando, the Bishop celebrated his fiftieth anniversary in the priesthood. seventeen years of which have been spent as Bishop of Florida.

Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, spoke with deep feeling of the personality of Bishop Gray and of the work he had accomplished, adding a loving tribute of the help he had received from his hands at the beginning of his own career. At the communion a purse containing one thousand dollars in gold was placed upon the altar for Bishop Gray, a loving offering from the whole diocese. Later the congregation of Orlando gave a large reception to the Bishop and his wife, and many handsome gifts were sent them.



"The warfares of earth will call them no more
To carnage and death on that beautiful shore;
But the light of God's love beyond the dark river
Will abide with his people forever and ever!"

WILLIAM VANDYKE ECHOLS.

The summons of death came suddenly to William V. Echols, a member of Camp Friendship, U. C. V., of Hartselle, Ala., on January 5. He was prepared through the consciousness of duty done. He was a lad of but seventeen years when he enlisted for his country in the fall of 1864, and it was his delight to cater to the pleasures of old comrades or relieve their necessities. Camp Friendship, No. 383, was organized at Hartselle in 1894 largely through his instrumentality, and he was always actively interested in its meetings. He was an official of the Camp. Recently he gave three acres of land for the home of the Camp, and it was while superintending the erection of a wigwam thereon that he was stricken with apoplexy. In sorrow his comrades bore him to his last resting place and paid to him their tribute of affection. His was a nature that drew hearts to him by many good deeds.

JOHN THOMAS NEELY.

On a recent Sunday afternoon in December J. T. Neely dismissed the Llano (Tex.) Sunday School, talked with some of the neighbors, and then rode to his home. Alighting from his horse, he fell, evidently stricken by apoplexy. His death occurred on Tuesday. He lay unconscious until his life slowly ebbed away. He was buried the next day. On his way home Mr. Neely spoke to a neighbor about life and our uncertain hold upon it, and remarked that he was trying to live as if each day were his last. The old man's voice was of a tender, "other-world quality." His manner was gentle, Christlike. He was a chivalrous, refined Southern gentleman. The following was written by Mr. Neely himself several years ago: "I was born July 26, 1840, in Shelby County, Ala., near Monticello, and moved to Louisiana in 1852. I volunteered in the fall of 1861 in Company L, 12th Louisiana Regiment of Infantry, and spent the winter of 1861 at Columbus, Ky. From there we went to Fort Pillow, and for several months the 12th Louisiana, Ford's Battalion and Artillery, held the fort. From there we went to Memphis, Tenn., retreating from there to Coffeeville, Miss., where we had a little fight. I was in the battle of Baker's Creek, and joined General Johnston at Resaca, Ga. I was in the campaign back to Atlanta and with General Hood to Nashville and back, there to North Carolina, in the battle of Kingston, and the last general battle at Bentonville, N. C., under General Johnston, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C. I was with my regiment in all the battles except Jackson, Miss., and the last battle at Corinth, Miss. I was in different brigades, but last in T. M. Scott's, Loring's Division, and Stewart's Corps."

[In sending the above W. H. Bowie, of Claude, Tex., writes: "I think that Mr. Neely was a member of P. B. Plemons Camp at Amarillo."]

GEN. G. B. COSBY.

Brig. Gen. George Blake Cosby died recently in California. His record is one of notable distinction, reflecting marked credit upon him personally and upon his native Kentucky.

Among the first to respond to the call to arms, he fought for the Confederacy to the end. Whether as chief of staff or as a commanding general, his services were throughout of signal capacity. And when later he settled down to the pursuits of civil life, in whatever he undertook he displayed the same energetic characteristics that he had shown as a soldier; and in California, the State of his adoption, he made a record for integrity of character and qualifications of manhood which is cherished by his host of friends.

General Cosby was born in Louisville January 19, 1830. His aspirations being for a military career, he was educated at West Point, from which institution he was graduated in 1852.



GEN. G. B. COSBY.

His first active duty was as brevet second lieutenant of Mounted Rifles. He was promoted to a first lieutenancy May 1, 1856, and to a captaincy May 8, 1861.

After serving at the cavalry school at Carlisle, Pa., at Governor's Island, New York, and in charge of the transportation of cavalry recruits to Indianola, Tex., he engaged in scouting with the 2d United States Cavalry, under Colonel Van Dorn.

In 1858 Captain Cosby accompanied Col. John Pope in the survey of the thirty-second parallel for a proposed railroad route to the Pacific, marching his command from Santa Fe to the Wachita Mountains, during which he engaged in raids against hostile Comanche Indians.

He resigned from the United States army May 10, 1861, and was appointed a captain in the Confederate army. Gen. Robert E. Lee assigned him to Magruder's command at Yorktown. He was made chief of staff to Gen. J. B. Hood, then organizing a cavalry force. Shortly afterwards he was ordered to report to Gen. A. S. Johnston, and was assigned as chief of staff to Gen. S. B. Buckner. When Donelson fell, he was imprisoned with his chief at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. By order of General Hallack, Cosby was allowed ten days' liberty on parole, during which time he visited Richmond and effected an exchange of prisoners. At the end of his parole he remained in confinement in Fort Delaware until the general exchange of prisoners in the fall of 1862.

He rejoined the staff of General Buckner, and was prominent in the battles of Munfordville and Perryville, Ky.

In January, 1863, he was promoted to brigadier general and commanded a brigade under General Van Dorn, and later served with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He commanded a brigade of cavalry in Gen. W. H. Jackson's division, and was with Gen. John H. Morgan's command for a time. He joined General Early in the Shenandoah, and subsequently the command of Gen. John C. Breckinridge. When General Lee surrendered, General Cosby, with his characteristic energy, attempted to join J. E. Johnston in North Carolina, but the effort was futile. He then disbanded his command and went to Canada, where he remained for a year. He went to California in 1868. His first occupation was that of managing a mountain stage route, which position he relinquished to become a contractor to supply United States army posts. He was for a time sutler at Fort Warren, in Oregon, and also spent some time in farming. He was a Democrat in politics, and was twice elected Secretary of the State Senate.

In January, 1883, Gov. George Stoneman appointed General Cosby Adjutant General of the State. He served through Stoneman's term, and later superintended the construction of the United States post office building at Sacramento. In 1897 General Cosby was appointed receiver of public moneys of the Sacramento land office. His wife, who survives, was Miss Antonia Johnson, a niece of Gen. R. W. Johnson. They were married at Fort Mason in 1860.

[The foregoing is from a report by the "Pap" Price Camp, No. 1360, U. C. V., Colusa, Cal., and was adopted just eighty years after General Cosby's birth (the anniversary of General Lee's birth also), the committee being Dr. J. S. Cameron, Luther Hay, and Adjt. W. T. Beville.]

G. W. Cleek.

George W. Cleek, son of John Cleek, a veteran of the War of 1812, died at his home, at Bolar Springs, Bath County, Va., on January 1, 1910, in the same room that he was born in nearly seventy-five years before. His death resulted from an injury received a few days before while at work in his flouring mill.

During the war he was a member of Company F, 11th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade. He was taken prisoner at Upperville, Va., and was held for eleventh months in the Federal prison at Camp Chase, Ohio. Then he was exchanged at Vicksburg.

After the war he served his county for a number of years as deputy sheriff, and at the time of his death he was County Surveyor, and had been for thirty-five years. His wife, who was Miss Melcena Chestnut, survives him, with their six children. George Cleek enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. He was a man of sterling character and worth.

Maj. John Green Lowe.

The Barksdale Bivouac, of Hartsville, Tenn., passed resolutions of respect to Maj. John G. Lowe, who was one of its first members. He was born at Hartsville in February, 1831; and died in his old home in December, 1909. He enlisted in the 23d Tennessee Regiment, Bushrod Johnson's brigade, and was rapidly promoted to adjutant, captain, and major of the regiment. He was wounded three times. He was a good soldier and officer, a true friend, and a public-spirited citizen.

Kesterson.—William Kesterson, aged seventy-five and a brave Confederate soldier, was found dead in the yard of W. W. Buchan, of lower Lancaster, Va., in early January. It is not known whether he died of heart trouble or had a second stroke of paralysis while on his way to pay a friendly call, fell in the yard, and was frozen to death before he was found.

Calsee.—Mr. Isaac Calsee was born in Cocke County, Tenn., in September, 1834; and died in the Old Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, January 9, 1910. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862, being a member of Company I, 31st Tennessee Regiment. He was captured at Brookhaven, Miss., in 1865, was paroled, recaptured, and sent to Rock Island Prison, where he remained till the end of the war.

Corman.—J. W. Corman was born in Carlisle, Pa., in January, 1839; and died in Brooksville, Fla., in December, 1909. In 1861 he enlisted in the 3d Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, under Col. A. P. Thompson, and served in the Western campaign under Generals Bragg and Johnston, being part of the time under Gen. N. B. Forrest. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, Corinth, Harrisburg, Guntown, Murfreesboro, and a number of minor engagements, and was wounded in the breast at Shiloh and in the thigh at Sulphur Springs, Tenn. He engaged in the tinner's trade.

Stocks.—John W. Stocks "crossed over the river" on September 12, 1909, having nearly completed his seventy-second year. He was born in Pike County, Ga., and in ardent love for his native land he early enlisted for the Confederacy, joining the Holloway Grays—Company C of the 37th Georgia Infantry. He was in the battle of Chickamauga, and fought over the ground where the Georgia monument stands, and in this battle he was wounded. He was a devout Church member and superintendent of his Sunday school and a worthy member of his Camp U. C. V., whose loss is deeply felt.

Harris.—George Y. Harris was born in Halifax County, N. C., in December, 1835; and died at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, Tenn., in January, 1910. He enlisted with Capt. J. B. Dortch in Morgan's Kentucky command, and was a good soldier. He was wounded and captured in the battle at Mount Sterling, Ky., and was a prisoner for a year, and was paroled at White Sulphur Springs, Va. He was buried at the Home cemetery, and his grave was made beautiful by the faithful Daughters of the Confederacy.

Graham.—John M. Graham was an honored member of the Smith Camp of Laurens County, Ga.; and died December 15, 1909. He enlisted in March, 1862, in Company C, 57th Regiment Georgia Volunteers, and served to the close of the war. He was a good citizen, a loving husband and father, and is much lamented.

Ellis.—John Ellis died in the City Hospital, Nashville, Tenn., January 20, 1910, aged sixty-five years. He had sustained a compound fracture of the hip from a fall on the icy pavement, and did not rally from the shock. He was a well-known figure about town, where he supplemented his pension by selling matches and shoestrings. He enlisted from Giles County, Tenn., and was a faithful Confederate soldier till the close of the war.

Reeves.—Jerome S. Reeves, a Confederate soldier, died at Lick Creek, Tenn., January 25, 1910. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh. His wife and several children survive him.

STEPHEN CARTER RAGAN.

[Data furnished by his son, Dr. S. H. Ragan, Kansas City.]

Stephen Carter Ragan, my father, was born in Kentucky March 27, 1823, near Mount Sterling. He was a son of Jacob Ragan and Anna Carter Ragan. Jacob was the son of John Ragan and Mary Younger, who were of Scotch-Irish descent. Anna Carter was from Virginia, and many of her relatives were prominently identified with the medical profession and in the development of the country about Louisville, Ky. Jacob was color sergeant in the War of 1812. Greenberry, the eldest son, was a Confederate under Price. Jacob Ragan was a true pioneer, and never forgot a friend or an enemy. He was one of the fourteen original owners of Kansas City when the town was divided into lots and sold. He died on November 6, 1878. Anna Carter was a model mother and was loved by all who knew her. After a long and useful life, she died in March, 1886. Both were members of the Christian Church in which Alexander Campbell preached frequently.

Stephen Carter Ragan came from Kentucky with his parents when he was fourteen years of age, and spent his early life around Kansas City, Mo. He attended school at the Highland Academy, near Union Point, in Jackson County. About 1855 he moved to Harrisonville, Mo., where he taught for two years. Among his students were children of Judge Younger, Cole, Jim, and several daughters. Throughout the career of the Younger brothers he always remained their friend, though he did not approve of their career after the war and their raid in Minnesota. It was from his office that the first petition was issued to obtain their pardon.

In 1859 he moved to Tarrant County, Tex., and dealt in lands. When Texas seceded, he raised a company and joined the 14th Texas Infantry. He had participated in the border troubles between Kansas and Missouri several years previous to this. He was in several hard-fought battles, among which were Corinth, Shiloh, Manassas, Cumberland Gap, Chickamauga, and Farmington. He was under E. Kirby Smith through Tennessee and Kentucky. As the command had not fared very well in Tennessee, he told his men that in old Kentucky everything would be lovely; that Confederate soldiers would be heroes and be fed on the fat of the land; but when they arrived in this supposed haven of festivals, they were told that every ragged scamp of them ought to be hanged. After the battle of Richmond, Ky., he returned to Texas to procure reënforcements and supplies. My mother and other good women of the great State wove blankets, made clothing, and sent supplies to their husbands, brothers, and friends in the army. They had sheared the sheep and raised wheat with their own hands.

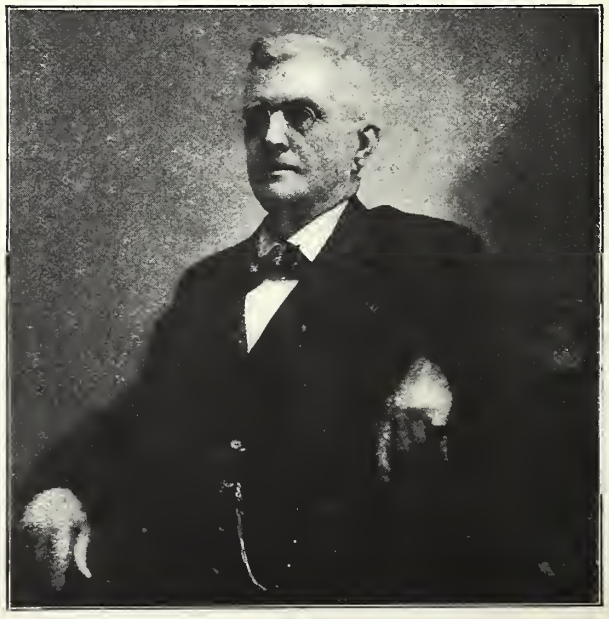
He was under Bragg in the battles about Chattanooga, and he was under Joseph E. Johnston in the Vicksburg campaign, and afterwards engaged in the defense of Jackson, Miss. He commanded the left wing of his regiment during the eight days' siege and covered the retreat of the command in safety. In 1862 he served as lieutenant colonel of his regiment, and was in command much of the time. Of the original eighty-nine in his company, only five returned at the close of the war.

One of my uncles, William Chiles, was buried in an unknown grave at Columbus Miss., some were missing, some killed, and one, A. P. Grimsley, who shared my father's blanket, was present at his funeral. In the seven days' fight around Jackson, Miss., father had a tent; but when J. E. Johnston inspected the lines, he found father's headquarters on a log and his tent full of sick men. General Johnston praised my father and ordered another regiment forward to relieve the regiment that he commanded.

When the surrender took place, father was at his post at Dallas sick. Nearly all of his brave companions who had enlisted with him were dead or missing. With his negroes free, his stock gone, and his money worth nothing, he was a financial wreck. In this condition with a few faithful slaves who were true to him he fitted up some wagons; and after many hardships and mishaps, he came to Missouri, arriving in the spring of 1866, when I was two years old. He settled near Union Point, and made a farm out of what through six years of neglect had become a wilderness. He was president of the school board for fifteen years and was prominent in politics. He served two terms in the Legislature, in 1878 and in 1883. He was the author of the law providing for and use of convict labor on public highways, and under its operation various rock roads were built in Jackson County; also of a law enabling tax levies to be made commensurate with increase of population. He served two terms as deputy marshal under S. H. Chiles. On July 20, 1852, he married Miss Josephine Chiles in this county, and shortly before his death they celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary. He was a leading member of the ex-Confederate association, and attended many Reunions throughout the country.

In 1886 he moved to Kansas City, where he resided until his death, which occurred on October 14, 1909. He was a true friend, and never forgot a kindness. He requested that he be buried in a gray coffin and that gray horses should draw a gray hearse to his grave and that a gray blanket be wrapped about him. Often when acting as chaplain in the army he put away comrades with only their blankets around them.

He was a member of the Christian Church for many years.



STEPHEN CARTER RAGAN.

He lived an upright life, and left a large family and numerous friends who sorrowed in his death. He never shirked duty, no matter how hard and unpleasant.

Dr. E. S. Pendleton.

After an illness of several months, Dr. Edmund S. Pendleton, of Iron Gate, Va., passed quietly into eternity in December, 1909. He was a son of Dr. Madison and Elizabeth (Kimbrough) Pendleton, and was born May 9, 1833. Dr. Pendleton graduated in medicine from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1854. On December 7 of that year he married Susan Warfield Trice, of Louisa County, Va., and commenced the practice of medicine in his native county. A few years later he removed to Goochland County, where for years he practiced his profession. Throughout his long and useful life he was highly respected as a physician and a Virginia gentleman. Dr. Pendleton was an enthusiastic, well-informed Confederate veteran. His reminiscences of the war were rich, and his acquaintance with the survivors of the old guard in gray was very extensive.

When the State called for troops in 1861, Dr. Pendleton enlisted on his birthday, May 9, and he contrived to revisit his home upon each recurring May 9 during his army life, and after the surrender reached his home on May 9, 1865. He enlisted with the Goochland Dragoons. For a time he was first sergeant in the 4th Virginia Cavalry, and later he was assistant surgeon. Dr. Pendleton went through the war with a discharge in his pocket, said discharge having been granted because he was so much needed as a physician.

He was one of six sons. John B. and William B. were in the infantry, the former being killed at Cheat Mountain. Philip Henry, the younger brother, was a member of Carrington's Battery, and was killed at Bloody Angle, near Spottsylvania C. H. Dr. E. S. and Charles K. Pendleton were members of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade. C. K. was in prison in Fort Delaware fourteen months, and from the hardships and exposure of prison life contracted a permanent lameness. Capt. William Pendleton was a member of Taliaferro's Brigade, Jackson's Corps, and fought with Stonewall Jackson all through the Valley campaign,



DR. E. S. PENDLETON.

losing a leg at Cedar Creek. Joseph Madison Pendleton, the other brother, died in childhood.

Dr. Pendleton saved the life of Gen. William H. Payne, of Warrenton, Va., in the battle of Williamsburg. General Payne had received a severe wound in the mouth, and was bleeding frightfully when relieved by Dr. Pendleton. General Payne says: "There was hardly an instant from the time I fell until I was put in the ambulance that the chances of death to both of us were not a thousand to one."

Dr. Pendleton was a member of the General Assembly of Virginia in the seventies. Soon after this his wife died. In 1883 he married Miss Sallie W. Flippe, of Caroline County, Va., and is survived by his widow and the following children: Mary Unity, E. S., Jr., Littleton Flippe, and two married daughters, Mrs. J. M. Smith, of Bladen, N. C., and Mrs. Edward Dillon, of Indian Rock, Va.

He was a member of the local Camp, United Confederate Veterans, the Alleghany Roughs of Clifton Forge, and also a member of the Christian Church.

[From sketch by R. W. Grizzard, Iron Gate, Va.]

E. Holmes Boyd, Winchester, Va.

On January 19 the U. D. C. of Winchester, Va., tendered a banquet to the U. C. V. Addresses followed, and among the speakers was E. Holmes Boyd, of Barton & Boyd, a law firm established in 1869. He graphically depicted the scenes upon the Rapidan, near Fredericksburg, when Grant's and Lee's armies were encamped upon opposite banks of the river, of the kindly feeling between the pickets, and of their exchange of little gifts. He said that one night the Yankee band played "Dixie," and the Confederate band responded with "Yankee Doodle," then both bands played "Home, Sweet Home." As these words were said he staggered and fell, and was dead before assistance reached him.

Comrade Boyd was completing his course at the University of Virginia when the war began, and at once enlisted in the Confederate army in a company of boys from the university, and they marched to Harper's Ferry to seize the arsenal. He was attached to Robridge's Battery, and remained with the artillery till the end of the war.

Dr. P. W. Boyd.

Less than three weeks after the death of Mr. Boyd Dr. P. W. Boyd, his brother, died of Bright's disease. He was born in Winchester in 1846. He was educated at the Maryland University of Medicine, served during the war with Chew's Light Artillery, and took part in all the battles engaged in by his company. He was prominent in business affairs in Winchester, had a wide fund of information on war records, and for many years was Adjutant of Gen. Turner Ashby Camp. He is survived by four sons and three daughters.

Rogers.—William E. Rogers was born in Nacogdoches County, Tex., in 1841; and died in Midland, Tex., in December, 1909. He enlisted as a private in a company raised by Gen. H. B. Crapbarry, who was its first captain. This company was mustered in as Company A, 7th Infantry, William Rogers becoming its lieutenant. He was in all the engagements that his regiment took part in till July, 1864, when he was taken prisoner at Atlanta and sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained till the end of the war. He was an earnest Christian gentleman, and R. E. Lee Camp, of Fort Worth, Tex., adopted resolutions of high appreciation of his war record and of sympathy for his wife and children.

Capt. J. K. Milam.

Capt. J. K. Milam was born in Dickson County, Tenn., in 1833, and moved to Arkansas when very young. He became a Confederate soldier in July, 1861, enlisting in Company F, 17th Arkansas Infantry, Churchill's Brigade. He was in many noted battles, among these the battles of Elkhorn and Pea Ridge, where many precious lives were lost. He held the rank of first lieutenant at the bombardment of Port Hudson in 1863, and was wounded. He was a prisoner of war for fourteen months, spending part of the time in New Orleans, where lovely Southern women ministered to his every want. Later he was sent to prison at Fort Delaware.

He moved to Texas in 1865, married Miss Blanche Green, and practiced law in Sulphur Springs, Tex., several years. He died July 10, 1909. He was a devoted Christian, a member of the Episcopal Church. He leaves a wife and seven children.

Capt. Isaac Kuykendall.

Capt. Isaac Kuykendall died on November 29, 1909, near Springfield, W. Va., where he was born seventy years ago. For four years he followed the fortunes of Lee and Jackson. He succeeded the brave Sheetz in command of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade, and was in engagements from McDowell to Gettysburg. The last ten months of the war he spent in prison, being one of the "Immortal Six Hundred" placed under fire on Morris Island. After the war he was no less a faithful soldier of the cross, his daily life being an example for others, and his chief concern the winning of souls to Christ. For thirty years he was an elder of his Church. Four sons and four daughters are left with the faithful wife.

Benjamin S. Chandler.

Benjamin S. Chandler was born August 12, 1846; and died on June 5, 1909. He volunteered in the 9th Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, Wheeler's Cavalry, in January, 1864, and made a good soldier, discharging his duties faithfully and cheerfully. He served with his command in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign and from Atlanta to Savannah and on to Greensboro, N. C., where the command was made a part of President Davis's escort. At Washington, Ga., about the 5th of May, 1865, the command surrendered and secured paroles. Comrade Chandler then returned to his home, in Mississippi, where he made an estimable citizen, having the good will and confidence of the community. He was a member of the Christian Church, and also identified with Camp Ben Robertson, U. C. V. This comrade was the only brother of A. M. Chandler, of Abbott, Miss., long and faithful friend of the Veteran.

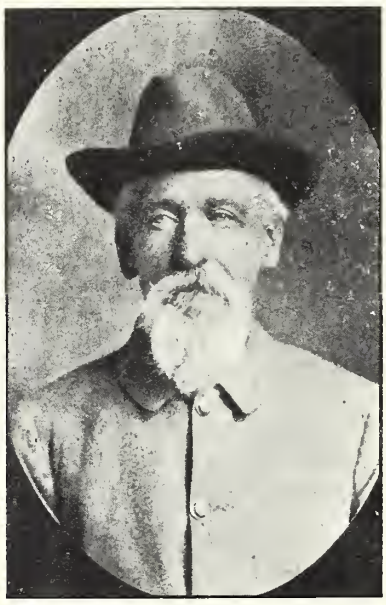
Clark.—William Tate Clark, a prosperous farmer of Tunnel Hill, Ga., died on the 6th of January in his seventy-seventh year. He is survived by his wife and several children. Comrade Clark was a member of the 1st Confederate Georgia Infantry, and made an enviable record as a Confederate soldier. He was captured in the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, and remained in prison until the close of the war.

Trigg.—Hon. Davis Trigg, long a resident of Abingdon, Va., died in Richmond November 18, 1909, aged sixty-six years. When the war commenced, Mr. Trigg was at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. He at once resigned and cast his fortunes with the South, and was a faithful soldier to the last. A large number of old veterans followed his remains to the grave and mourn their loss.

Deaths in William Richardson Camp, Front Royal, Va.

Irving A. Buck writes of three Front Royal comrades:

"Capt. Samuel J. Simpson died on January 19, 1910, of heart failure, aged seventy-five years. A native of Warren County, Va., in the spring of 1861 he enlisted as a private in the first cavalry company raised in his county, which became Company E, 7th Virginia, and attached to Gen. Turner Ashby's famous command. At the reorganization for his soldierly qualities he was elected first lieutenant, and was later promoted to captain. He was an ideal 'beau sabre.' No odds deterred him; and while his courage often seemed recklessness, it was tempered with a cool head which no crisis disturbed, and his war record was second to none of his grade. Gen. William E. Jones, his brigade commander, said of him: 'He was the best soldier I have ever seen, regular or volunteer.' After the close of the war Captain Simpson 'beat his sword into a pruning hook' and became a tiller of the soil, and his courage in peace was as great as in war. His inherent modesty was such that it was difficult to get him to speak of his achievements, as he considered his service only a compliance with the duty of every son of Virginia. In private life his integrity knew no compromise, and his hospitality was never appealed to in vain. As a member of the Camp he was an ardent supporter of any measure tending to the comfort and interest of his old comrades, and in cases of their need he was foremost in contributing liberal aid in proportion to his means. He was buried beside his wife by the Camp, his pallbearers being selected from its members. The firing of three volleys over his grave was by a squad from Company D, 2d Virginia Regiment.



Capt. S. J. Simpson.

"J. Newton Laws, aged sixty-eight, died of pneumonia December 7, 1909. Comrade Laws in the spring of 1861 enlisted in Company A, 6th Virginia Cavalry, in which he served with distinction until the close of the war, after which he became an honored and useful citizen. As a faithful and consistent member of the Baptist Church he proved himself as brave a soldier of his Saviour's as he had of the Southern cross. He also was buried with military honors.

"C. H. Sutpin, aged seventy-two, died of pneumonia January 27, 1910. As a member of Company I, 49th Virginia Infantry, he served throughout the war with conspicuous gallantry. As an esteemed citizen and honored member of William Richardson Camp his loss is deplored alike by the community and his old comrades."

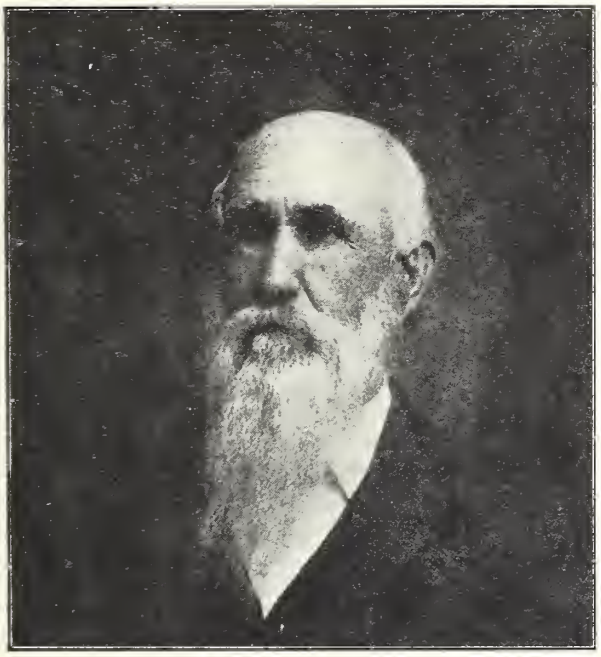
Cooper.—R. A. Cooper, an old Confederate soldier, the son of Rev. Abner Cooper, a well-known Cumberland Presbyterian minister, died at McLemoresville, Tenn., March, 1910.

Rev. B. E. Ledbetter.

Rev. Benjamin Edwin Ledbetter, one of the most honored and esteemed ministers of the Virginia Conference, died at his post at Palmyra, in Fluvanna County, on January 19,

Comrade Ledbetter was a veteran of the War between the States, a veteran of the cross, and he sleeps well. His memory is fragrant with quiet heroism and earnest piety. For over forty years he was a soldier of the cross, faithful as he had been a soldier to the stars and bars. The remains were interred in Oak Ridge Cemetery at South Boston with Masonic honors. Dr. John Hannon conducted the service.

A widow, three daughters, and one son survive him.



CAPT. JOHN T. WIGGINS.

On page 609 of the December (1909) Veteran there is a sketch of Comrade John T. Wiggins, of Rusk, Tex., a member of Ross-Ector Camp, U. C. V. He was a native of North Carolina (1834), and died at Rusk, Tex., in May, 1909. He was captain of Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry.

Dr. Charles T. Wilbur.

Notice comes of the sudden death on August 19, 1909, of Dr. Charles T. Wilbur at his home, in Kalamazoo, Mich. He was a native of Newburyport, Mass., a graduate of medical colleges, and he devoted his life in behalf of the feeble-minded. In the war he was surgeon of the 95th Ohio Infantry. As assistant surgeon of the 59th Ohio he served in Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and in the siege of Corinth, Miss. As surgeon of the 95th Ohio he was at field hospitals at many places in Mississippi and Tennessee. From the battlefield of Nashville he was sent to the Spanish Fort in March, and was there until the surrender of the Confederate forces. In a military order of the Loyal Legion they say: "After his retirement from service, he was appointed Superintendent of the Illinois Asylum for Feeble-Minded Children at Lincoln, Ill., which position he held until 1883, when he resigned and removed to Kalamazoo, where he established the Wilbur Home for Feeble-Minded, which was successfully presided over by him to the hour of his death. During his life he did much for the unfortunate, the discouraged, and the feeble-minded that the world or his near neighbors never knew of nor ever will. He was ever ready to uplift and to assist. Kalamazoo has lost one of its most valued citizens, the State a good man, and the poor a true friend. Dr. Wilbur is survived by a widow and three sons."

Dr. Wilbur was an unstinted patron of the Veteran, and fourteen months ago he entertained the editor and a comrade, Burr Bannister, long a resident of Kalamazoo, in thorough hospitality. The two Confederates had not seen each other since Saturday, the 15th of February, at Fort Donelson, the day before the surrender.

Rev. Robert Aftin Holland.

The eminent R. A. Holland, a native of Nashville, was born June 1, 1844. He entered the Methodist ministry at a very early age and became a Confederate chaplain. Early after the war he was pastor of a large M. E. Church, South, in Baltimore. He soon became, age considered, the most conspicuous minister in the M. E. Church, South, and there was eagerness to make him bishop as soon as his age would admit; but he quite suddenly withdrew from conspicuous life, and before long his brethren were surprised by his becoming a rector in the Episcopal Church. He occupied large Churches of that denomination in Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans. He died a few weeks ago in St. Louis.

Col. David Young Pankey.

Col. D. Y. Pankey was born in Richmond, Va., August 22, 1832; and died at Cardwell, Mo., January 4, 1910.

The body was taken to the home of his son, D. B. Pankey, and interred at Oak Ridge Cemetery. Religious services were held by Rev. C. W. Latham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, assisted by Rev. N. B. Henry, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, and the body was then taken in charge by Kennett Lodge, No. 68, A. F. and A. M.

Colonel Pankey had been a citizen of Dunklin County since 1858 continuously, except the four years he spent in the Southern army, a progressive citizen, always on the side of right. He was of Virginia stock, and his every word and act plainly indicated his high breeding. His first wife was Miss Jones, of Lynchburg, Va., mother of Mrs. Mary Baldwin and David Ballard Pankey. She met a tragic death in a runaway team near Clarkton several years ago. By a later marriage to a Miss Smith he was the father of Charles T. Pankey, now of Oklahoma, and a daughter, now about twelve years old.

Colonel Pankey served throughout the war, entering as a lieutenant and being steadily advanced until he was a lieutenant colonel. He served under General Price, and was in many important engagements. He was a charter member of John P. Taylor Camp, U. C. V., and was its Commander several years. The local Camp of Sons of Veterans was named for him. He was a Royal Arch Mason, a Knight Templar, and one of the charter members of Helm Royal Arch Chapter. He was a Presbyterian, and one of the founders of the Church at Kennett.

[Data from L. T. Hicks, Kennett, Mo.]

Keen.—John L. Keen died at his home, in Brewton, Ga., December 16, 1909, at the age of sixty-six. He enlisted in Company B, 57th Georgia Regiment, Army of Tennessee, and participated in many battles. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and of the F. and A. M., by whose rites he was buried.

Hon. G. W. Jones.

Hon. George W. Jones, a leading farmer of his section, a member of the recent Constitutional Convention of Virginia, and a distinguished Confederate soldier, died at his home, near Danville, Va., on January 13, after a short illness. He was born in June, 1832, and entered the Confederate army in April, 1861, as second lieutenant of the Spring Garden Blues, which became Company I, 18th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. He was promoted to first lieutenant, and commanded the company after the captain was disabled. While leading the company in Pickett's famous charge up Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg he fell critically wounded at the crest of the hill, was captured and imprisoned at Johnson's Island.

After the war he devoted himself to farming, and was unusually successful. While never ambitious for political honors, he was chosen in 1902, without any solicitation on his part, as delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, and devoted himself to its arduous duties for over a year.

Comrade Jones was a zealous member of the Baptist Church for over fifty years, and was always actively interested in the Church work. His home was one of hospitality to friend or stranger. He was a fine "old Virginia gentleman," always standing for right, honesty, and good citizenship. In early life he was married to Miss Sarah Thompson, who survives him with a son and three daughters.

Capt. H. H. Malone, M.D.

Dr. Henry H. Malone was born in Columbus, Ga., March 29, 1837, was well educated, and chose the medical profession for his life work. He graduated at the University of New York in 1860. He located at Brewton, Ala., and engaged in his profession.

Early in 1862 Dr. Malone organized in Brewton a company which soon after became Company H, 1st Florida Infantry, with Colonel (afterwards Brigadier General) Miller commanding. He was with General Bragg's command in the Kentucky campaign, and was captured near Bardstown. He remained in prison till about April, 1863, when he was exchanged. His health so failed that he resigned and resumed the practice of his profession at home. His health improved and he applied for a position as surgeon; but before his commission reached him he was again captured, and was held in prison till the war ended.

In June, 1865, Dr. Malone married Miss Mary Snowden, who, with several children, survives him. When the yellow fever raged in Brewton, causing death on every hand, he remained on duty and opened his drug store to all, rich and poor, making them welcome to what they needed. The people will never forget that brave and generous-hearted physisian. He was one of nature's purest, noblest, best. He died on December 18, 1909. He was a humble, unpretending Christian, a member of the M. E. Church, South.

[From sketch by his friend, Rev. E. A. Smith, Brewton, Ala.]

Maj. Benjamin Franklin Carter.

Maj. B. F. Carter, of Pulaski, Tenn., died at his home February 10, 1910. The day before he seemed in usual health; but during the night he was attacked with a chill, from the effect of which he died.

Major Carter was remarkably well preserved for a man of his age, and his death came as a great shock to the community where he has lived so long. From early manhood he was one of the most prominent citizens of the town.

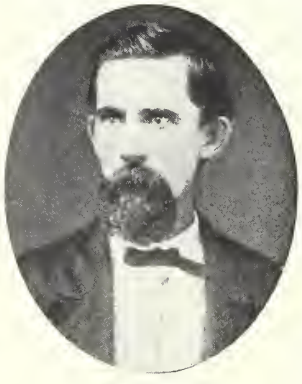
For some years Major Carter had been the oldest native of Pulaski, having been born on September 26, 1828, in a house built by his father, Dr. Ben Carter, on West Hill. Major Carter finished his education at the old Nashville University. In 1852 he was married to Miss Cynthia Rivers, sister of the late William Rivers, her father being John H. Rivers, who was one of the leading lawyers of the State. Mrs. Carter died in 1910. Of seven children born to them, the father is survived by four, Mrs. G. A. Pope and Miss Cynthia Carter, of Pulaski, J. Rivers Carter, of Birmingham, and Ben Carter, of Washington.

In the Civil War Major Carter joined the 3d Tennessee Regiment, and served as regimental and brigade commissary on the staff of the late Gen. John C. Brown. In an official report by General Brown (see War Record, Series I., Volume XXX., Part II.) he states in regard to Major Carter with others: "Maj. B. F. Carter, acting commissary of sustenance, performed their several duties with an efficiency and zeal deserving the highest praise."

Major Carter was a member of the Order of Cincinnati, one of his ancestors having been a captain in the Revolutionary army. The funeral was conducted by Rev. A. Bazett-Jones, of Nashville, and the John H. Wooldridge Bivouac, Confederate Veterans.

Lieut. E. T. Clark.

Lieut. E. T. Clark was born April 23, 1844, at Alexandria, Calhoun County, Ala.; and died at the same place September 5, 1909. Lieutenant Clark was a member of Company B, 30th Regiment Alabama Volunteers, Pettus's Brigade. He was quiet and unobtrusive, liberal and active in the support of all enterprises designed for the promotion of education, morality, or religion. He was a sincere Christian, honorable and upright citizen, and by his strict integrity and high ideals of right and justice won the confidence and esteem of those who knew him. He was a model of the true Christian soldier, and proved his heroism and soldierly qualities on many a hard-fought battlefield.



E. T. CLARK.

Philip Eastham.

Philip Eastham, seventy-two years of age, died suddenly at his home, near Mitchells, Va., on February 9, 1910. He was a native of Rappahannock County, and fought through the Civil War under Gen. Turner Ashby and Gen. Thomas L. Rosser. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Mary Wyatt Mills, of Albemarle County, and two sons, Dr. Granville Eastham, of Rapidan, Va., and William S. Eastham, of Mitchells. He is also survived by two brothers, George R. and W. W. Eastham, of Harrisonburg, and one sister, Mrs. Battle Eastham, of Culpeper.

Nicholas M. Detter.

In a letter from Bristol, Tenn., Mr. Alf Brewer writes that Nicholas M. Detter has answered the last roll call. He served in the 48th Virginia Infantry, and was a member of the S. V. Fulkerson Camp, No. 705, U. C. V., and was ever "an old Virginia gentleman." His death occurred in Washington County November 14, 1909.

Col. James H. Fannin.

James Fannin was born in LaGrange, Ga., in September, 1835; and died of heart disease in Savannah October 23, 1909.

Colonel Fannin's life was a remarkable one, marked by the high lights of success and the deep shadows of sorrow. As a soldier he was daring, yet quick-sighted. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, and his first service was at Skiddaway Island, near Savannah, and he was engaged in the defense at the first attack upon the city. He was in command of the 1st Georgia Reserves, which were assigned to the post at Andersonville, where he was in close relation with Maj. Henry Wirz, whose fate as a Southern martyr is well known.

The prison at Andersonville was not under Colonel Fannin's command; but a personal friendship with Major Wirz brought the two in such close touch that he was well acquainted with affairs at the prison, and he was the principal witness in his defense when Wirz was tried for his life by the Federal courts.

While in Andersonville Colonel Fannin was instrumental in saving the life of Father Whelan, of Macon, Ga.; and several years afterwards the pope sent his thanks to Colonel Fannin for the assistance rendered the Father, the messenger being Bishop Verot, of Savannah.

Colonel Fannin gave a dramatic account of the last battle of the Civil War, which occurred at West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865, and subsequent events:

"Brigadier General Tyler, of Tennessee, was in command of the Confederate forces, and while I was at LaGrange, Ga., I received a message from Lieutenant Colonel Morgan that General Tyler was in great need of men. All I could procure were eighteen men, but with these I hastened to West Point and got there in time for the battle. When the Confederate forces were forced to surrender, I was standing beside the dead body of General Tyler. An officer of rank rode up and said: 'Are you in command of the Confederate forces?'

"'I am,' I replied. 'Who are you?'

"'I am Gen. O. H. LaGrange. Are you prepared to surrender?'

"'Yes, but I want one promise from you. I wish the parole of every man under my command.'

"'How many men have you?'

"'I don't know.'

"'You mean to say you are commander of your forces and don't know how many men you have?'

"'Yes. But wait a minute. Here's one who can find out.'

"I then told the sergeant who had come up to draw the men in the line, count off, and report to me the number. He came back and told me my forces were sixty-four men.

"'My God!' said General LaGrange, 'do you mean to say that sixty-four men have fought against my brigade and surrendered to three thousand seven hundred and fifty men? Why, it's absurd.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'such seems to be the case.'

"'I shall certainly do what I can for you, but in the meantime you are all prisoners of war and will have to be treated as such.'

"General LaGrange was a brigadier general in the Federal army, and certainly gave us the best treatment any captives could have had. We were marched out between the two ranks of cavalry, and as they closed in on us during our march through the country there were everywhere the marks of admiration and not a few open expressions. When we got to Macon, General LaGrange was quartered at Mayor Huff's residence, and I was along with him. We became fast friends, and upon one occasion he told me to go into his office and write a letter to my wife, adding that not one word, however private, would be read by any one else. I thanked him and went into his office.

"I had started to write when Lieutenant Chase, who had been provost marshal, announced to me that I was to be subjected to chains, irons, and close confinement. My indignation was natural, and I inquired for what reason. Lieutenant Chase replied for cruelty while commandant at Andersonville. Asking who issued the orders, I found out that General McCook, who was major general in charge of the corps and LaGrange's superior, had done so. LaGrange had ordered that such an action should not be put into execution, and I myself, getting hot-blooded, rode into Vineville to General McCook's headquarters. I did not find him there, but did find his adjutant. To him I explained everything, and was told to return to LaGrange's quarters. When I arrived there, I said: 'General, I am back and hope you don't think I meant to escape.'

"'Well, where have you been, Colonel?'

"'I have been to General McCook's.'

"'For what purpose?'

"'I was ordered in chains and irons and close confinement for cruelty to prisoners at Andersonville, and I determined to ask why.'

"'Colonel, I did not think this would get to you. I got the orders and put them away, and told every officer on duty not to mention it to you under any circumstances, because I thought you too honorable and courageous an officer to be even acquainted with a suspicion in that direction. I know there was no cruelty at Andersonville; and if one man shall be paroled in Macon with all of his property restored to him, you shall be the one.'

"'But,' said I, 'what do you know about Andersonville?'

"'I was a prisoner there.'

"'Were you one of the batch of officers who came in?'

"'I was, and I know that there was no cruelty at Andersonville. You may depend upon me to give my honor to that fact.'

"I never got so far as the chains, and only two years ago received a letter from General LaGrange, who was then in San Francisco. He was at the government mint and wrote me a warm letter of friendship."

As a man Colonel Fannin was gentle in manner, courteous and polite, a true friend and a noble foe, and his seventy-four years of life held many stirring events, all of which showed the high characteristics of one of nature's noblemen. Colonel Fannin is survived by several children.

Ragland.—Judge E. D. Ragland, a major in the Confederate army, was born in Shelby County, Tenn., where he resided till the beginning of the war, when he enlisted in Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry. He continued with this regiment, receiving various promotions, during the entire time of the war, save for the months he was in a Northern prison. After the war he went to Memphis, subsequently to Arkansas, where he settled in Phillips County; but being elected County and Probate Judge, he removed to Arkansas City, where he remained to his death, in January, 1910. He was a sterling citizen, an upright judge, and a loyal and true friend.

Lewis.—Maj. T. C. Lewis, of Hopkinsville, Ky., who was a brave and gallant Confederate soldier, died at Dade City, Fla. He is survived by his wife and three children.

GEN. ROBERT LOWRY.

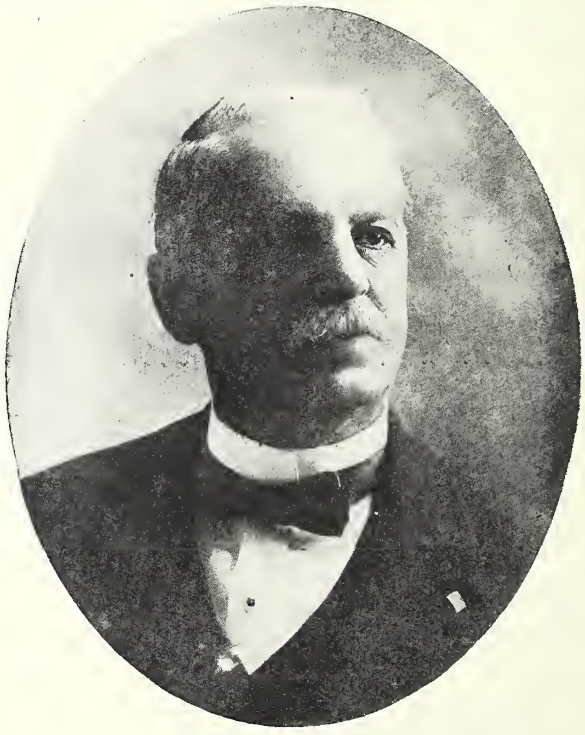
Maj. Gen. Robert Lowry, Commander Mississippi Division, U. C. V., died in Jackson January 19, 1910, at the residence of his granddaughter, Mrs. Webster M. Buie. For the past eighteen months General Lowry had been in failing health, but so great was his will power and fortitude that his family and friends hoped the end was not so nigh.

General Lowry was born in Chesterfield, S. C., March 10, 1829, and when two years old his father moved to Tennessee, and seven years later to Tishomingo County, Miss. At the age of thirteen years young Lowry went to Raleigh, Miss., making his home with his uncle, Judge James Lowry. He engaged with him in the mercantile business at Raleigh and afterwards at Brandon. Later he went to Arkansas and engaged in the mercantile business. After a few years he returned to Brandon, Miss., and was admitted to the bar, forming a partnership with the late A. G. Mayers.

In 1861 Robert Lowry enlisted in a company from Rankin County which became Company B, 6th Mississippi Infantry, and was elected major at its organization. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and his regiment lost in killed and wounded three hundred and ten men out of four hundred and twenty-five, winning for itself the proud soubriquet of the "Bloody Sixth." At the reorganization of the regiment, soon after this battle, he was elected colonel, and served in that capacity until the battle of Franklin, where his brigade commander, the gallant and lamented Gen. John Adams, was killed leading his brigade of Mississippians. Then Colonel Lowry assumed command of the brigade. Colonel Lowry commanded the regiment in the battles of Second Corinth, Port Hudson, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Jackson, throughout the campaign in Georgia under Gen. J. E. Johnston from Resaca to Atlanta, and in movements under General Hood into Tennessee, which included the battles of Acworth, Franklin, and two days at Nashville. He commanded the brigade on retreat of the army into Mississippi, and later reported with it to General Johnston in North Carolina. He was commissioned brigadier general in February, 1865, and surrendered at Greensboro in April with the army under General Johnston. Returning to his home in Brandon, he again with Judge Mayers practiced law, until the latter was appointed circuit judge. Then he was associated in the practice with the late Senator McLaurin. During the reconstruction era he was elected to the State Senate and afterwards to the Lower House, and was of the "old guard," that ever-thinning and illustrious line of patriots who stood fearlessly against the encroachment of radicals and negro domination.

To General Lowry perhaps more than to any other man is Mississippi indebted for her deliverance from the blight of those evil days, for he met on "the stump" the boldest of the radical leaders, and by his eloquent appeals to his people in behalf of white supremacy he aroused them from their despondency, which resulted in the overthrow of the alien and the wrecker.

In 1881 he was elected Governor of the State, serving two terms, and retired from office amid the plaudits of his people, to whom he had given an able, clean administration. He again returned to his profession, opening an office at Jackson, where he soon built up a lucrative practice, and maintained it until the hand of disease fell heavily upon him. A few days before his death Governor Noel tendered him the United States senatorship, made vacant by the death of the late Senator McLaurin, but feeble health forced him to decline the honor. With the late Maj. W. H. McCardle he wrote a most excellent history of his State. To the people of Mississippi the memory of General Lowry will ever be a precious heritage. Throughout his eventful life he was devoted to the service of his State. Whether serving her on the tented field, in the halls of legislation, as her Chief Executive, or as her historian, his highest ambition was to do his full duty. His guiding hand will be missed, for he was wise in counsel and fearless in the execution of his duty. As a soldier there were none truer or braver, as a lawyer he was in the front rank of his profession, as Governor of his State his administration was able and without a blemish, as a statesman his ideals were high and his purposes noble, as a historian he had a keen perception of truth and performed services of inestimable value to his State, and as a citizen he was loved and esteemed by all who came in contact with his splendid personality. Mississippi mourns him as one of her purest and best citizens. General Lowry succeeded Gen. S. D. Lee as Commander of the Mississippi Division, and had been continuously reëlected at each convention of the Division.



GEN. ROBERT LOWRY.

At the age of twenty General Lowry married Miss Maria M. Gamage, of Jasper County, Miss., and had by her eleven children, seven of whom survive him (Mrs. Lowry died in 1873)—to wit: Mrs. Gen. William Henry, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, of Jackson; Mrs. Leila L. Jayne, of Greenville; Mrs. Ella Lamb, of Memphis; Mrs. Mollie Batte and Mr. John Lowry, New Orleans; and Mrs. Bertie L. Hickok, St. Louis.

[Sketch supplied the VETERAN by Capt. Pat Henry, of General Adams's staff.]

SMITH.—Benjamin W. Smith died of paralysis at his home, in Jackson County, Tenn., aged seventy-five. He was a member of Company G, 8th Tennessee Cavalry, which was numbered later in the war as the 13th. He is survived by a wife and several children.

John Trent.

By the will of God there has passed from amongst us the soul of our well-beloved and much-esteemed comrade, John Trent. He was born in Fayette County, Tenn., March 11, 1839; and died in Baird, Tex., February 17, 1910. He was a member of the Memphis Light Dragoons, which he joined May 8, 1861, a month before the State seceded.

On August 8 he was detailed to assist in raising Company K, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, in which company he was made sergeant and later promoted to lieutenant. He served in the Western army under Forrest. History reveals that every man who fought with Forrest "did his duty."

In 1869 he married Miss Mary Anderson, of Memphis, of which union there were born seven children—four girls and three boys—all of whom, with the widow, survive.

On January 6, 1876, he arrived in Callahan County, Tex., before the State was organized, and in 1877 he was chosen one of its commissioners. A consistent member of the Episcopal Church, he was much interested in Church matters, and in that early day he soon had a congregation. He organized Camp Albert Sidney Johnston No. 654, U. C. V., and for a number of years, until failure of health, he was its chosen Commander. He was a member of General Van Zandt's staff.

He had ever been a supporter and champion of the Confederate Veteran, and only a few days before his death he asked that a notice of his death be recorded in its columns. The heroic patience displayed by the old soldier during his long sickness showed the result of his four years of discipline in the army. Poor in health, poor in wealth, yet he was rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice in those qualities which go to make "God's noblest work—an honest man." Death to him was like Appomattox to the South—he was overpowered.

Camp Albert Sidney Johnston No. 654, U. C. V., passed resolutions in his honor which were adopted by a rising vote and signed by B. E. Wathen, Commander, and Thomas H. Floyd, Adjutant.

Capt. J. P. Jones.

Capt. John P. Jones died on January 18 at Charlottesville, Va., aged seventy-one years. He was a native of Buckingham County, and entered the Confederate service as third lieutenant in Company D, 56th Virginia Regiment. It was known as the Buckingham Yancy Guard. In May, 1862, the company was recruited to about one hundred and thirty men, and Comrade Jones was made captain. He fought with gallantry in the battles of Fort Donelson, Cold Harbor, and Chancellorsville. He was captured at Gettysburg in the charge of Pickett's Division, and was kept in prison at Johnson's Island for twenty-two months.

Returning to Buckingham, Captain Jones resumed his former occupation of farming, but removed to Albemarle County in 1883 and to Charlottesville in 1892. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Purney, of Cumberland County. He is survived by the second wife, who was Miss Mary Goodman, of Buckingham County, and ten children—seven sons and three daughters.

Sutton John Allen.

Sutton J. Allen died at his home, near Almyra, Ark., on December 31, 1909. He was born in November, 1838, near Huntsville, Ala. His mother died when he was an infant, and his father, Dr. Sutton F. Allen, removed to Fayette County, Tenn., where he died when the child was quite young. Sutton was reared by an older brother, Dr. Samuel M. Allen, in Marshall County, Miss. He emigrated with his brother to Arkansas in 1856; and when the State seceded from the Union in 1861, Sutton Allen went to Little Rock and assisted in taking the arsenal at that place, and then enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 1st Arkansas Regiment Infantry. He was in Virginia during the first year of the war, and later, in the Army of Tennessee, he participated in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth. He then went west of the Mississippi, and was in the battles of Helena, Pea Ridge, Jenkins' Ferry, and other battles of Arkansas and Louisiana. After the war he returned to Arkansas County and engaged in farming. In the early seventies he was married to Miss Mittie McRee, who survives him with two sons, Samuel M. and John M. Allen.

L. C. Hester.

L. C. Hester was born in Person County, N. C., October 29, 1844; and died December 11, 1909. He entered the service of the Confederate States at the age of eighteen years, and served faithfully at the front in the 4th North Carolina Cavalry until Lee surrendered at Appomattox. He made an enviable record as a soldier, and until his death was very much interested in all Confederate organizations.

As a private citizen he was kind-hearted, generous, loyal, and true, ever ready to serve his country in peace and in war. He was a true type of the Old South. He possessed the confidence of all who came in contact with him by his integrity of character. In 1888 he joined Clement Church, and until his death was a most faithful member, being held in high esteem by all his brethren. In 1869 he married Miss Margaret Burton, who survives him with their seven children.

F. C. Barnes.

Died at his home, near Wylliesburg, Va., on January 27, 1910, Francis Cargill Barnes, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted for the war in Capt. T. D. Jeffress's company from Charlotte County, which was a part of the 56th Virginia Regiment. He was made a lieutenant, and was a faithful soldier. Amid the terrors of battle he was unflinching. His memory was remarkably accurate. A few years ago he pointed out to his captain at Gettysburg the place where his regiment formed for Pickett's charge, and said before reaching the place that he would find a large sassafras tree just in the rear of the 56th which he saw on that eventful day forty-four years before, and sure enough it was there. He was one of the "immortal six hundred officers" taken to Charleston, S. C., for retaliation and probably the last one from Virginia. He was loyal to his native State. His virtues exceeded his frailties. His friends and comrades will ever cherish his memory.

[Data for the foregoing come from Captain Jeffress.]

Bailey.—Ralph N. Bailey, aged seventy-eight, died at the Old Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, in February, 1910. He was born in Middleton, Conn., in June, 1832, and enlisted in the Confederate army at Helena, Ark., in June, 1861, in Captain Phillips's company, under Gen. Pat Cleburne. He was transferred to King's Battery in 1864 and paroled at Macon, Ga., the following year. He was highly respected at the Home.

Crawford.—The death on January 17 of Franklin A. Crawford, one of the pioneer residents of Atlanta, made the second death within the month of a member of the crew which handled the engine "Texas" in the celebrated chase of the "General" in the Civil War, he being the conductor of the expedition. Mr. Crawford was seventy years old.

Capt. Tiff W. Thomason.

T. W. Thomason was a native of Arkansas, born April 12, 1834. He died on February 7, 1910, at his old home, near Summers, Ark., where he had lived for seventy-five years. He entered the Confederate service in 1861 as a private in Company E, 17th Arkansas, and in 1862 was elected captain of his company, which he then commanded to the close of the war. His baptism of fire was in the battle of Elkhorn (Pea Ridge), Ark., under General Price. His command was later transferred to east of the Mississippi River, and he was engaged in the battles of Iuka and Corinth, Miss., opposed Sherman in his murderous "march to the sea," operated in Yazoo City district, and he was in the siege of Port Hudson, La. He participated in many engagements of the war under Generals Beauregard and Johnston. Returning to his ruined home at the close of the war, he went to hard labor on the farm to build anew. He served his State as Representative in the Legislatures of 1873, 1877, and 1881, and as State Senator in 1885 and 1887. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1874 and aided in framing the present Constitution of Arkansas. He was a public-spirited citizen, and gave much attention to the upbuilding of the country in which he lived.

Capt. I. R. Whitaker.

Capt. I. R. Whitaker died at his home, in Hinds County, Miss., on November 6, 1909. He was born in Warren County, Miss., in 1834. He studied at the Military Institute of Lexington, Ky., preparing himself for the practice of medicine, and located in Madison Parish, La., just before the outbreak of the war. He enlisted in Captain Harrison's company of Wirt Adams's cavalry, and his first service was under Gen. A. S. Johnston. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and about this time he was commissioned by the Secretary of War to raise a company of scouts in the vicinity of Vicksburg to act independently. With this company Captain Whitaker rendered distinguished service. After the surrender at Vicksburg, his scouts were the dread and terror of marauding bands of the enemy in the surrounding country. During the battles of Concord Church, Yazoo County, and Coleman's Cross Roads, in Jefferson County, he was conspicuous for his coolness and efficiency, and received honorable mention.

After the war Captain Whitaker resumed the practice of medicine in Hinds County, Miss., making an ideal citizen as he had been a faithful soldier.

Duffy.—J. W. Duffy was born in Dixon Springs, Tenn., March 12, 1844; and died at his home, in Nashville, January 11, 1910. Early in 1862 he enlisted in Company G, Starnes's 4th Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry. He served under Gen. Bedford Forrest until that commander was transferred to Mississippi, and afterwards gallantly followed General Wheeler in his campaign till the last few months of the war, when he became one of Yorke's scouts. He surrendered in Washington, Ga., May 9, 1865. After the war he returned to Dixon Springs, and remained there till about two years ago, when the family moved to Nashville. Mr. Duffy was a true-hearted man, and beloved by all who knew him.

Swett.—Maj. Charles Swett died in Vicksburg, Miss., in January, 1910, aged eighty-three years. He enlisted early in the Civil War, and served till the surrender under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He returned to his home, in Warren County, Miss., at the end of the war, and made many friends by his honest, faithful, and Christian life.

Robert Hugh Bynum.

Robert H. Bynum, one of the prominent citizens of Scottsboro, Ala., died there on April 6, 1909. His parents were pioneers of the community. This comrade entered the Confederate army when a mere boy, and made a brave and gallant soldier, serving in Captain Henry's company of Colonel Russell's regiment. He came out of the war penniless, but by industry and thrift had accumulated a valuable estate. He was married soon after the war to Miss Lucy Scott, of another pioneer family, and his wife and six children—three sons and three daughters—survive him. Comrade Bynum was a man of many admirable traits, genial and social by nature, and most kindly disposed toward those more unfortunate than himself. He was born and reared in Scottsboro, and was a strong factor in the life of that community.

Col. John Luther Branch.—Mrs. Albert Taylor has written a sketch of John L. Branch, of Charleston, who was a civil engineer, and in connection with the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad became its chief engineer. He was later city surveyor of Charleston, which position he held when the war began. Elected from the ranks to lieutenant colonel of the 1st South Carolina Militia, he was in command on Morris Island when the Star of the West was fired upon. He took possession of Morris Island on January 1, 1861. He was promoted to the head of the regiment later when Pettigrew was made brigadier general. It is asserted that he was in command of three companies of cadets, with Major Stephens in charge of the guns—those on the battery that had been constructed—when the first shot of the war was fired. Colonel Branch was born in Abbeville, S. C. August 27, 1825; and died January 15, 1894.

Montgomery.—Robert Hardin Montgomery was born near Springfield, Ky., in 1841; and died on December 11, 1909. Between these two dates are crowded many hardships, though not unmixed with the pleasures of life. He received only a common school education; but, being an industrious reader, he made himself one of the best-informed men of his day. At the beginning of the war he enlisted under John H. Morgan in Company K, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and was with him on all his famous raids until captured on the Ohio raid and imprisoned in Camp Douglas, where he remained until the close of the war.

Garnett.—Jerry C. Garnett was born in Boone County, Ky., in 1828, and removed to Virginia in early life. When the war came on, he joined the 5th Virginia Cavalry, Captain Allen's company, Lomax's Brigade, where he served with distinction as a private until 1864. He was badly wounded, and suffered fearfully for two years. Comrade Garnett was twice married—first to Miss Sallie B. Willis, of Rapidan, Va., who left two daughters. His second wife was Miss Mary E. Frye, of Madison, Va., who survives him with five sons and a daughter, in addition to the other daughters.

Yokely.—Jacob Yokely, an esteemed citizen of Giles County, Tenn., died at Yokely January 15, 1910, aged eighty-seven years. He belonged to the 53d Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and served till the surrender. He had ten children, and is survived by several of them and a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Price.—Maj. Sidney T. Price was born at Bladen Springs, Ala.; and died in Atlanta January 8, 1910, aged sixty-three years. He served during the entire war in Forrest's Cavalry. He leaves a sister and five children.



ROME'S MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN, BY UNITED SONS OF VETERANS.

There have been many speeches on the subject of a monument to the women of the Confederacy; but to Rome, Ga., falls the great honor of being the first to erect one, the unveiling ceremonies of which were most impressively held on March 9, 1910. Commander in Chief Evans was too ill to make his address, and his place on the program was taken by Hon. L. L. Middlebrooks, of Covington, and Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, both of whom made eloquent speeches, which were enthusiastically received.

Hon. Moses Wright presented the monument to the city of Rome in the name of the Sons of Veterans, and his words were filled with the pathos that comes from true sincerity. His eloquent tribute to the noble wives, sisters, and mothers of the South was warmly applauded. Major Lipscomb received the monument in a few words of polished diction, Mr. Nixon pulled the cord, and the beautiful shaft was revealed.

The monument stands one block north of the one to Gen. N. B. Forrest, and is the work of a local marble company. The base is a solid block of Georgia marble ten feet square and four feet thick, the largest block ever taken out from the Tate mines. From the center rises the shaft thirty feet high, and near the base are two beautiful groups of figures—one representing "news from the front," the other "the ministering angel"—both the work of J. Wolz, of Savannah. The two eloquent inscriptions were written by Rev. G. A. Nunnelly, D.D., former President of Mercer College; the other by Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University.

To Floyd Camp, U. S. C. V., belongs the honor of this beautiful monument. In April, 1909, at a meeting of the Camp it was suggested to build to the women of the South a suitable shaft, and the idea was at once accepted with such enthusiasm that fifteen members of the Camp guaranteed the necessary four thousand five hundred dollars, and in less than a month the contract had been let. The money for the monument came from all classes, rich and poor alike, the Veterans giving several hundred dollars. The young men, however, Sons of Confederate Veterans, without sounding trumpets, resolved to erect the monument and gave to the fund unstintedly.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MONUMENT.

To the Women of the Confederacy.

She was obedient to the God she adored
And true to every vow she made to man.
She was loyal to the country she loved so well,
And upon its altar laid husband, sire, and son.
The home she loved to serve was graced
With sincerity of life and devotion of heart.
She reared her sons to unselfish chivalry
And her daughters to spotless purity.
Her children delight to give her honor
And love to speak her praise.

(Reverse Side.)

To the Women of the Confederacy.

Whose purity, whose fidelity, whose courage, whose gentle genius in love and in counsel kept the home secure, the family a school of virtue, the State a court of honor; who made of war a season of heroism and of peace a time of healing; the guardians of our tranquillity and of our strength.

It is expected that more will appear about this monument. The young men, who were too busy to meet for a group picture, took time to pay over lots of money for the monument.

A MONUMENT TO GENERAL PEMBERTON.—Vicksburg papers are espousing the idea of a monument to the gallant General Pemberton, who with less than twenty-five thousand men made so noble a defense of that city against eighty thousand of the besieging Federals. Vicksburg would honor herself by adding this tribute to the heroic general to the others that have been raised in or near that city to Southern heroes.

OPPOSED TO MUFFLING FIREARMS.—Rencher's bill to oppose the manufacture or use of mufflers or arresters on firearms in Mississippi was favorably reported to the House by the Judiciary Committee. At first the House was inclined to laugh at the bill; but when the explanation of the danger that lay in such additions was made, the seriousness impressed all, and the passage of the bill met little opposition.

Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

you can find nothing more pleasing to the people for Memorial Day than my two poems entitled: "OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD" and "THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."

Have them spoken by two young ladies on that day during your exercises. Both of the poems pay a high tribute of praise to the living as well as the dead soldiers. They tell of your gallantry and chivalry during those trying days, and close with beautiful and tender expressions of love and remembrance of those whose graves you will soon decorate with flowers.

They are nicely printed, and both of them will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of $1 money order. Every living veteran should have them. Send NOW. Address

T. R. ARMSTRONG, University Place
Lincoln, Nebr.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906 Serial number, 1098.

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

The Annual Convention of the Washington Division, U. D. C., will meet in Spokane October 22, 1910.

John H. McDowell, Department of Agriculture, Nashville, Tenn., makes inquiry for Comrade W. P. Griffith, for whom he has important information.

W. T. Lenoir, of Sweetwater, Tenn., wants to buy copies of the VETERAN for January and March, 1893, and those who can supply them will kindly write to him.

Miss Perle Strickland, of Holly Springs, Miss., wishes to add to her collection of war relics, and will be glad to hear from those having any souvenirs of battlefields, etc., that they wish to dispose of.

A. M. Kellar, of Temple, Tex., wants to know if a man named Ratcliff was with him the night his escape was made from Camp Douglas, at Chicago, on January 1, 1863. He doesn't know the command to which this comrade belonged.

Miss Josephine E. Lane, of Valley View Farm, Hendersonville, N. C., writes of having a collection of Confederate buttons, on some of which there is an Old English "P" with a laurel wreath. These buttons are from the uniform of her uncle, Capt. J. W. Lane, of Company A, 16th North Carolina. Any who can explain this lettering will oblige by writing to Miss Lane.

Sergt. Charles O. Newell, Companies H and I, 20th Massachusetts Infantry, 12 Clifton Place, Roxbury, Mass., will be exceedingly grateful if some reader of the VETERAN will advise him where he may possibly find some trace of the national and State flags of his regiment, which were captured with the regiment on the afternoon of August 25, 1864, at Reams Station, Va., by a column of Confederate troops commanded by General Heth and which column was believed to have been made up of the brigades of Cooke, McRae, Lane, Scales, G. T. Anderson, and McGowan. At the time of its capture the regiment was in position behind the railroad embankment, near the southwest angle. Sergeant Newell and the regimental association have been trying for years to locate these colors, but have not been able to obtain the slightest clew as to what became of them.

RHEUMATISM

may be completely cured by the new external remedy called LUX. This preparation is soothing, healing, tissue-nourishing liniment of great penetrating power causing not the least stain or irritation when applied. A proved remedy for both inflammatory and muscular rheumatism. Mrs. J. E. Hoxie (75 years old), of Brockton, Mass., writes: "I have used it with great satisfaction. My rheumatism no longer troubles me and I feel that I am cured." Mr. Ben Jones, of Allemando, La., writes: "I was laid up three months with rheumatism of the hip. LUX cured me. Within three days after beginning to use it I was up loading crossties." LUX is a specific for all subsurface inflammation. Takes the place of plasters and poultices. Ask your druggist for it or send One Dollar to the LUX Company, Box 507, New Orleans, and receive a bottle by registered mail.

SPEND YOUR VACATION

— IN THE —

"Land of the Sky"

IN PICTURESQUE

North Carolina

THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL

SAPPHIRE COUNTRY

ON THE

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

LAKE TOXAWAY, N. C.
FAIRFIELD, N. C.
BREVARD, N. C.
SAPPHIRE, N. C.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

For Circulars and Full Information, write

J. E. SHIPLEY, D. P. A.,
KNOXVILLE

E. A. Robb, of Glennville, Ga., has four volumes of the VETERAN which he wishes to dispose of. Those desiring to secure volumes for the past four years will confer a favor by writing to him.

Capt. John C. White, 1119 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky., wishes to secure the following numbers of the VETERAN in 1905: June, September, and October. It is hoped that some subscriber can furnish them in good condition. Write him as to price, etc.

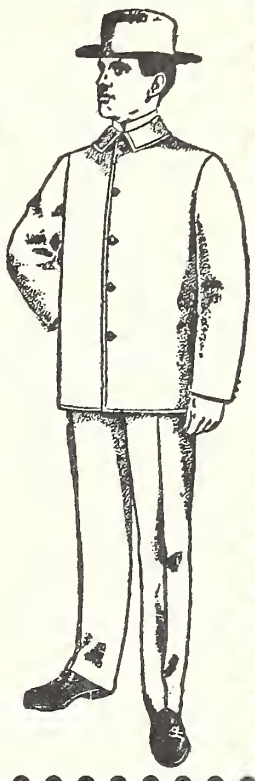
Joe W. Wood, now residing in Temple, Tex., wishes to hear from any comrades of Captain McCoy's company of Jackman's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, Missouri Cavalry. He has applied for a pension and needs their proof of his service.

D. A. Light, R. F. D. No. 4, Somerville, Ala., wishes to learn something of the fate of his brother, Noah Light, who was a member of the 40th Alabama Infantry. When last heard from he was near Vicksburg, Miss. His regiment had been sent out on detail, and while away the city was surrounded, and they could not get back. Some survivors of this regiment may be able to give some information of his fate.

W. S. Ray, of Idabel, Okla., has in his possession the diary of Sergt. James A. Dilworth, Company F, 5th Connecticut Regiment, captured by Capt. Sam Leslie on the battlefield at Winchester. It contains the roll of Company F, also the information that on April 12, 1862, William Ingram insulted a man, and John Cavanaugh and John Ryan were put in the guardhouse on April 13. He would like to locate Sergeant Dilworth or some member of his family, and would also be glad to hear from any of the friends of E. Skates, 121st Illinois, or any member of that regiment.

W. C. Mayes, lieutenant commander of the 62d Alabama Regiment, now at West Greene, Ala., asks that as many as possible of the survivors of that regiment meet at the Reunion in Mobile, that they may go in a body to visit the old battlefields of Spanish Fort and Bakely, where their principal fighting was done. He also asks for the address of Mrs. G. A. Herron, widow of George A. Herron, of Company D, 62d Alabama Regiment. She wrote him for the record of her husband's service, which he has ready for her; but his letters have been returned undelivered at the address she gave. Any friend who sees this will kindly write to Lieutenant Mayes, giving her proper address. She wrote to him from Dallas, Tex.

Confederate Uniforms



LEVY'S SPECIAL $8

Coat and trousers with regulation U. C. V. buttons. The *best* uniform at the price to be had anywhere.

Finer uniforms at moderate prices. Made to order and guaranteed to fit.

Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggins, and insignia of rank of all kinds.

Write for new catalog and samples, mentioning the VETERAN.

We make special terms for outfitting whole camps.

Levy's Third and Market
LOUISVILLE, KY.

A Book for Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans

A NARRATIVE OF THE CIVIL WAR BY A. E. SNYDER

This is a truthful narrative of the facts and events of the great War between the States, the Civil War, written in a plain style and chronologically arranged. It is designed especially for the young people of the South, and covers the entire subject in a way that makes it intensely interesting and of great value to all who wish to know correctly about the war and its various phases. The book is handsomely bound and contains many interesting illustrations. Price, postpaid, 60c. Send all orders to
THE EPWORTH ERA, - - - - - Nashville, Tenn.



ORDER Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

so you will have them on Decoration Day. Price, 25 cents each, f. o. b. Franklin, Pa.

William H. Birge
Franklin, Pa.

The Veterans' Corner

Is the name of a department in The Jeffersonian, a weekly magazine edited by Tom Watson, the eminent Southern historian. It contains stories, reminiscences and letters from the old soldiers of the Confederate Cause, their sons and daughters.

Mr. Watson writes from 12 to 20 columns of editorials each week, and there are also Home and Farm Departments, a Children's Page, Letters from the People, and "Summary of Events as They Happen," besides poetry, fiction, jokes, and prize contests.

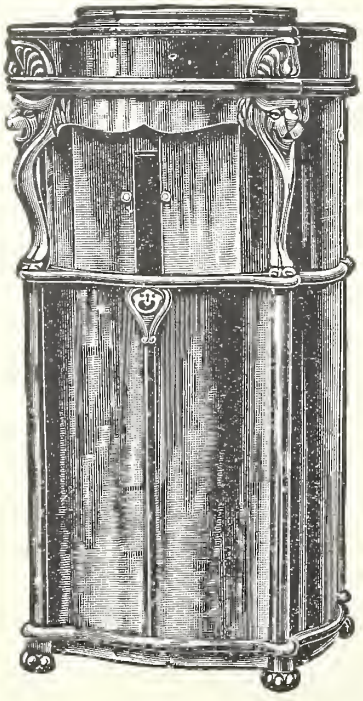
In order to introduce you to THE VETERANS' CORNER we will send you the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and THE JEFFERSONIAN both one year for $1.25.
THE JEFFERSONIAN, THOMSON, GA.

E. D. Beard, of Danburg, Ga., wishes to hear from or of ——— Mullin, who was quartermaster sergeant or forage master of Williams's Brigade, Kentucky Cavalry. He was a Tennesseean.

Miss Lizzie Leigh, of Grenada, Miss., wishes to procure several copies of the VETERAN for December, 1897, and for January, 1898. Write her before sending.

The Liverpool
and London and Globe
Insurance Company

Agencies Throughout the World



The
Grafonola
"De Luxe"

The real acme of perfection in the science of sound reproduction. No other instrument can compare with it either in performance or perfection in tone.

All the world's great artists at your command. Each voice so faithfully reproduced that you cannot distinguish it from the original.

PRICE, $200

Others at Less Price—$20 Upwards

Write for Catalog v-12

Columbia Phonograph Co.
NEW ORLEANS

Rev. E. L. Shettles, of Marlin, Tex., is anxious to complete his file of the VETERAN by securing these numbers: All of 1893; January, February, March, April, August, 1894; February, December, 1895; January, 1896. Those having them will kindly write him, stating price, etc.

C. E. Blackwell, of Newport News, Va., writes of Isaac Farrington Barnes for the benefit of friends or relatives who may not have known his fate. Comrade Barnes came from New Orleans and became a private in Company E, 1st Virginia Regiment of Cavalry. He was captured and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he died.

Mrs. H. C. Milnor, of Knoxville, Tenn., whose father and uncle, Messrs. D. L. and W. W. King, served in Company A, 8th Tennessee Cavalry (also called the 4th Tennessee Cavalry), wishes to secure a history of this command. Doubtless some survivor can give some interesting recollection of this regiment and company.

Ben Marlin, of Ames, Tex., wants to communicate with some one who was with President Davis when captured at Washington, Ga. Mr. Martin was a member of Dibrell's Brigade, Company E, 4th Tennessee Regiment Cavalry, and was under Captain Hubbard. He has lost his parole, and wishes to get in correspondence with some one who can assist him in getting the information desired.

Mrs. Mary E. Medcalf, of Oxford, Fla., wishes to secure some information of the service of her husband, John A. Medcalf, who enlisted from the Quincy and Monticello neighborhoods of Florida. He was in the cavalry, but she cannot recall his company or regiment, and will appreciate hearing from any comrades who can give her this information. She is in need and wishes to try to get a pension.

J. C. Bellamy, of Whitakers, N. C., wishes information and photographs of any members now in existence of the families of Augustine Burkette Washington, of Memphis, Tenn. (who was a member of Company K, 5th Arkansas Infantry, and was killed in the battle of Chickamauga), and Lewis M. Jiggitts, of Mississippi (C. S. S. Livingston), who died in 1862. He lost an arm at Chancellorsville.

Meyer's Military Shop

1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Confederate Goods

Gold button or pin	.90
Rolled plate button or pin	.45
Gold-plated button or pin	.25
Hat pins	.25
Silk flags	5c to $1.50
Belt plates for ladies	.75
Watch charms	$1 to $15.00

Write for illustrated price lists

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principals
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



For Shetland Ponies of High Class

PONY VEHICLES AND HARNESS

Visit or write

L. C. PRICE

Penmoken Farm

Lexington, Ky.

G. W. Gilmer, of Howardsville, Va., who served in Company C, 2d Virginia Cavalry, would like to have the address of a schoolmate, A. G. Lastrope, who was in the 8th Louisiana Regiment. He also asks information of Capt. J. J. Newsome, from Mississippi, who, while on his way to Richmond in June or July, 1864, showed great kindness to a young Virginia girl going from South Carolina to Virginia.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Southern Railway

Announces very low round-trip rates to Mobile, Ala., for the occasion of the **Annual Reunion United Confederate Veterans.**

Liberal Stop-Over Arrangements

Excellent Service, Magnificent Pullman Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars

For detailed information as to rates, schedules, etc., call on any Southern Railway Agent, or write

J. E. SHIPLEY, Division Passenger Agent
Knoxville, Tenn.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

The Original Fabacher's Restaurant

WE HAVE NO BRANCHES — ESTABLISHED 1880

ANTHONY FABACHER, Proprietor

Centrally located. One block from Canal Street Cor. Royal and Iberville Streets

The place all visitors come to
The best Creole dishes served
Sea food a specialty. Caught fresh daily
Coming to New Orleans? Your visit is not complete without a visit to the place made famous by unexcelled cooking and manner of serving

THE ORIGINAL FABACHER'S RESTAURANT

Capt. Joseph T. Cobb, of Angleton, Tex., wishes to procure a copy of the VETERAN for April, 1896, to fill out his file. Write him in advance of sending.

W. H. Ferguson, of Sierra Blanca, Tex., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of Company D, 11th Mississippi Infantry.

U. C. V. Reunion, Mobile, Ala.

April 26, 27, 28, 1910

Very Low Fares and Special Train Service

VIA

Rock Island

Round-Trip Tickets on Sale April 24, 25, 1910

Full information on request, or call on your nearest Agent.

GEO. H. LEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Confederate Veterans

ATTENTION!

¶ Would you like to earn good money by light, pleasant work? ¶ THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, founded in 1868 by Bret Harte, wants a few active agents to solicit for subscriptions. ¶ Write for terms and exclusive territory. ¶ Address

Circulation Manager
OVERLAND MONTHLY
773 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.



"IN MEMORIAM"

Confederate Statues in Bronze

We furnish Statues for ALL KINDS of Monuments

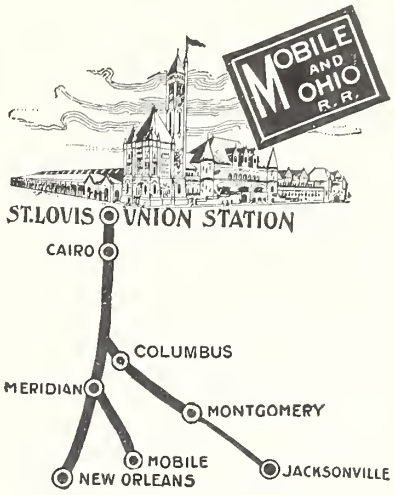
Write Us For

Prices, Designs, Etc.

American Bronze Foundry Co.,
73d and Woodlawn Ave. • • Chicago, Ill.



ADMIRAL SEMMES'S STATUE, MOBILE, ALA.



Very Low Fares to Mobile, Ala.

Via

MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD

Account Annual Reunion

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

April 26--28, 1910

Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars **Unsurpassed Dining Car Service**

Write for a copy of our "U. C. V." folder. For fares, time of trains, and all other information, apply to

Cairo, Ill., Central Union Station - -	J. H. Jones, Ticket Agent
Chicago, Ill., 451 Marquette Bldg. - -	M. H. Bohreer, Dist. Pass. Agent
Columbus, Miss. - - - - - -	W. B. Hopkins, Ticket Agent
Jackson, Tenn., Marlowe Bldg. - -	G. E. Allen, Trav. Pass. Agent
Union Depot - -	G. E. Allen, Jr., Pass. & Ticket Agt.
Jacksonville, Fla., 214 West Bay St. -	C. Sanderson, Commercial Agent
Mobile, Ala., 23 South Royal St. - -	C. Rudolph, General Agent
Montgomery, Ala., 16 Commerce St. -	P. S. Hay, Southeastern Pass. Agent
St. Louis, Mo., 722 Olive St. - -	F. L. Harris, General Agent

JNO. M. BEALL, General Passenger Agent

FULLERTON BUILDING - - - - - - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

Confederate Monuments

See what others think of our work

Below we give only a few of the many testimonials received from the Chapters that we have erected monuments for.

Office of United Daughters of Confederacy,
Abbeville, Ga., April 16, 1909.

McNeel Marble Company, Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: We desire to say that we are exceedingly well pleased with the monument in every particular. All the citizens of our city are loud in their praises of the design, workmanship, etc., of the monument. Accept our thanks for the promptness and faithfulness with which you have complied with your contract.

[Signed] Mrs. G. F. McLeod, *Pres.;* Mrs. J. H. Little,
Miss Irene McLeod, *Sec.;* Mrs. W. G. Barnes,
Miss Nannie Little, *Cor. Sec.;* Mrs. P. D. Wooten,
Mrs. L. E. Hallowes, *Treas.;* Miss Alice Shepherd.

Eufaula, Ala., January 1, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co.

Dear Sirs: The Confederate monument that has just been completed by your agent, Mr. Davis, here has given entire satisfaction to everybody. In fact, it *surpassed our expectations.* It has been pronounced by those capable of judging one of the handsomest monuments for the price in the South. The workmanship and design are perfect in every detail. It is a standing advertisement for your firm in this section. Very respectfully,

[Signed] Mrs. J. G. Guice,
Pres. U. D. C. Chapter, Barbour County.

La Fayette, Ga., March 17, 1909.

To the McNeel Marble Company, Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Mr. Wright has put up our monument and it has been duly and officially received by our Chapter. *It is beautiful and exceeds our expectations,* which of course were high. Thanking you for your kindness to us, and trusting that our relations in the future will be as pleasant as in the past, we are,

Very truly yours,

[Signed] Mrs. J. E. Patton, *Pres.;* Mrs. W. D. Stewart,
Mrs. Earl Jackson, *Treas.;* Mrs. John W. Bale,
Mrs. Paul D. Wright, Mrs. J. M. Jackson.

Millen, Ga., June 4, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

We are delighted with the monument, and all expressed themselves as being pleased. Many have said it is much prettier than some really more expensive monuments you have put up in neighboring places Truly yours,

[Signed] Electra Tyler de Loache.

Moultrie, Ga., March 20, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: The Committee of the local Chapter of U. D. C. having in charge the erecting of the Confederate monument here has notified me that the monument has been accepted, and they desire that I should say to you that they are much pleased with the work. The shaft is a very handsome one, and the ladies feel that it fully measures up to their expectation and to the contract. This letter is voluntary. With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

[Signed] Thad Adams.

Thomaston, Ga., April 23, 1908.

The McNeel Marble Co., Marietta. Ga.

Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to write you that the beautiful monument which you have erected to the Confederate soldiers of Upson by the Daughters Chapter here, is beyond our expectation. I congratulate you on your selection. *It is much finer and nicer than I ever dreamed of,* and you have won the hearts and future business of this community. This letter is unsolicited by you, and comes from my heart and business judgment as to values and beauty. The ladies certainly have a *big bargain* in my own private judgment, and I have had quite an experience in the monumental line, as I am undertaker and see lots of work. I will always refer any of my friends and customers to you for work. Very truly,

[Signed] G. A. Weaver, Jr.

Monticello, Ga., December 14, 1909.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The monument complies with the contract of purchase in *every detail,* and the workmanship is *perfect.*

[Signed]

F. C. Goolsby, *Ordinary;* Monroe Phillips, *Mayor;*
R. L. Davis, *Clerk, S. Ct.;* J. J. Pope, *Chairman;*
W. P. Persons, *Sheriff;* Mrs. Monroe Phillips, *V. P.;*
W. B. Malone *T. C.;* Nevin S. Tolleson, *Co. Clerk;*
O. G. Roberts, *J. P.;* Maud Penn,
D. C. Thomason, *L. C.;* Mrs. B. Leverett,
Mrs. Green Johnson, *Treas. Monticello Chapter, U. D. C.;* N. C. Fish,
J. S. Malone, Jr.,
W. T. Fish, Miss Gladys Pope,
Mrs. W. R. Pope, Mrs. J. D. Harvey.

Jacksonville, Ala., August 3, 1909.

McNeel Co.

Dear Sirs: The monument has been erected and is perfectly satisfactory. The U. D. C. are greatly indebted to your firm for kindness shown us. Accept our thanks. With best wishes for your success, I am most cordially,

[Signed] Mrs. Chas. D. Martin,
Treas. John H. Forney Chapter, U. D. C.

Hawkinsville, Ga., July 28, 1908.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Our monument was unveiled on the 21st of July, and I want to write you and let you know how delighted we are with it. It is a beauty. You have certainly given us a fine job; it is entirely satisfactory and according to contract. It is very much admired, and pronounced by drummers as the prettiest one they ever saw. Very truly,

[Signed] Mrs. P. H. Lovejoy,
Sec. and Treas. U. D. C.

Clayton, Ala., July 13, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Your Mr. Wright has finished the erection of the monument to the Confederate soldiers for which we contracted with you. The monument is satisfactory, and we have received same from your Mr. Wright, and hereby express our satisfaction.

[Signed] Mrs. A. L. Martin, Mrs. B. T. Roberts,
Pres. Clayton Chapter, U. D. C.

Blakely, Ga., March 31, 1909.

McNeel Marble Co., Marietta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Mr. Mosley turned the monument over to our Chapter to-day, and it is satisfactory in every way. You have all been very kind and courteous to us in every way, and we thank you all. Yours truly,

[Signed] Mrs. Walter Thomas,
Pres. Blakely Chapter.

Columbia, S. C., February 3, 1906.

The McNeel Marble Co.

Gentlemen: I desire to say that the monument which you erected and built under the contract with the Gonzales Monument Association, to the memory of the late N. G. Gonzales, has given entire satisfaction. The monument has been admired by very many, and is regarded as a fine piece of workmanship, excellent in design and execution. It is located upon quite a prominent street of Columbia near the Capitol, where it is seen by many people. Up to this time I have heard no adverse criticisms upon it, but have heard it spoken of by many in the most complimentary terms.

Yours very respectfully,

[Signed] W. A. Clark,
Chairman Gonzales Monument Association.

Our record is, no Chapter has ever failed in this work who placed its order with us. ¶ **We gladly give Chapters successful plans for raising money.**

McNeel Marble Company, - - Marietta, Ga.

Confederate Veteran.

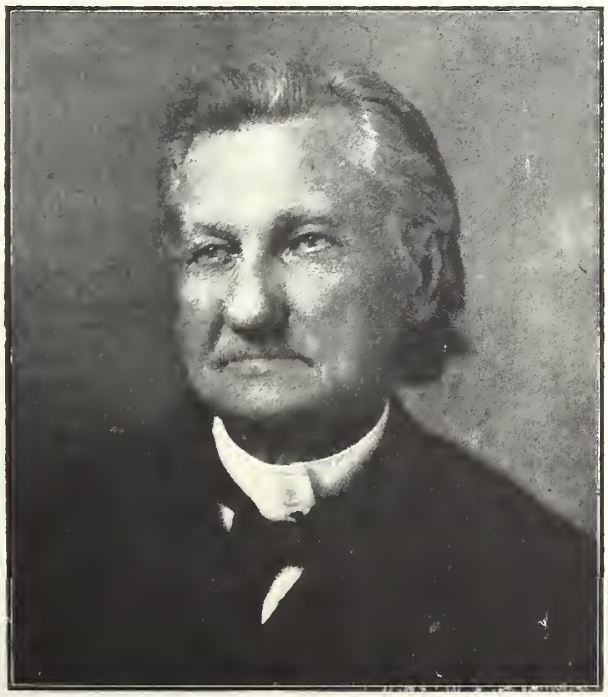
VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1910. No. 5.

CLEMENT ANSELM EVANS

THIRD COMMANDER IN CHIEF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Gen. C. A. Evans is a native Georgian; practiced law, served as County Judge and State Senator preceding the war of the sixties. He has also been a minister of the gospel.

Enlisting promptly in the Confederate Army, he was made Major and was advanced successively to Colonel and Brigadier General, and to Acting Major General in Army of Northern Virginia, so serving to the end.



After the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, he returned to the practice of law in Georgia. In later years he has served as Prison Commissioner for his State, and devotes much time to literary work. He edited the "Confederate Military History," twelve volumes, and has been active in Confederate organizations throughout. He has commanded the Georgia Division, U. C. V., as Major General, the Army of Tennessee Department as Lieutenant General. He was elected Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans after the death of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and reëlected since.

Your Future

While the contentment and happiness of a man or woman do not always depend upon money, yet the question of how you will be provided with the comforts and necessities of life in the future will be settled if you regularly lay aside part of your income.

Save, and your future success from a financial standpoint is assured. We invite you to open a savings account in this bank with $1 or more, and we will pay 3% compound interest thereon.

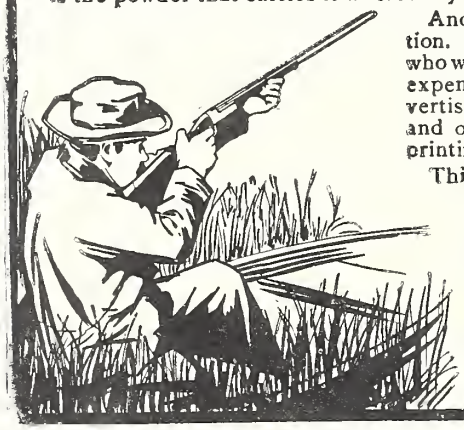
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, - - Nashville, Tenn.

"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS 6 TO 8

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.



ORDER Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

so you will have them on Decoration Day. Price, 25 cents each, f. o. b. Franklin, Pa.

William H. Birge
Franklin, Pa.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods Is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principals
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

DO YOU SMOKE?

Scotch Clays look and smoke like genuine Meerschaums. Color beautifully, and insure a mild, sweet smoke. Sent, postpaid, for 25c. or 3 for 50c. Money back if not satisfactory.

THE ROYAL CO., 203 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

The Direct Route to

Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest

is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to

Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.

W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

"From Bull Run to Appomattox." The author's four years' experience in J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry of Lee's Army. Send for a copy. If, after reading it, you do not care to pay $1.10 for it, stamps will be sent for its return. It is a book that should be in every library. L. W. Hopkins, Author and Publisher, 833 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

Smart people buy in the big city stores, saving money on all purchases. Greatest variety, lowest prices. Send for circular. Express paid on $5 orders and over. :: ::

MISS K. HASSARD-SHORT
1416 Broadway, New York, Room 714

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1910. | No. 5. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SONS OF VETERANS.

A long-cherished hope and object of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans has been accomplished, and the event was properly celebrated on March 28, 1910, when the perpermanent headquarters for the Confederation were opened and dedicated in the new million-and-a-half-dollar courthouse in Memphis.

For many years the Sons have struggled against most adverse conditions. The annual change of Commanders in Chief and the entire staff, together with Department Commanders, and the migratory meeting places of the Reunion headquarters, have kept matters in a constantly unsettled state. At the Memphis Reunion in 1909 a plan of organization was perfected which has placed the Confederation on a tangible, permanent basis that is having effective results.



CLARENCE J. OWENS, ABBEVILLE, ALA.,
Commander in Chief, United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

As soon as the Executive Council announced that it was looking for a permanent home the members of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 215, the largest in the Confederation, became active in their efforts and determination to show the excellence of Memphis as to her central location and other features and to make the most attractive offer for the permanent "Hall for Headquarters."

Accordingly they secured one of the choicest of the spacious rooms—an auditorium, in fact—in the newly completed courthouse, undoubtedly the most magnificent public building in the South. The hall devoted to the Sons of Confederate Veterans is on the ground floor at the southeast corner of Adams Avenue and Third Street. Like the entire structure, this room is finished in Tennessee marble and in mahogany. The furniture for the headquarters is of mahogany. The kind of furniture was the only condition imposed by the Courthouse Commission in their surrender of the hall to the Sons for a permanent home and under their own control. Magnificent brass chandeliers hang from the ceiling and extend from the sides. All heating and electric lighting is furnished without expense to the General Headquarters.

Mahogany cases will be installed for the display and preservation of war relics and cabinets for files and volumes of newspapers published during the war. In addition to being the home and the headquarters of the Sons of Veterans, this magnificent hall will be the regular assembly place for all local Confederate organizations, especially the Veterans themselves, for whom it is exceptionally convenient, owing to its central location and ease of access, both day and night; also for the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, the four Chapters, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Junior Memorial Association. All are working on various plans to fill the headquarters with valuable historic relics. While there is no intention to compete with the "Battle Abbey" at Richmond, these associations will gather together the heirlooms of families especially who would not permit these cherished relics to pass from their daily observation. Col. W. A. Collier has loaned half a dozen bound volumes of the old Memphis Daily Appeal, which was published in Memphis until that city surrendered, then at Grenada, later following the army to Jackson, and finally the Memphis Appeal was published in Atlanta, Ga., for nearly a year. Much valuable historic data, otherwise lost and never preserved, is thus placed at the disposal of the historians in these general head-

quarters. Relics from battlefields are constantly being accumulated for the hall.

THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES.

Appropriate and imposing ceremonies marked the dedication of this permanent home of the Sons in the hall for Confederate organizations at Memphis. Commander in Chief Clarence J. Owens was the orator of the occasion.

Commandant J. Henry Martin, to whose untiring energies the success of the Memphis Camp is greatly due, opened the proceedings, and then introduced Comrade J. P. Norfleet, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, who presided throughout the ceremony. Hon. J. W. Apperson. Past Commander in Chief, in his usually happy manner delivered greetings in behalf of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 215, and the city of Memphis.

Commander in Chief Clarence J. Owens, whose work for the Confederation is thoroughly understood and appreciated in Memphis and elsewhere, was then introduced amid a round of applause. He delivered an eloquent address of an hour. His enthusiasm thrilled the younger generation with strong desires to enlist with him in building up the Confederation of Sons as a self-perpetuating monument to the memory of their gallant fathers. His thrilling story of the South's heroic struggle brought tears to many of the veterans and others present, and upon his conclusion Daughters, Sons, and Veterans rushed to him with congratulations.

DETAIL OF PROGRAM.

Music by Junior Memorial Drum and Fife Corps.

Address of greeting in behalf of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 215, Memphis. Hon. John W. Apperson, Past Commander in Chief U. S. C. V.

Address of greeting in behalf of Tennessee Division, U. S. C. V. Hon. Hallum W. Goodloe, Commander Tennessee Division, U. S. C. V.

Address of greeting in behalf of Army of Tennessee Department, U. S. C. V. J. P. Norfleet. Commander of Army of Tennessee, U. S. C. V.

Address of greeting in behalf of Confederate Veterans. Maj. Dabney Scales.

Address of welcome in behalf of city of Memphis. Maj. Edward Crump.

Address of welcome in behalf of Tennessee. Gov. Malcolm R. Patterson.

Response for Sons. Hon. Jared Y. Sanders, Governor of Louisiana.

Address by Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V.

Address by Clarence J. Owens, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V.

Col. John L. Moulton, Division Commander of Alabama, told of the preparations made at Mobile for the Reunion on April 25.

Gen. H. A. Tyler, Commander in Chief of the Forrest Cavalry Corps, presented the headquarters with a handsome picture of a beautiful scene.

The decorations were made up of large silk flags and pennants sent to the headquarters by the various Confederate organizations and hung by the nimble and delicate fingers of the dear ladies themselves as their evidence of love and devotion to the cause.

The headquarters when furnished will be kept open constantly for the convenience and benefit of all local members of Confederate organizations and for all visitors.

SOCIAL FEATURES OF U. S. C. V. AT MOBILE.

[Official orders from Memphis, Tenn., state:]

The social features of the Reunion constitute not the least of its attractions. The presence of the fair daughters of the South on these patriotic occasions is an evidence of their abiding love for the Confederacy and of their appreciation of the noble efforts of those who are banded together for the preservation of its sacred glories.

In recognition of their interest, their enthusiasm, and their constancy, and in obedience to the custom which has obtained in the Confederation from its inception, announcement is made of the following appointments for the fifteenth annual Reunion Convention in Mobile, Ala., April 25, 26, 27, and 28, 1910:

Matron of Honor, Mrs. B. B. Ross, Auburn, Ala.

Chaperon, Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

Sponsor in Chief, Miss Georgia Whiting Saffold, Montgomery, Ala.

Maids of Honor.

Alabama: Misses Clara Ellen Forbes, Montgomery; Mary Henry-Ruffin, Mobile; Mary Rosalind Tardy, Birmingham; Nannie Goodbrad, Mobile; Annie Lyde Smith, Tuskegee; Lillie Radcliffe, Mobile.

Georgia: Miss Lydia Hutchins, Athens.

Louisiana: Miss Gladys Broadway, Monroe.

Mississippi: Misses Sallie Hunt, Greenville; Mildred Merriwether Sledge, Cornelia Wallace, Como.

South Carolina: Misses Madelle Weathersbee, Williston, and Ruth Kennedy, Greenville.

Virginia: Miss Avis Walker Grant, Richmond.

Maids of honor for the general staff may be appointed to represent the States not listed above. The Commander in Chief has awaited recommendations from the Division Commanders.

Sponsor to represent the Children of the Confederacy, Miss Frances Alexander Duncan, Auburn, Ala.

The ladies will be in attendance on the Reunion, and they will be accorded that distinguished respect and consideration which is due their positions.

The opening session of the Convention in Mobile will occur in German Relief Hall, corner St. Emanuel and Conti Streets, on Monday evening, April 25.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

Col. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, just at the time for going to press reports receipts for two-thirds of April—to be itemized in the June VETERAN—amounting to $38.50 and rents on the property $64. Colonel Leathers will make a report to the Convention at Mobile, and he will have an interesting pamphlet giving a history of the movement for distribution at the headquarters in Battle House.

This "Mount Vernon of Kentucky" will evidently become one of the chief Confederate objects of gratitude to the faithful chief and of pride to our faithful Southland.

KENTUCKY DIVISION AT THE REUNION.

Maj. Gen. Bennett H. Young, of the Kentucky Division, announces the appointment of Mrs. Emma Young Bateman, President of the John H. Morgan Association, as matron of honor for the Kentucky Division, Miss Mabel Clair McNichols, of Paducah, as sponsor, and Miss Cecil Gordon, of Louisville, and Miss Mattie Welsh Logan, of Shelbyville, as maids of honor.

The headquarters of the Kentucky Division at Mobile dur-

ing the Reunion will be at Planters' Alley and Water Street. The Adjutant General and his assistant will see to the distribution of badges and render such service as may be necessary for the comfort of the Kentuckians in attendance.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN TENNESSEE.—Mrs. Sanson, President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., calls attention of all Chapters of her Division to the near approach of the State Convention, which is to be held in Clarksville May 11-13, and urges that the *per capita* taxes be sent to the Treasurer at once. She also reminds them that credentials should be in the hands of Mrs. Clay Stacker, of Clarksville, not later than May 10.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING MARCH 31, 1910.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, $15,023.56.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, $1. Contributed by Mrs. J. L. Kellogh, Galveston, Tex.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $17.47. Contributed by William R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., Bedford City, Va., $10; Smythe County Chapter, No. 183, U. D. C., Chilhowie, Va., $7.47.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, $35. Contributed by Independence Chapter, No. 710, U. D. C., Independence, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $29.70. Contributed by Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C., $15; John Hames Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C., $3; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnston, S. C., $2; West End School, Newberry, S. C., $1.25; students of Clifford Seminary, $4.50; Mitchell (S. C.) Public School, $2.75; Healing Spring (S. C.) School, $1.20.



MRS. B. L. DUKE, NEW YORK,
Honorary Matron for Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

Thomas P. Stone Chapter, No. 1050, U. D. C., Mart, Tex., $6.50.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, $20. Contributed by Gen. and Mrs. Charles Scott, Rosedale, Miss., $10; W. G. Quinn, West Point, Miss., $5; Thomas Hood, Greenville, Miss., $2.50; T. P. McMahon, Greenville, $2.50.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, $3. Contributed by Gen. J. B. Gordon Chapter, No. 739, U. D. C., San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $5. Contributed by Pensacola Chapter, No. 298, U. D. C., Pensacola, Fla.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, $25. Contributed by Springfield Chapter, No. 625, U. D. C., Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $101.85. Contributed by Harvey Black Chapter, No. 174, U. D. C., Blacksburg, Va., $1.85; royalty from sale of book, $100.

Total receipts, $15,268.08.

Expenditures, none. WALLACE STREATER, *Treas.*

SEAL FOR ARLINGTON MONUMENT FUND.

Mrs. Edgar James, of Florence, Ala., has sent out a letter to the U. D. C. Chapters asking their coöperation in the sale of Confederate seals for the benefit of the Arlington Monument Fund. A member of the Florence Chapter designed this seal, and it has been accepted by the President, Mrs. M. W. Camper, and Chapter, and is now being copyrighted. The first proceeds from the sale of the seal are to be donated to the Arlington monument; and after that is finished, each State can decide for itself what to do with further proceeds.

The design is a boll of cotton lying on a holly wreath, behind which the points of a red star appear. The background is gold, and in four spaces a stars and bars flag is carelessly lying; in the fifth space is the word "Greetings" in red.

This Confederate seal is very pretty. It will be necessary to have a million made, and the cost will be $1,200. More would cost less in proportion. It is the plan to ask each State Division to advance $50 toward the cost price, while the Florence Chapter and one other agree to also contribute to the amount. Then the seals are to be sent to the Florence Chapter for distribution, $250 worth being sent to each State President, the balance to be held as a reserve subject to call. Each Division can replace the money advanced and send on other proceeds to the Arlington fund.

It is estimated that there are 50,000 members of the U. D. C.; and if every member would buy twenty-five cents' worth of seals, it would use up two and a half millions, not counting outside buyers. The idea is to have twenty seals in a box at ten cents. At this price one million seals would bring in $5,000, and doubtless several millions could be sold the first Christmas.

The President General of the U. D. C., Mrs. McSherry, gives this plan hearty approval, saying: "I approve your scheme, and you have my hearty coöperation." Mrs. Ross, the Alabama State President, writes: "I think the plan a glorious one. When do you want the $50?"

This work would doubtless be taken up at the General U. D. C. Convention, but in waiting a year would be lost. All the money must be in by the last of May. At all the State Conventions it should be liberally advertised. The seals are to be made in Germany, and the work must be pushed through at once to be ready for the Christmas trade.

Mrs. James is Chairman of the Committee on Seals.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, let me speak a few words to you through the columns of the VETERAN, for it is my desire to keep in touch with every Division and Chapter and individual as far as I can.

Do you appreciate the important part taken by the Committee on Education? They are endeavoring to establish scholarships for the benefit of the descendants of our brave and noble veterans. By doing this we are giving to the faithful Daughters something than can never be taken from them—education. I appeal to every Chapter of the U. D. C. to contribute something between now and August through the Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, of Draper, Va., to this fund. By prompt compliance with this request the candidate can enter college in September, 1910, while by waiting for the appeal made at the General Convention a loss of several months will be incurred. With this work I am in hearty sympathy.

I also again call your attention to the two great monuments to be erected by our organization at Arlington and at Shiloh. Under the generous act of the United States Congress at the government's expense two hundred and sixty-five Confederates have been interred in the beautiful spot known as the Confederate section at Arlington, marked with head- and footstones, leaving to the U. D. C. the privilege of putting up a monument to the memory of those gallant men who died in a conflict they believed just and right. Then at Shiloh, where so many valuable Confederate lives were sacrificed, and as yet no general memorial has been placed to testify our love and veneration for the sleeping heroes there. Let us work hard, so that while many of the old veterans are living we may finish the work, thereby having them know how we feel toward their comrades.

I feel it my duty to remind all Divisions and Chapters that it is strictly against the U. D. C. constitution to federate with any other organization. I refer to Article LV., Section 8, of the constitution. The objects of our organization are unique. They are memorial, historical, and educational. We are to protect the valor of those Confederates who live and to honor those who have died for the cause they thought right—and they were right—and to perpetuate a true history of the War between the States. While we may have sympathy for the work of other organizations and individually can do much, let it be understood that as Chapters we cannot federate. As your President General I must insist upon every article of the constitution being obeyed. If these appeals are sent to you, answer according to the words of our constitution: "Divisions and Chapters of the U. D. C. are prohibited from federating with other organizations." I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting many Daughters at the Reunion of the Veterans at Mobile April 26-28.

With very tender feelings for all my Daughters, I am most cordially,

VIRGINIA FAULKNER MCSHERRY, *Pres. Gen. U. D. C.*

TO BUILD AN INFIRMARY AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.—South Carolina has a sum of money which was collected for the Soldiers' Home. Most probably this money will be used to build an infirmary, of which the Home stands in great need. The Legislature increased its appropriation by an extra two thousand dollars. This will be utilized to build a small cottage for the superintendent, so that the rooms occupied by his family in the house may be devoted to the use of the old soldiers.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SHILOH MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER, MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, PADUCAH, KY., FROM DECEMBER 6, 1909, TO FEBRUARY 15, 1910.

Lee picture, R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Conway, Ark.	$ 5 00
Mrs. L. C. Hall (personal), Dardanelle, Ark.	5 00
Arkansas Division, U. D. C.	5 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 540, San Francisco, Cal.	30 00
C. A. Evans Chapter, Brunswick, Ga.	5 00
Walker and Dudley English Casey (personal), Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, Ky.	1 00
New York Chapter, U. D. C., New York, N. Y.	25 00
Children of the Confederacy, Charlotte, N. C.	5 00
Knoxville Chapter, Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Nine Lee pictures, Shiloh Chapter, U. D. C., Savannah, Tenn.	2 25
Lee picture, J. W. Morton Chapter, U. D. C., Camden, Tenn.	2 25
Rev. Giles B. Cook (personal), Mathews C. H., Va.	1 00
Raphael Semmes Chapter, Auburn, Ala.	2 50
Alabama Division, U. D. C.	10 00
Tuscumbia Chapter, Tuscumbia, Ala.	5 00
Tuskegee Chapter, Tuskegee, Ala.	2 00
Jefferson Davis Chapter, San Francisco, Cal.	30 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside, Cal.	5 00
A. S. Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, Cal.	25 00
John B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose, Cal.	3 00
Houston County Chapter, Perry, Ga.	5 00
Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville, Ky.	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, Jefferson City, Mo.	10 00
Lee picture sold to Mrs. Reilly, of Missouri	2 00
Springfield Chapter, Springfield, Mo.	25 00
Frank Bird Chapter, Windsor, N. C.	5 00
Bill Dawson Camp, U. C. V., Dyersburg, Tenn.	25 00
Lee pictures, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn.	1 00
Nashville Chapter, No. 1, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, Wash.	2 00

HISTORY OF SHILOH MONUMENT UNDERTAKING.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PARIS, TENN., DIRECTOR GENERAL SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE, U. D. C.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy: In 1900 a little band of devoted women, the Shiloh Chapter of Savannah, Tenn., undertook the task of placing on the battlefield of Shiloh a fitting memorial to all Confederate soldiers. The task was too great for them; so while I was State President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., the Shiloh committee asked me to enlist the aid of the Southern States. At San Francisco I went before the Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and asked their aid, that a fitting memorial to all Confederate soldiers should be placed on this battlefield, and received a response as with one voice to my plea to take up the work of erecting a monument to "the men of Shiloh."

The Gulfport Convention, the following year, reindorsed this action, and the President General of the U. D. C. appointed a State Director for every State represented in the U. D. C. The Norfolk Convention made the personnel of this committee permanent, and all Directors are to serve through the life of the committee; so from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, there are Daughters of the Confederacy holding out their hands for money for Shiloh and devising ways and means for increasing the fund.

During the year ending with the recent Houston Conven-

tion more than $2,000 was added to the fund, and now we have more than $9,000 drawing interest, the Houston Convention voting $1,000 out of the treasury to this fund. At that meeting all the directors pledged themselves to renewed efforts to increase this fund; and since this monument is being erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to all Confederate soldiers, it should be a handsome monument of which every Daughter will be proud to say: "We built it."

Daughters, this is your work, and through the ensuing year do not forget it, but help make the monument worthy of you and the cause it represents.

The monument will be placed in Shiloh National Military Park, where was fought a great battle full of tremendous results to the whole country. It was a battle on which hung the very life of the Confederacy, a battle which brought tears and heartbreaks to nearly every Southern home. It will be placed on that momentous battlefield, where the great Albert Sidney Johnston, so loved and so mourned by all the South, led the long gray line of Confederates against Grant and Sherman with their consolidated thousands in blues, and where Albert Sidney Johnston gave his life for the South, the Confederates losing ten thousand men and the Federals thirteen thousand. At that time it eclipsed all the battles that had been fought.

On Shiloh's field to-day sleep those ten thousand of the South's dearest and best not in graves, but in trenches. In one trench alone lie four thousand Confederate dead.

Month after month Northern States place at Shiloh magnificent monuments to commemorate Federal valor; and when each one is dedicated, not only hundreds but thousands of people from the North go to Shiloh and over that battlefield. Distinguished foreigners go to Shiloh to study the strategy of that battle. Hundreds of private citizens of the North and of the South go to Shiloh every month, as it is one of the most beautiful military parks in America. Hundreds of shafts proclaim the valor of the North, but what of the South? Yet Southern valor never rose to greater heights than at Shiloh. None loved their country more, no truer hearts gave better service, none more noble colors bore; but neither marble nor bronze speaks for them—only the wind sighing through the pines whispers of their glorious deeds, their noble death. Only two markers worthy the name have yet been erected—one by the Daughters of Alabama and the other to Bate's 2d Tennessee Regiment. Therefore you see why the South should raise at least one handsome shaft to all.

The Shiloh committee has now decided to consider a design for this monument. You want it to be representative and symbolic of the South, of course; so help us with this fund, that the monument may be so impressive and beautiful that the many, many visitors to the battlefield will be attracted to it, will go there and read the inscriptions upon it, which will tell the wonderful story of our soldiers' valor, and in so telling shall antagonize none, but do justice where it is deserved.



LINE OF MARCH AT MEMPHIS REUNION.

C. S. A. RECORDS IN CAPITOL AT AUSTIN, TEX.

In the March Veteran on page 100 under the head, "Confederate Memorial Hall for Texas," appears the following statement: "The C. S. A. records, memorials, and valuable data of all kinds must now be moved from the Capitol building at Austin, Tex., as the custodian of these relics has been notified that all the rooms in the Capitol will be required for legislative purposes."

His Excellency, Thomas M. Campbell, present Governor of Texas, the Hon. Mr. Day, present Superintendent of Public Buildings of Texas (including the State Capitol), and the State Custodian, U. D. C., Texas Division, have each been interviewed in regard to the above statement, and neither of them knows anything about the U. D. C., Texas Division, having been notified by any one, with authority or without, to give up the room in the Texas State Capitol now used by it as a memorial hall and museum of Confederate war relics and data or to remove those relics and data elsewhere. In fact, such a requirement could not be lawfully made by any one without the knowledge of either the Governor or the Superintendent of Public Buildings or both.

The first contract for the State Capitol was made and objected to because some loyal Texans wanted it constructed out of native granite. The State paid a forfeit, and three men, Col. N. P. Norton, Dr. Westfall, and Colonel Lacy, who owned the granite mountain, gave the State enough granite to build the Capitol. The gift is a lasting advertisement of the resources of Texas. When the Capitol was finished, Col. N. P. Norton and his associates were informed (I think by the Twenty-First Legislature) that on account of this princely gift a room would be set aside for Colonel Norton, Dr. Westfall, and Colonel Lacy to use as they pleased. All these noble men were devoted Confederate veterans; and knowing that the United Daughters of the Confederacy had no place of meeting, Colonel Norton told Mrs. L. J. Storey that if the Daughters would have a resolution passed in the House and Senate granting them a room for a place of meeting and a Confederate museum to place war relics in they would be glad for the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter to meet in and care for the room, and that it should be headquarters for the Texas Division, U. D. C. Mrs. L. J. Storey and her committee asked Hon. E. N. Hicks, of the Senate, to introduce the resolution from the Senate and Hon. A. W. Terrell from the House. The result was signed by Gov. S. W. T. Lanham.

The Board of Regents of the Confederate Museum, Texas Division, kindly asks that you publish this communication in order to correct the erroneous statement contained in the March issue of the Veteran.

Mesdames L. J. Storey (Chairman Board of Regents), Anna P. Norton, H. C. Askew, G. W. Littlefield, Val C. Giles, Ed Wilson, Fred W. Mally, George Massie, and Miss Bertie Storey; Mrs. Mamie Wilson, Custodian Historic Papers of Museum; Mrs. W. T. Wree, President Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter.

Mrs. M. M. Birge, Historian of A. S. Johnston Chapter.

W. C. Day, Superintendent Public Buildings and Grounds.

The Veteran could not correct "the report" in the April issue, as the copy came too late, but cheerfully does so now.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.



Although sixteen extra pages of reading are added to this issue of the VETERAN, much that was intended for it—even much for the "Last Roll," long as is the list—must wait over for the June issue. Articles that might have waited indefinitely, having been made up for the first forms, cause delay in others that is regretted.

The VETERAN continues as much in favor as ever, and with all its defects the management is content with having done the best possible for its advancement in every way.

How easy it would be to double its circulation! Its patrons must coöperate to this end if it is ever to be attained. Think of the favor it would be to suggest to some friends who would like it and would become permanent patrons if they knew the VETERAN, and also of friends who live at the North. If it be not desired to speak directly or write to such, send their addresses on postal cards, and sample copies will be forwarded. Do this right away, please.

Don't forget that subscriptions of $2.50 for three years and $4 for five years are desired by the VETERAN. It would save much incidental expense in resetting names and dates and correspondence. It is remarkable how general this advantage is being operated by successful patrons. It includes all arrearages. Subscribers who owe for one year often send $2, whereas $2.50 would pay for three years, and then $1.50 more would pay for two years more.

CO-OPERATION FOR VETERAN IN CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Margaret Johnston Prichard, of 2835 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, sent out on April 4, 1910, the following appeal to the Daughters of the Confederacy in California:

"No doubt your Chapter has already heard from your State President, Mrs. V. A. Beede, in regard to each Chapter sending a subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; but as I have this matter so much at heart, I thought it would not be amiss for me to add a word to her request. You know that part of our work is preserving history. In fact, with the possible exception of the care of the old veterans, it is by far our most important work. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a powerful aid in this work, and, indeed, in all U. D. C. work.

"Therefore it is our duty, and should be our pleasure, to sustain the VETERAN to the best of our ability. I think all acknowledge the obligation, and most probably all are willing to aid; but there is nothing truer than the old saying in regard to everybody's business being nobody's business; and so although the VETERAN's good work is constantly spoken of and the Chapters advised to subscribe, I think no systematic effort has been made to get them to do so.

"The magazine has been mainly supported by subscriptions from veterans; but one has only to glance at the 'Last Roll' in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to see how fast these subscriptions are failing and to realize that other help is needed. If the magazine is to live and continue its good work, the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans must support it. As far as the Daughters of the Confederacy are concerned, I feel sure that it will be only necessary to call their attention to the fact that their help is needed; for when has the call for help come to them and remained unanswered?

"The tiniest Chapter can send one dollar a year and never feel it. If all would do so, it would mean about twelve hundred dollars a year to the VETERAN. Have the papers sent to one of the Secretaries, and get her to bring it to the meetings and read whatever she may find in regard to the U. D. C. work. This will help to keep the Chapters in touch and add interest to the meetings. Also be sure to send items of special interest for publication, and so in helping the VETERAN we will help ourselves.

"Will you please try to interest your Chapter, so that we may make a good showing at the Convention in May and California have the honor of starting this movement? It is not often that we can do so great a work with so little effort."

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

HEADQUARTERS, MEMPHIS, TENN., APRIL 8, 1910.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, makes appeal, personal and official, in behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in Nashville, Tenn., to the U. C. V., U. D. C., U. S. C. V., and C. S. M. A. "to take into special, practical consideration the very important matter of greatly increasing the subscription list and the general distribution of our official organ throughout the Southern States especially and in all other States as well. The Confederate Associations above mentioned are members of one great body, each bound to the others by the most sacred ties which ever united a patriotic people. They are united in the spirit of perfect, patriotic allegiance to our own great country, and they all heartily indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

The Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans desires to heartily indorse the patriotic appeal made by Commander in Chief Evans in behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and commends the periodical to his comrades. Mr. S. A. Cunningham, the founder, proprietor, and editor of the VETERAN, has exhibited the sincerest interest in the U. S. C. V., and has proven his generous favor by his constancy in presenting to this generation the truths of history that in many instances would be lost forever and by his inspiration appeals to those who have inherited the glory of the past, calling them to their duty to preserve the sacred glories of the Southland.

All Camps in the Confederation are urged to subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that the publication may be filed at all Camp headquarters. Comrades are urged to subscribe for the VETERAN, that the monthly messages may go into each loyal Southern home.

The constitution of the U. S. C. V. commits the comrades to the work of encouraging the writing by participants therein of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes, and occurrences of the War between the States, of gathering authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the war. Comrades should take pride in assisting the CONFEDERATE VETERAN by encouraging the work above enumerated and having it forwarded to Editor Cunningham for preservation through publication in his valuable columns.

CLARENCE J. OWENS, *Commander in Chief.*
N. B. FORREST, *Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, U. S. C. V.*

MOSBY SENT LOCK OF HIS HAIR TO MR. LINCOLN.
(F. R. Hathaway, in Detroit Free Press.)

"I never saw Lincoln, but I sent him a message once." The old colonel chuckled at the remembrance. "I was looking through my scrapbook the other day and found a clipping from the Washington Star which brought it all back to me as if it were but yesterday. I was making a scout and came up among the hills on the other side of the Potomac, where I could look over into the city. I stopped at a house for a drink. The lady, with whom I was well acquainted, came out to the gate, her scissors hanging by a string from her belt. Borrowing them, I cut off a lock of my hair, tied it up in a piece of paper, and handed it to her with a request that she give it to Lincoln the next time she went into the city with vegetables, and tell him that I was coming in some day to get a lock of his hair. She did as requested. Lincoln took the whole thing as a joke, just as I had intended it. Now it never would have done to play that joke on Stanton. He would not have appreciated it.

MOSBY'S RELATIONS TO GRANT.

"Colonel, I have heard somewhere that there was a warm personal friendship between you and Grant. Can you tell me upon what it was founded?"

There was silence for a time while memory ran its ghostly fingers over vibrating heart strings.

"Yes, we were friends. Our friendship began at Appomattox and continued to Mount McGregor. I hope it may be renewed sometime, somewhere. President Johnson determined to 'make treason odious.' According to his view, the best way to accomplish this was to hang the leaders of the rebellion. For certain reasons, though I was not a high official in the Confederacy, my name was one of the first on the proscribed list. The chief obstacle which stood in the way of the execution of the presidential policy was the inflexible will of Grant. He maintained that I was a regular commissioned officer in the Confederate army; that I had surrendered to the United States military authorities acting within their lawful jurisdiction; that I had signed a parole which I had not violated; that as long as I respected the parole the government was in duty bound to do likewise. So firmly did Grant maintain this position that not a single Confederate was executed. I returned to my ruined Virginia home and resumed the practice of law. Soon after this Mrs. Mosby and one of our children had occasion to call upon President Johnson at the White House. He received them with the greatest incivility and made them feel most keenly the humility of suppliants. They then called on Grant, who was at that time general of the army. He received them with every mark of courtesy, accorded them the assistance needed, and bade them return home, with the assurance that they would be protected. This act of kindness to my wife and child made an indelible impression upon me. When Lee surrendered, I believed that the war was over and that we should work together for the upbuilding of the country along the plans determined by the arbitrament of the sword. * * * During Grant's second term I was a frequent visitor at the White House, and enjoyed his confidence. We frequently discussed matters especially affecting the Southern States, and he spoke to me with the greatest freedom concerning his efforts to reëstablish a united country. In these conversations he unconsciously revealed that simple, straightforward, kindly nature which was at once the source of his strength—and weakness. He was so honest himself that he could not detect dishonesty in others. He frequently urged me to accept some government appointment; but I always declined, partly because I did not wish to mar my influence by anything that might appear like self-seeking, but mainly because I wanted to build up my law practice in my old Virginia home. * * * Soon after the completion of Grant's second term I accepted, at Mr. Hayes's request, the appointment as consul at Hongkong, which position I held until the Cleveland administration. It was at Hongkong that I last saw General Grant. He stopped there on his trip around the world. We had a splendid visit. * * * The last I saw of General Grant he was standing on the deck of his ship waving his hand to me as the vessel steamed slowly out of the harbor. Cleveland, when President, determined to make a clean sweep. I was notified that another would be appointed to my place. In my extremity I wrote General Grant at New York, explaining the whole situation and asking him to recommend me for a legal position in connection with some corporation. My letter was forwarded to him at Mount McGregor. My successor had arrived at Hongkong. The office had been turned over to him. The day came for me to sail for home. Just as I was leaving for the ship a cable reached Hongkong announcing the death of General Grant. It seemed as though I had lost my best friend. Sorrowfully I sailed for home. The future looked dark, indeed. When I landed at San Francisco, a letter from Leland Stanford asked me to call at his office. I did so. Silently he handed me a letter written him



MISS LAURA MAYES HARRISON,
Sponsor to Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

by General Grant the day before he died, the last letter he ever wrote. In it he asked that his friend appoint me to a position in the legal department of the Union Pacific Railroad. Amid untold pain, with the hand of death already resting on him, he thought of me and wrote that letter as a dying request."

COL. MOSBY PRIZES TRIBUTE BY GOV. PORTER TO GEN. GRANT.

Hon. James D. Porter, chief of staff to Gen. B. F. Cheatham, had a conference in Washington recently, and Colonel Mosby requested Governor Porter to write it out and to send a copy to the VETERAN. The letter is as follows:

"NASHVILLE, TENN., February 16, 1910.

"*Col. John S. Mosby, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.—My Dear Colonel:* I have received your letter asking me to repeat the conversation I had with you a few days ago at Washington.

"In the autumn of 1861 Gen. Leonidas Polk, of the Confederate army, commanded a garrison of about ten thousand troops at Columbus, Ky. At the same time General Grant commanded a body of troops stationed at Cairo, Ill., numbering about four or five thousand. Gen. C. F. Smith, of the Federal army, at the same time commanded a garrison at Paducah, Ky. General Polk kept the 14th Arkansas Infantry and a troop of cavalry at Belmont, Mo., opposite Columbus.

"General Polk discovered that General Smith was moving a body of troops in the direction of Columbus. He was misled by his scouts and prepared for battle on the Kentucky side of the river. Smith's movement was a mere diversion in favor of General Grant, who moved down on Belmont on a fleet of boats, escorted by gunboats, with the intention of taking the small force named at Belmont. General Polk discovered General Grant's movements, and immediately threw General Pillow's division of troops, composed of two fine brigades of infantry and Beltzhoover's Battery of Field of Artillery, across the river. Soon after the landing of this body of Confederates on the Missouri side General Pillow made his formation just in time to receive a vigorous assault by General Grant. The combat lasted for two hours, when General Pillow's command, with the exception of the 12th Tennessee, commanded by Colonel Russell, was driven down the banks of the river, and Beltzhoover's Battery was captured and turned on Columbus. At this juncture General Polk ordered General Cheatham to cross the river with two regiments of his command to reënforce General Pillow. These troops were marched down to the banks of the river, and Grant opened on the boat standing in readiness to carry his troops over, and fired several shots through and through from one end of the boat to the other. Cheatham therefore determined to leave his troops behind and cross over to Belmont with his staff. On landing he ordered the officers in command to reform their regiments, which they succeeded in doing without difficulty. At the same time Colonel Marks, of New Orleans, crossed the river below Belmont, and under Cheatham's orders united with the 12th Tennessee and moved forward to attack Grant's right. At the same time he sent the 10th and 13th Tennessee Infantry and Tappan's Arkansas Regiment forward to assault Grant's left. These movements were entirely successful, and forced Grant to retreat in hot haste. The principal loss that Grant sustained in killed, wounded, and prisoners occurred when this attack on his left was made. It soon became a race between the belligerents as to who would reach Grant's transports first, but he beat Cheatham to the boats and hurriedly took his departure. Cheatham was so close on his heels that Grant just before he went on board the boat—and he was the last man to go aboard—abandoned his horse, which was appropriated by one of Cheatham's staff officers, who was afoot, and who used him until he was shot in the battle of Shiloh.

"After the battle General Polk and General Grant arranged for a flag of truce. When it was settled that Cheatham was to represent the Confederates, he told one of his staff officers to pick out six or eight of the best-looking and best-dressed men in his command to accompany him on the truce; but so many good-looking and well-dressed men were found that when we paraded on the flag of truce boat we had about twenty. Grant had with him about the same number. The two boats met in midstream halfway between Cairo and Columbus. Each commander had all the prisoners that had been captured by his side, about one hundred each; and after they were counted, Cheatham sent the Federal prisoners over to Grant's boat and Grant sent his prisoners over to Cheatham.



MISS BESSIE LOUISE COX,
Maid of Honor Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

The count developed that one side had three or four more prisoners than the other (I do not remember which, though), but the man with the majority said: 'It makes no difference; I will throw them in.'

"The transaction occupied about five or ten minutes. The two parties were made acquainted with one another, and General Grant immediately invited Cheatham and his party back to the saloon of his boat. General Grant said: 'Allow me to lead the way; follow me, please.' As we entered the saloon we heard the champagne corks popping. The table was spread and the wine was distributed to willing hands, and for one hour it was the gayest, liveliest crowd of belligerents that ever assembled. At the expiration of the hour the captain of our boat sent a message in to Cheatham's staff officer, who seemed to be somewhat in control, and notified him that we must start, or we could not get back to Columbus before dark.

This suggestion was repeated to Cheatham, who communicated it to Grant, who said: 'Very well, if you must go, let us take a glass at parting.' That glass was taken and followed by several more small ones, when the same staff officer was called on again by the captain of our boat to say that the sun was so nearly down we must go or would get into trouble. Cheatham said: 'Porter says we must leave here, or we will get into trouble.' Grant said: 'Who is Porter? Is he in command?' Cheatham said: 'No, but he assumes it.' Grant said: 'Well, to accommodate Mr. Porter, I suppose we had better adjourn; but let's take a glass at parting.' Just then General Grant said to General Cheatham: 'I want a button off of your coat as a keepsake.' Cheatham replied: 'Help yourself.' Grant made two or three efforts to get his hand in his pocket, where, I suppose, he had a knife, but he never succeeded. Finally some gentleman handed him a knife, and he turned to General Cheatham, who had on a splendid new uniform, and made a cut at the bottom, which he secured, making a hole in the coat about as big as a silver half dollar. Cheatham was so agreeable that he addressed Grant's staff, saying: 'Gentlemen, if any of the rest of you want a button, help yourselves.' Every one of them reached over and cut a button off, and a good many of them cut a hole also, but not so large as the one General Grant made. After this the party separated. We dropped down the river near Columbus, where we rounded to and tied up for the night. It was decided that the party had better defer until the morning making their report to General Polk.

"Just as we were separating from General Grant he said: 'Gentlemen, I hope this flag of truce has been as delightful to you as it has been to me. When will we meet again?' General Grant impressed the party of Confederates as a generous, warm-hearted gentleman who thoroughly understood the business of war."



MISS MARGARET HOYT, NASHVILLE,
Maid of Honor Forrest's Cavalry.

LEE AND GRANT ESTIMATED BY OHIO DEBATING CLUB.

The Toledo Republican Gazette gives an account of a recent debate before the East Lima Improvement Club, at which the question of which was the greater general, Lee or Grant, was ably argued. At the close of the debate Lee was decided by the evidence to be the greater of the two.

FEDERAL OFFICER'S TRIBUTE TO MR. DAVIS.

At a meeting of the Loyal Legion of California it was decided that an ex-Confederate soldier who was visiting at the hotel should be invited to be their guest at the banquet. This Confederate had been captured by General La Grange at West Point, Ga., and he was given a seat at the table next his captor. In the after-dinner speeches the genial Confederate told of his capture and of the courteous kindness of General La Grange, and ended with a little story of President Davis.

At the conclusion of his speech Maj. Ben C. Truman arose and said that he had been a member of the Legion thirty-odd years, and that this was the first laudatory story of President Davis he had ever heard told at their meetings, and added that he would like to tell one also:

"Just about twenty-five years ago, when the Independence bell was on its way from Philadelphia to the New Orleans Exposition, it occurred to the commissioners from Kansas and New York that it would be a patriotic purpose to have the special car carrying it halted at Biloxi, and invite Jefferson Davis to meet it there and join the escort taking it to New Orleans. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and one commissioner from each State and territory was appointed (I representing California) to proceed to Biloxi and meet the bell and Mr. Davis and escort them to the Crescent City. Well, about thirty of us went to Biloxi, and in an hour or two after our arrival Mr. Davis was seen approaching in a buggy driven by a little grandchild prettily dressed in white. Upon the arrival of the distinguished guest he lifted the little girl up on the platform and told her to kiss the bell, which was handsomely draped in our national colors. Then some of us helped Mr. Davis up, and, lifting his hat, he said:

"'My friends, this is one of the greatest honors I have ever received, and I take great pleasure in greeting this voiceless messenger from the "City of Brotherly Love." This is not the first trip it has made to the South, for during the War of 1812 it was taken to North Carolina to protect it from the British, and my father was captain of the escort on that occasion. But there is still a greater honor you have conferred upon me, and that is by making me your guest. It is conclusive evidence that the war is over, and that we are brotherly once more and forever. And I want to say to you from the bottom of my heart that I am glad to be a citizen of the United States and to enjoy the evening of my life under the protecting folds of the star-spangled banner of the American Union.'"

RESTORES PENSION STATUS.—A number of men who served in the Confederate army are now or have been in the regular United States service since the war. Some time ago the Interior Department made a ruling that no man who had been in the Confederate service could be placed upon the pension list. Lately this ruling has been reversed, and the pension status restored.

GROWING WEALTH OF THE SOUTH.

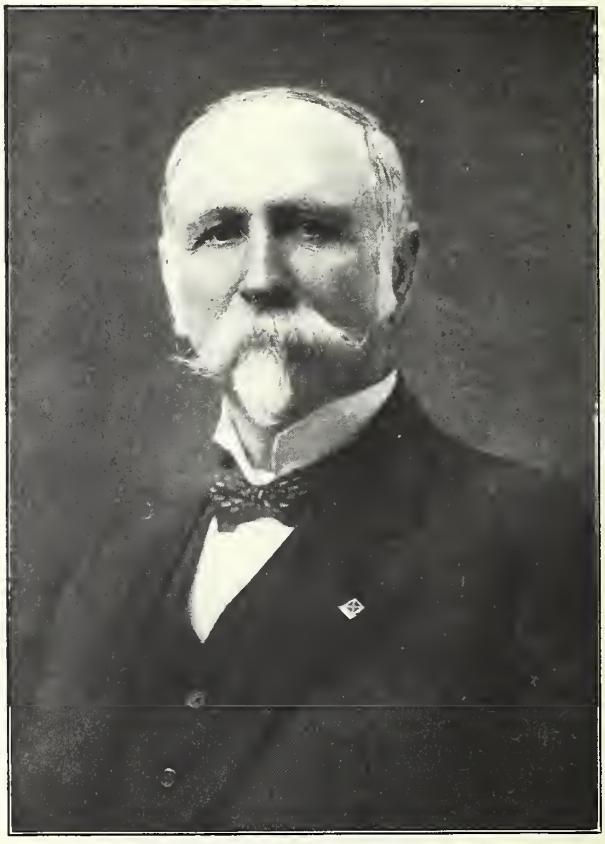
Col. W. S. Within, the head of the great Within banking system, which includes one hundred banks in the South and twelve in New York City, in a recent speech made in Boston said of the growing prosperity of the South: "The thing that has caught the eye of the East is the fact that the South has produced and marketed six successive twelve-cent cotton crops. This last crop was short, and the cotton, with its by-products, cotton seed, and the like, has brought into the South $700,000,000. The demand is greater than the supply. No matter how big the crop is this year, on account of the past shortness, it will be in great demand and will bring to the South $1,000,000,000. This new wealth has turned the lime light of investigation upon this section of the country. All of the corporate interests are investing with a view to building up industries, starting new ones, and the like in the South. Another thing: there is a great demand for money. This means progress, enterprise, development, and the like; for where there is no such activity, there is plenty of money, which makes easy money. What there is now is plenty of demand for money, which is the best thing in the world for any section of the country. The South forty or fifty years ago was the gold mine of the country, and it is going to be again. Mark my prediction· 1910 will be the biggest and the best, the most prosperous and the greatest the South has ever known."

GEN. J. F. SHIPP.

Capt. J. F. Shipp enlisted in the Confederate army April 12, 1861, as a private in the 4th Georgia Infantry. After the second year he was assigned to the quartermaster's department, in which department he was serving at the close of the war with the rank of captain. He is a native Georgian, but located in Chattanooga in 1874. He is one of the pioneer manufacturers of that city, being a member of the Southern Pump and Pipe Company, and then the Chattanooga Furniture Company, with which concerns he was connected for a number of years, and has ever been one of the city's most active promoters and public-spirited citizens.

He was at one time President of the Board of Trade and a member of the City School Board. He served one term as County Tax Assessor and two terms as sheriff. During the last term he was sentenced to detention in a United States jail, the conviction resultant of a suit in the Supreme Court of the United States, in which he was the defendant for nearly four years. He was charged as conspiring with a mob that hanged a negro who had outraged a beautiful young white girl, the daughter of an old Union soldier. The negro had been protected by the sheriff until tried by the Criminal Court and the case heard by the State Supreme Court. A petition for a writ of habeas corpus had been denied by the United States District Court of Tennessee, after which the case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which court on the day previous to the time fixed for hanging the negro ordered the sheriff to suspend the execution of the culprit subject to further orders from the court. On that night the negro was taken from the jail and hanged by a mob of unknown persons. Sheriff Shipp was charged with conspiracy with the mob and with contempt of the orders of the Supreme Court, for which the court adjudged him guilty and sentenced him to ninety days in the United States district jail, Washington, D. C.

Captain Shipp is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, and has been the Quartermaster General of the United Confederate Veterans' Association since the organization. He was the original advocate (if, indeed, he did not conceive) and one of the original promoters of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, which was organized in New Orleans June 10, 1889, at which time Chattanooga was named as the place for the first general Reunion to be held July 3, 4, and 5, 1890. On that occasion Captain Shipp was the chairman of the local Reunion Executive Committee, and discharged the duties with so much satisfaction to the veterans and so much credit to the city that the citizens presented him with a very handsome gold badge set with diamonds costing $250, which is so highly prized by Captain Shipp that he wears it only to Reunions.



GEN. J. F. SHIPP.

The title general comes through his official connection with the United Confederate Veterans.

REMNANT OF FLAG OF THE 35TH GEORGIA.

Adjt. Gen. A. J. Scott, of Atlanta, received a letter from Mrs. Charles Hill, of Waterville, Me., inclosing a small bit of bunting and telling a most interesting story of the relic. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox, the flags of the Confederacy were stacked, and one of the first to go up was that of the 35th Georgia Regiment. Lieut. Charles Shuey, who was standing near, cut from the blue a portion containing one star and the name "35th Georgia." This he kept for a souvenir. At his death the small piece of flag came to Mrs. Hill, who was a sister of Lieutenant Shuey, and she returned it to the Camp in Atlanta. Adjutant Scott will have this, the only surviving piece of the flag, placed in one of the alcoves of the Capitol, together with a written statement of its story.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN AT ELDORADO, ARK.

The Henry Bunn Chapter, U. D. C., of Eldorado, Ark., in March, 1910, unveiled a beautiful Confederate drinking fountain, their gift to the city. The fountain rises from a platform of granite inclosed by four massive pillars of the same stone. These pillars support a large capping of granite crowned by cannon balls. The cap bears the crossed swords, the presentation inscription, and the dates "1861-1865." Its apex is a private soldier with gun on his shoulder and carrying his marching accouterments.

The speech of presentation was made by the President of the Henry Bunn Chapter, Mrs. D. W. Thomas, who paid beautiful tribute to the chivalry of the fallen soldiers. Mr. J. H. Hineman was the principal orator of the occasion, and Mayor Sheppard spoke the city's thanks. Mr. J. F. McKenzie followed for the county, and Capt. A. C. Jones and Judge N. C. Marsh rendered appropriate thanks for the Veterans and Sons of Veterans. The monument was unveiled by Mrs. Annie Craig, the veil being a Confederate flag twenty by sixty feet. There were seven hundred uniformed veterans on the platform, and Confederate songs were sung by the choir, the Eldorado band also furnishing fine music.



MRS. ROY W. M'KINNEY, PADUCAH, KY.,
Chaperon Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

MEETING OF GRAY AND BLUE.—A camp fire of gray and blue was held in Little Rock, at which speeches were made, stories told, and songs sung, and a spirit of comradeship and harmony prevailed that was heartily applauded by both sides.

SUCCINCT SKETCH OF HENRY M. STANLEY.

BY DR. M. S. BROWNE, WINCHESTER, KY.

A year or two ago I wrote for the VETERAN a short note on Henry M. Stanley, Jr., the great African explorer and newspaper correspondent, and his service in the Confederate army which brought many letters of inquiry, and I am only now in possession of data to answer these requests.

Born in Wales, escaped from the workhouse, drifted to Liverpool, pawned all but his poorest clothing for food, by fate he drifted to the docks, and by chance luck a sea captain gave him a berth as cabin boy. When adrift in New Orleans, he ran upon Henry M. Stanley, a prosperous cotton broker, seated with his chair tilted back against his warehouse, when the lad ventured to ask for employment. Later Stanley's wife died, and he adopted young Rowlands, calling him Henry M. Stanley, Jr. He gave special care to the moral, intellectual, and business development of the adopted son. Within two years Stanley died, and young Stanley went to a small town in Arkansas, and there engaged in the mercantile business.

When the war began, he joined Col. J. C. Tappan's 13th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, and fought at Belmont and Shiloh with the regiment, which was fiercely engaged in both battles. On Monday, the last day at Shiloh, he was captured and taken to prison at Camp Douglas, where he later took the oath of allegiance to Uncle Sam and volunteered in the artillery. Not long after he was discharged at Hagerstown, Md., by reason of physical disability, and returned to the home of his birth, only for a brief visit. He was back soon in the United States navy. He was at Fort Fisher, N. C., in 1864 when the citadel fell, and his description of the struggle for a Northern paper was startlingly vivid and marked the beginning of his wonderfully successful journalistic career, and what that led to the world knows. As he was but a boy, an adventurer and an alien, so recently adopted by the Southland, let the brimful life of after deeds of daring and of useful heroism for humanity write over this youthful mistake the word "oblivion." This is a brief of the "war" history, Confederate and Federal, of Henry M. Stanley, Jr.

BRONZE STATUE OF CHRIST IN THE ANDES.

Nearly thirteen thousand feet above sea level in the Cumbre Pass, Andes Mountains, is a figure of Christ, twenty-six feet high, surmounting a column nearly as high, crowned with a huge globe on which the earth is outlined. The figure has a unique origin. The two countries, the Argentine Republic and Chile, whose borders touch here, were at war for years. When peace was declared between them, their brass cannons, used in many battles, were melted and this bronze figure cast. It bears in Spanish this inscription: "'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentine and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

STATUE OF HENRY CLAY.—The new statue of Henry Clay, which was made to take the place of the one destroyed by lightning in the cemetery of Lexington, Ky., has been completed at a cost of ten thousand dollars. This sum was appropriated by the Legislature two years ago to be used for the statue, and the dedication took place on the 12th of April, the birthday of the "Great Commoner."

Mr. Isaac Markers, 62 Beaver Street, New York City, wishes information showing connection of John Wilkes Booth with President Lincoln to the execution of John Yates Beall.

WORTHY MAN WHO STOOD BEHIND A GUN.

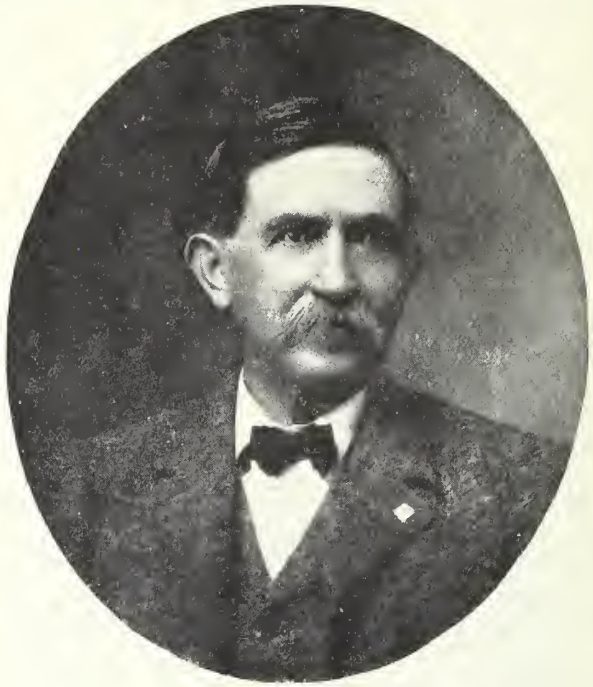
PORTRAIT OF EDWARD G. WILLIAMS IN LYNCHBURG CAMP.

The Lynchburg (Va.) News brings an interesting report of a meeting of the Garland-Rodes Camp in which special honor is shown Comrade E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo., who, with one leg and a crutch, has attended nearly if not all general U. C. V. Reunions, a man who has been diligent and unstinted through all the years for the Confederate cause. He was constant in aiding the Sam Davis monument movement. He is a member of the Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Missouri, and in many other ways he has been useful. The Virginian states:

"The Portrait Committee presented to the Camp a large portrait, handsomely framed, of Comrade Edward G. Williams, of Missouri. This makes a desirable addition to the collection, being a duplicate in size and framing of those already in the room of Generals Rodes and Garland. This portrait was obtained after repeated refusals. An army comrade first wrote and asked for it, then the committee on portraits requested it. Comrade Williams's reply was that he was not a general; that he never led armies, but was simply a man behind a gun, who only reached the rank of a noncommissioned officer, and that his portrait would be out of place on the walls alongside of the others. The Camp then took the matter in hand, and by unanimous vote requested the portrait, and it was only then that he yielded, and the Camp is glad to give it a prominent place on its walls. Adjutant W. M. Seay in a few words said he was probably better qualified than any one present to tell those who did not know him who Ed Williams was. The two were comrades over three years in the army, and they had kept in close touch with each other for over fifty years, though most of this time they had been separated by many hundreds of miles.

"Edward G. Williams at the beginning of the war, in 1861, was a schoolboy of seventeen years. At the organization of the Lynchburg Rifles (Company E, 11th Virginia Infantry) he enlisted in that company and left on the 17th of June with it for Manassas. In every battle in which his command was engaged he took an active part from Bull Run until Drury's Bluff on the 16th of May, 1864, where he fell severely wounded in the charge on Ben Butler's breastworks, within a few feet of them and within a minute or two of victory, where General Heckman and his entire Massachusetts Brigade were captured by Kemper's or Terry's Brigade, as it was then called. The speaker was then almost touching elbows with him, and, slowing up for an instant, asked him where he was shot. His reply was: 'Go on; don't stop here with me. Don't you see we have them going? Don't worry about me; I'll be all right.' The next day when I visited him at Chimborazo Hospital in Richmond his leg had been amputated above the knee.

"Soon after the surrender of General Lee he concluded that there was little left in Virginia for an old crippled soldier; so he followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West. He stopped at the town of Waynesville, Mo., and, being a good clerk, he secured a position as deputy clerk of the County and Probate Court of Pulaski County, Mo., in which he served until the death of his superior, when he offered for the clerkship and was elected, and has been repeatedly reëlected for the last forty years. In all this time he has been consistent for the Confederate cause, and he has contributed as much, if not more, of his time and money, according to his means, than any ex-Confederate to every Confederate cause which has been brought to his attention. He was an indefatigable worker, and contributed to the building of the Soldiers' Home at Higginsville, Mo., one of the best in the South, and is now one of the board of supervisors of that institution.



EDWARD G. WILLIAMS.

"On the election of Gen. John B. Gordon as Commander of the Grand Camp of the United Confederate Veterans he appointed Ed Williams a member of his official staff, with the rank of Brigidier General, which office has continued through succeeding administrations, and he now holds the same position and rank under the present Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans.

"Lieut. Commander Joseph L. Thompson and others who have known Comrade Williams since the war spoke in high terms of him, and on motion by a unanimous vote expressed their appreciation and thanks for the portrait, and Chaplain T. M. McCorkle was appointed to convey the action of the Camp to Comrade Williams.

"The Adjutant on behalf of the donor presented to the Camp for Mrs. Kirkwood Otey two pictures for preservation among the relics and souvenirs. One is a combination of pictures containing that of Gen. R. E. Lee, the soldiers' and sailors' monument on Libby Hill, the equestrian statue of General Lee in the west end of Richmond, a fanciful picture of Bethel and of Appomattox; the other is a good portrait of Daniel Emmet, the author of 'Dixie,' the Southern 'Marseillaise.' Both pictures were neatly framed.

"The Adjutant also delivered to the Camp a spear, or pike, one of the original sent to Virginia with which to arm the negroes by 'Old' John Brown in his raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859. This pike was presented by Mrs. George P. Craighill and bore on a label attached a certificate from Comrade Dr. E. A. Craighill, vouching for its being one of the original sent to Harper's Ferry by the noted outlaw."

RESIGNATION OF MRS. BROADNAX.—Mrs. F. M. Williams, President of the N. C. Div., U. D. C., announces the resignation of Mrs. J. G. Broadnax, the capable Chairman of the Educational Committee, on account of a deep sorrow. Mrs. W. H. Overman, of Saulsbury, was elected to fill the vacancy.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS AT REUNIONS.

BY MRS. WILLIE G. QUINN, WEST POINT, MISS.

There is never a lack of officers. If one dies or falls in battle, many are ready to fill his place; but when a private falls, who can fill his place? No one ever is ready to step down, and thus it is at our Reunions—the thinning ranks remind us that soon there will be no Reunions. As there can be no war without a private, neither can there be a Reunion, and the last soldier to die will be a private. We would not detract from the honor due the officers; but for them we would not have the well-trained privates. * * *

Our plea is for the private. No soldier who fought in the armies of the world ever so distinguished himself for individuality and initiative as the private soldier of the Southern Confederacy, who by his courage, zeal, and determination had most to do with crowning our efforts with glory, and we want to pay him special honors at the Mobile and all other Reunions to come. We suggest that each U. D. C. get from the roster the names of privates, and attend especially to their comfort, their health, and enjoyment; that each U. D. C. constitute herself a committee of one pledged to honor the Confederate private, so that he may realize as never before that the Reunion is for his honor and pleasure; that if he longs to be in the grand parade, but is too feeble to endure, a horse or carriage be provided; if he is sick, a physician be sent to him; and that he may go home feeling that he has not been neglected. As the mothers, wives, and sisters of these privates devoted themselves to caring for them and ministering to them while in the camp and on the battlefield, let the U. D. C. so care for them now as to make them feel that they did not endure the hardships of soldiers in vain.

[It is not the officers of the service who are so honored at the Reunions (they deserve all they get), but the trusted U. C. V. officers to which she refers, evidently.—Ed.]



MISS NORA THOMPSON,
Maid of Honor Trans-Mississippi Department U. C. V.

U. D. C. DESIRE NATIONAL PARK AT FRANKLIN.

Franklin (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., at its recent session reported receipts of $53 as the result of a play given for its benefit, and gave Miss Frances Crouch, the young lady who worked up the play, a rising vote of thanks. Mrs. N. B. Dozier reported having received several letters from prominent people indorsing the national park appropriation. Dr. Banks, of Biloxi, Miss., said they had not asked for a large enough amount. He sent the Chapter a copy of his thrilling book, "The Battle of Franklin."

The Editor of the Veteran gave a short address, saying how much he appreciated being with the Chapter, and that he was doing what he could to help get the park. Mrs. Chambers, of the Chattanooga Chapter, was present as a visitor and told about forming a Chapter with sixty-one charter members at Sweetwater, Tenn., and also read an old letter written by her aunt, Mrs. Langdon Bowie, immediately after the battle of Fort Sumter. The writer of the letter witnessed the battle from the battery in Charleston.

Mrs. William Hume was also present as a visitor and asked for subscriptions for the memorial windows at Blandford Church, in Petersburg. The Chapter, having received requests from veterans in Missouri and Arkansas for names of the Confederate soldiers buried in the Conederate Cemetery, decided to buy books, have the names written in them, and send them to the veterans in the two States.

Mrs. Dozier reported having received a handsome book, a gift from Foster, Webb & Parks, Nashville, for the registering of names of Confederate veterans buried in the Confederate Cemetery. The Chapter expressed to Foster, Webb & Parks its appreciation by a rising vote of thanks.

The State of Mississippi through its Legislature gave recently $200 to aid in repairing the damage to the Confederate Cemetery, in which many Mississippians are buried, from the ravage of a storm that swept that region last year.

The Chapter is well organized and in good working order.

GENERAL JOHNSTON'S EFFECT ON HIS SOLDIERS.

Featherston's Mississippi Brigade was in the one hundred days' battles with Johnston from Dalton to Lovejoy, in the battles of Franklin and of Nashville, had formed the rear guard in the retreat from Tennessee, and had been with Bragg at Kingston. So that only a small fragment of the brigade was represented by the weary men who made camp near Smithville, N. C., one spring evening. They had raked the pine straw into beds and made all preparations for a long night's sleep, when the order came to break camp and move on five miles farther.

Rain was threatening and soon began to fall, and through the slush the men marched, the only words heard being the muttered curses over this final trial of patience. As they wearily marched in the falling rain they saw a general officer pass, followed by an orderly, and the cry was: "There goes Old Joe!" Johnston turned on his horse and smilingly waved his hat at them, which was greeted with shouts of joy and pleasure, for they had not seen him in some time. Fatigue, resentment, everything was forgotten as they joyously followed after their well-loved leader. Attention is called to the great importance now of securing a bronze statue to General Johnston for the monument to be erected at Dalton, Ga.

Monument at Lexington, Miss.—In the large picture of the monument on page 108 of the March Veteran it is credited to Livingston, Miss., when it should have been LEXINGTON.

A TRIBUTE TO LOYALTY.

BY SAMUEL W. RAVENEL, BOONVILLE, MO.

A strict and steadfast loyalty is a true and tried patriotism; and when this matchless type of loyalty shows itself in crucial test, it should be acknowledged, whether emanating from the heart of a white or black man.

Recently I noticed where a U. C. V. Camp attended the funeral of an old negro man who had served throughout the war with a member of the Camp, and afterwards had attended all their meetings, always fearlessly asserting his allegiance to our cause.

I wish now, over forty-five years since my man-servant, John Bull, left with me, a lad of sixteen years, for the Southern army, to pay tribute to his unswerving loyalty and rigid honesty. John was a St. Johns, S. C., negro, being reared on a plantation about forty miles north of Charleston.

Many Confederate soldiers had their servants with them in the army. My father furnished me one of the best servants on the place. John Bull served me most faithfully before Sherman's army on the coast of South Carolina from the battle of Honey Hill to Charleston and then throughout the North Carolina campaign to the surrender on April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C. His loyalty to me was proverbial, and he soon became so well known that his spare time was put in doing washing for officers who had no servants, and all were glad for him to make his pocket money—to forage with, for he was a hustling provider for our camp.

The battles of Averysboro and Bentonville were fought within two days of each other, so that I was away from my servant and camp for about three days. When I started into the battle of Averysboro, I handed John a wallet, made out of oil matting (now called linoleum), containing about $500, saying to him that if I should not return he could use it and make his way home the best he could.

After the first day's fighting, we met a courier, who had brought us some white fat bacon and corn bread, knowing that we had nothing to eat with us. To my surprise, he said to me: "We had to threaten to arrest that man of yours last night." But when I asked what was the trouble, his reply filled me with pride. He said: "When night came on, John insisted on going on the battlefield to look for you, saying, 'I can't go home an' tell Missis I don't know where Mars Samuel is.'" Well, I was naturally very glad to know of his loyalty and concern.

After the battle of Bentonville, I returned to camp. The first man I met was John Bull. His radiant face told me more forcibly than words could possibly have done his delight at seeing me as he came forward to take my horse. The first thing he said was, "Well, sir, I'se had bad luck while you'se gone; de camp ketch fire an' nearly all de clo's an' washin' bu'n up, but I save dis," and he hauled out of his pocket my wallet of money, all safe, but with the matting around it so burnt and charred that I could just break it off. His pants, in the pocket of which it was put away, were burned up, and my washing and that of the other officers was entirely destroyed. How easy it would have been to let the money go too; but he did not, and returned every cent of it untouched. That was not only loyalty but a well-tried and tested honesty as well.

After Johnston's surrender at Greensobro, N. C., I had one horse and most of the same money. I took the horse and gave John the money for the second time, and told him to make his way home by offering to pay on railroads, wagons, or any way he could get a ride. He beat me and my horse to Aiken, S. C., about three hundred miles, just twelve hours, and to my surprise opened the gate for me on my arrival, wearing that same look of joy on his darkly tinted but brightly honest face.

I have often told this as an example of an old-time negro's loyalty and honesty.

THE GREAT PEACE SHAFT PROPOSED.

F. W. Ruckstuhl, the New York sculptor, has announced the project of a great national peace shaft which will be the largest monument in the world, being twelve hundred feet high, arising from a platform of two hundred and fifty feet, the cost of which will be five million dollars. It will be built as a business venture by a syndicate of wealthy men, and will be located on the Hudson River somewhere between New York and Ossing. The erection of the monument is intended to help the propaganda for the establishment of perfect peace, the largest figure on the shaft being the angel of peace, with sheathed sword, wreathed in olive branches.

The platform will have a group of emblematic figures in each corner, and the lower floor will be a foyer, or assembly hall, ornamented with statues of the great men who have contributed toward universal peace, with a large statue of Jesus as the "Prince of Peace." The second floor will be a concert hall containing a huge organ. Outside this and capping the cube which upholds the shaft will be statues of forty of the greatest benefactors of mankind. Conspicuous among them will be Washington. The capital of the column will contain observation galleries, and the huge globe on top will surmount a cap containing a room forty feet square to be used for the United States Weather Bureau and wireless telegraph station. The globe itself will tell the time during the day and serve as a lighthouse at night. Under the column will be restaurants, cafés, vaudeville shows, etc., and an elevator and electric service will be installed. The materials used for the shaft will be steel and cream-colored terra cotta, and the statues will be all of bronze. The five million dollars needed is reported to be already subscribed.

GUNBOAT MAINE TO BE RAISED.—Plans are being perfected to raise the gunboat Maine which was sunk in the Havana Harbor twelve years ago. The reason for the explosion, whether from exterior causes, as claimed by the Americans, or interior causes, as claimed by the Spanish, has never been entirely decided. The work of raising the vessel, according to the present plan of the committee, will be done by contract, and any bodies in the wreck will be buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., where repose the bones of those previously taken from the Maine. Their burial place is marked by the huge anchor which was among the few things saved from the submerged gunboat. Capt. Charles D. Sigsbee, now a retired rear admiral, was in command of the Maine at the time of the explosion; and of the complement of three hundred and sixty men and officers, two hundred and sixty-four were killed and sixty wounded.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS FEASTED BY MASSACHUSETTS' GOVERNOR.—Governor Draper made an interested visit to the Soldiers' Home in New Orleans. He had animated talks with its inmates, and on leaving placed a sum of money with the manager to be expended on two big feasts, one to mark Washington's birthday, Februrary 22, and the other the date on which the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, June 17.

ROBERT E. LEE—A COMPOSITE PARADOX.

BY MISS METAMORA KINGSLEY HURLEY, BEDFORD CITY, VA.

Only in perspective can true proportions be estimated, and the distance of the point of survey is in relative proportion to the size of the objective point. The delicate handicraft and the rough-hewn blocks alike become subjective in their individual details, blending into symmetrical unity; yet none the less the minutest detail remains unchanged, an essential factor in the composite entity itself, modified by environment and atmospheric reagency. Too near inspection is its own undoing. True greatness forbids familiarity and overwhelms the presumptuous intruder. So in the perspective of time must be estimated the dual entity of Robert E. Lee, man of war, man of peace. That so colossal an object, presenting so many angles of inspection, must compel varied impressions is inevitable; that the resultant estimate is dependent upon the angle of vision is also inevitable. The Northern partisan hostility is condensed in the single black epithet, "Traitor." The outraged South instantly springs to guard and cries in one voice: "Lee is ours, and is sacred! Profane not the Lord's anointed!" And so the unreasoning dispute sweeps on, the unreason of hatred and the unreason of devotion, neither side weighing its cause nor producing conclusive proof to substantiate its position.

Was Lee a traitor? First, it is necessary to find what constitutes a traitor. One Noah Webster, a Northern lexicographer of some repute, gives this definition: "Traitor. One who violates his allegiance or trust; one guilty of treason." A careful search of the records of the War Department at Washington will not disclose the name of Gen. Robert Edward Lee upon the war rolls. No such officer ever served in the United States army. It is at once apparent that a nonexistence has absolutely no status, can give no basis from which to draw deductions of any kind. Gen. Robert Edward Lee is strictly an incident of an episode, a creation of the Confederate States of America, belonging wholly to that epoch, and owing allegiance to no other flag. The most rabid detractors of Robert E. Lee have never breathed a shadow of suspicion that he wavered ever so little in his allegiance to that flag.

The heavy artillery of denunciation as "traitor" is directed against General Lee the United States officer rather than Lee the man. To controvert this charge is the object of this article. A search of the rolls at the War Department in Washington will show that Robert Edward Lee was never a general in the United States army, his rank being that of colonel.

As a general Robert Edward Lee is strictly an incident of an episode, a creation of the Confederate States of America, belonging wholly to that epoch and owing allegiance to no other flag.

Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, received his military education at the United States Military Academy at West Point and entered the United States service, taking the soldier's oath. He served faithfully through long years, attaining the rank of colonel; and again the records of the War Department are challenged to show that he ever dishonored his soldier's oath. When the struggle foreseen by the founders of the republic began to take shape upon the horizon, then came the parting of the ways to Robert Lee. On the one side, duty and Virginia; on the other, Northern politicians and dishonor. For him there was but one way. He could not draw his sword against Virginia, so laid it down while yet there was time, optimistically hoping that the threatening shadow would pass. There is a military law declaring that soldiers who resign when battle is imminent are cowards, and the punishment of deserters shall be meted out to them. Under the merest technicality of this law did the United States government court-martial Lee as a coward? No! His resignation was honorably tendered, honorable accepted, and Mr. Lee, civilian, "colonel" by courtesy only, retired to the private life of a country gentleman on his Virginia estate.

I have said that Gen. Robert E. Lee is an incident of an episode. It is impossible to take a comprehensive survey of an entity by regarding a single incident or a single episode. For a true understanding of the forces which impelled him to his decision a backward glance is indispensable.

On April 10, 1606, King James I. of England issued two patents destined to bear strange fruit. The first patent was issued to the London Company, its territory extending from the 34° to 38° of latitude in England's North American possessions. The second patent was to the Plymouth Company, its territory extending from the 41° to 45° of latitude—a prophetic apportionment. The belt of three degrees lying between the thirty-eighth and forty-first parallels to be equally open to the colonies of either company, but no settlement of either company to be made within less than one hundred miles of the nearest settlement of the other company. The breach between the two peoples was older than the colonies themselves, wider than the hundred-mile barrier. It flashed in the steel with which Felton slew Buckingham and transferred the clash to another century and another continent. It blazed in Cromwell and the commonwealth. The colonists on each side of the three-degree belt called to those upon the other side, "The latch string of my house is on the outside of my door, and a welcome awaits thee within;" but it was ever "my house" and "my door." In after time the younger colony cried out against the oppression of the mother country, and the elder sister supported the protest, drawing the royal wrath upon herself. At that time the Dominion of Virginia had no special quarrel against England; she was preëminently the royal province, favored above all others, and second in importance to the crown kingdom only. She made Massachusetts' cause her own, for the cause was just. When voice and pen gave place to the argument of the sword and Massachusetts cried to Virginia for a leader for her brave but crude army, Virginia sent her best-loved son to lead Massachusetts' army. Faithfully he led them, this Moses of the New World, through pestilence and famine; through envy, calumny, and revolt; through the horrors of Valley Forge, across the Delaware, their bleeding feet crimsoning its frozen surface, and the Christmas cheer of the enemy assailing their pinched nostrils; led them, seasoned veterans now, though the tempter offered gold—gold!—and they were freezing and starving; led them on under the Southern sun to Yorktown and victory; and the humbled English monarch treated with the "free, independent, and sovereign States" of America. Then came the Constitution of the United States of North America, the national guaranty of the Articles of Confederation, adopted November 15, 1777, and the Declaration of Independence, adopted July 4, 1776, and among those who signed these two in the name of Virginia were Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee. Of this lineage came Robert Lee. Faithfully he served the nation his forefathers had builded. Among his West Point comrades in the Mexican War were Jefferson Davis and Jubal A. Early, one time Governor of Monterey. He was sent to quell the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry. With him as subordinate was J. E. B.

Stuart. Then came the evil foreseen by Thomas Jefferson—the encroachment of the manufacturing North upon the agricultural South—and conflict was inevitable.

John Clark Ridpath, of Rhode Island, historian, gives the following causes of the Interstate War:

"First and most general cause, the different construction put upon the national Constitution by the people of the North and the South." This was the question of State sovereignty.

"Second, the different system of labor in the North and in the South." Under this general head he gives the subdivisions: The Nullification Acts, the Annexation of Texas, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

"Third, the want of intercourse between the people of the North and the South.

"Fourth, the publication of sectional books.

"Fifth, the evil influence of demagogues."

Upon the question of State sovereignty Article II. of Articles of Confederation is explicit: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled."

Alexander Hamilton, of New York, who in the perspective of time is pronounced one of the most creative of statesmen, who ably assisted in founding the republic and in guiding its infantile steps, and from whose pen came most of the articles in "The Federalist," which is regarded as the best commentary on the Constitution, accepted State sovereignty and the right of secession, not as a problem to be solved, not a theorem to be proven, but an axiom admitting no question. In his article "On a Dissolution of the Union" he says: "Assuming it, therefore, as an established truth that in cases of disunion the several States or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general Confederacy would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity with each other which have fallen to the lot of all other nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation." He then outlines some of the evils consequent upon "war between the States." Further on he says: "If we are wise enough to preserve the Union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. * * * But if we should be disunited and the integral parts should remain separated or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be in a short course of time in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealousy of each other." Thus spoke a prophet.

In 1786 New England made many threats of secession. Rhode Island did actually secede, and was not readmitted till 1790. In 1804 the Louisiana Purchase caused bitter dissension, and New England seethed with threats to secede and form a Northern Confederacy. Later the threats were renewed in Northern opposition to the admission of Louisiana as a State. John Quincy, of Massachusetts, on the floor of Congress said: "If Louisiana is granted Statehood, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union, that it frees the States from their moral obligation; and as it will be the right of all, it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation amicably, if they can; violently, if they must." Again, throughout the War of 1812 talk of secession was rife through New England. Massachusetts passed secession resolutions which now stand upon her records unrepealed. At no time was disputed the right of the North and of Kentucky to secede.

In February, 1819, a bill to organize Missouri as a State was brought before Congress. The institution of slavery was already in force there, as it was in all the States in the beginning of the republic, and the question was raised whether it should be allowed to continue or whether by congressional action slaveholding in Missouri should be prohibited. This at once precipitated a fierce dispute on the right of Missouri to decide this matter for herself under the Constitution and the illegality of Congress usurping acknowledged rights of sovereign States. The governmental and executive powers are defined, and State sovereignty is the keynote of the entire fabric of the Constitution; it is the substructure of the Union. Sectional feeling ran high, threats of dissolution were again freely made at the North, and for the first time the South spoke of disunion.

Then was fulfilled the evil foreseen by Thomas Jefferson. Tariff laws were passed favoring the manufacturing North at the expense of the producing South. In 1856 the South threatened to secede should Fremont, free-soil candidate, be elected. The election of Buchanan postponed the fulfillment of the threat. A few days after his inauguration the Dred Scott decision added fuel to the fire. The decision of Chief Justice Taney, speaking for the court, is worthy of deep study. Under this decision of the Supreme Court of the United States negroes, whether free or slave, are not citizens of the United States, and they cannot become such by any process known to the Constitution; that under the law of the United States a negro can neither sue nor be sued; that a slave was to be regarded as a personal chattel; and that, therefore, the Missouri Compromise of 1820, as well as the compromise measures of 1850, was "unconstitutional and void." The refusal to return fugitive slaves was a direct violation of Article IV., Section 2 of the Constitution, and added to the flames. The launching of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" contributed more than any one thing to the war. This shameless calumny incited the North to the violence of madness, and the blood of many a brave man, North and South, is upon her head.

The fifth cause cited by Ridpath, the evil influence of demagogues, may be best illustrated by an incident related by Mr. Joseph G. Gerrish, of Newburyport, Mass., associate of that colossal encyclopedia of law, Hon. Caleb Cushing. Talking one day in the parlor of historic Wolfe Tavern, Mr. Gerrish pointed to the City Hall and said: "One day in the early part of the war a score or more of us were standing on the steps over there talking of the news from the front, and Cushing said they might as well realize in the beginning that it would be a long, terrible struggle, and none could say what would be the end. I spoke for the first time: 'I can take one hundred men to Richmond with me right now and dictate terms of peace.' 'You take a hundred men and dictate terms of peace when a hundred thousand men have been down there three months and can do nothing? You are crazy, Joe; I'll put you in the lunatic asylum.' 'No, you won't, Cale; you'll go there first. But I must pick my men.' 'Pick 'em.' 'Give me Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips,' and I called about ten names, when Cale stopped me. 'Hold on. You are right about it. You can take your ten men to Richmond and dictate terms of peace; but I can tell you one thing, you'll never leave there alive. A man who could

save the country that way those people down there would make dictator for life, and they'd hang the rest.' 'Let 'em hang. They made the war; now let them fight it instead of skulking behind others.'"

Another potent cause of the war was the effort to crystallize the power of government in the North without the consent of the governed. This was to be effected by cutting down Southern representation in Congress and reducing the South to a tributary, subjective province, although Article V. of the Constitution provides that "no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." The presidential election of 1860 fanned the flame to white heat; the issues now were upon wholly sectional lines. The Republican, or war, party declared slavery to be the vital issue. The Democratic party declared State sovereignty to be the paramount issue; yet so strong was the determination of the North to be the dominant power that the Northern wing would tolerate no mention of another candidate than Stephan A. Douglas, of Illinois. The Southern wing, unable to obtain a hearing, withdrew from the convention, and later nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The Constitutional Unionists nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, and the Republicans nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. The Southern leaders openly declared that the election of Lincoln would be just cause for secession. At the election the popular vote stood: Breckinridge, 2,220,920; Lincoln, 1,866,352; Douglas, 1,375,157; Bell, 589,581. Lincoln was declared elected on a minority vote over the majority vote of the Southern candidate Breckinridge. The Republicans, thus in control, declared their intention of removing the possibility of secession. Lincoln, acknowledging that he had no power to prevent secession, favored his party measure. The controversy had now developed into a constitutional-sectional issue. The North was against the Constitution; the South was for the Constitution. The son of "Light-Horse Harry" ranged himself on the side of the Constitution. South Carolina promptly seceded December 17, 1860. By February 1 she was followed by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. On February 4 delegates of six of the seceded States met at Montgomery, Ala., and formed a new union under the name of the Confederate States of America. On February 8 the government organized and elected Jefferson Davis President.

Three days after the fall of Fort Sumter Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve three months in the overthrow of the secession movement, Virginia to furnish a quota. Two days later the order reached the Peace Commission while in session at Richmond. Then, and not till then, Virginia seceded, and Lee went with Virginia. Within the week he had with grief and because duty bade refused the office of commander in chief of the Federal army; now with deeper grief and still obedient to the voice of duty he accepted the office of commander of the Confederate army, and to his standard as subordinates came the flower of West Point—Jackson, Early, Fitzhugh Lee, Stuart, Hill, Gordon, Wheeler, Beauregard, Johnston—but the roster is too long for limited space. The man ever awaits the call of the hour. West Point has sent forth many brave soldiers from time to time, may even now be training those whose names are destined to be immortal; but never yet within its history has such a brilliant galaxy gathered together as that which answered the call of the Southern Confederacy.

The North held the standing army, navy, and national treasury, to all of which the South contributed more largely than the North. The South had no standing army, no navy, no treasury with which to supply its volunteer army to meet the most magnificently equipped army ever put in the field of action and rushing forward to take advantage of the South's unpreparedness. But master minds were on guard, and the South's swift brilliancy of execution electrified the world. Lee's military genius was ever best in the defensive; the man of peace was ever greater than the man of war. He was placed in defense of his own on familiar ground, else even Lee's resourcefulness could not have withstood the shock of such overwhelming odds.

On January 1, 1863, Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, and for the first time slavery entered as a war issue, and it was forced in by the North. The true significance of this proclamation has never been properly estimated. The President of the United States of America has more power than any constitutional monarch on the globe, and in nothing has this power been more flagrantly abused than in this proclamation. The South was gaining in strength and the anti-war feeling was increasing in the North, and the supremacy of the war party of the North depended upon a crippling blow to the South by other means than arms, and the deadliest method was the destruction of the labor source of the South, thereby crushing all industries of whatever kind; still worse, cutting off the possibility of food supply and, more heinous still, arming the slaves against their owners. "Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power vested in me as commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States"—so runs the language of this document—issued a proclamation freeing the slaves in the Confederate States of America, disposing of the property of another nation with its own established government, and so acknowledged by all civilized nations. This blow, intended for the South alone, was in reality a treasonable attack upon the foundation of the entire fabric of American governing institutions and an open defiance of international law.

Abraham Lincoln did not free the slaves of the South. The proclamation in itself had no more weight or value than a like proclamation issued by him freeing the serfs of all the Russias. The power to issue such a proclamation was not vested in him as President; in that capacity his act was autocratic, unconstitutional, treasonable. But it was not even in his office as President that he issued this proclamation; it was as "commander in chief of the army and navy" that he issued it, thereby as subordinate usurping powers specifically delegated to the executive and legislative branches of government and arrogating to himself power forbidden those branches. The Constitution of the United States in guaranteeing the "inviolable rights of the free, independent, sovereign States" permits and defends the institution of slavery. The Constitution of the Confederate States opposed slavery, and forbade the importation of slaves. The last cargo of slaves brought to America came in a ship built in a Maine shipyard, owned by a Massachusetts company, commanded by a Massachusetts captain, and manned by a Massachusetts crew. The only Southerners in any way connected with the transaction were the crew of the Confederate vessel commanded by a Confederate lieutenant, who captured the slaver and returned the negroes to Africa. General Lee, the Confederate commander in chief, was not a slave owner. General Grant, the Federal commander in chief, through his wife owned four slaves. The Republican party in power, having consented to Lincoln's autocratic proclamation as a

means to cripple the South, was in consequence compelled to indorse it after the fall of the Southern Confederacy. Whether the power Congress conferred upon itself in the Thirteenth Amendment is valid is a question to be settled in the future.

The anti-war feeling at the North became intense, and it grew more difficult to secure troops. Accordingly on June 20, 1863, Lincoln violated Article IX. of the Constitution by seizing a large part of Virginia's territory and railroading it into the Union as the State of West Virginia. William H. Seward called attention to there being no law to sanction the seizure. "But," said he, "we have the power, and might makes right." The Northern anti-war feeling making it well-nigh impossible to obtain fresh troops, on August 19 of the same year Lincoln suspended the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus throughout the Union. As the years wore on, the impoverished, exhausted South could not withstand the overwhelming, well-supplied forces of the North. Yet so gallantly did Lee's starving, ragged veterans hold off the enemy —the whole line of defense averaging one man to the mile— that Lincoln sharply inquired of his commander in the field "if he couldn't break through. Such a long, slim animal must have a weak point somewhere." Grant replied that he was "hammering away." So the hammer swung and the rapier parried and thrust till the memorable 9th of April, 1865, when surely was enacted the strangest scene known among nations—the victor laid down arms to the vanquished. The South won in its fight for the preservation of the Constitution and lost in the armed struggle with a superior force. The North lost in its fight against the Constitution and won in the armed struggle with an inferior force. Principle versus brute strength. Brute strength won the battle. Principle vindicated itself, and so triumphed. Both won, both lost. Yet so formidable was the ragged gray line that half an hour before it laid down its arms it drove the Union army before it. Lee knew the end was inevitable. To prolong the struggle was to wipe out the "seed wheat of the South." This great general was never greater than in the hour of defeat. General Grant in his hour of victory, great in his magnanimous treatment of a vanquished foe, rose to nobler heights in forcing his government to keep faith and respect the terms of surrender.

Forty-five years have passed since that 9th of April marked the close of an epoch in history, and the victorious North, intoxicated with power, has not yet learned to temper power with justice. Robert E. Lee fought for the preservation of the Constitution and all it involved, and he saved the Union, though defeated in arms. Article III., Section 3 of that Constitution says: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act or on confession in open court. The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted."

This plain language admits of no ambiguous construction, yet the United States government has persistently and deliberately violated it. The charge of treason was never legally brought against General Lee, for the simple reason that the North knew there was no basis upon which to prefer such a charge or secure conviction. Yet Congress in direct violation of Article III., Section 3, and of Amendment V. forcibly confiscated General Lee's beautiful estate of Arlington, and refuses to make any compensation therefor to his heirs.

Robert E. Lee was never arraigned by court-martial or Congress; but he was tried before the world's tribunal, and the verdict was: "Gen. Robert E. Lee—Christian gentleman without reproach, soldier without peer."

"Marse Robert," idol of "Lee's Miserables."
They knew his worth, his blameless life,
His modest bravery,
And cherish with an honest pride
The years they followed Lee.
Lee, Virginia's gift to the ages.

The foregoing comes as an echo from the South to Miss Boyson's article given the prize through Columbia College. Miss Hurley was requested to furnish some data of herself, and the following comes fittingly in response:



MISS M. K. HURLEY.

"An Irish father, a Virginia mother, accident made me a native of Mississippi. When I was a few months old, my mother returned to her native town of Liberty (now Bedford City), Va., and I came into my birthright as a Virginian. The Sunday on which Hunter occupied Liberty on his march upon Lynchburg my young aunt was returning with me from Sunday school, when we were stopped by a Federal soldier, who asked where we came from and where going. She told him, and he gallantly told her that she lied; that they didn't take babies to Sunday school; that Confederate dispatches were concealed on me, and we were both under arrest. Tradition says that I surveyed him and his drawn sword with wide-eyed astonishment, then calmly trotted off, oblivious of his order to 'halt!' This little incident leaves my present status somewhat puzzling—a prisoner of war, probably the youngest of the entire war, neither paroled, exchanged, nor discharged, an unrecognized Con-

federate veteran. I afterwards spent some years in the far South, then became a student at New England Conservatory, and have since taught in several Southern States.

"Though occasionally writing for the press, I have entered neither journalism nor literature as a profession. My first articles, over the signature of 'A Virginia Girl,' appeared in the Lynchburg News shortly before Mr. Alexander McDonald, my literary godfather, severed his editorial connection with that paper in order to take charge of the Virginian. My pen name was soon dropped, and my contributions were published editorially or anonymously until a flagrant plagiarism of my poem, 'The Old Confed,' appeared in another paper a few weeks after the original. Thereupon Mr. McDonald decided to present my articles over my own name. Since then my sketches, chiefly fragments of verse, have appeared at intervals in different papers—homeless waifs.

"Some time ago Hon. H. C. Lowry, of Bedford, asked me to write out for him my own views of General Lee in reference to the war. The sketch so entirely met his approval that he asked me to publish it, as he wished it spread as widely as possible among the old soldiers. This is the genesis of the paper of which you speak so kindly."

A proof of the "Composite Paradox" and the personal sketch were sent to Miss Hurley, and with its return she wrote: "I must correct your very natural supposition that my article is intended as a reply to Miss Boyson. I had not read her paper; therefore my article is not a reply, nor are any of my arguments suggested by hers. You must look nearer home for my inspiration. Some years ago General Donelson in conversation with a guest at the Hermitage said that after the war he did not reënter the United States army because he had once broken his soldier's oath and did not wish to break it a second time, as he would surely do should like conditions arise. This remark repeated to me long after set me to pondering if technically General Lee could be called a traitor, and I decided not. Having retired from United States service before hostilities began (I believe war was not declared), he was free from all obligations, and was a private citizen when selected as a commander in the Confederate army. In talking to Mr. Lowry one day I expressed this opinion and said that Colonel Lee served in the United States army, while General Lee was a creation of the Confederacy. He said that view had never occurred to him, and he wished I would write out my own views for him. He was perfectly aware that I had not read Miss Boyson's article. In the second paragraph of my article I made the bald statement in order to arrest attention, hoping to clearly prove it in arguments."

FROM A "LONG SERVICE" UNION SOLDIER.

In a pleasant letter James Henderson (162 Harrison Avenue), of Jersey City, N. J., writes of the statement in the February Veteran that "all G. A. R. men are not against General Lee," and he comments as follows:

"Old Yankee soldiers are getting scarce, but among those I know of long service men only respect is shown that grand old soldier and gentleman, Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Since the war I have visited South and been entertained by old Confederates, mostly in Virginia—in the valley, in Mathews County, and along the eastern shore. Some of these men have visited at my home, and were always welcome. I am sorry to say that these dear old friends and comrades have gone, and now I stay at home. On one of my visits, in 1892, during the G. A. R. Encampment at Washington, with two comrades I visited some Virginia cemeteries where lie Generals Lee, Jackson, Hill, and J. E. B. Stuart, and we always took our hats off in respect. One of my comrades, a cavalryman, so much admired General Stuart that he wanted to remain longer at his grave in Hollywood, caring nothing, he said, about missing a train for which we had purchased tickets. On this trip we stopped at Murphy's Hotel, in Richmond, and visited the Hall of Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, and in their large room, full of Yanks and Confederates, I gave a Confederate poem. When settling my bill at the hotel, Mr. Murphy inquired if I was the gentleman who had recited the poem, saying he was a member of the Camp and would not accept payment for our stay at his hotel. This we would not agree to, so a compromise was finally effected.

"Now I am one of your subscribers from the first hearing of the magazine, and like it as well as any I read. Born in New York City and enlisting there in 1861 at sixteen, I was always with my regiment, the 90th New York, serving in Florida, South Carolina, Louisiana, Virginia, and then back to Georgia in 1865. At Hawkinsville my regiment was mustered out on February 18, 1866. If this meets the eyes of some remembering me, I should like to hear from them."

Burying the Dead on the Battlefield.—R. V. Acker, of Williamston, S. C., writes: "It was very sad indeed to bury our first dead on the battlefield; but as it became more common, we gave it only a passing thought. I was a member of Company D, Hampton's Legion, S. C. V., and on the second day after the first battle of Manassas I was detailed with a comrade, W. C. Burdine, to go back to the battlefield to bury the dead of our company. We found one that had not been buried by other troops, and while digging a grave for him under an apple tree on the Henry house plat another comrade came to us and asked us to help him bury his brother. We helped him dig a grave about two feet deep; and as we had no coffins or winding sheets, we pulled off the coats of those dead soldiers and spread over their faces, covered them up, and silently and sadly went away. This comrade told me his name was Blue, and that he was a Virginian, and I should be glad to hear from him now if he still survives. Comrade Burdine was transferred to the 16th South Carolina Regiment, was elected a lieutenant, and was killed in the battle of Franklin, Tenn."

Good Progress in Marking Confederate Graves.—Commissioner William C. Oates is in charge of marking the graves of soldiers and sailors of the Confederate army who died in Northern prisons and were buried near them. His report to the Secretary of War shows that 8,896 graves have been marked in six burial grounds, and that he had found the Confederate graves already properly marked in thirteen cemeteries. In nine burial places it was impossible to differentiate the graves, and a large shaft properly inscribed will be erected instead of individual headstones, according to law. This is in conformity to the appropriation of $200,000 made by Congress in 1906 for the purpose of marking Confederate graves.

Old Servant of President Davis Dead.—Gordon Davis, who was a house servant of President Davis, died at San Antonio in March, 1910, aged sixty years. During the war he was taken by Union soldiers and made a corporal in their army.

DEATH OF A WOMAN SOLDIER.

Recently there died in Santa Fe, N. Mex., a most remarkable woman, one whose vivid experiences read like the lurid pages of a novel, yet have all the charm of truth.

Miss Georgia T. Read was born in Indiana just across the river from Louisville, Ky. Her mother died when she was six, and her father moved to New Orleans, where he opened a large wholesale drug store, and Miss Read became part of the city's most exclusive social circle. When Butler went to New Orleans, he confiscated the drug store and other property of her father, and Georgia Read taught in private families for her own support. Her brother was killed in his first battle, and Miss Read went to the front as a nurse with a hospital wagon in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was present at Gettysburg and other historic battles. The life of a nurse was too confining, and she enlisted as a spy for Southern generals.

With her hair cut short she disguised herself as a Union soldier and would go into the Federal camps and bring back much valuable information. Or under the heavy crape of a supposed widow of an officer she made her way into Union camps and headquarters, collecting items of news for Generals Lee and Price. It was while serving with the latter general that she was betrayed by a relative, was captured, and was sent under guard to St. Louis and from there to prison.

After the war she became a teacher in Frederickstown, Mo.; but, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Union, she was ordered out of the State. Later she married A. W. Dietz, a wealthy miller, who owned large flouring mills near Lincoln, Nebr. These being destroyed by fire, she nobly aided her husband in earning their living.

Her memory of past events was very vivid, and her stories of her life as a soldier, her acquaintance with Mosby and his men, and with Jesse James and the Younger brothers were intensely dramatic; and her sense of humor brought out all the funny happenings that gilded over the stories of blood and death.

THRILLING AND AMUSING WAR EPISODE.

BY A. C. JONES, MISSOURI CONFEDERATE HOME.

As a constant reader of the VETERAN, I am always interested in the personal reminiscences of comrades who were engaged in close encounters where wit and fortitude placed physical courage at a discount. In recounting personal experiences one may be accused of egotism. Yet how can personal experiences be recounted without it? In this light I relate an incident in which I and a comrade figured.

After Grant's defeat at Cold Harbor in July, 1864, Mr. George Sydnor and I, members of Company G, 4th Virginia Cavalry, were ordered by Gen. Wade Hampton on a special mission to discover the enemy's strength at Tunstall's Station and White House Landing. The two points were about one mile and a half apart. On our way we encountered unawares seven of the enemy, who were picking gooseberries on the Webb farm near the house. Their muskets were stacked near the well; and while Mr. Sydnor covered the gate to the garden with his pistols, I threw the muskets into the well. Then it was easy to compel the seven men to surrender. We marched them to Mrs. Elliott's house, about half a mile from the place of our first exploit. Noticing some corn on our way, we invited our prisoners to cut a stalk for each man and to carry one at "shoulder arms."

We approached Mrs. Elliott's residence, where a squad of four were posted in charge of a lieutenant. We ordered our cornstalk-armed prisoners to "double-quick" toward the house, under threat of instant death unless they obeyed with alacrity. The men at Mrs. Elliott's were then ordered to surrender, which they did without parley, throwing their weapons on the ground. I threw them into a convenient well, while Sydnor kept the gang covered with his pistols.

With our twelve prisoners we proceeded toward the Dabney residence, on the main road along which the Federal army was marching, with their rear guard in plain view. There we found three stragglers pillaging the Dabney premises. The moment they saw us they took to flight, and in their mad rush to escape one fell prostrate and the other two fell over him. When they arose, they were our prisoners. As they were covered with sirup or honey stolen from the Dabney residence and then well sanded, the scene was ludicrous in the extreme.

We had now fifteen prisoners and four horses to prove that we had been "in it;" and, being in close quarters, we struck out for our own lines, which we joined at Old Church Tavern, twelve miles from Tunstall's Station. We turned our "catch" over to the 9th Virginia Cavalry, which was on picket duty.

I cannot close this sketch without bearing testimony to the good nature, quick wit, and bravery in trying situation of Mr. George Sydnor, my companion on this and other expeditions. He is now a retired farmer, living at his ease near Lee's Summit, in Jackson County, Mo.; while your humble correspondent is trying to recover lost ground.



THE ONLY CONFEDERATE DRUM CORPS.

Since 1902 this Confederate Drum Corps has attended every Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, and will be remembered vividly for the vigor and skill displayed in blowing the fife and wielding the drumsticks. The present corps is made up of W. T. Johnson, fifer, who is sixty-six years old; J. J. Lewis, bass drum, seventy-three years; W. B. Royster, snare drum, sixty-seven years old, the latter having taken the place of Comrade Haynes, who, with Comrade Smith, of the original corps, had the snare drums. These "old boys" will be at the Mobile Reunion, and hope to meet friends.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C., MEETS AT CLARKSVILLE.—The Convention of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., meets at Clarksville on Wednesday, May 11. Mrs. Sansom, State President, would remind Chapter Presidents to send to the Treasurer their *per capita* tax, which was due April 1.

D. L. Batson, 302 Custom House, Nashville, seeks information of Maj. John E. Binns, who was of the 11th Tennessee Infantry, Gordon's Brigade, and was in command of the brigade after the battle of Nashville. He was then about twenty-eight years old.

HUMORS OF CAMP IN CHATHAM'S ARTILLERY.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, OF SAVANNAH, GA., TO HIS CAMP.

One of the most gifted comrades in our battery was Robert M. Carlton. With his many other accomplishments, he was able to almost perfectly imitate the various notes of the mocking bird by whistling through his fingers, the notes being full and clear.

After the battle of Olustee, Fla., Colquitt's Brigade with the Chatham Artillery, using the band of the 27th Georgia Regiment, serenaded General Colquitt, the hero of that battle. One of the airs played was "The Mocking Bird," during the rendering of which Charlton joined in with his beautiful imitation. The innovation completely captured the crowd, some of them looking up in the trees for the bird.

On another occasion while several of us, including Charlton, were passing a residence in Charlotte, N. C., one cold, rainy afternoon we heard a lady singing to a piano accompaniment, and so charmed were we with this music that we decided, ragged and dirty as we were, to ask permission to go in and enjoy it. It fell to my lot to make the request. One of the ladies responded to my knock for admission. I told her we were "young gentlemen" far from home, and, having heard the music from the street, we would like to go in and enjoy it. Without hesitation she invited us into a comfortable room, with a bright, cheerful fire, and the three charming young ladies rendered songs dear to the Southern heart. It was a transition as from hell to heaven.

After a while one of the ladies sang "The Mocking Bird," and by rubbing a piece of damp cork around the rim of a tumbler made a kind of bird imitation. I told them that we had a mocking bird with us. After persuasion Charlton was induced to render his accompaniment. They were charmed. We enjoyed a most delightful evening which can never be forgotten. Poor Charlton, after going through the war from January, 1861, to May 1, 1865, died with typhoid fever in less than a month after reaching home.



MISS BESSIE GLASSCOCK,
Sponsor for Tennessee Division U. C. V.

On the march from Columbia, S. C., to Raleigh, N. C., we camped one night near a female college, and the president invited some of our battery to call at the college for music by the young ladies. We wore our "dress suits," all we had. Many were nearly barefooted, trousers off to the knees. As no soldiers had ever encamped about that place, we were made much of. It was a sight to behold to see these young ladies, dressed in their best homespun, mingling with a lot of Confederate soldiers, ragged and dirty—aye, and not a few lousy—having a pleasant evening together. We were given songs and recitations, and then it was expected that on the morrow the enemy would be there. We had a delightful evening; and when we left, about eleven o'clock, it was raining hard and cold. In our ragged blankets we were soon asleep on the wet ground, dreaming of other young ladies in far-off Georgia.

On Christmas day of 1864 the battery was on duty at a rice plantation, expecting the enemy to advance from Port Royal, S. C., toward the Savannah and Charleston Railroad. This was at Chisholmville, on the Combahee River. The weather was intensely cold; but no Yankees approached, so we had a quiet day. The negroes on the plantation gave us some sweet potatoes, and we had a lot of them roasted for our Christmas dinner. Another mess decided to have a fine cake for their Christmas celebration, as they had a small quantity of wheat flour and a little sugar. So they bought some eggs from the negroes, and the whole bunch wanted to have a say in the making of this Christmas cake. It was fun to see these fellows who knew how to fry bacon, when they had any, and boil rice or to make corn bread trying to bake that cake. This was something new to them. They had no butter nor yeast; but, having set their hearts on a Christmas cake, they got the best rubber blanket, put it on the ground, put the flour on it, mixed in the sugar and eggs, when they found that there was not sugar enough for the flour. While in this dilemma I suggested that they put some sorghum sirup in it, which they did; but they put in too much, which made the dough look like batter. I again suggested that they add meal to make it thick enough. Our meal was ground with the shuck and the cob ground in. So they borrowed a sifter from an old negro woman and added enough meal to make dough of the batter. I have forgotten how the baking turned out, for they did not even offer me a slice! Our dinner was a good mess of roasted potatoes.

In conclusion, I will draw you a pen picture of the Chatham Artillery when they first went into the war as compared with the day that the war ended.

Suppose that when the Chatham Artillery had assembled at the wharf to take the boat for Fort Pulaski on January 3, 1861, they had grouped themselves for a picture. In this picture would appear the members attired in their handsome uniforms, shoes polished, with trunks of clothing, chests of cooking utensils, commissary stores and marketing in vast proportions, demijohns, and cases of the finest wine and liquors, and cooks and butlers galore. I say look on that picture and then take in the one that could have been taken on the morning of May 1, 1865, when the battery was mustered for the purpose of receiving their paroles as prisoners of war preparatory to their departure for home from Greensboro, N. C. Home was more than three hundred and fifty miles away, and the country through which we had to pass was denuded of

everything to eat, for Sherman's army had passed that way, and the vandals had left nothing, for they wantonly destroyed what they could not carry with them. Men who had passed through the terrible war were in rags. Many of them were barefooted, their frames being reduced by hard marches, much fighting, and the want of provisions.

If such a picture as this could have been taken on that day, what a contrast it would make with the one imagined above! Yet they would have been two true pictures of the Chatham Artillery.

Appeal for Dr. Bridgman and Wife.—The Savannah (Ga.) Chapter, U. D. C., calls attention to the pitiable condition of a Confederate veteran, Dr. Bridgman, and his wife, now living in Decatur, Ill. They are of Northern birth, but were living South in the sixties, and espoused its cause. The Chicago Chapter refers the case to Georgia, claiming that, as they lived in Georgia and as he fought in a Georgia regiment, that State should care for them. Dr. Bridgman is a native of Hanover, N. H. He came South in 1850, and taught school until August, 1861, when he enlisted and was mustered into service in the Savannah Barracks on August 10, 1861. He served until the surrender of Lee. In 1874 he went to Illinois, where he has since resided. Owing to ill health since 1904 he has become very despondent. He is seventy-five years old and his wife is seventy-three. During the last year of the war Mrs. Bridgman served as matron in Lee Hospital, Columbus, Ga. For the past three years the Savannah Chapter has been sending $7.50 every month; but now their treasury is depleted, so they are sending only $2.50 of their own funds per month, and they request other Chapters in other States to help in the worthy charity, claiming that, as Dr. Bridgman's services were given to the entire Southland, all should share in doing for them. They seek contributions, however small, to help to make the last days of this worthy couple comfortable. The appeal is signed by Mrs. A. B. Hull, and contributions should be sent to Mrs. I. M. Falk, Treasurer Savannah (Ga.) Chapter, U. D. C.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL HALL.

Plans for a $2,500,000 memorial hall to be erected in honor of the "Father of His Country" to be built in his name city is meeting with great success. This memorial will conform to an expressed wish of General Washington's which was for a general diffusion of knowledge, for it will be so arranged that it can be used by many societies. The organizations which have pledged their support are Washington Academy of Science, the National Federation of Art, the National Academy of Science, the Medical Association, Daughters of the Confederacy, United Confederate Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, Sons of the American Revolution, and many other patriotic bodies. Individuals are working for it, and school children contribute a dime each to buy one brick in the edifice. Every contributor will receive a certificate of membership and a souvenir button. Mrs. Dimock, 25 East Sixtieth Street, Washington, D. C., is President of the Association.

Home Planned for Ex-Slaves.—A large gathering of ex-slaves and their descendants was held in Memphis, Tenn., in February, at which it was decided to build a substantial home for the dependent old people. Many of the prominent white citizens of Memphis are coöperating in this movement, giving encouragement by substantial assistance. Committees were appointed, with L. W. Wallace as chairman and H. H. Hume secretary, to solicit funds and carry out plans.

HERO MURDERED BY M'NEILL AT PALMYRA, MO.

BY B. E. SPENCER TREY, G. A. R., BROWNWOOD, TEX.

The brief sketch in the February Veteran of the monument at Palmyra, Mo., "to ten martyrs" who were shot to death by order of John McNeill (I will not dishonor the title by calling him general) recalls a fact that ought to be recorded in the Veteran. An orphan boy just entering manhood, "a child of poverty," had been reared by one of the prisoners. He was safely hid from the villain and his men; but upon learning that his benefactor was to be shot he voluntarily surrendered to ask that he be shot instead of his foster father. The exchange was granted, and the noble lad was killed with the nine others. While being marched to the place of execution he begged his associates to die game.

I was a Union soldier and served in the Army of the Cumberland under that skillful general and Christian gentleman, George H. Thomas. The foregoing facts were related to me by a lady at Quincy, Ill., in 1870. She lived at Palmyra at the time and knew the truth. She stated, furthermore, that on the next morning after the execution McNeill's chief of staff refused to accept his proffered hand, saying that he would not receive the hand of a murderer.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS AT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

The Great Oration by Maj. John W. Daniel, Now United States Senator.

It is with sincerest pleasure that the great oration of Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia, becomes a matter of record in the Veteran. Its founder was a commissioner, together with the then venerable T. Nixon VanDyke (now long since gone to his reward), from Tennessee, under appointment by Gov. Albert S. Marks. It was a great day, October 7, 1880. The writer, a member of the Tennessee Historical Society, had taken with him to the celebration the very handsome red silk sash worn by Colonel Ferguson when killed, the sword that DePeyster, who succeeded Ferguson in command of the British forces, delivered to a soldier named Edmundson, living near Nashville, when he surrendered to him, and the gold-mounted sword presented to Col. John Sevier by the State of North Carolina. Artists for Harper's and Leslie's Illustrated Weeklies willingly made drawings of these prized relics. Hon. Robert B. Vance, a member of Congress and brother of Zeb Vance, introduced himself and wife. Other distinguished people present showed great interest in those valuable relics.

Major Daniel, Virginia's silver-tongued orator, who has been so near death recently that public services were held in his beloved Southland to pray for his recovery, was then in his prime, and his oration seemed to contain all of the history of the Revolution desirable. He spoke from a large platform, his clear, musical voice being heard distinctly by more than ten thousand persons. There was present one surviving child of the King's Mountain heroes. She was a venerable, bright-faced woman whose name is not now recalled. The only manuscript of this address disappeared and had been lost for many years until recently, when it was supplied the Veteran by Col. W. O. Henderson, of Knoxville, Tenn., Counsel of the Southern Railway, from his office in Washington, D. C. Space is given for it cheerfully. Confederates who read it will be reminded of what they felt in the sixties—that "the battle is not always to the strong," a fact that gave them hope when odds were so greatly against them. The small number engaged at King's Mountain on both sides shows interesting contrasts wherein ten times as many were killed and wounded in several battles of the Confederate war.

JOHN W. DANIEL'S ORATION AT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

My Countrymen: Upon this spot one hundred years ago this day was a great battle of the people fought by the people alone. There was not a bayonet, there was not a cannon, there was no martial music, there was no gilded banner, there was no chaplain, there was no ambulance or wagon, there was no general officer, there was not a single regular soldier in the army of victory—there were men here. They were clad in coarse, homespun garments, made at the cabin fireside by their sisters, wives, and mothers. They had knives in their belt and flintlock rifles in their hands, and they did a deed for which all mankind should be grateful and which the ages will remember. They climbed the strong breastworks of this rugged mountain through terrific fire of Tory rifles and through fiercest onsets of British bayonets; they tore from this proud summit the royal banner of Great Britain; they laid low in battle, or led captive every one of the defiant soldiery who defended it. "Complete to a wish" was their victory, as their commandant said as they stood conquerors here; their shout of triumph was heard seven miles "on the plain."

But far beyond the plain that echoed back the voice of the mountain that shout of triumph rolled. Like a minstrel's song, its joyous notes swept over the land of the pines, the palmetto, and the moss-clad oak, lifting up the hearts of those who crouched under the sword of Tarleton, rallying the fragments of the Southern army, who had fled from the fury of Cornwallis, suppressing the uprisings of Tory factions, who "were willing enough to wound, but yet afraid to strike," and reanimating the scattered band of Sumter, and cheering anew the dauntless men who still stood by the side of Marion, the lion-hearted. Northward it rolled, and the Continental Congress received it with jubilant thanksgiving. The peerless commander in chief heard in it the first note of hope that broke in upon the miseries of despair that wailed upon his ears from the disastrous fields of the Southern land, and his bursting heart, bowed with the recent treachery of Arnold, found solace in the loyalty of an artless people who made liberty their first love and life the only measure of their devotion.

Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, afterwards wrote: "It was the joyful annunciation of that turn of the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence." It had turned "the shadow of death into the morning." The men who did this deed of vast and unending consequence were rude foresters, huntsmen, and herdsmen of the wilderness "who came from beyond mountains whose very names were not known."

Pause, O Century, ere thy latest step be taken—pause and bow before the grand old mountain, salute the venerable witness of that glorious day. Hear once more the solemn tread of the huntsmen as they file around the rocky lair of their oppressors; hear the wild melody of their soulful voices echoing through these gorges and carrying dread notes of warning to the foe at bay. Look once more! Behold the men of the wilderness as their firm feet climb from ledge to ledge up these rocky fastnesses. See them as they receive the charge of the veteran warriors of England, recoiling now before the bayonet, yet ever returning with the instant and fierce onset; see them as their concentric fires close around the desperate and unhallowed valor that meets its fate with grim and stern defiance. Look! Let thy latest glance behold the emblazoned standard of St. George as it falls in the midst of the sunburned, storm-beaten faces, as it is torn from this proud crest by the horny hands of the men of the desert who "came from beyond mountains whose very names were not known." Hear! Let the last sound that falls upon the ears be that wild, victorious shout of the mountain men which shall echo through the ages, teaching the world its grandest lesson —how to be free!

My countrymen, from some partiality which I cannot explain and which I cannot hope to justify I have been summoned from the old commonwealth that was the home and from a country that bears the honored name of Campbell to speak of the portentous scene that was here enacted and to unite with you in its commemoration. When I recall that a Bancroft standing here has depicted in it the vivid lines of historic truth and that a Preston has shed over it that rare and lustrous eloquence which belongs to the tongue that has been touched by living fire, well may I shrink from the unequal task and envy the silence which the meditative mind brings to its contemplation. But I have considered that the things which here came to pass are so engaging in themselves that in their plainest recital every deficiency of their orator would be forgotten; and as the men of King's Mountain came in their rude, rustic dress to do its wondrous deeds, so let me in all simplicity of speech attempt to tell once more its wondrous story.

The history of the Revolution from the firing of the first gun in the battle of King's Mountain recalls a series of disasters to the American arms, broken here and there by a scintillation of victory glorified all the way by splendid exertion of patience, fortitude, and courage, but attended with but few successes, followed by substantial consequences.

The British had indeed retired from Concord and Lexington in the first flush of war before the desultory fire of unorganized rebels, and in the next month of May Ethan Allen and Arnold had made a liberal dash and captured Ticonderoga; but ere Washington, who was chosen commander in chief by the Colonial Congress, could reach the field of action Bunker Hill had been stormed by the thrice-repeated assaults of the British troops. And though they had been taught that colonial militia could fight with deadly prowess and disciplined valor, our enemy were yet masters of the situation. On the very last day of that year the expedition against Canada under Montgomery and Arnold met with a foretaste of its disastrous close, and on the heights of Quebec, when Wolfe had perished in the joy of victory, Montgomery, the colonial leader, had fallen victim of desperate and fatal valor.

In March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, but only to strike no more vital points. On June 28, ere the Declaration had severed America forever from the motherland, there arose in the Southern horizon what Bancroft has fitly termed "the bright, the morning star that harbingered American independence," and from the guns of Moultrie at the Palmetto Fort in front of Charleston was proclaimed the first great triumph of the incipient republic that was ushered into being amid the clash of resounding arms. All hail! noble South Carolina, of whom her eloquent orator has said that "the sky which bends above her is scarce large enough for a single star to glitter in," and of whom I may add never was so small a sky illumined by so auspicious or so bright a star.

The Fourth of July following the Declaration made at Philadelphia announced the birthday of a nation, and old Independence bell rang out: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." But O how many cheeks were to be withered with woe, how many gladsome

hearts were to be pierced with inexorable sorrow, how many homes were to be desolate, what grievous hardships were to be borne, what keen pangs of disappointment and defeat were to freeze the genial currents of the soul ere the bold adventurers who had pledged life and fortune and sacred honor to the cause should bring forth in travail the completion of their hearts' desire! Ere another month had waned the American army on Long Island, commanded by Putman and under the eye of Washington, had been surprised and driven from the field in the first battle delivered by "the United States" to the opposing power, and the light of the young nation was nearly extinguished ere yet its radiance had penetrated the haunts of despotism of the Old World. A thousand men were lost, Sullivan and Sterling were captured, and only by the indomitable will of Washington, who was twenty-four hours in the saddle, did his dejected, beaten army escape across the East River into the city of New York.

The British general followed him. On September 15 at Kyp's Bay, where Thirty-Fourth Street now pierces the heart of the great metropolis, the American troops fled from the advancing redcoats, and in sickness of soul Washington exclaimed as he vainly exposed himself to rally them: "Are these the men by whom I am expected to defend the liberty of America?" Returning to Harlem Heights (now surrounded by the great Central Park, which spreads its varied landscape of hill and dale amid the palaces of the ever-widening city) and thence to Fort Washington hard by, he now confronted his victorious foe; but new defeat awaited him. While at Fort Lee, on the opposite Jersey bank up the Hudson, he witnessed on November 16 the surrender of its garrison of 2,600 men, and retreat through the Jerseys now opened to them the only avenue of safety. While the elated British pursued, so confident were they that the back of the rebellion was broken, that proclamation of amnesty was made by Lord Cornwallis and Sir William Howe to all who would in sixty days promise not to take up arms against the king. The Convention of Maryland, weakening, offered to renounce the Declaration of July 4 for the sake of accommodation with Great Britain. On the 12th of December Congress adjourned from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and the closing days of 1776 seemed as dark and dreary as disaster, retreat, and general depression could make it. But

"As stars to-night, woe luster gives to man,"

and never so grandly rose the character of Washington as when his dauntless spirit wrestled with adversity. Suddenly turning upon his overweening enemy, he marched at quick-step from the vicinity of Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware in the darkness of wintry night while thick masses of ice swept along on its course, and midst wind and sleet and hail he fell on Christmas morn with 2,400 men upon the Hessian camp at Trenton, capturing 1,000 prisoners, 1,200 stands of arms, and six pieces of artillery. Thence he passed on to Princeton, and on the 3d of January, 1777, repeated his exploit by capturing two hundred and thirty more of the enemy.

Notwithstanding these auspicious openings of the year, verily now "care set heavily on the brow of the young people who were to be formed to fortitude and tribulation and endeared to after ages by familiarity with sorrows." Human life and fortune have been fittingly compared to the Scotch plaid whereon the dark and bright spots are side by side, and the Revolutionary vicissitudes of 1777 furnish a notable illustration. Until the affairs of Trenton and Princeton "the life of the United States flickered like an angry flame." Washington had rekindled it, but ere the end of 1777 it again sank low in its socket. In September Stark, with the husbandmen of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Western Massachusetts, in shirt sleeves and carrying only their fowling pieces without bayonets, surrounded and assailed the British camp of Baum, beat back the bayonets of the regulars and the sabers of the dragoons at Bennington September 16, and gave our enemy a foretaste of what irregular militiamen can do when their hearts are aflame with patriotic ardor. With less than thirty killed and forty wounded, he captured six hundred and ninety-two of Baum's men and all their artillery, and he but confirmed reports of British officers when he declared: "Had our people been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden, they could not have behaved better." But how quickly was this bright spot shaded by the dark ones! The very next month (September 15) Washington was defeated at Brandywine, Lafayette was wounded, and four hundred prisoners lost. On the 18th Congress fled a second time from Philadelphia, first to Lancaster and then to York. On the 26th the British with flying colors marched into and took possession of the city. Misfortunes came "not single file, but in battalions." On the 4th of October Washington was again repulsed at Germantown, losing four hundred more prisoners from the ranks of his thin and exhausted troops.

And the campaign of 1777 in the Middle States thus gloomily ended, his wasted and despondent army, half fed and almost naked, returned to the bleak hills of Valley Forge, twenty-six miles from Philadelphia, their bare feet tracking the frozen ground with blood and their scanty raiment scarce concealing their forms from the pitiless skies of winter. But meanwhile a very aurora seemed to radiate the darkness of the Northern heavens. At Saratoga on October 16 the Virginia riflemen of Morgan, nobly supported by the Continentals of New York and New England and led by Gates, Lincoln, and Arnold, had forced the capitulation of Burgoyne with his entire force of 6,000 troops and forty-two pieces of artillery, the most brilliant achievement of the war, saving alone the final triumph at Yorktown. This battle has been called the turning point of the Revolution, and Creasy, the scholarly author of "The Decisive Battles of the World," has numbered it with Marathon, Blenheim, and Waterloo as one of those few battles of which the contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes. I would not shade a single ray that glows in the sunburst of that glorious day. Glorious in itself, it was alike glorious in its consequences. It largely contributed to induce the recognition of the United States by France and other European governments which speedily followed it, carried cheer to the weary watchers by many a camp fire, and heightened the efforts of their allies beyond the seas; but it did not quench the dogged spirit of Great Britain nor paralyze British power. It revealed the tremendous task that the motherland had undertaken, but with unshaken nerve she put forth renewed efforts for its accomplishment. Ere long she had regained all that had been lost and much more, and two years later, occupying every vantage ground, that flag that "had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" floated high over a weak and weary adversary driven to the last pangs of extremity and despair.

During 1778 Washington in June combated Sir Henry Clinton at Monmouth; but the decisive results hoped for were lost by too great a display of the "rascally virtue of prudence" on the part of Gen. Charles Lee, whom Washington rebuked upon the field, and soon after the British commander at Monmouth succeeded Howe in chief command. He speedily

changed the theater of operations, and to the subjugation of the South he turned his veteran legions.

On the 23d of December of that year a British armament under Colonel Campbell appeared near Savannah. Right speedily its mission of conquest was accomplished. On the 29th the American General Howe was defeated and Savannah fell, with four hundred and fifty prisoners and a large store of provisions and munition of war. The British were already masters of Florida. Now Georgia had been felled at a single stroke, and lay prostrate at their feet. The year ended in deepest gloom. The conquest of the South had begun.

The year 1779 came and went, but with it no decisive turn in the aspect of affairs. She was like a wounded snake, "dragging its slow length along." In the spring Sir Henry Clinton captured Stony Point; in the summer Mad Anthony Wayne, the American, stormed and replanted the American colors on its ramparts. In December General Lincoln, assisted by French allies, attempted to recover Savannah, but defeat again befell our arms. The hour of deliverance had not come. Hope deferred had made the heart sick, and care still sat heavily on the brow of the young nation.

And now the year 1780, the sixth year of the struggle, was at hand. The heavens were hung with black, and the bleak earth was blood-stained with many a vain sacrifice to the unpropitious god of war. In New York the British power was firmly riveted. Established in the city under Knyphausen, their forces defied the threat of Washington, while their marauding parties scattered forth to pillage and burn in Connecticut and the Jerseys. Congress was beset with extreme embarrassments and difficulties. The treasury was an aching void. The continental notes so multiplied by frequent emissions and by ingenious counterfeits that floated in the market "thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa," but depreciated to a ratio of forty to one of good money. A colonist's pay would not buy oats for his horse, and five months of a private soldier's wages would not buy a bushel of wheat. The untilled fields were growing up in briers and broom sedge. The troops were ill clothed and ill fed, and sullen discontent now broke forth in open mutiny. The army of Washington, wintered at Morristown, found there "in the squalid wretchedness of ill-provided camps" a repetition of the terrors of Valley Forge. Life, bereft of comfort, seemed to bid adieu to hope. "We have never experienced a like extremity at any period of the war," said Washington. "The troops, both officers and men, are almost in perishing want." And while with matchless fortitude he bore up the crushing load that lay upon him designing men made question of his ability, and petty ambition conspired to strike him down, while despondence hovered on raven wings over our Northern camps.

Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander in chief, seemed to follow the eagles of victory, and now prepared to swoop down and conquer the Southern land. On December 26, 1779, he set sail from New York with 8,500 men in the fleet of Admiral Arbuthnot, and on May 11, 1780, he established his troops on John's Island, within thirty miles of Charleston. General Lincoln, who had been second to Gates at Saratoga, then commanded the American garrison, but was unequal to withstand the veteran army launched against it. The story is soon told. On the 12th of May, beleagured and helpless, he capitulated and surrendered the city, all its fortifications, shipping, artillery, and public stores, and five thousand men stacked arms before our conqueror. Saratoga, where are all thy glories now?

"Gone glimmering through the dreams
Of things that were."

Florida and Georgia and now South Carolina lay a prey to the victorious sword.

Brave as English blood has ever been in battle, bravely as it has borne the same flag, keeping even pace with the drumbeat of the sunrise around the world, the descendants of those ravagers of the sea who carried the raven banner of the Norsemen to the conquest of their island home have too often displayed their barbaric lineage in ferocity to the conquered; and here in the Carolinas they visited upon their offending victims those unutterable calamities of cruelty which made human nature blush, weep, and shudder for its kind. Confiscation of property and still more dreadful punishments were demanded against all who should oppose the king in arms or hinder any from joining his standard. The men of Camden and Beaufort, ninety-six, surrendered under promise of security from Clinton. But he was "his own interpreter," and soon made "plain" what "security" he intended. He required all the inhabitants, even those outside of Charleston who were prisoners on parole, to take an active part in the king's cause. "Should they neglect to return their allegiance," so ran the infamous proclamation, "they will be treated as rebels to the government of the king."

As Tarleton swept over the land with his vengeful blade, sometimes rode with him Maj. Patrick Ferguson, his fit associate, a character of whom you will hear again ere this tale be ended, a hardy partisan of vigorous and dauntless courage, himself the inventor of a rifle and extolled as the best marksman living. The son of an eminent Scotch judge, he had entered the army at any early age, and had served with the German and in the army in the Northern States. Experience had ripened in him the qualities of a born soldier, and he was well fitted for leadership in irregular, predatory war. Before the fall of Charleston Tarleton and he together had surprised the camp of General Huger and Colonel Washington at Monck's Corner, capturing one hundred of their men, and soon afterwards had scattered Colonel Bufort's command of Virginians at the Waxhams, leaving one hundred and fifty mangled on the field and slaying one hundred and thirteen in cold blood despite the fact that they threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

This deed of bloody savagery had been followed by others not less revolting. Patriots were surrounded in their homes in the dead of night and put to the sword, while widowed wives and orphaned children fled from burning homes to the woods and canebrakes. The dumb beasts of the farmyard were either driven away or left dead by the ruthless bands, the garden tools were torn up and scattered, the grapevine made short work of the hesitant rebel who would not swear allegiance to the king, and the midnight torch made funeral fires of the altars of the home. A universal panic seized the people. Bowed to the dust in humiliation, they were now driven to dishonor and despair. A pall of death was upon the land. All opposition in South Carolina ceased. Stripped and desolate, scattered, bleeding and broken, ravaged and dismayed, they crouched under the power that brooked no resistance and ground out all resentment. Sir Henry Clinton gazed upon this work and thought it was good. Leaving Lord Cornwallis in charge of the conquered provinces, he set sail for New York on the 18th of June, carrying with him 4,000 of his victorious men.

Northward toward North Carolina now marched the conqueror Cornwallis, while Tarleton and Ferguson, his partisan rangers, ravaged the land, attracting or joining to their standards the most profligate and abandoned men, villains and

desperadoes, who, hopeless of liberty, reveled in opportunities to hang, scourge, burn, plunder, and prey.

Alone in the field remained Sumter, the "Game Cock," and Marion, the "Swamp Fox" (as the British called him), with their little band of hard Carolinians, who, scattered to-day in the forests and swamps, reappeared on the morrow, vexing and hindering, if they could not stay the onward progress of their oppressors. A mighty effort was now put forth to retrieve the disasters that had befallen us. As early as May Washington had detached from his Northern army of less than 15,000 men the Maryland Division and the Delaware Regiment under Maj. Gen. Baron De Kalt, and with them marched southward the corps of Light-Horse Harry Lee. This column was yet in Virginia when Charleston fell, and there received intelligence of our misfortunes in the Carolinas. The piteous cry for help that reached Virginia at the Continental Congress was speedily responded to. Arms were hurried in from the Old Dominion to North Carolina upon her requisition; and though threatened by savages on the Western barriers and exposed to invasion all along her seaboard, the valiant State stripped herself to help her struggling sisters. "With a magnanimity which knows nothing of fear," says Bancroft, "Virginia laid herself bare for the protection of the Carolinas."

Nelson and Armand, White and William Washington came with their corps to reënforce the column for the relief of the Carolinas, and Gen. Horatio Gates, the victor of Saratoga, was appointed by the Continental Congress to command the Southern army. When Gates was summoned from his Virginia plantation to this arduous service, he assumed it with the most sanguine confidence of victory, laughing at the warning of his friend, Gen. Charles Lee, who said: "Take care, Gates, lest your Northern laurels are turned to Southern willows." Baleful prophecy. How speedily was it fulfilled!

On the 16th of August with a superior force General Gates marched upon Cornwallis, who was posted at the village of Camden. Singularly enough his advanced guard, pushing forward, met the advance of Cornwallis, who was likewise moving in battle array against him, and swiftly the two armies joined battle. The British regulars were too stout for their contestants. The Virginia militia, under Stevens, soon broke and fled; the North Carolina militia, under Caswell, speedily followed their example; De Kalb, intrepidly leading the men of Delaware and Maryland, fell mortally stricken with eleven wounds; and when the day closed, the whole American army, excepting only one hundred men who escaped with Gest in Maryland through the canebrakes, was dispersed, leaving all of its artillery, and utterly beaten.

The victor of Saratoga sped away to Hillsboro, where the North Carolina Legislature was in session, two hundred miles in three days, and officers and men vied with their leaders in the rapidity of their flight from the ill-starred field of Camden. Verily the Northern laurels were over the tomb of American independence. One disaster trod swiftly on another's heel. On the 18th of August, just two days after Camden, the camp of Sumter at Fishing Creek was surprised by the fierce and wary Tarleton and utterly routed and captured. On the 20th Sumter, who escaped, rode into Charleston alone without hat or saddle.

In all the Southern land the little band of Francis Marion alone opposed an unbroken front to overwhelming forces of the conqueror.

Whence now, O bleeding sons of liberty, shall succor come? A hush of despair closes the white lips that tremble at the mention of Tarleton's name. The chilly winds of autumn and the yellowing foliage of the trees tell the sad-eyed watchers by the flickering flame of their country's cause that the summer is past, the harvest of battles is ended, and yet they are not saved. The scythe of death has mown down the last rank of these defenders, their wives and little ones are shivering around the cold ashes of what once was home, their armies are scattered, and there is no help in them. On whom, O illustrious commander in chief, on whom can you now rely? Your trusted lieutenant has forsaken you, Lincoln and Gates are beaten, their comrade in the glories of Saratoga is on his way to don the uniform of a British general. Power closes around you with stiffening grasp, intrigue comprises your counsels, and treachery sits by the camp fire, "squat like a toad," whispering "gold" to those whom steel has tried in vain. Where, where now shall faith rear his cross, now that the anchor of hope is breaking? God of the dauntless patriot, God of the widow and orphan, God of the weak and lowly, whose despondency shivers around thy throne, shall the heavens ever be brass? is there none to save? Let the woods and the swamps, the pathless thicket, the steep rocks, and the everlasting hills give answer. Yet, when Hope was dying, Despair summoned an army of salvation.

In the heart of the Carolinas was a hardy Presbyterian stock, the Scotch-Irish as they were called, a people possessing a quick, inquisitive intelligence, and the impulsive courage of the Irish with the dogged resolutions of the Covenanter. This element extended into the valley and the great southwest of Virginia, and had pushed forward upon the receding footsteps of the savage in Kentucky and Tennessee. Mingling with pioneers of English blood in all its settlements and in its more southerly connections with that of the gallant Huguenots, who had sought an asylum from religious bigotry in South Carolina, there had been formed an adventurous and intrepid population filled with all the qualities of bold, generous manhood. The spirit of popular liberty had stirred amongst them and given birth to their glorious maxim: "The rights of the many against the exactions of the few."

So rife was this spirit in the Carolinas that when the boundary line was run between North Carolina and Virginia in 1727 the borderers were eager to be included in the former State, as "there," they said, "they paid no tribute to God or Cæsar." By their hands the first blood was shed in America against the exactions of arbitrary taxation in the conflict with Governor Tryon, the royal Governor in Alamance County in 1771. By their voices was fulminated at Mecklenburg the first Declaration of Independence against the British crown, more than a year before the Colonial Congress emulated their example and copied their very language in the great Declaration of Philadelphia. In the bosom of the wilderness these had been reared by their hearthstones, the rude altars of civil liberty. Breaking from bondage, the sires of this hardy stock had crossed the Alleghanies to the valley of the Watauga, and carried their settlements to the broader Nollichucky, whose sparkling waters sprung out of the tallest mountain in the range; where the wild crab apple scented the breeze with fragrance, they followed with their wit; here where the trout darted through clear streams, but no flag of England flaunted; here where the elk, the red deer, and the black bear abounded in the great forests of oak, hickory, maple, elm, ash, and buckeye, where a genial soil yielded richest crops of maize, but no Governor exacted tribute; here the mountain eagles screamed, but their ears were vexed with no king's proclamation, for they had planted their homes, framed their laws, and set to the people of America the example of

creating themselves into a State independent of the authority of a British king.

The victor of Camden had sent forth the redoubtable Patrick Ferguson toward the western confines of North Carolina with his own light infantry corps of a considerable body of Tory militia of his own training. His orders were to skin the mountain country between the Catawba and the Yadkins, harass the Rebels, inspirit the Tories, and enlist the militia in the service of the king. Meanwhile Cornwallis himself marched northward and posted his army at Charlotte, where Ferguson was to join him at the close of his expedition. The latter was on his way to rejoin Cornwallis, when he heard that Colonel Clark, of Georgia, was retreating to the mountain district after an unsuccessful advance of the British post at Ninety-Six. Thinking to intercept Clark's retreat, Ferguson made his way through the wilderness to a small frontier village of log houses called Gilbert Town, in Rutherford County, and there camped in serene contentment, persuaded that there was no force in that section "able to look him in the face."

The orator then explained how the mountaineers met together, and it seemed, he said, as if some masonry of the woods had given the watchword to its dwellers, and as if the lightnings had conveyed to them the signs of distress from their brethren and the wings of the wind had borne them an answer; and an agreement was made between the indomitable McDowell, the brave Sevier, and Isaac Shelby to meet with their mountaineers at the Sycamore Shoals, on the banks of the Watauga, on September 25. Bright and animated was the scene on that autumn day when, prompt as lovers at the tryst, the warriors of the wilderness pursued unbroken thicket or lonely bridle paths along the rocky ridges that overhang the sparkling waters, and hailed each other in one of those beautiful valleys which nature had adorned with every greenwood beauty and surrounded with all the grandeur that can elevate the soul of man. There they were, true to plighted word, in hunting shirt and buckskin leggins, with faithful rifle, and ready knife that had won many a trophy from the forest and the mountains, and were destined now to still bloodier deeds.

Sevier, the pioneer of the Holston, born in Shenandoah, Va., of an old French family, with the bold, chivalrous blood of the Huguenots yet boiling in his veins at the memory of ancient wrongs, was there with the men of Sullivan (two hundred and forty strong), moving amongst them with eager step and bright eyes, animating all with persuasive address and ready eloquence that flowed like a fountain from the mountain side.

No time was lost. On the morning of September 26 the united band assembled. A solemn prayer was said amidst awe and silence. The last good-by was spoken, and through the wilderness and over the yellow mountains rode the mountaineer men to seek the bloody trail of the wild beast who had made home their prey and humanity their victim. On the 30th of September they met on the eastern side of the mountains on the banks of the Catawba Col. Benjamin Cleveland and Maj. Joseph Winston, with three hundred and fifty men from Wilkes and Surry Counties. On the night of October 4 Campbell convened a council of war at Gilbert Town. His advices were that Ferguson had decamped and gone to the British fort at Ninety-Six, which had been lately repaired and reënforced. It was concluded that the game had flown, and that naught was left but to abandon the chase. The expedition was on the eve of failure, the resolution had been passed to give it up, when late that night a horseman, who had ridden sixty miles that day, came dashing into camp with tidings of great import. Apprehended as a spy, he was blindfolded and led into the commander's presence, when he introduced himself as General Edwards, of the South Carolina Militia. He brought the news that Ferguson was in the neighborhood of the Cherokee Ford of Broad River, that the story of his march to Ninety-Six was only a feint to mask his movement and throw Campbell off his track, and that he was really trying to rejoin Cornwallis at Charlotte, to which place he had dispatched his reënforcements.

A plan of battle was at once agreed, when Lacy galloped back to relate that the mountain men were coming, and on October 6 at sundown sure enough they arrived at Cowpens, where Colonel Williams with nearly two thousand South Carolinians and Major Church with seventy North Carolinians from Tryon County had already bivouacked in waiting.

We have seen that when Ferguson left Gilbert Town on October 4, professing that as a scout he was going to Ninety-Six, he had really sniffed a terrible danger in the breeze, and was trying to get to Cornwallis's camp. On the 5th of October he crossed Broad River at Fate's Ferry, near the present crossing of the Air Line Railroad. On the 6th he passed on the Yorkville road through a mountain gap and took position upon a ridge of stone and slate formation about a mile in length north and south, very narrow upon its summit, and about one hundred feet in average height above the ravines that surrounded it. This eminence he called, in loyal reverence of his sovereign, "King's Mountain."

It is indeed a mountain which kings may well remember! While the wary partisan was as the sun went down October 6 posting his followers in this natural fortress, nine hundred of the fleetest horsemen in the combined camp of Campbell and his allies were preparing for the daring ride that was destined to eventuate on the morrow. A hasty mouthful was swallowed at eight o'clock, every man was in the saddle, and all through the black night and amid torrents of rain Campbell's men rode swiftly on the trail of Ferguson with guns wrapped in their overcoats and blankets, trusting in God, but acting on old Moll's maxim to "keep their powder dry." Just before sunrise of October 7 they passed a little below the Cherokee Ford of Broad River, and soon came to Ferguson's camp of the 5th. The trail was fresh now, and the hearts of the hunters beat high with "the stern joy that warriors feel." Twelve miles farther on they met some men coming from Ferguson's camp, and they as well as a boy in a field near by related that Ferguson was just three miles farther on. It was just about twelve o'clock. The rain ceased, the clouds lifted, and the October sun in meridian splendor burst forth,

"Turning with alchemy of its precious eye
The meager, cloddy earth to glittering gold."

Auspicious, glorious omen of the brighter sunburst that was soon to wrap the grand old mountain in a glory that would be undimmed forever!

The order, Spartan in its brevity and in its import, was passed down the line from lip to lip: "Tie up overcoats, pick touchholes, fresh prime, and be ready to fight." The people of the country side gathered in, plowboys and seedsmen left the field, guides were selected, the word "Forward!" was given, and in twenty minutes the head of the column caught through the opening of the woodland the glittering sheen of British bayonets fringing along the mountain top. Within a mile of their destination a courier of Ferguson's

with dispatches for Cornwallis was captured. In that last message to his commander Ferguson said: "I hold a position on the King's Mountain, and all of the rebels out of hell cannot drive me out of it." These words were read at the head of Campbell's men. They spoke not a word. Not a shout was raised. But a grim smile crept over their stern faces while they prepared to put that braggart to the test.

Near the base of the mountain the men were halted, the horses were picketed, every man stood to his gun, and swiftly were the dispositions of battle made. Right opposite the slate gravestone which recorded that "Col. Patrick Ferguson, an officer belonging to His Britannic Majesty, was here defeated and killed" Campbell posted his Virginians, and on the right center of his assaulting lines and on his left posted Shelby with the men of Sullivan. Sevier with his own men, part of Cleveland's Regiment under Major Winston, and the men of Hambright and Chronicle constituted the right wing. The rest of Cleveland's men, led by himself, united with the command of Williams. McDowell composed the left wing. Sevier with the right wing was to move up the ravine along the margin of the brook, a branch of Clark's Fork of Bullock's Creek, Cleveland with the left to pursue the course now marked by the woods, Shelby to act in coöperation with Campbell, and Campbell to charge the face of the mountain to the front, thus surrounding the British stronghold and bearing upon it on all sides with concentric fires.

As the men of Campbell, Shelby, and McDowell deployed along the base of the mountain to their appointed work the British opened fire; a sheeted flame bursts from the mountain crest and pours its hissing bolts on these devoted men. From behind rocks and trees the hunters' rifles send back keen response, and the Indian war whoop wakes the forest echoes. Campbell's men are climbing the mountain, Shelby and McDowell are pushing through the gap nearest to the camp, and at the end of yonder ravine comes the line of Sevier eager for the fray. Ferguson gallops to the head of De Peyster's regulars and with fixed bayonets unites with some of the Tory allies and leads them with dauntless spirit to the charge. The British bayonets! How many lines of battle have you driven before that terrible onset! On they come in steady phalanx, and McDowell's, Shelby's, and Campbell's men are driven down the mountain side. But hark! A shout bursts forth from the opposite extremity of the mountain crest. Hembright, Chronicle, Cleveland, and Williams have scaled the heights, the British are driven behind their wagons, while Ferguson rides amongst them, exhorting them with that vehement courage that knows no fear and no surrender. With a silver whistle, whose shrill notes pierced every ear, he calls his men around him as the huntsman calls his hounds; and while the stricken fall on every side and the cowards crouch in the rear, he wheels about, sword in hand, heads the counter-charge, bursting like a thunderbolt upon the enemy in his rear, who reel before his terrible onslaught. But as he drives back Chronicle and Williams, Campbell, Shelby, and McDowell come thronging back, and the cheer resounds. "Come on, boys; the British are retreating! Come on, boys! Come on!" They had happily mistaken Ferguson's charge upon the rear for a retreat, and made the mountains ring with their jubilant cheers. Galloping from rank to rank, his hand wounded and bleeding, but his heart undaunted, Ferguson wheeled again, entreating the hesitant, cursing the cowards, inspiring the brave, and marshaled his whole force and hurled it against Campbell's lines. Once more the center gave way before him, pushing back down the mountain.

But instantly there rise again from the other side the shouts of Cleveland's wing, who repeat the mistake of their comrades, imagined Ferguson's reverse charge a retreat, and instantly they came pouring upon his rear, filling the field with his slain; while Sevier's wing, now well in hand, joins in with a steady fire and exulting cheer. Thus relieved for a third time, Campbell, warning the clansmen of the Argyle, comes back, the Virginia rifles are now ablaze, and their sharp crack is seething the gory field.

The blood of battle is up. The first hasty impulse has cooled to that white passion which clears the intellect, stiffens the nerves, and fires the heart in the immovable purpose to conquer or to die. Every officer is at the head of his men now; right wing, left wing, and center are closing in with firm, unyielding footsteps; their rifles are ringing from every point, and closer come the cheers that mark the steady progress of advancing lines. Baffled at every point, Ferguson neither flinches nor falters. The ground is slipping from his grasp; the tightening coils of the fiery serpent are crushing the very life of his command. His men are forced back to the northern extremity of the ridge; whichever way he turns, death scowls in his face with cold, remorseless frown.

He orders his cavalry to mount, but as the foot of the dragoon touches the stirrup man or beast goes down; the deadly rifle has only found a more conspicuous mark. De Peyster sees that the day is lost. He raises the white flag. Ferguson curses the hand that raised it and tears it down; De Peyster raises it again to another point. Ferguson gallops to it, and his sword levels it to the earth. He will brook no surrender. He will win or die. With a will that never quailed he dominates the field. He will win or die. He orders his men to join in their columns. The butcher knives of the Tories are strapped to the end of their guns. His regulars have their bayonets fixed. The saber of every dragoon that can live upon his steed is on rest. "Charge! Charge! Charge!" shouts Ferguson as he forces with defiance the thronging lines that close around him. The supreme moment of the battle has come—a moment pregnant perhaps with the destinies of millions of struggling heroes and the destinies of myriads who should come after them. Once more the weird notes of the silver whistle quiver through the dreary shouts of the conflict; once more he shouts with ringing voice that rises above the uproar of the battle: "Come on and crush the damned rebels into the earth!" There is a hush along the rebel lines. The rifles are cocked and ready, but their fire is withheld. "Come on, men, and crush the damned rebels into the earth!" and with the wild vehemence of despair horsemen, footmen come thundering all along the line, bayonets and sabers flash to the light, and the opposing lines are but six paces apart. There is a sharp crack bursting into a volley: the whole rebel line is aflame with fire. Pierced by seven balls, Ferguson falls and gives up the ghost. The dead are heaped up thick around him, his men are scattered, his riderless steed gallops frantically from the field of fate, the white flag is run up. Ferguson stark dead, there is none to tear it down. "It is finished;" the battle of King's Mountain is won.

"Victory! Victory!" shouted the South Carolinians and the mountain men. Yes, let the sons of God shout for joy! Here in the drear midnight of our defeat on the bleak ledge of the precipice that overhung the unfathomable gulf of despair, hungry and half naked, the mongrel horde of the desert had builded victory's altar and their blood had fired a flame that blazed with meteoric splendor across the Southern sky.

Victory for home! Victory for country! Victory for independence! Victory for the right of the many against the exactions of the few! Victory for the right of every man to utter his voice in making the laws by which he is to be governed, to pay no tax which he or his chosen representative does not levy, to render obedience to no power which he himself does not participate in creating! Victory for humanity! Victory which mingles the voices of the people with the voice of God! Let such victory receive our everlasting homage. Next to God, let us worship the rights of man. Next to him alone, let us venerate the heroes who kept the pledge of life and fortune and sacred honor to make them whole. Let the centurionlike eagles in their flight hover around the monument that makes the eyrie whence the bird of victory plumed his wing.

Compared to the great marshaling in arms at Austerlitz or Gettysburg, compared to the scenic splendor of hundreds of fields which piled up hecatombs of slain and glowed with all the romantic pomp of war, the battle of King's Mountain was but a combat. But measured by the highest standards of intellectual and moral greatness it wears a dignity undimmed by the glories of any conflict. It was great in its conception. Had the concentrated mind of a Napoleon or a Von Moltke directed the agencies which assembled the remote and scattered bands who were suddenly unified at the vital point and molded by improvised organizations into a thunder ball of power, it could not have surpassed the genius of a martial people who without a general constructively and swiftly came together, a revealed mastership in the art of war. It was great in generalship. Planned by a commander hastily selected at the very moment it was about to be fought, under pressure of exigent circumstances and while there was no time to halt between two opinions, posting of the troops was such as fitted the field and the men who were to fight upon it, and not the most brilliant field marshal of ancient or modern times could have bettered the disposition made in the flash of an eye by the untrained genius of Campbell and his brother officers.

General Bernard, an officer who served under the great Napoleon and afterwards in the engineer service of the United States, upon surveying the field declared that the Americans by their victory in that engagement created a monument of the military genius and skill of Colonel Ferguson in selecting a position so well adapted to defense, and that no other plan of assault than had been pursued by the mountain men could have succeeded against him. It was great in soldiership, furiously fought from the sound of the first gun to the close. During the dash the officers and men were inspired by a dogged and pertinacious resolution that caused them to return thrice to the assault, and there were deeds of surpassing individual prowess which seemed as if they belonged to the romance of ancient chivalry.

Never were men more bravely led, never did men more bravely follow. Campbell, the commander, his horse thrice fallen, fought on foot, cheering his men back to each successive charge. Sevier, Shelby, Cleveland, Winston, Williams, Chronicle, and their faithful lieutenants were everywhere in the front. Chronicle fell early in the action a martyr to his own intrepidity. Hambright survived covered with six wounds. Williams, carrying a rifle while he led his men, perceiving Ferguson armed only with a sword and pistol, threw down his gun, declaring: "I will have a single tussle with him or die." Rushing upon the rival leader, he was felled by two balls and borne from the field by his two sons—mere lads—fighting by their father's side. The next day when his eyes were glazing in death he exclaimed, "I thank God for my country's deliverance," and said to his weeping boys: "God bless you, my brave boys. Tell your mother and your friends that I die content."

In the Virginia regiment thirteen were killed, twelve of whom were officers. Four Edmonstons were amongst them, and with them the Craigs, Beatties, Bowens, Willoughbys, Blackburns, Crawfords, Campbells, and Cummings. It was great in its achievement. It was as clear a cut and clean a military performance as ever adorned the annals of war. There were but nine hundred men on the American side, according to the best authority. Ferguson's provision roll showed 1,125 men, twenty of whom, being absent on a foraging expedition, alone escaped. This force composed the regulars of De Peyster, over one hundred strong, and the rest were Tory riflemen. Not a man present but was killed, wounded, or taken—206 killed, 128 wounded, 648 captured, and with them all the wagons, 1,500 stands of arms, and the paraphernalia of the command.

Nine of the Tories were hanged in retaliation of the memorable massacre of Bufort's men at the Waxhaws. In short, one-fourth of the army of Cornwallis was annihilated at a single stroke by an inferior force, with a loss of but twenty-eight killed and sixty wounded.

It was great in its effect upon the immediate fortunes and largely contributed to the final result of the Revolutionary War. Had the action been delayed, Tarleton, about to take the road from the camp of Cornwallis, would have rescued Ferguson from peril and intercepted the arm that was raised to strike him down. Had Campbell lost the day, the last impediment would have been removed to the complete conquest of the Carolinas, the powerful organizations of Tories would have riveted their chains upon them, the path of the conqueror of Virginia would have been opened, and that State, already laid low to help her struggling sisters, would probably have fallen with them.

The terrific victory of King's Mountain, so swift, so stern, so fierce, so sweeping, stunned the British commander with natural astonishment and filled every American heart with a glow of elation and confidence. "The victory of King's Mountain," says Bancroft, "which in the spirit of the American soldiers was like the rising of Concord, in its effect like the success at Bennington, changed the aspect of the war."

"From the turning point," says John P. Kennedy, the scholar (who in his fine novel, "Horse-Shoe Robinson," has graphically depicted the battle), "the cause advanced steadily to a speedy and prosperous end. * * * The victory was a fresh fountain of strength and the parent of new triumphs." "It gave the first check," says the historian Ramsay, "to the career to British conquests in the South, and by the defeat of Ferguson so changed the aspect of the affair as to result eventually in the consummation of our independence." Says Edward Everett: "It restored the public mind from the depression caused by the recent successes of Cornwallis. It put an instant stop to his efforts to bring back the upper country to its allegiance, and contributed its full store of the combinations which about a twelvemonth later led to the surrender of Cornwallis and his virtual termination of the war."

As the victory of Moultrie at the Palmetto Fort was the early, the morning star, so Yorktown was the glorious and undimmed sunrise of American independence; and so King's Mountain came like a vivid flash from the storm clouds of expiring night, dazzling darkened eyes with a momentary flood

of light poured over the glorious landscape of our future triumph. By the lambent light that played around this hoary crest the patriot's eye caught in prophetic vision an inspiring glimpse of Morgan and his men emerging through the smoke of the Cowpens upon the heels of the flying Tarleton, beheld Cornwallis retreating before Greene after the dreadful carnage of Guilford, while at the close of the vista rose up in luminous splendor that grand historic picture which marks the dawn of a new era in the history of mankind—the sword of the conquered conqueror presented humbly to the father of his country, while the tricolor of France and the flag of the great republic floated in mingled glory over the ramparts of Yorktown.

All honor to the gallant men of the Carolinas! All honor to the mountain men of the Old Dominion! Pioneers of victory! Let gratitude and glory write their names in every star that shines. Not on this field alone, but on many a theater of deadly conflict has their blood and their children's blood flowed in a common stream; not here alone, but everywhere and at all times throughout the century that has gone fellowship of patriotic passion bound them together with hooks of steel, and a kindred heroism refined and exalted their mutual affections. In place of the slender colonial league for which they fought, a grand republic surpassing in all that kindles the generous pride and general hope of man, the glory of ancient Rome, more powerful than even the most vast empire that looked upon its feeble offspring with derision, now rests its pillows upon the borders of the great seas—a transcendent temple of human rights, whose dome is studded with the stars of thirty-eight States and is crowned with the Goddess of Liberty pointing her finger to the heavens.

Here upon this altar of blood sacrifice let us in the humility of grateful hearts turn in tender memory to the names of those by whose deeds the blessings denied to them were wrought out and handed down to us; here let us offer up the thanksgiving that peace reigns upon the earth, and that good will toward man has transformed the deadly combatants of other days into generous rivals for the prizes of kindly competitors upon the sod that was trodden under hostile hoofs and kneaded with the life streams that spurted from rended hearts. Let us rejoice that we follow the guiding star of the century that is dawning with the serene grace of his mellow autumn day—a century that now comes forth to run its race, heralded by such signs as those which hailed the nativity of Him who "sent down the meek-eyed peace," and again may be said as of old:

"When the morning stars sang together,"

. . . . . .

"She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng."

Here where our martyred fathers rest in undisturbed sleep, where the brook ripples in solemn, unceasing monotone, and the moldering gravestone tells in a double sense the story of frail ambition, let us waft the greetings of fraternal hearts to the sons of those compatriots in arms who strove on fields, as did the mountain men on this field, for the "rights of the many against the exactions of the few," who signaled to Moultrie's guns from Concord to Lexington and answered back to their responsive voices from Bunker Hill. Let Ticonderoga and Trenton, and Bennington, Saratoga, and Stoney Point, King's Mountain and Guilford and Cowpens and Yorktown—let these be the names that blend their colors in the rainbow that now spans the sunlit arch of our peace-illumined land. With these sacred watchwords of union, with these sacred relics of memory and inspiration of hope, let us all rejoice that the great principles of American liberty are still the lawful inheritance of this people. By these unforgotten graves let us resolve that they "ever shall be" and let the deep swell of the people's voice peal forth the sweet refrain of "Auld Lang Syne."

During Senator Daniel's speech Captain Bryan and the color guard of the Washington Light Infantry arrived with the Eutaw flag, and were seated on the platform. After the oration, three cheers were given for the flag. In the procession to the monument the troops went in advance of the Association, guests, and ladies to unveil the monument in line.

Colonel Coward said that the work of the Association had been completed, and called on the assemblage to join in singing the long-meter doxology while the veil was being removed. The band played "Old Hundred," and thousands of voices took up the majestic melody. Miss Mary Bell Culp, of Union, who represented South Carolina, was accompanied by Governor Jeter, Miss Lelia Young, who represented North Carolina, was accompanied by Governor Jarvis, Miss Emily Bufort, of Virginia, by Governor Holliday, and Miss Nora Nixon, of Tennessee, who took the place of Miss Mamie Polk, of Nashville, now Mrs. Humphrey Kortrecht, of Memphis. Miss Polk had been appointed by Governor Marks to represent Tennessee at the unveiling, but could not attend. Miss Nixon was present and her selection approved by the Tennessee Commissioners.

After the unveiling, the military passed in front of the monument with uncovered heads. The band played "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Sweet By and By." Fully fifteen thousand persons surrounded the speakers' stand.

GRANDSON OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Readers of the VETERAN will remember its appeal made a few months since in behalf of Mr. Clarence Key, grandson of the man who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," who was then in a distressful condition in the City of Mexico, and they will be glad to know that he has been admitted to the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., where he will spend his last years in comfort.

Mr. Key was well known in Mexico City, where he had lived for eighteen or twenty years. He was formerly interpreter and secretary in the American Legation and later the American Embassy, interpreter and secretary in the Chinese Legation, and he had also served as correspondent for some prominent newspapers. He has had a most romantic career. At the outbreak of the war he was in Havana, but returned at once and enlisted in a Texas regiment, serving throughout the war. After the war he entered newspaper work, and was connected with such papers as the New York Tribune, Washington Star, and other prominent American journals. He went to Mexico at the time that General Ransom was Minister, and had remained there ever since.

The additional contributions to Mr. Key are: C. H. Lee, Falmouth, Ky., $1; J. R. Smith, Henderson, Ky., $1; Mrs. H. C. Oltrogge, Jacksonville, Fla., $2; Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, New York City, $1; T. A. Davis, New Orleans, $2.50; a friend in Washington, D. C., $1; B. Samuels, Philadelphia, $5; Texas Division, U. D. C., $5.50; John B. Reagan Chapter, U. D. C., Goliad, Tex., $6. Total, $25.

MISSISSIPPIANS IN THE UNION ARMY.

[In response to the inquiry as to Mississippians in the Federal army during the sixties, Gen. Marcus J. Wright sends from the official roster at Washington, D. C.]

BATTALION OF CAVALRY—"MOUNTED RIFLES."

This battalion was organized at Memphis, Tenn., in March, 1864, to serve three years. It was mustered out of service June 26, 1865, in accordance with orders from the War Department.

Lieutenant Colonel: Samuel O. Shovey.

Captains: Napoleon Snyder, George N. Leoni.

First Lieutenants: Thomas White, Harry H. Vernon, Horace E. Mann, George J. Tanne.

Second Lieutenants: Edward E. Holman, Daniel H. Wooster, Charles H. Jones; Assistant Surgeon, Samuel J. Bell.

Discharged: First Lieut. Thomas P. D. Stevens, April 26, 1865; First Lieut. John M. Hiatt, June 6, 1865; Second Lieut. James M. Philpott, June 6, 1865.

Dismissed: First Lieut. James W. Siler, March 30, 1865.

GORDON, "GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI."

Col. James Gordon, the courteous autotype of "The Gentleman from Mississippi," came from his loved retirement at Pontotoc because Governor Noel appointed him to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator McLauren. and he carried into the Senate chamber the breeziness of action, the deep tenderness of thought, courtesy of manner, and infinite fund of humor that made "Colonel Jim" one of the best-known and best-loved figures in Mississippi.

For sixty days this typical "old Southern gentleman" was in the Senate—in and of it—for few new Senators have ever taken so prominent a place as he did. When he spoke, he was listened to not for the oratorical beauty of his speech, but for its quaint humor, its homely pathos, its human quality that in its "touch of nature made the whole world kin." There have been remarkable results from his sectional reconciliation speech. For the first time in the history of Washington the Woman's Auxiliary of the G. A. R. and the G. A. R. united in assisting the local Chapter U. D. C. in giving a bazaar for the benefit of indigent Confederate veterans, and they explain their action by quoting this speech.

His stories—few if any of them new—were told with the rich Southern voice and accent, and with such irresistible drollery that he carried his hearers with him, and his honesty of thought and purpose were like a halo around his head, and every colleague saw and realized it. In the Senate chamber he was just the "Colonel Jim" of the country; and when he made his farewell speech after his brief career among the great lawmakers, not many seats in the Senate were vacant and not an eye entirely dry at his words of good-by. Truly he carries his years like a crown, and his heart is a bubbling fount of tenderness and trust, as is witnessed by his lines to "My Old Black Mammy:"

"She was lovely to me in her colored bandana
  With which she turbaned her head.
Her songs were far sweeter than flute or piano
  As she put me to sleep in my bed.
Her soft, crooning voice I can never forget.
Like an angel in dreams she comes to me yet."

COLONEL CULP'S SWORD RETURNED.

L. M. G., of Columbia, S. C., writes:

"Col. D. W. McLaurin, State Land Agent, has turned over to Charles H. Culp, at Chester, the sword of Lieut. Col. J. R. Culp, which was captured in the battle of Five Forks. The sword having been identified as the property formerly of Lieutenant Colonel Culp, Colonel McLaurin, acting under instructions from Mrs. Charles A. Heill, of Waterville, Maine, took the sword to Chester and placed it in the hands of the son of Colonel Culp.

"J. R. Culp was captain of the first company in the 17th South Carolina Infantry, and he was afterwards promoted to lieutenant colonel. In the battle of Five Forks the sword that was at one time the property of Capt. W. H. Edwards, of Company A, of the 17th, was captured by the soldiers from the North. It was captured by Lieut. Charles A. Shorey, of Company A, 20th Maine, and was recently held by his sister, Mrs. Heill, who wrote to Colonel McLaurin and later sent him the sword. Colonel McLaurin for some time made efforts to discover to whom the sword belonged, the name given by Mrs. Heill not being the correct one. Finally Colonel McLaurin was satisfied that the sword had been the property of Colonel Culp, being so identified by Captain Edwards, who had owned it.

"The battle of Five Forks was fought April 1, 1865, nearly forty-five years ago. Colonel McLaurin himself was captured forty-five years ago by Sherman's soldiers at Bennettsville. He was riding along and thought the troops he was approaching were some of his own men. Colonel McLaurin had fought nearly through the war, and it was his fate to be captured in the closing days."

Comrade McLaurin, who was a member of Company G of that regiment, in sending the above from a local paper, requests a copy of the poem, "Who Next?"

LARGEST BATTLE SHIP FOR UNITED STATES.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer reported to the Navy Committee of the House that the largest battle ship in the world is being contemplated for the United States. It will be a Dreadnaught, practically impregnable. The salient physical features of this magnificent ship will be its displacement of thirty-four thousand tons, its twelve fourteen-inch guns, its six turrets protected by eleven-inch armor plate, its main armor belt, and its citadel armor will also be eleven inches. It will have a new design of torpedo defense, and also a new method of using torpedoes. The guns will fire armor-piercing shells weighing one hundred and forty pounds, and the cost of the battle ship will be eighteen million dollars. The range of the guns is six and a half miles to the usual six miles of other guns. This battle ship may practically command the seas, as her range can disable ships which cannot reach her in return.

NEW YORK SOUTHERN SOCIETY AT A BANQUET.—F. Hopkinson Smith spoke before the Southern Society at their annual banquet in New York City. He gave a splendid eulogium of the courtesy and chivalry of the men of the Old South, and drew a sharp contrast by describing the indifference to even ordinary politeness that marks the up-to-date New York policeman and car driver.

THE EIGHTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

A "MEMORY SKETCH" BY CAPT. T. C. MONROE, MAGNOLIA, ARK.

I was sergeant in Company K, 8th Alabama Regiment, and later first lieutenant, and then captain commanding the consolidated Companies C and H of the regiment.

About the 8th of June, 1862, ten companies were hurried from Richmond, Va., to Yorktown to participate in the battle of Big Bethel on the Peninsula, going by railroad to West Point, thence to Yorktown by schooner. Arriving on the morning of the 10th of June (the day of the battle at Big Bethel), we were hurried forward without organization. On our way we met the troops returning from Bethel who had fought and won the day. The principal participant was the grand old 1st North Carolina Regiment commanded by the heroic D. H. Hill. Returning to Yorktown, we established camp on the bend down the York River at a sawmill near the famous Cornwallis Cave. Ex-Gov. John A. Winston, in command of the regiment, was the only regimental officer present. Later Maj. Tom Irby, of Dallas County, arrived, and still later Lieutenant Colonel Frazer, a West Point graduate, arrived, thus completing the regimental officers, except Lieut. Tom Phelan, of Montgomery, who had been appointed adjutant of the regiment, but had not yet arrived; and, it being necessary to perfect the organization at as early a day as possible, the writer was detached and served as adjutant, my father having been a close personal friend of Colonel Winston.

My first duty was to secure muster rolls of each of the ten companies of the regiment, and the companies were formed in the following manner as to dates of the commissions of the captains of each company—to wit:

Company A, Capt. (later Col.) Y. L. Royster, Perry County.

Company F, Capt. (later Col.) Hilary A. Herbert, Butler County.

Company D, Captain Kent (later resigned), Dallas County.

Company I, Captain ————, later Captain Branagan, killed in the battle of Mobile.

Company C, Captain Ketchum (resigned), Mobile.

Company H, Captain Cleveland (resigned), Mobile.

Company E, Capt. Daviss (later resigned), Macon County.

Company K, Captain (later Lieutenant Colonel).

Company K, Capt. (later Lieut. Col.) Duke Nall, died of wounds, Perry County.

Company G, Capt. (Lieut. Col.) John P. Emerich, survived.

Company B, Captain ————, later Robinson, Pike County.

Each of these companies had more than one hundred men, rank and file, thus making as fine a body of young men as could be mustered from their respective counties. This regiment participated in all the general battles from Seven Pines to Appomattox, surrendering with less than two hundred men, and had received quite a number of recruits during the four years' service.

Lieut. Tom Kirby was killed May 5, 1862, at Williamsburg; Colonel Winston resigned June 1, 1862; Captain Phelan, from adjutant to captain Company A, was killed in the Seven Days' Battle, 1862; Col. Y. L. Royster was severely wounded at Chancellorsville in 1863 and retired; Col. H. A. Herbert, who was Secretary of the United States Navy under Cleveland, was badly wounded at Gettysburg and retired; Col. Duke Nall was fatally wounded in the battle of the Wilderness; Col. John P. Emerich (a gallant Prussian) survived the war, and died later at his home in Mobile; Colonel Frazer was promoted to brigadier and later to major general, and was assigned a command with the army of General Bragg.

The 8th Alabama Regiment was a part of Wilcox's Brigade, composed of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments, commanded by the gallant Gen. C. M. Wilcox until the battle of Gettysburg, when he was promoted to major general and placed in command of Pender's Division, Pender having been killed on the first day of that famous battle. Our brigade was in the division of Maj. Gen. Richard H. Anderson until the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, when General Longstreet was wounded and General Anderson was assigned to the command of Longstreet's Corps; then General Mahone was assigned to the command of our (Anderson's) division, which was composed of the following brigades: Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, Wright's Georgia Brigade, Mahone's Virginia Brigade, Posey's Mississippi Brigade, and Finegan's Florida Brigade. Our corps, commanded by the gallant and heroic Gen. A. P. Hill, was composed of Mahone's Division, Heth's Division, and Pender's (later Wilcox's) Division.

A YOUNG SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEER.

With this account of the experiences of a seventeen-year-old Confederate soldier is given an engraving from an ambrotype made by an "artist" whose "studio" on wheels was on a side street of Columbia, S. C. It was taken for the girl he left behind him, to whom it was sent as his first duty on arriving in camp by the Congaree River. This was the rendezvous camp of Hampton's Legion, which, after a brilliant record as a regiment of infantry, had been furloughed for thirty days to procure horses and "jine" the cavalry, and with their horses they carried good rations from home.

This sturdy young soldier, to be recognized as Dr. B. H. Teague, of Aiken, S. C., was able to hold his own with any of his "heft," and could pick a squirrel from the top of the highest pine tree with his long muzzle-loading rifle. Verily, he was as tough as a "light'ood" knot. He was clad in jacket and trousers made of brand-new jeans and cavalry boots of the finest calfskin. His gauntlets were knitted by the tender hands of his sweetheart and presented by her when he called to say good-by—and receive the parting kiss. This was the sweetest thing that touched his lips for many a day after that.



B. H. TEAGUE, AIKEN, S. C.

A week in camp, and the good things from home had disappeared, and they came down to the regular army rations of corn meal and bacon. Occasionally after a fight they had some Yankee hard-tack, of which "cush" was made by breaking the biscuit into bits and stewing them in bacon grease and water in the frying pan. These frying pans turned many bullets from the anatomy of the private soldier. In the summer they enjoyed feasts of roasting ears from raided cornfields, and once they captured a Yankee camp and enjoyed green corn soup cooked in a camp kettle and seasoned with captured black pepper. Now and then a box of provisions from home filled starving stomachs and cheered weary spirits. During one of the hardest times, in want of good nourishment when they were picketing on White Oak Swamp, a number of

wild turkeys crossed the road in easy shot; but even hunger did not allow him to make the shot, for the Yankee cavalry was in full force on the other side.

Just before that awful retreat which ended at Appomattox the rations consisted of rancid bacon and stale corn bread cooked in Richmond and sent to the camps. They were then in winter quarters on the battlefield of Seven Pines. On the night before the surrender they had "borrowed" a pig while on that hard march, and had it nearly cooked in a wash pot in a barn lot near the McLean house at Appomattox when Sheridan's Cavalry dashed in upon them and drove them from what was to be their heartiest repast in many weeks.

This young soldier started home from Appomattox on a lame horse, and was continually left behind his comrades. Then he went off on a tangent toward the mountains and shaped his course down South, and never lacked a meal nor a lodging at the hospitable homes along the route. Upon arrival at his home, Comrade Teague's sister met him on the street, and did not recognize her emaciated and ragged brother on his bony, limping horse until accosted. Upon being lifted from the saddle he presented a sorry spectacle. From the stout youth of one hundred and forty pounds he had dwindled to less than a hundred. He was put to bed, and the girls of the town formed a sewing bee and made him a new suit of clothing; and as the doctors put him on a three-gallon demijohn of "applejack," he recovered and yet lives to tell the tale.

LETTER FROM COMRADE BURR BANNISTER.

Away back in schoolboy days Burr Bannister, who had gone to Richmond, Tenn., a stranger, made rapid progress in gaining friendships there. Soon the war was on, and Bannister went to the front. During the siege of Fort Donelson the writer, the editor of the VETERAN, saw him on horseback full of animation and vivacity. He never saw him again until September, 1908, in Kalamazoo, Mich., when Dr. Wilbur, whose death is reported in this VETERAN, entertained the two of us at dinner—a delightful occasion.



BURR BANNISTER.

In a letter that Bannister wrote on December 27, 1909, he says:

"Your letter found me at home, having met with an accident by a fall on an icy walk. I was born October 19, 1836, in Brockport, N. Y., and received my education in Rochester and Lima, N. Y. In 1855 I went to Michigan, then to Tennessee. There I studied dentistry at Shelbyville and made my residence in Richmond, and obtained practice in surrounding towns and the country, which I enjoyed. My practice often took me to the homes of your people, the simple life and novelty so different from Northern society that I expected to find. I soon learned to unlearn many wrong impressions I had of Southern people. In the North no sermon, lecture, or song was popular unless some impression was made on our younger minds such as would be drilled into our ears by the song, 'The poor old slave way down in Tennessee,' who I found to be a most happy and contented being.

"Early in 1861 I entered the army, and was transferred to Capt. Thomas K. Porter's 2d Tennessee Field Battery at Nashville, and was made orderly sergeant. Later I went into winter quarters at Bowling Green, Ky., under Gen. S. B. Buckner's division. Early in February, 1862, found me at Dover or Fort Donelson.

"Our company went into battle one hundred and sixty-three strong. The second day fifty-four answered at roll call, and after the surrender I could find but fourteen to answer. I suppose some may have been rounded up in other commands. We were sent to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and held there eight months and five days. The experience of prison life might fill a large volume."

SERVICE OF THIRD VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

BY CAPT. A. P. COMER, COMPANY F.

When Virginia passed the ordinance of secession on April 17, 1861, I was a student at Roanoke College, in Salem. Believing that it meant war and that every citizen should give his service to his State, I left the next morning for home, and immediately joined the "Nansemond Rangers" (infantry), under command of Capt. William J. Arthur, which was organized about twelve months previous to the war. The company was mustered into service on April 21, 1861. It became Company F of the 3d Virginia Regiment, which was first commanded by Col. (later Gen.) Roger A. Pryor. It was commanded later by Col. Joseph Mayo, Jr.

Soon I was appointed second sergeant of the company, afterwards I was elected first lieutenant, and after that was made captain. I was in the Peninsular Campaign under General Magruder, in several engagements around Yorktown and between the York and James Rivers, and from there I passed through every battle of the war that my command was in to the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, without a day's sickness or missing a day's duty. In that battle I lost my left leg.

The evacuation of the peninsula brought on the battle of Williamsburg, March 5, 1862, and the march up the peninsula to Richmond preceded the battle of the Seven Pines, known by the Federals as "Fair Oaks," on the last day of May, 1862. It was estimated that in this battle fourteen thousand men were killed, wounded, and captured in two hours, the Federal army losing eight thousand and the Confederate six thousand. In this battle its commander, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, was wounded.

The wounding of General Johnston placed Gen. Robert E. Lee in command, which he held until the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. After the battle of Seven Pines, there was a great deal of picket duty and picket fighting previous to the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, which commenced June 25, ending with the battle of Malvern Hill. The severest engagements were at Mechanicsville on June 27, Gaines's Mill in the afternoon of the same day, Frazier's Farm on the 30th, and Malvern Hill on July 1, when General McClelland, the Federal commander, was forced to retreat to the protection of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

After a few days' rest from these battles came the march to Manassas, on which two days of hard fighting occurred on the 30th and 31st, known as the second battle of Manassas. Fording the Potomac River near Leesburg, Va., on the 5th of September, after a few days' marching, we camped near Frederick City, Md. At this place I was appointed provost marshal for the one day. Then was made the march to Harper's Ferry and the capture of that place on September 15 with eleven thousand Federal prisoners. Then we marched all day and all night, refording the Potomac River at Shepherdstown, Va., going to Sharpsburg, Md. The march was

so severe that when the roll was called only thirty-seven men out of about four hundred were present, and before the sun went down twenty-two of the thirty-seven lay dead on the field. This is Antietam in war records, the Federal name of the battle. It was fought on September 17, 1862.

That night I commanded the left wing of the advanced picket lines, and we fought all night. The army in falling back from Sharpsburg recrossed the Potomac River on the 19th and encamped near Winchester, Va. We remained there until we marched to Culpeper C. H. Upon this march I was in command of the rear guard of the army, and we were in danger of being attacked at any moment.

At Culpeper General Longstreet was promoted from major general to lieutenant general. The 3d Virginia Regiment was then placed in Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, after having served up to this time in Pryor's Brigade, Longstreet's Division.

From Culpeper we marched to Fredericksburg, where another great battle was fought on December 13, 1862, in which General Burnside commanded the Federal forces. In this battle the 3d Virginia Regiment was located at Marye's Heights, and it repulsed every attack of the enemy. It was very cold, and many of the wounded froze to death that night on the battlefield.

From Fredericksburg we were ordered to Kinston, N. C., and from there to Suffolk, Va. No other fighting occurred at either place. We next marched for Pennsylvania, but encamped a short while at Hanover Junction, Va. After several days' marching, we arrived at Chambersburg, Pa., at which place I was put in command of a squad of soldiers with orders to destroy the railroad track, which was completed in July.

On July 2 we marched for Gettysburg, and on July 3 we made the famous charge on Cemetery Ridge. In this charge Company F was on the extreme right of the regiment of Kemper's Brigade and in the front line of battle. We went into the charge with three hundred and thirty-five men and lost three hundred and two. Company F went in with twenty-five and lost twenty-four. Of Company F, eight were killed on the field, nine wounded, and seven became prisoners, leaving one man to return from the charge unhurt. It was there that I lost my entire left leg at the "Bloody Angle."

As already stated, I passed through all the battles that my command was in, all the skirmishes from the Peninsular Campaign at Yorktown to Gettysburg, without a scar or missing a day's duty from my command.

My leg was amputated near the hip joint by Dr. T. P. Mayo, the surgeon of the regiment, at the field hospital as soon as I reached there. As it was impossible to move me when the army fell back, I was left with other wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy on July 5, and on the 6th was moved to the general hospital at Gettysburg. There I remained until some time in October, when I was sent to "West Building Hospital" in Baltimore. After one week, with twenty-nine other officers I was sent to Fort McHenry (near Baltimore), where we learned that all were condemned to be hanged in retaliation for six Federal spies hung in Tennessee. That order being revoked, early in January, 1864, I was sent to Point Lookout on the Maryland side of the Potomac River where it empties into the Chesapeake Bay.

On March 22, 1864, after an imprisonment of nearly nine months, with a number of other Confederate officers, I was sent to Richmond on thirty days' parole and declared exchanged on the 22d of April, and on the 22d of August, 1864, by an order of the Secretary of War I was assigned to the command of the government post at Buchanan, Botetourt County, Va., where on crutches I remained in command until the surrender at Appomattox, April 9.

MORE ABOUT FIGHT AT BROOKS CROSSROADS.

REMINISCENCES BY JAMES W. REAGAN, NEWBERRY, S. C.

On the morning of May 10, 1864, as we were drawn up in line of battle at Brooks Crossroads just in the rear of a battery the shelling was pretty lively. Shells passed directly over us through the pine tops and, bursting, made us want to get to the works; but we had to wait and let the other troops move farther to the right. While we were in this position a battery of the enemy's threw several shells right over, bursting very near us. Some pits were directly in front of us full of water, and one man who could not stand it any longer leaped for one of these pits like a frog and submerged his body, all but his head. The boys laughed at him and called him out, but he stayed in the water.

We were soon advanced and took position behind the works. Soon a shell passed through the works and struck one of Company K named Wofford, I think, mortally wounding him. His brother went to him to help him, and another shot, passing through the works, beheaded him. He fell on his brother, and both were dead in a few minutes. The company was from Spartanburg County.

During the shelling Young Franklin, a member of the litter bearers, says he had been handling a shovel and had just passed the shovel over to another man and lay down to rest when he noticed a shell rolling toward him, "spitting fire" from the fuse. He spread himself on the ground, waiting for it to burst; but soon he made a frog leap for the hole in the ground, going in, headforemost, on the other men. The fellow under him did some "saucy talk," but he did not take it to heart at all. The fuse went out.

During the day while shooting at some of the Yankees over in a field to our right my gun tube got stopped up, and the gun would not fire. I got out my tube wrench, and had taken out the tube when a considerable racket was started in front of us. We expected a line of battle every minute. In the confusion and excitement at the time I lost my gun tube, and never found it until after the excitement was over. If the enemy had come on, I think I would have done as the Irishman said he did when the enemy gave him a bayonet: "Well, begorra, if they don't run before I reach them with this thing, I will run myself."

On the night of the 10th the enemy's sharpshooters came quite close to our picket line and dug holes in the ground just large enough for one man each. In front of each pit they placed a box filled with dirt and rocks, with rocks placed under it to hold it two or three inches off the ground. They would lie in these pits, and from under these boxes would shoot at us. We could not see them, and we hardly dared to show our heads above the works. One man named Jenkins kept shooting and attracted their fire to that point. It annoyed Lieut. J. C. Wilson, who told the man to stop, that he was "doing no good," but the fellow persisted in shooting on. After a while he stuck his head a little too high and a bullet passed through his mouth, clipping the end of his tongue and knocking out a few teeth. The fellow turned and tried to say something. Lieutenant Wilson said: "I guess you will stop now, for a while at least."

On the same day late in the afternoon I was sent on a detail from the regiment back to the Brock house for rations. It was sundown when we got there. An old citizen there was raising a row about Kershaw's Brigade burning his rails. John Nelson, the man from our company with me, being a wag, told the old man that Dr. Evans would pay him for his rails. There was a saying among the men of that regiment that whenever a man wanted anything "Dr. Evans has it." On our way back that night I was carrying a torch and had my bacon in a sack on my shoulder; Nelson had the crackers in a tent fly, holding to the four corners. The Yankees could see our light, and, being just in the rear of the breastworks, they threw a shell at the light. It passed right over. Nelson ducked his head and lost his grip on the tent fly and let some of the crackers slip out of his hand; he scattered hard-tack all around. "Put out that light," came from many voices. I stuck the torch in the dirt; so we were in the dark and our hard-tack scattered, but on our hands and knees we felt around and got all we could feel. There was some complaint about the crackers in the company; but we never gave the facts in the case till after the next day's rations were issued.

On the morning of the 12th about four o'clock we heard firing out on the skirmish line to our right in the direction of Spottsylvania C. H. It came nearer and more severe, and was the prelude to the terrible battle of that day. In a short while the entire line from the "horseshoe bend," away beyond Spottsylvania, was engaged in a death struggle. It seemed that General Grant had massed his forces there in a determined effort to break General Lee's lines; but they were driven back at every point, except from the "horseshoe bend." We did not become engaged, although we were moved nearer to the fighting line. We could see fresh troops of the enemy moving constantly in that direction, but General Lee had none to send to the relief of McGowan's Brigade. His men held this point of the line for eighteen hours under the continual pour of shot and shell. It continued until about ten or eleven o'clock that night, when they were withdrawn to a line of works in their rear on the part of the line straightening the "horseshoe" in the line. The firing was so severe that no one could carry the ammunition. It was taken to a point on the line, and was then passed in small pakcages by hand from man to man till it reached the soldiers in need.

Col. William Lester, of the 13th Regiment of our brigade, in giving an account of some of the scenes of that day, said he saw a young man killed; that he fell into the ditch behind the works in the water. The soldier's father was near him. He stopped fighting and went to his son, raised him out of the ditch, and laid him on the bank and straightened him, and while stooping over the son he was shot and fell dead across him. After this day's fighting General Grant began another flank move in the direction of Hanover Junction. On the evening of the 14th, when we were ordered over the works and forward, I thought we would have a severe battle, but we found only a few sharpshooters. We crossed over their works, then went down them by a flank movement until we struck some woods in which there was a strong skirmish line. Our skirmishers drove them out.

April 14 found us in line of battle behind the breastworks running from Brock's Crossroads northeast of Spottsylvania. The Federal sharpshooters were still out in our front, firing every time they could see us. In the evening we were ordered across a field to the enemy's works, but not a gun was fired at us except by the sharpshooters. We soon took them in. They had been left to keep up a feint until their army could get well on their way before we could find it out.

As soon as we crossed their works we moved by the right flank and went down their works in front of the bloody bend. As we emerged from the woods into an opening we came within reach of a strong skirmish line posted in another woods across the field, when the bullets began to come thick and fast. We were halted and a strong skirmish line was thrown out to force our way. While waiting on the skirmishers a man named Ritchey was wounded.

It was about sundown, but we kept on pressing them until late in the night. It was a very dark and drizzly night, and we had to shoot at the flash of their guns. Finally, when we stopped advancing, a strong picket line was established. It was my time, with A. B. Cromer, of our company, to go on picket. On account of the hard fighting and marching for the past week we were so worn and sleepy that two men were put on at each post to make it more secure. Cromer and I were put together in a body of woods with a branch running along our front. We could hear the enemy's pickets talking. We sat down together with our backs against the same tree and pulled our tent fly around us to protect us from the rain as much as possible. We were to be relieved in three hours; but there we sat all night half asleep, half awake. We knew something was wrong, but we had no dream of what it was until the next morning. A man was sent back to find out, who soon returned and reported everybody gone. Of the picket line, all but eight of us were gone. We did not know what to do, but decided to go back where we left the regiment that night and see if we could strike their trail. We found everybody's trail in every direction. We put a runner ahead and went as we thought best until late in the afternoon, when we reached the rear guard of our army about sundown. They had given us up as lost, supposing the Yankees had us. Our camp that night was near the bridge over the North Ann River, at Hanover Junction. The next morning we were marched to the bridge, and the 2d and 7th Regiments were posted above it. The 3d Battalion was posted on both sides of the road, and the 3d Regiment was posted down the river between the wagon road and the railroad, with instructions to guard the bridge until the wagon train had crossed, and then for us to cross and burn the bridge.

Everything was quiet, so about eleven o'clock some of us went down to the river and went in bathing. I sought in vain a place to cross with my trappings in case we were pressed to the river. Everything seemed all right, the army and wagon train had about passed, and we were expecting to withdraw and burn the bridge when we received new orders to "hold the bridge." In the meantime the enemy's skirmishers began to press ours, but they were easily repulsed. Soon, however, their line of battle came on and pressed the line above the road into the river. Sergt. Leland Speers, of Company B, who was on the left of the regiment near the road, came to inform Major Maffett that we were about to be cut off from the bridge. Major Maffett, taking in the situation, gave directions for every man to take care of himself. Then all broke for the river. I had become afraid to try to cross with my clothes on; so I struck out for the bridge, and it was a close race between me and the Yankees. As I ran onto the bridge the Yankees were on top of the hill limbering up some cannon preparatory to shelling the road, but I got over and away. Lieutenant Culbreath was the only man I could see from our company when I got across. The others were down the river. In the race of getting away I dropped

my hat and lost my haversack. I thought once I would run on and leave my hat; but I thought the boys would guy me if I lost it, so I went back and got it. As we went up the hill across the river the shelling was terriffic. Hilliard Sheely, a member of Company H, 3d Regiment, was just in front of me, and as he looked back a Minie ball struck him in the face. It did not knock him down and he kept his distance ahead of me, but it proved to be a serious wound.

The shells would strike into the hills and explode and blow out a hole large enough to bury a mule in. Well, I got out of their reach. That night we found that many who stayed on the other side of the river were prisoners. Some of the boys had thrown away all of their baggage, and Ham Kibler said that he had stripped off for "light traveling." He had nothing but a tent fly tied around his shoulders.

ACCOUNT BY JAMES MITCHELL, NEWBERRY, S. C.

Early on the morning of May 8, 1864, we came out at the Brock Road. We left the road to our left and went right oblique down across a pasture, keeping behind a hill out of sight of the enemy as they were crossing a field to some rail piles that had been made the day before by our cavalry. We did not know the enemy were so near. Just before that I noticed a washout; and, presuming that there was a spring at the place, Sergeant Wilson and I asked permission to go after some water. While we were at the spring a cavalryman came dashing down the hill and told us to run for the rail piles, or the enemy would beat us to them. We went in a run for the rail piles. Wilson and I were nearly out of breath, so the line soon left us. When we got there, all the space was filled. The land was a little higher back from the rail piles; so we went to the right of the regiment and got into an old road, where by lying low we would be sheltered a little. The 3d Battalion took possession on the left of the brigade, the 3d and 7th Regiments next, then the 2d, 8th, and 15th Regiments.

When we reached the rail piles, the enemy were not more than one hundred and fifty yards off, coming at a run, but not firing a gun. We were ordered to hold our fire. All the time our officers kept saying, "Hold your fire!" A little to the right and nearly in front the pines had been cut with the tops toward the enemy; the limbs had been cut and tangled so that it would bother a line of battle. I thought they were holding us down too long; I don't think they knew our line of battle was there. An officer rode in front leading the charge.

The line was about seventy-five yards from us when the command to fire was given. Then it seemed that the earth quivered, the firing was so heavy. The lines were so close together that no artillery could be used. We could hear some one saying: "Shoot the man on the horse." It seemed strange, but that man escaped until the line almost closed. Before he fell his horse dashed right up to our line like he would run over us, and a young man named Anderson, of Company D, shot and killed him. He fell with his head almost touching the rail piles, a little to the left of where I was.

I was on the right of our regiment in the gap between it and the 7th. All along the lines were in a breast-to-breast fight. The enemy just poured into this gap. Capt. W. W. Neal's company, F, held the right of the regiment against this gap. Captain Neal and young Bryant, of that company, Sergeant Wilson and I, of Company C, were in the road at this gap. The enemy ran over us and ran through the gap looking for "larger game," and they must have found it, for they were all captured. One big fellow saw us there and drew down on us. My gun was loaded, but had no cap on. We were all lying in the road behind a low bank. Sergeant Wilson had called my attention to the big Yankee; and when I saw that he was fixing to shoot, I lay as low as I could. He fired and killed Bryant. In a little while I looked up to see what had become of the man, and he was right at me with his gun pointed in my face. I could see into its muzzle. He snapped his gun, but it did not fire; but he completely paralyzed me. He then jumped into the road by my side and began to punch me with his bayonet and demanded: "Surrender, you darned Rebel, you." I had no presence of mind; I was demoralized. I caught hold of the bayonet and turned it to one side, and Sergeant Wilson said: "We'll surrender!" He then said: "Throw down your gun!"

Just at this moment the Yankee was shot, two bullets striking him, one passing through his neck. I think that bullet came from his side. One bullet struck him in the back and passed through. He fell on me in the road. He lay limp, and did not move for some time. When he came to, he asked me for a drink of water. I told him I could not give him any, as I might need it myself. He said that he had some in his canteen and asked me to please get it for him. With my knife I cut his canteen strap and handed the water to him.

The enemy's lines had given back everywhere but at this gap, and both ends of our line concentrated their fire on this point. I lay like a lizard flat in the road and let them fight it out over us. My old knapsack stuck up so high while I was lying down in the road that two bullets passed through it. It was not long before the Yankees fell back from this point.

I took three shots at a man standing behind a pine with his side to me. I thought I had good aim, but I missed every time. He was not over thirty steps from me. Some of your readers may think I did poor shooting, and I did; but it was just after the Yankee had snapped his gun in my face and punched me with his bayonet, and you see my nerves were shattered and my brain was completely rattled.

INTERESTING LETTERS FOUND.

In a dark corner of the State Capitol at Washington a box of letters was recently found. Among these were letters from Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Monroe, and many others. The chief in interest, however, were two bearing the signatures of Martha Washington and Mary Todd Lincoln.

Martha Washington wrote in answer to the request of Congress for permission to convey the body of General Washington from Mount Vernon to a crypt in the Capitol. To this request she answered that at the sacrifice of individual feeilngs she would consent to this being done, having been taught by the example of her husband to consider the public good before her own wishes.

Mrs. Lincoln's letter was a petition to the House of Representatives to grant her a pension, as her individual means did not allow her to live in a manner befitting the widow of a President of the United States; that her failing health, brought about by grief over the death of her husband, "martyred for the cause," necessitated, the physicians said, a residence at a German spa, which she was not able to make. This petition was granted, and a pension of five thousand dollars allowed.

The House voted an appropriation of $2,500 to have the box of letters cared for and deposited in the Congressional Library as the "House of Representatives' collection."

Recently pensions were granted to the widows of Presidents Cleveland and Harrison. It seems that a general law of this kind would be fitting and relieve Congress of special legislation.

CONCERNING CAPTURE OF MANASSAS JUNCTION.

BY C. F. SWAIM, FOREST CITY, MO.

I was an active participant in the campaign of Jackson to the rear of Pope's army; and, in addition to Comrade Hendrix's most excellent article in the VETERAN for November, 1909, I write especially of the capture of Manassas Junction.

I was a member of Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion Sharpshooters, Trimble's Brigade, Ewell's Division. The brigade was at that time composed of the 21st North Carolina, 21st Georgia, 16th Mississippi, 15th Alabama, and 1st North Carolina Battalion Sharpshooters. The evening that we struck the railroad at Bristow Station, five miles southwest of Manassas, Ewell's Division was in front, Hays's Louisiana Brigade at the head of the division, and Trimble's next. Citizens had informed us that ten trains laden with troops had gone down to reënforce General Pope that afternoon. Just as Hayes's men struck the railroad one train returned. There was time only to throw a few rails across the track; but it failed to stop the train, which ran on to Manassas, as we learned afterwards, and reported that Colonel Mosby had fired into them at Bristow Station. It was now quite dark.

Immediately after this train passed Hays's and Trimble's troops were deployed along the railroad in line of battle, and proceeded to pile everything they could find on the track. Presently a second train came up and crashed into our barriers and stopped. Soon the third came on within a few hundred yards and blew the whistle, whereupon one of the Louisiana boys climbed into the cab of the waiting train and answered him. The third train came up at a pretty high rate of speed and ran into the other. The wreck of cars can be imagined. A fourth train came within hearing, but in some way learned of the presence of Jackson's men and ran back.

At about ten o'clock General Trimble took the 21st Georgia, 21st North Carolina, and 1st North Carolina Battalion and marched to Manassas Junction, about five miles away, arriving there near midnight. Strange to say, there was not a vidette out. It was reported that a garrison of three hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry was there. One four-gun battery was in position—two guns north of the railroad and two guns south. The 21st Georgia, with Company A, 1st North Battalion, as skirmishers, was north of the railroad, while the 21st North Carolina, with Company B, 1st Battalion, was south of it. We had advanced nearly to the center of the town, meeting no resistance. When in a depression in the ground, the skirmishers got sight of the battery position and support around it. General Trimble's attention was called to it. He dismounted and by stooping could readily see the Federals. He immediately remounted and gave the command to charge, which we did in the usual style, firing one volley, accompanied by that celebrated "Rebel yell." The enemy fired one piece of artillery, charged with grape, wounding Captain Patterson, of the 21st North Carolina, then fled precipitately. Next morning the surrounding fields were pretty well filled with soldiers and contraband negroes.

Comrade Hendrix mentions what a bountiful supply of rations we got. He also notes that a brigade of Federal troops was coming up. We were to the east of town in some old fortifications at this juncture, when I, with John Hendrix, of my company, took a lot of canteens and started to a large spring, a few hundred yards in front of us, for water. Before getting there, however, we observed a blue line coming toward us. We certainly retreated with greater haste than dignity. We had seen nothing of other troops all the morning except the two regiments and small battalion mentioned. Matters began to look decidedly blue—five large regiments against two. But at this critical moment a brigade of A. P. Hill's division and a South Carolina battery came to our aid. Perhaps these troops had been in town some hours, as Comrade Hendrix states they were taking rations when this advance was made.

CONFEDERATE COINAGE—THE HALF DOLLARS.

BY DR. M. S. BROWNE, WINCHESTER, KY.

The United States had a mint at New Orleans, La., and in January, 1861, the State took charge, turning it over to the Confederate government in February, retaining all the old officers: Superintendent, William A. Elmore; Treasurer, A. J. Guirot; Coiner, D. B. F. Taylor; Assayer, Howard Millspaugh; Refiner and Melter, Dr. M. F. Bonizano. In April Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States, accepted a design engraved for a half dollar, one side bearing a seven-starred shield, which represented the number of States then composing the young Confederacy. Above the shield was a liberty cap, and entwined around them stalks of cotton and sugar cane with the inscription, "Confederate States of America," encircling all. The back was Uncle Sam's old half reproduced with its thirteen-starred goddess of liberty, and on the lower rim 1861. The dies and press were made in New Orleans, from which only four coins were struck, when on April 30, 1861, by order of Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Confederate States Treasury, coinage by the Confederacy was forever suspended by reason of the impossibility of obtaining silver bullion.

Of the four half dollars coined, one was kept by Dr. B. F. Taylor, coiner, and paid out inadvertently as a fare on a street car in New Orleans a few years later. Another, which was presented to Dr. Ames, of New Orleans, was stolen soon after the close of the Civil War by a servant in the employ of the Doctor's family. Still another, which was given to Professor Biddle, of the University of Louisiana, was loaned to a kinsman and by him lost. This much was learned from friends in New Orleans and the archives in Washington more than ten years ago without any unusual effort; but of the fourth coin I could only get: "It was sent to the government at Richmond." Supposing that it was sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, I have written hundreds of letters and spent more than a decade of fruitless effort in trying to locate the coin thought to have been in Mr. Memminger's family; but my only reward has been to get a fair history of the "restrikes" of these celebrated coins, which "restrikes" are widely distributed, and each holder thereof thinks his a genuine Confederate half dollar. The first I knew appeared at Cartersville, Ga., about 1865, and I have located several on a line from the mountains of Northeast Georgia and Western Carolina, through Alabama and Mississippi to Texas, all dropped by emigrants in wagons, making me believe that some Federal soldier from that section had a hand in the original theft of the dies from the mint when New Orleans was captured by Commodore Farragut. The dies were taken to New York, and there the person who stole them gathered more than five hundred of 1861 half dollars of United States mintage and stamped the reverse side with the stolen die, and commenced putting them out as from the Confederate mintage. A few years later secret detectives of the United States Treasury captured and destroyed these dies.

In December, 1909, I learned from a reputable house in New York, dealers in rare coins, that what is called the New

Orleans stolen Confederate die was in the hands of a New York numismatist and cost him $100, and that he still used this die to supply the trade. You can find Confederate half dollars quoted at about $50 in catalogues of any dealer in coins and stamps, and this seems to be about the price at which these "frauds" have always been disposed of.

In a clipping from the New York Herald last month I see a Mr. Edgar H. Adams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., displayed a Confederate dollar at a public meeting of a Numismatic Society of New York City, and also a letter from President Davis, written in 1879, stating that a Confederate half dollar was taken from his trunk at the time of his imprisonment. Thus I seem to have found the other or missing half dollar. It went to President Davis and not to Mr. Memminger, and was in the trunk of President Davis aboard the prison ship off Old Point when Captain Hudson and his raiding party, as described by Mrs. Davis in her "Memoirs," went aboard the ship and "rifled" the trunks and other baggage of the President's family.

So the four half dollars, comprising the "all" of the Confederate coinage, are now accounted for and each lost to the world beyond recognition, for I take it for granted that the originals could never be differentiated from the numerous "restrikes" abroad in the land, unless Mr. Adams can prove his coin to be the one stolen from Mr. Davis's trunk on board the prison ship in Hampton Roads the day after the landing of President Davis in Fortress Monroe as a prisoner.

Another Report from Unknown Source.

A silver Confederate half dollar said to be on exhibition at the New York Numismatic Club, which is held at five thousand dollars, is the only piece of the metallic currency of the Confederacy that is known. It is like the dollar of the United States, having the figure of liberty on one side. On the reverse is a shield with seven stars and bars and a wreath of cotton plant and sugar cane. Only four of these half dollars were struck from the die originally. One was sent to President Davis and the other three to prominent Confederate officials, but all trace has been lost except of this one.

[This story has been published in substance several times, but the Veteran does not give it as authentic. A lady of Nashville has a five-cent coin on which there is a cotton boll for which she has been offered $1,000. Data in regard to Confederate coins would be appreciated.—Ed.]

Federal Prisoners Had to "Tote the Nigger Babies."—Mrs. Margaret Graham, a fair-faced matron with a crowning glory of snowy hair, tells two good war stories, one of her own knowledge, the other of something which occurred to a friend. When Grant was besieging Richmond, a regiment of his troops advanced by a seldom-used roadway upon Petersburg. As it happened, there were no Confederate soldiers near to check their progress, save the gallant Capt. Edward Graham. As soon as he saw what was happening he rushed his battery to the nearest strategic point, which was the hill on the top of which was the reservoir. Without waiting to take his horses from the cannon, he began pouring hot shot and shell into their ranks with such execution that their lines were broken and thrown into confusion. A heavy mist was falling, and in the half light the Yankees thought the reservoir was a fortification; and as they did not care to attack a fort defended by such accurate marksmen as this was, they withdrew, and Petersburg was saved. The fair narrator of this story, who was a child then, grew up and married the intrepid Captain Graham. She was soon widowed, and now she and her children prize the memory of the dauntless young soldier as their noblest heritage, and his bronze cross of honor is among their dearest treasures.

Several days after this daring defense of Petersburg a party of Confederates cut off the rear guard of the Federal forces, captured a number of soldiers, and with them the camp followers, among whom were negro women with young children. The prisoners were sent to the rear under a strong guard, but their progress was retarded by the inability of the children to keep up with the forced march. This fact was reported to the officer in charge of the guard, and he ordered that the Yankee prisoners be made "to tote the nigger babies." This was done, to the hilarious amusement of the Confederate soldiers and the equal enjoyment of the onlookers who gathered from every direction to watch the strange procession of howling negro babies in the arms of their soldier nurses.

In the war-time days Mrs. Jones was fresh and sweet in all the beauty of Southern girlhood. Her home was in the "neutral" land in Virginia, which was occupied first by Confederates and then by Federals, and her house was the headquarters of each army in turn. The family remained in the place, and the officers of both armies offered admiration to the sweet Southern girl, one Yankee officer in particular giving her the most intense devotion. She had a young brother who was in the Confederate ranks, and he wrote her of his longing for cavalry boots and gloves. His sister tried in every way to get the desired articles, but in vain. At last she appealed to her admirer for assistance. He said it would cost him his commission if found out, but that he could not deny her request. She hid the pistols he gave her in the folds of her linen in her trunk, and the boots, with the gloves in them, she kept, pending a chance to send them to her brother, in her room. One day the Yankees came in force, and the girl tied the boots around her waist under her hoop skirt. The searching party, under the charge of a good-looking young officer, looked everywhere for contraband goods, then said they must go upstairs and continue the search. As her father was away and her mother an invalid, the girl went with them. She asked permission to remove the things from her trunk herself, so they would not be rumpled, doing it so deftly that the pistols were not discovered. While being escorted down the stairs by the admiring young officer, the girl was horrified to find that the dangling boots under her skirts were hitting on every step as she descended with a bump and a thump that most unmistakably betrayed what they were. There never seemed so many steps before to those stairs as she marched on, the thumping and bumping accompanying every step down. At the bottom of the stairs the frightened girl cast imploring eyes at her escort, and tremblingly awaited what she thought was certain arrest. There was a quizzical look in the officer's eyes as he said with a suppressed laugh: "I have found nothing contraband upstairs, and shall so report. Good morning." Later the boots reached the young Confederate, and were worn by him in the battle, where he and many noble comrades yielded up their lives for the cause.

Seeks Help toward a Monument at Valley Head, W. Va.—Camp Pegram, of Valley Head, W. Va., asks the help of all Confederate soldiers and organizations toward the building of a monument in Randolph County to the memory of Confederate soldiers of that county and vicinity, which includes those who died at Valley Mountain in 1861 while General Lee was encamped there. The ground on which the monument will stand was donated by the Hon. S. H. Wood, of Wingo, Va. Address G. W. Painter, Valley Head, W. Va.

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Hark! to the shrill trumpets calling
That pierceth the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling.
The widow and orphan are there;
The bayonets earthward are turning,
The drum's muffled note rolls around;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle sound.

Sleep, soldier, though many shall regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day;
Soon, soon will the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The men thou didst love as a brother
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But many may mourn for thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be;
Thy bright orphan boy shall laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee;
But there's one who shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She wept over a soldier's grave.

[A copy of this old favorite song was furnished by Miss Fannie Rice Hopkins, of Newmarket, Va.]

THE FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

BY ELIHU MULDROW, DILLON, S. C.

On January 2, 1861, the Darlington Guards, of Darlington, S. C., were ordered to Charleston, S. C. Capt. F. F. Warley (now dead) was in command of the company. Late that afternoon they arrived in the "old city by the sea." A short time after their arrival the Richmond Rifles, of Columbia, and the Weenee Rifles, of Williamsburg County, joined them. These companies were the nucleus of which the gallant old 1st South Carolina Regiment was formed, commanded by Col. Maxey Gregg.

On the next morning we were mustered in State service. The Darlington Guards (of which the writer was a "high private in the rear ranks") numbered one hundred and twenty, rank and file. Many were young men and beardless boys in their teens, reared in luxury. Yet their subsequent lives when death and carnage deluged our Southland proved themselves men. The Secession Convention was in session at that time. Major Anderson, who was in command of the United States garrison, only a few days before had spiked the other guns and moved his command and munitions of war to Fort Sumter. Near noon the companies took up the line of march for Sullivan's Island, headed by the entire Secession Convention, the Governor leading the procession. All Charleston seemed thrilled with unconquerable patriotism. The sidewalks, porches, doors, and windows along Meeting Street and on to the foot of Market Street were packed with Charleston's fair dames and daughters, waving palmetto flags and greeting the passing columns with smiles that made the veterans feel as if no greater pleasure could come to them than to die in their defense.

When this civic and military pageant traversed the streets of Charleston with bands playing and the State colors rippling in the breeze, it was a scene that inspired patriotic hearts and nerved them to meet whatever the secession of their loved State would bring them. At the wharf, where the ferryboat awaited to take them over to Sullivan's Island, short speeches from the Governor and some of the members of the convention were made; and while the great throng listened to the eloquence of the speakers one member of the convention, Rev. John M. Timmons, a Baptist preacher with long, iron-gray beard, with eyes lifted to heaven and tears streaming down his face invoked the God of battles to come to the aid of these people in this their stand for self-government. His pose and venerable looks were suggestive of Elijah coming to earth again. The dear old man has joined the angel throng long years ago, but will be remembered as a man of God and a patriot.

A jolly lot were these soldier boys as they steamed across Charleston Bay. Each company was assigned its camping ground on the island. Except for drilling, the time was monotonous until the Star of the West made her advent. The first gun of the war was fired. Soon after firing upon the Star of the West these three companies were transferred to Morris Island. Building batteries and mounting guns superseded drilling. These young boys rolled barrows of sand and shouldered great hunks of sod in the work on the defenses as if they were veterans in plying spade and shovel. At Cummins's point, on the north end of the island, guns were mounted to bear on Fort Sumter, and for the first time in the history of the world railroad iron was used in constructing batteries. After Morris Island was taken by the enemy and Charleston invested, Gilmore planted his "swamp angel," as it was called, with which he shelled the city.

The 1st South Carolina Regiment was organized on this island, and by April 15 volunteers from other States had arrived, and the island bristled with bayonets from one end to the other. A large blockade fleet kept watch across the bar. Soon after the dogs of war were turned loose sure enough Fort Sumter was captured. The different commands were reorganized. The 1st South Carolina Volunteers, commanded by Col. Maxey Gregg, with eleven companies became part of the Army of Northern Virginia. Lieutenant McIntosh, now living in Towsontown, Md., reorganized the old company and was elected captain. After reaching Suffolk, Va., it left the 1st Regiment and became the famous Pee Dee Light Artillery, Pegram's Battalion, Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

On the 21st of last July fourteen of the survivors of this old battery met in annual reunion. These, with one comrade in New York, two in Texas, and one in Maryland, comprise what is left of the boys who followed the Secession Convention to the ferryboat at the foot of Market Street in Charleston, S. C., January 3, 1861.

PETITIONS TO HAVE "BARBARA FRIETCHIE" BANISHED FROM SCHOOLS.—Mrs. B. A. Keane, of Roxbury, Mass., says she is not a Southern woman, only a good American, and that she desires to have her children grow up unprejudiced Americans. She therefore petitions the public schools of Boston to banish the poem of Barbara Frietchie by John Greenleaf Whittier, as it is not a just picture of the "noble men of the South."

DISMISSED JURY BECAUSE FOUR OF ITS MEMBERS WERE NEGROES.—Judge John H. Pitchford in the District Court in Wagner, Okla., dismissed a jury because four of its members were negroes. He said the law required them to ride in separate carriages, and he did not propose to make white men serve with them on juries.

HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

CONCISE REPORT OF RULES GOVERNING THE BESTOWAL.

The idea of the Southern cross of honor to be given by the U. D. C. to the veterans and descendants of deceased Confederate soldiers and sailors originated with Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, of Athens, Ga., and the design offered by Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, of Atlanta, Ga., was accepted at Richmond, Va., in November, 1899. The members of the committee were: Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, chairman, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, Athens, Ga. Upon the resignation of Mrs. Erwin, Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., was appointed as her successor.

The rules formulated by this committee were found insufficient. The committee was enlarged at Montgomery, Ala., in November, 1900, which committee were: Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, chairman, West Virginia; Mrs. J. W. Tench, Florida; Mrs. J. N. Thompson, Alabama; Mrs. Victor Montgomery, California; Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Georgia.

Each State and Territorial Division shall elect or appoint a recorder of cross of honor, to whom Chapters shall apply for blank certificates of eligibility, to be filled out for the veteran, and blank forms for alphabetical lists, to be filled out with data from the certificates by Presidents of Chapters ordering crosses. The recorder of said Division approves or corrects and forwards to the custodian of the cross, who forwards the crosses to the Chapter, provided the rules have been complied with.

Blank forms of certificates and alphabetical lists are sent to the Chapters, accompanied by an order to the custodian, signed by the President General and Recording Secretary General U. D. C.

The oldest living lineal descendant of veterans who has not received a cross may secure it, provided that notices for three consecutive months be published in the city and county newspapers, calling upon veterans to send in certificates for crosses. If at the expiration of three months no veterans have applied, upon voucher from the State Recorder that such publication has been made the bestowal of crosses upon descendants and widows may begin, the same to be governed by the rules for bestowal of the cross upon veterans. The crosses may be bestowed upon veterans and descendants on each day of bestowal.

If there is no lineal descendant of a veteran, or in case that the oldest lineal descendant does not desire the cross, the widow of a veteran may receive it by presenting with her application written avowal of such descendant that he or she waives the right to the cross, provided said widow be a Confederate woman who endured the hardships and privations of the period from '61 to '65. No descendant or widow can receive a second cross, such privilege being granted to veterans alone, nor can such descendant or widow wear the cross.

The custodian will supply to the recorder of the cross of honor special blank forms of certificates for descendants and widows, which must be filled with data of eligibility. Such blank forms in use should conform with the headings used in the record book of the custodian.

After waiting one month, Chapters shall send to the Division Recorder and Custodian names of veterans for whom crosses have been received and not claimed; and these crosses, if not engraved, may be used at the next bestowal, provided other certificates in due form have been sent to the custodian.

No crosses will be furnished by the custodian unless the order is accompanied by certificates of eligibility properly filled out by the veterans and certified to by two or more members of a Camp of United Confederate Veterans and alphabetical list from the Chapter President.

Presidents of Chapters shall fill out blank alphabetical lists from the certificates, with all data contained therein, to forward with certificates to their State Recorder of Cross of Honor, with money order for the number of crosses desired. The custodian of the cross of honor shall keep a book, or books, in which shall be kept, alphabetically arranged, the names and data of all veterans, descendants of veterans, and widows to whom crosses have been issued.

The certificates shall be returned by the custodian to the Presidents of Chapters who have ordered crosses, and the same shall be placed on file by the said Chapter, that data may be furnished when needed for historical or other purposes.

Each Chapter shall keep a book, alphabetically arranged, in which is recorded the name and service of every veteran and ancestor of descendant and widow of a veteran who receives a cross. Each State or Territorial Recorder shall keep a similar record book of all crosses issued.

Crosses may be granted by the muster roll of the nearest Camp U. C. V. and to Confederate veterans who are not members of a Camp who can give the required proof of eligibility, attested by two veterans who are members of a Camp.

The oldest living lineal descendant may secure the cross by giving the same proof of eligibility as that required of his veteran ancestor, and Confederate widows of veterans applying for a cross must fill blank form of certificate, giving service of veteran whose widow she is. Such widows must have endured the hardships of the war period from 1861 to 1865. Upon the certificate of a reputable physician that a veteran is dying, if desired, he may receive the cross immediately.

The crosses may be bestowed on the Memorial Day selected by each State or Territorial Division, U. D. C., the birthdays of President Davis and Gen. Robert E. Lee, June 3 and January 19, and one commemorative day, between July 1 and January 19, to be selected by each State or Territorial Division in convention assembled. The presentation shall be accompanied with such ceremonies as will give proper dignity to the occasion.

A veteran in good standing having lost his cross may have it replaced once only by applying to the President of the Chapter from which he received the cross, and he must furnish copy of the certificate upon which the cross was first bestowed. If a second cross is lost, a certificate may be given in testimony that such veteran has been awarded a cross. No descendant or widow of a veteran can have a second cross.

Chapter Presidents are urged to advise veterans to have their names engraved on the bar of the cross for the purpose of identification if lost.

A veteran having been awarded a cross and dying before it is received, the President of the Chapter bestowing it may give it to the oldest lineal descendant or widow under provisions herein set forth. A veteran having received a cross may bestow it to any lineal descendant that he may select.

After November 1, 1910, no more crosses shall be issued.

The cross cannot be worn in any case or on any occasion except by the veteran upon whom it was bestowed; no descendant or widow can wear it.

Where counties have no local organization of U. D. C. a

veteran may receive the cross through the President of the nearest local Chapter or the President of the Chapter in the county from which he entered the Confederate service, if so desired.

Where Chapters are not able to bear the expense of purchasing crosses for other counties than their own, these may be furnished at the expense of the General Association upon the authority of the President General U. D. C.

All orders for crosses shall be filed in the custodian's office three weeks before the day intended for bestowal.

Any Chapter departing from these rules shall not be entitled to crosses for presentation.

Preceding the presentation of the crosses the rules herein given shall be read upon every occasion of the bestowal. The President of each Chapter shall see that the Camps of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans in her county shall receive a copy of these rules for reference.

Note.—Cost of crosses, twelve and a half cents each for an order of more than one. For an order of only one the cost is thirteen cents.

THE U. D. C. ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

[From an address of Mrs. William B. Prichard to the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter at their last anniversary reception in San Francisco, Cal.]



MRS. WILLIAM B. PRICHARD.

Our President and founder, Mrs. Seldon S. Wright, has told you something of the difficulties which surrounded the birth of the U. D. C. on the Pacific Coast.

Fortunately it came to a woman whose love for her own people was great and who regarded it as a duty to be performed, whether difficult or not, and so the invitations were sent out, and on the 8th of August, 1896, the following ladies answered in person: Mrs. Harvey Darneal, Miss Roberta A. Thompson, Mrs. Alexander G. McAdie, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, and Mrs. William B. Prichard, making with our hostess, Mrs. Selden Wright, seven in all. Mrs. William Craig, Miss Elsie G. J. Prichard, Miss Nannie Van Wyck, and Miss Marie Voorhies were represented by relatives, and so the first Chapter outside the Southern States was formed, and named by Mrs. Wright the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, and the honor of being its first President was mine.

Our number, 79, of which we are so justly proud, tells how early we were in the field, since there are now, I believe, some twelve hundred and thirty Chapters and about fifty thousand members. In California we number twenty-three Chapters and fourteen hundred and forty-five members.

Dark hung the clouds around the baby Chapter organized that day, dire were the predictions as to its future, and dreadful the ideas as to the objects of its organization. How amusing it all seems to-day, standing as we do in the full light of a clear understanding of our aims and objects! The struggle to make people, our own no less than others, understand that our hopes and desires were only to do good; to our own people first, of course, but ultimately to the community and the nation, for you cannot do good or evil that you do not affect all. It seemed for a time hopeless, and many, many times we were almost enough discouraged to disband—almost, but not quite, for the little band of founders came of stock which finds it easier to fight than to surrender. So we stood firm until we won recognition, and people saw that we were only trying to do for our own what we ought to do and what others were doing for theirs; for every foreign country, the different sections of this country, and, indeed, many of the States have their benevolent societies here, to which their people can turn for help in emergencies. The South only had no such society until this Chapter was formed. I remember our first application for help came to us through a Northern woman, who was connected with the Unitarian Church, and in the course of her charity work she discovered a Confederate veteran living on five cents' worth of milk a day, which was given him by a charitable milkman. He told her that he would be cared for in the Confederate Home in Texas if he could get there, but the sum needed was beyond his power. She determined to try to raise the sum, and, as she told us, looked first for a Southern charitable society, thinking naturally that there would be one here. We were little known then, and she did not find us until she had succeeding in raising a large part of the sum needed. We were happy to be able to add the rest and to land the poor sick old man in the Texas Home.

This, as I have said, was our first application; but few, even of our own Chapter, realize the number we have helped since. During this past year, for instance (I quote from our report to the last Convention), "two helpless old veterans were sent to Homes in the South. One aged Southern woman, helpless from rheumatism, was aided to return to her friends, who were willing to care for her. One aged Southern lady and her invalid brother were assisted with their rent for eleven months. Another aged Southern lady was helped with her rent for twelve months, and another still was helped for many months. An old veteran was assisted to save his furniture from being seized for debt. A young man recovering from typhoid fever was aided to return to his home, and ten others were given temporary help in sums of not less than five dollars."

Is not this a good list for one year? and is not my claim made good that in helping our own we help the community?

While speaking of our Chapter's good record, I would remind you that we were the only society in San Francisco that never missed a meeting after the great disaster in 1906; but on May 8 we met and organized our relief work. Sixty members of our Chapter and their families were burned out. All this means work, and the Chapter owes much to the hard work of its self-sacrificing officers. This part of our work naturally was soonest understood. Part of our work, however, is to preserve history, and this part was subject to attack, and we were called a society to promote ill feeling and other unpleasant names. But to unselfish love all things are possible, and we have won even there, and people know that the record of great and noble lives which we preserve for our children not only makes good citizens of them, and so helps the State and the nation, but, as Bishop O'Connell so aptly said in his beautiful address at the last State Convention, "their lives belong to humanity, and it is for the good of humanity that they should be preserved."

As time passes people care little on which side a man fought. What does it matter to-day to an Englishman whether his ancestor wore the white rose or the red, was Cavalier or Puritan? But that they bore themselves well matters much to him, and their great deeds belong to the whole world. How many of us know or care for what Sir Philip Sydney died? But the beauty of his life and death appeals to all. We of the South have many such lives, our knights "without fear and without reproach." We are especially blessed that our great leaders were not only great as soldiers and statesmen, but as men, so grand and pure that their lives are an inspiration to future generations.

Such lives are given by God to the world as beacons; and if we let them be forgotten or their light be dimmed by misunderstanding, it becomes a crime for which we would not be forgiven. Well may we rejoice to-day that it is recognized as part of our work to preserve their history, and that the clouds of misunderstanding have vanished in the kindly atmosphere of our sunny California.

All the dark predictions of evil have come to naught, and so far from creating ill feeling the U. D. C. has aided wonderfully in lessening it. Apropos of this, I would recall to your mind the statement in the reports of many of the Chapters from the smaller towns at the last Convention that they frequently coöperated with the G. A. R., helping them in their work and receiving help in return. We of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter remember gratefully that several years ago the Lincoln Post of the G. A. R. presented us with a life-sized oil painting of Gen. Stonewall Jackson with many kindly words showing their understanding of our work, and at our charity benefit they are generally represented.

Looking backward over the thirteen years of the Chapter's life, the thought of many a helping hand that has been extended to us comes to mind. Especially has the press of San Francisco been helpful to us, never in my memory having given us an unkind word, but always most cheerfully and willingly giving us every aid in their power; and while we rejoice that we have come into our own, it is well that we do not forget to be grateful first of all to the Almighty that he has deemed us worthy to do a part of his work, and then to each and all who have aided our efforts with kindly deed or cheering word.

On the night before the battle of Shiloh my father wrote across his war maps the last word he ever wrote on earth, "en avant," which is "forward," or, more literally translated, "to the front;" and so let this Chapter which bears his name continue to press forward, striving to keep ever to the front in good deeds, remembering that our motto says, "Charity in all things," and doing all in our power to keep up our proud record, that none have appealed to us and gone away uncomforted.

SOLDIERS CARRIED CHILDREN AND MONEY.

Dr. L. D. Hill, surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia, writes an interesting story. He says that with two comrades, Major Mathews and Captain Grinnel, he left Richmond on the 1st of February, 1865, *en route* for Texas. They had in their charge nine million dollars in undivided Confederate bills and three million dollars' worth of postage stamps. The money was to be delivered to Peter W. Gray, Secretary of the Treasury, and the stamps to John Starr, Postmaster General for the Trans-Mississippi Department. These officers also had charge of the four children of John H. Reagan, the youngest a baby with a nurse. The mother of the children had recently died, and they were being carried to their grandmother, who lived in Texas.

Where possible they made their way by rail; but in many places where the roads had been torn up they had to resort to wagons, boats, and on one occasion to mules. They met with many detentions, and had to make many detours to avoid the troops of the enemy. At times they met Confederate soldiers, and were escorted on their way. When they reached the Mississippi River, they found the banks overflowed, and had to trust to "choctaws," which were rough rafts propelled and guided by poles, and on these rafts they were carried from Tensas Bayou to Monroe, La. Wherever they could they stopped to rest the children, who bravely and uncomplainingly stood the hardships of the long trip, even though food was very scarce and at times they had to go hungry.

At Shreveport Captain Grinnel and Major Mathews left for Marshall to deliver the money and stamps, and Dr. Hill was escorted to Gen. Kirby Smith, to whom he delivered the letter and package which had been intrusted to his care by General Lee, with instructions not to let them fall into the hands of the enemy nor to deliver them to any one save Gen. Kirby Smith in person. General Smith gave Dr. Hill an army wagon and team, and he carried the children to their grandmother, Mrs. Nelms.

TRIP FROM NEW ORLEANS TO LOUISVILLE IN 1861.

BY J. B. RODEN, WAYNESBORO, VA.

Leaving New Orleans for Louisville, Ky., April 16, 1861, as the artillery was firing a salute for the news just received of the secession of Virginia, we went on our way. The Fannie Bullitt, the boat we were on, made good time till we were brought to the wharf at Cairo, Ill., by a shot fired by troops that had reached that point from Chicago under command of General Prentiss. Our boat was boarded and searched by the troops, for what purpose I did not know. Then we were allowed to proceed to Louisville, where we arrived on the 21st.

I was informed that a blockade had been established at Cairo, and that I could not return by boat. I fell in, however, with a Mr. Miller, from Pittsburg, who had started to New Orleans with some coal boat. Some of his men had refused to go farther, so I went with him. Coal at this time was not considered contraband; so we were permitted to pass Cairo and float on down the Mississippi, and we arrived at New Orleans on May 3.

The headquarters of the Crescent Rifles (Company E, 7th Louisiana Regiment) was on the corner of St. Charles and Gravier Streets. I enlisted in this company as soon as I arrived. The following Saturday our company was presented with a flag by a Miss Davidson in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel. On Sunday morning Companies B and C of the Crescent Rifles marched to Dr. Palmer's church, on Lafayette Square, to hear a farewell sermon. Dr. Palmer's text was: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." (Ps. cxliv. 1.) The sermon made a lasting impression on some of the boys.

A few days after we were sent to Camp Moore, near Tangipahoa Station, on the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad. Arriving there, we were assigned to the 7th Louisiana Regiment. Harry T. Hays was elected colonel, and his was the first regiment in the Confederate army that enlisted, every man, for the war. We were mustered into the service by Lieutenant Phifer. We remained in Camp Moore some two weeks, when we were ordered to Virginia.

Our trip to Virginia was via Jackson, Corinth, Huntsville, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, and Gordonsville to Manassas, where we went into camp. We were drilled through June and well into July. On July 17 the enemy was reported to have left Washington fifty thousand strong. Our commanders had us hustle in preparing for the issue, and Colonel Early (old Jube)—made brigadier general August 28 to date from July 21—picked up the 7th Virginia, Colonel Kemper; 7th Mississippi, Colonel Humphreys; and 7th Louisiana, Colonel Hays; so we were in Early's Brigade. On the 18th the enemy was reported to be at Centerville, advancing on Mitchell's and Blackburn's Fords. They were driven back from Blackburn's Ford by the 1st Virginia Regiment. Our regiment, the 7th Louisiana, went to their relief, taking their place. The enemy fell back toward Centerville, where they remained till the night of the 20th.

When the fighting began, Griffin's Federal battery took position near our right as a feint, while most of their army moved toward the Warrenton Pike to turn our left flank; but they ran against Evans's South Carolina Brigade and Wheat's Louisiana Battalion, who kept them from Manassas by that route. We did not see much of the fighting on the left and center. We maneuvered on the right by moving down the river to McClain's Ford, where the woods extended to the river. We would go through the woods and come into Blackburn's Ford, as though we were concentrating at that point, the thing they were anxious for us to do. About 2 P.M. we had orders to proceed to the extreme left, and in going out from the ford the way we had gone to it Griffin's Battery opened on us, and we sustained some loss. We made a detour of some three or four miles to reach the point where we were needed, passing numbers of dead and wounded. We formed line and were ordered forward. A small battery (four six-pounders) from Newtown, Va., was on our left and the 69th New York was in our front. We charged the little battery and opened on their right flank. The enemy retreated in our front, and the great stampede from Bull Run commenced. The speed they made brings to our mind the Irishman who was trying to describe the route to a friend who asked him, "Did you run?" "Run?" said he. "If I had not run, I would have been there yet."

Soon after the route commenced President Davis, General Beauregard, Joe Johnston, and others would ride up in front of the troops and speak a few words of encouragement and pass on.

A comrade and I started in the downpour of rain the next day to look for a missing comrade. We stopped at Sudley Church, which our people were using as a hospital. The wounded who could not walk were carried out and laid down on the grass in the hitching lot. We found side by side one of Ellsworth's New York Zouaves with a limb amputated, and a member of Company F, 7th Louisiana Regiment, both Irishmen. When we approached them (they were both lying on their backs on the grass, the rain coming down), they were discussing the merits of the flags, the Zouave contending that we made a mistake my adopting a new flag, and closing with a peroration that the stars and stripes was the grandest of all flags. Our regimental flag was the Louisiana State flag, presented to the regiment by the Pickwick Club of New Orleans. It had on one side the pelican feeding her young, a large silver figure. Our comrade in reply to the Zouave said that if he had seen our flag that had the white goose upon it "the divil a word" would he (the Zouave) ever say about the old gridiron flag any more.

Late at night Capt. Aleck White (who raised and commanded the only company of Tiger Rifles, Wheat's Battalion), who took command when Major Wheat fell mortally wounded, was called to General Evans's headquarters and asked why he did not obey a certain order sent him by Lieutenant McCausland. Captain White replied that he had not received the order. A question of veracity arose between the two, with the result that Captain White challenged Lieutenant McCausland to fight a duel. The weapons chosen were Mississippi rifles and the distance at "short range." As a result Lieutenant McCausland was wounded and died some three weeks after. I have lost sight of Captain White. I do not know whether he ever returned to New Orleans.

A few days after the battle we were in camp near Centerville. I, with some others, was detailed to guard the residence of a Mr. Fowler, who lived in sight of the village, to keep the hungry soldiers from his milkhouse and chicken coops. This house was the headquarters of a General Schenck on the eve of the battle; and when ordered to the battle about to open, they gathered up their effects hurriedly. Don Piatt, a member of Schenck's staff (after the war editor of the Washington Capitol), had written his will, which was found by Mr. Fowler, who gave it to me, and I in turn gave it to Sam Gilman, captain of our company. Gilman was in the hardware business in New Orleans before the war, and said he knew Don Piatt. Whether they ever met afterwards, I do not know.

ERRORS IN NAME OF WRITER AND FORT.—In the short article on page 91 of the February number an error occurred in the name of the author and in that of the fort referred to, and in a pleasant way the author has called attention to them: "Do you remember that Byron says in one of his bitter notes that fame consists in being killed in battle and then having your name incorrectly given in the returns? If my Fort Wagner (not Fort Wayne) marksman should write to me, as I asked him to, I wish he could know that it is Henry (and not Hugh) Shaw who is waiting for his letter."

FASTEST PRINTING PRESS IN THE WORLD.—It is said that the fastest printing press in the world is the one recently installed by the United States government for printing postal cards. It will approximate two million cards per day. The press is rotary and practically automatic, and a banding attachment is to be added by which the cards will be handed out finished and banded in packages of twenty-five.



"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

SAMUEL P. CLAYBROOKE.

Samuel Perkins Claybrooke died February 23, 1910, at St. Petersburg, Fla., where he had gone for a change of climate, not being in good health. When taken sick, his four sisters went to his bedside, and were with him during his last illness. He was born near Triune, Tenn., the son of Col. John S. and Mary A. Claybrooke. His father was one of the foremost citizens of the State, giving much of his time and thought to promoting its best interests, and his mother by her unselfish devotion to duty and gentle dignity represented the highest type of Southern womanhood. Both were of the best families of Virginia and Tennessee (his ancestors came from Virginia to Tennessee) and held positions of trust and responsibility.

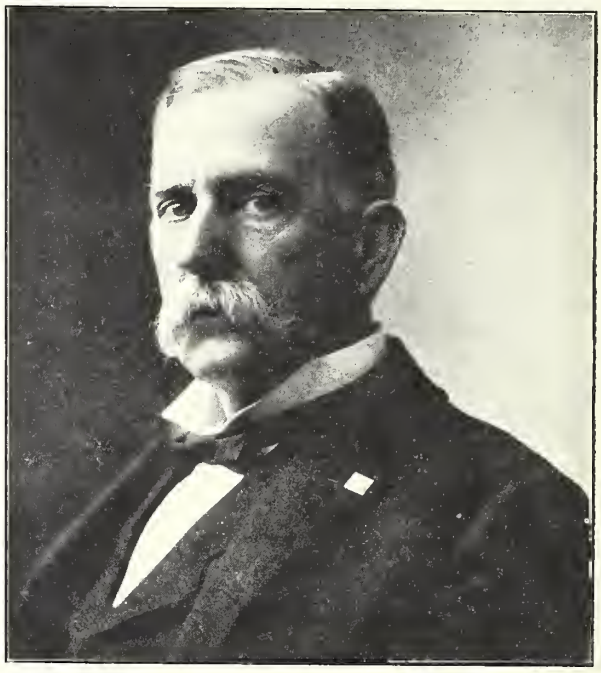
While a mere boy at school in Murfreesboro, under fifteen years of age, he enlisted in Stearns's cavalry company. He always took a deep interest in whatever pertained to the Confederacy and the cause for which he so bravely fought, and he rarely failed to attend the U. C. V. Reunions. In his last hours he was back with the boys who wore the gray, calling them by name and encouraging them to stand firm, saying: "Boys, don't let them get the best of us."

He was a brother of Frederick Claybrooke, major of the 20th Tennessee Regiment, who lost his life at Hoover's Gap while gallantly leading his men. After the war he engaged in agricultural pursuits, and for some years had resided on his farm near Brentwood. He was a public-spirited citizen, and by his integrity and generosity won the esteem of a large circle of friends. He was widely known.

The funeral services were held in Franklin at the Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, conducted by Revs. John B. Cannon and Arthur L. Seiter, where a large number gathered to pay the last tribute of love. The procession of veteran comrades was especially large. Representatives of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville, of which he was a member, as well as of McEwen Bivouac, of Franklin, were in the procession. He was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery, and the services at the grave were conducted by Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, using the ritual of the Bivouac.

In a sketch by Lieut. S. S. Hughes, of the 4th Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, in which company Comrade Claybrooke served, he states:

"S. P. Claybrooke when quite a boy left home without the consent of his parents, and was sworn in Starnes's cavalry company. A short time afterwards at the request of his father Governor Harris ordered Captain Starnes to discharge him on account of his youth. He then returned home and stayed until the Federals took Nashville. He then went between the lines and rejoined the regiment at Jasper, Tenn.



SAMUEL P. CLAYBROOKE.

Captain Starnes refused to have him sworn in, but agreed to have him serve as a soldier and do as he pleased; but Claybrooke did picket and camp duty just as the other men. The first engagement was at Readyville, and from that time he never missed a battle or held horses while with the regiment. We then went to East Tennessee, and from there to Kentucky under Gen. Kirby Smith. He served in Scott's Brigade all through the Kentucky campaign.

"After the battle of Perryville, we came back to Camp Dick Robinson. From there Colonel Starnes sent him alone through the mountains of Kentucky to Murfreesboro with dispatches to General Forrest to place our regiment under his command, and from that time on we served under General Forrest. We had continuous fighting all through West Tennessee. Colonel Starnes then commanded a brigade, and made Claybrooke a courier and presented him with a pair of pistols for capturing three Yankee officers by himself. He never missed a fight, except Streight's raid, until captured. At the time of Streight's raid he was at Columbia with General Starnes, who was sick at that time. Claybrooke drew rations for himself and servant and horses, but refused to draw any money. He bore his own expenses for clothing, etc. He was complimented by General Starnes at Humboldt and Parker's Crossroads for gallantry.

"Just here I would like to state that at Parker's Crossroads Sam distinguished himself. Acting as courier for General Starnes, he went straight to the points ordered with bold intrepidity under a dangerous fire from the enemy at short range, and at all subsequent engagements (and there were many) I never knew or heard of his swerving for a moment from a course of action, prompted by a high and noble sense of duty, bold, brave to a fault, kind and tender, prompted by

a loving heart, and by his unwavering cheerfulness of spirit cheered and encouraged others to stand for duty. He was young, but his influence was felt by all of his comrades. Modest as a girl where self-advancement was concerned, like his old colonel, J. W. Starnes, he was never found pushing his own claims with the officers; he was too retiring really to get the promotion he so richly deserved. S. P. Claybrooke when with my company was ever ready for any kind of service that I called upon him to perform, and was always in the front, especially when there was fighting to be done; he would not be held back."

Henry Edward Wood.

There are many patriots' graves in the Old Dominion State. One of the newest of these graves is that of Henry Edward Wood, who died January 29, 1910, aged sixty-eight years.

Comrade Wood's death was truly deplorable. In the discharge of his duties as agent for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad at Gremo he was struck by a passenger train and dragged by the pilot of the engine nearly a hundred yards, living but a few minutes after the accident. The irony of fate has rarely played a more audacious hand than in thus taking such a man from the walks of life. He was popular and universally esteemed. "He was a friend to all, an enemy to none," said one who knew him best.

Mr. St. George T. C. Bryan, of Petersburg, Va., an honored comrade and friend of the deceased, bears grateful and beautiful tribute as follows: "He was a true child of nature—magnetic, commanding, and urbane—he drew to himself the friend, the stranger, and the dependent. He was the friend of the poor. A man of strong cast, caution was his instinct in time of danger; aroused, he was a lion in the way. Fear was almost unknown to him. His intense devotion to Virginia, the State of his birth, and his unqualified allegiance to the South and its principles made him a conspicuous attendant at most Confederate Veteran Reunions, where, clad in his old army kit and the war-stained and tattered gray garments which he had worn as an infantryman, very many were attracted to the tall, robust figure, who very seldom showed excitement, whose manners were gentle. He was a true Confederate private."



HENRY EDWWARD WOOD.

His ancestors have been long and prominently identified with the annals of Virginia, whose coat of arms was kept brightly burnished in the olden days, whose women through all their generations ranked well in culture, grace, and charm, and whose men have worn their boots and won their spurs in every worthy sphere of endeavor. He was a member of a large family, there being ten sons and four daughters. Six of the sons were in the Confederate army, and the absence of the other four was due either to early death or extreme youthfulness. Two of the sons were severely wounded and two of them died under the old stars and bars. Henry E. Wood was shot down in the battle of Gaines's Mill. He belonged to the Black Eagle Company, of Cumberland County, and he was a color bearer in the 18th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, commanded by Col. R. E. Withers, of Wytheville, Va., of whom Comrade Wood said: "There was never a braver man nor more exalted Christian." At Gaines's Mill Colonel Withers was also severely wounded.

Comrade Wood never missed an annual Reunion of the United Confederates, and had already perfected arrangements with the writer to attend the twentieth annual Reunion at Mobile. He always entered into the spirit of these occasions with the liveliest zest, putting as much heart into the observance and deriving therefrom much real soul-swelling. Few survivors of the Confederacy had a wider acquaintance. It was Comrade Wood's custom upon Reunion occasions to wear his old regimentals in which he marched, fought, and bivouacked during the entire war. No man of "the old guard in gray" received more enthusiastic cheers and more gracious benedictions than Comrade Wood as he marched down the lines, looking for all the world like a soldier of Appomattox fortunes. In the lobbies, on line of march, at banquet halls, and elsewhere he was always the center of admiring friends. At the Richmond Reunion in 1907 Hon. William Jennings Bryan, upon seeing Comrade Wood in his old regimentals in line of march, had his carriage to stop, and secured the privilege of having their pictures taken together.

Comrade Wood was a Mason and loyal to the tenets of the order. He had been for a number of years, and was at the time of his death, Commander of his Camp of U. C. V., No. 54, of Fluvanna County. He was a member of the Methodist Church. He never married, but it is understood that he was true to the memory of an early love.

[From sketch by R. W. Grizzard, who wrote of Comrade Wood in the May Veteran of 1907.]

Capt. Richard W. Price.

Capt. Richard W. Price, son of Richard Watts Price and Catharine Kenan (Holmes) Price, of Clinton, N. C., was born in Wilmington, N. C., June 30, 1847. He was the youngest of five children. Having been bereft of his father in his early years and by the death of his only brother, Lieut. James Price, Army of Northern Virginia, in 1864, much devolved upon him. Reared by his Christian mother in all that was true and of good report, these virtues were truly exemplified in his entire life.

In the summer of 1864 when but a lad he enlisted in Maj. W. F. French's battalion of Junior Reserves, then stationed at Smithville (now Southport), N. C. His company, under

Capt. J. D. Kerr, formed part of the 72d Regiment North Carolina Infantry. From Smithville his command was ordered to Belfield, Va., and later to the coast just in time for the first battle of Fort Fisher. He was captured the second day of the battle. In consequence his remaining days of the war were spent in prison at Fort Delaware. Though his career was brief, the true bravery in this young soldier boy was demonstrated.

After the war he returned home and went to work. He showed excellent business ability, and soon filled important positions of trust. He was always interested in what meant the very best for Wilmington. As a municipal officer he distinguished himself in the establishment of a system of government for morality, and in other ways his services were of much public benefit. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, a Mason, and was Past Master of St. John's Lodge.

In April, 1882, Captain Price married Miss Duvalde Stockton, of Statesville, N. C. This beloved wife died in February, 1907. His ardent love for the Confederacy never ceased. At the time of his death he was Secretary of the Fort Fisher Survivors' Association and Adjutant of Cape Fear Camp.

On Thanksgiving day, November 25, 1909, this beloved man, weary of suffering, passed away with a radiant smile of peace and triumph. In his death Wilmington lost a true and honored citizen. Funeral services were held at his residence and concluded at the cemetery with Masonic honors. Only a sister survives him.

Meville Davidson Lang.

Meville D. Lang, son of Simeon and Mary (McDonald) Lang, was born February 29, 1844, near Bridgeport, Va. (now West Virginia); and died May 12, 1908.

In the spring of 1862 Meville Lang and several friends went South to cast their fortunes with the Confederacy. He joined a company raised by Capt. Hannibal Hill, of Barbour County, which became Company E of the 62d Virginia Infantry, Imboden's Brigade. He served loyally with his regiment in its engagements. On September 22, 1864, in the battle of Fisher's Hill, Va., he was captured and taken to Point Lookout, Md., where he was kept for several months after the surrender at Appomattox, suffering the privations incident to those last months of prison life in the North. In the battle of Newmarket, May 15, 1864, he was struck in the side by a grapeshot, which passed through a plug of tobacco, cut it in six pieces, cut his daybook, and made a severe flesh wound, which for the time paralyzed even his brain, but he soon recovered consciousness. The grapeshot rebounded and fell in his pocket, and he carried it with the daybook and tobacco until he was captured.



M. D. LANG.

After being released from prison, Comrade Lang returned to his home, but was never well afterwards. He engaged in farming and stock-raising, and cared for his aged parents until their death. He never married, but always kept a family in his home, his niece and her husband being with him at the time of his death. He was a good man, and helped especially young men in obtaining their education. His comfortable estate was divided among his relatives, though the lands were to be kept in good repair and rented for twenty years before being sold for the division.

Nelson.—Maj. Thomas Pleasant Nelson was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn.; and died January 1, 1910, in Pollasky, Cal., aged eighty-five years. When the war broke out, he enlisted in the 4th Mississippi Regiment, was elected captain, and was shortly afterwards promoted to major of the regiment. He was in the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and commanded his regiment in the siege of Vicksburg by reason of his superior officers being killed. He was in the thickest of the fight at Franklin, and used to say: "At that fight were lost hundreds of the bravest boys that ever marched, many of whom I buried with my own hands, and I wept bitter tears over what seemed to me my own sons." He went to California at the end of the war, and was closely identified with the agricultural and political interests of the State. Major Nelson survived his wife eleven days. He leaves one daughter and three sons.

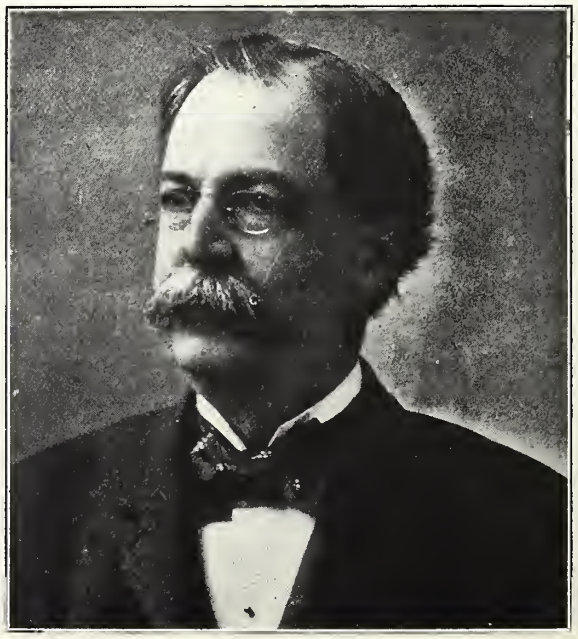
Col. Alexander R. Chisholm.

Col. A. R. Chisholm was born at Beaufort, S. C., in November, 1834; and died in New York City in March, 1910.

He owned half of Chisholm Island and one hundred and fifty slaves. At the beginning of the war he entered the army, serving from March 2, 1861, to May 6, 1865.

In company with Gen. Stephen D. Lee and Senator James Chestnut he carried to Major Anderson the order to surrender Fort Sumter. This being refused, they gave the order to Capt. George L. James, commanding Fort Johnson, to fire the signal gun, the declaration of war, on April 12, 1861.

He was with General Beauregard in the battles of Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run, conducted the "Black Horse Charge" to the attack on the turnpike, at which eighty prisoners and fourteen pieces of artillery were captured. Radford, in writing of this fight, paid Chisholm high tribute for his cool courage and gallantry. He was with Beauregard in the West, in Shiloh and Farmington battles, then back to Charles-



COL. A. R. CHISHOLM.

ton, where he was employed in the eighteen months' defense of that city. He was in the battles of Olustee in Florida, Drury's Bluff, and the fights of Petersburg, Va.

He went West, thence to Charleston, to Savannah, and to Greensboro, N. C., where, after the surrender of Lee, he was ordered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to meet General Hartstuff, General Sherman's adjutant general, and in his name to give and receive the parole of all the troops under his command. Colonel Chisholm served four years and six months.

Capt. W. G. Loyd.

One of the noblest and best of all Confederates was Capt. W. G. Loyd, of Lewisburg, Tenn. Modest in all things, he was diligent in advancing every worthy cause of his section. He was distinguished for many good works. During all the years of the Veteran he had continued diligent for its success in his section.

Dr. S. T. Hardison, of Lewisburg, his comrade and fellow-officer in the Church, said of him at the funeral:

"Comrade W. G. Loyd died at his home, in Lewisburg, Tenn., December 18, 1909. He had been paralyzed many months. He was the first male child born in Lewisburg, April 26, 1838. When the Civil War began, he was living in Louisiana, and enlisted in the 2d Louisiana Regiment on his twenty-third birthday, and he served with that command in all of its engagements with the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded at Gettysburg, but continued his loyal service until April 26, 1865, including the return home. He surrendered with Lee's army.

"His mother was the oldest of thirteen children and his wife was the youngest of a family of thirteen children. He and his wife reared a family of thirteen children, all of whom are still living, as is also the wife.

"His record as a citizen is no less illustrious than his rec-



CAPT. W. G. LOYD.

ord as a soldier. Beginning immediately after the war to teach school, he left the schoolroom to serve in the office of Circuit Court Clerk. He retired from that to become assistant cashier and bookkeeper of a bank, leaving that to become Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court, which position he held at his death. All these duties were performed with the fidelity and earnestness of a Confederate soldier. He was always at his post, as he had no days of leisure. He was an efficient elder in the Church of Christ, an untiring worker in the Sunday school, a leader in the Dibrell Bivouac, and a school director for long years, and he was President of the County Board at his death.

"Truly we can say of him that life was an earnest effort on his part to be used for the uplifting and elevation of his race."

French.—John A. French, who was a native of Tennessee, died of pneumonia at Marrowbone, Ky., in his eightieth year. He was a Confederate soldier and one of the country's highly respected citizens.

Deceased Members Bradford Bivouac, Brownsville, Tenn.

The following is a list of all members of H. S. Bradford Bivouac, No. 28, who have died since its organization, with the commands to which they belonged. The date is that on which the comrade died:

A. H. Bradford, President, Col. 31st Tenn. Inf., Aug. 6, 1906.
P. B. Winston, Treas., Co. K, 31st Tenn. Inf., Oct. 18, 1900.
Allison, J. F., Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., 1898.
Allen, W. H., Co. B, 6th Tenn. Inf., Jan. 28, 1900.
Bright, A. D., Ex-Supreme Judge, Co. K, 18th Miss. Inf., September 11, 1898.
Brandon, J. S., Co. F, 31st Tenn. Inf., July 16, 1901.
Bizzell, W. H., Co. K, 6th Tenn. Inf., 1899.
Brantley, Geo. L., Co. D, 14th Tenn. Cav., Nov. 22, 1899.
Campbell, W. J., Co. E, 9th Tenn. Inf., Sept. 28, 1899.
Chandler, D. S., Co. F, 31st Tenn. Inf., Oct. 29, 1905.
Crowder, T. W., Co. E, Forrest's Cav. Regt., Feb. 18, 1907.
Chambers, Josiah, Co. F, 31st Tenn. Inf., Jan. 8, 1907.
Currie, Newton, Co. A, 6th Tenn. Inf., Feb. 1, 1908.
Crutchfield, W. C., Co. F, 31st Tenn. Inf., April 1, 1900.
Clark, S. H., Co. E, 2d Tenn. Cav. Bat., April 12, 1906.
Carlton, J. N., Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., June 25, 1906.
Crowder, J. A., Co. E, Forrest's Cav. Regt., Jan. 7, 1908.
Cox, J. K., Co. B, 9th Tenn. Inf., Jan. 6, 1901.
Crouch, W. H., Co. F, 4th Tenn. Cav., Nov. 14, 1901.
Duckworth, Alex, Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., Oct. 5, 1898.
Dye, W. A., Co. B, 1st Miss. Inf., died in Miss. in 1897.
Dupree, W. H., Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., July 27, 1908.
Dupree, E. D., Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., Feb. 13, 1905.
Eader, J., Ord. Sgt. Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., May 21, 1894.
Fleming, A. W., Co. E, 13th Tenn. Cav., Nov. 27, 1892.
Flournoy, N. A., Co. E, 56th Va., July 19, 1909.
Grammar, Rev. G. A., Warren's Miss. Art., Jan. 27, 1902.
Grove, R. R., Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., Nov. 26, 1902.
Gilliam, A. P., Co. F, 12th Tenn. Cav., Oct. 5, 1900.
Greaves, J. E., Co. E, 14th Va. Inf., June 12, 1903.
Harwell, Levi, Co. F, 9th Ala. Inf., Oct. 27, 1909.
Herring, J. W., Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., June 3, 1902.
Hutchinson, J. K., Co. K, 6th Tenn. Inf., Sept. 10, 1903.
Harbert, W. T., Co. F, 31st Tenn. Inf., 1899.
Haggerty, Richard, Co. C, 5th Conf. Regt., June 5, 1901.
Houston, H. M., Co. F, 4th Tenn. Conf. Inf., Dec. 14, 1904.
Johnson, A. A., Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., Sept. 18, 1908.
Jeffries, Robert, Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., June 13, 1898.
Lea, B. J., Col. 52d Tenn. Inf., Chief Justice Tenn., March 15, 1894.
Livingston, J. L., Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., Sept. 30, 1904.
Mann, A. S., Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., Dec., 1896.
Mann, B. A., Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., Jan. 2, 1894.
Moore, J. E., Co. K, 7th Tenn. Cav., 1908.
Meux, J. S., Co. I, 1st Conf. Cav., Oct. 5, 1908.
Mann, Jas. H., Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., Aug. 21, 1906.

Moses, J. P., Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., Sept. 8, 1901.
Malone, J. M., Co. K, 3d Tenn. Inf., Oct. 10, 1909.
Moody, J. A., Co. E, 3d Ark. Cav., March 3, 1908.
Musgrave, J. H., Co. C, 14th Tenn. Cav., June 17, 1909.
Neely, Charles F., Co. B, 154th Tenn. Inf., killed by a train near Brownsville Depot February 10, 1910.
Potter, Dr. T. M., Co. A, 6th Tenn. Inf., May 23, 1895.
Powell, Dr. T. K., 9th Tenn. Inf., April 9, 1903.
Raynor, Kenneth, Co. A, 6th Tenn. Inf., Jan., 1898.
Rose, W. H., Co. D, 10th Ark. Inf., Jan. 15, 1902.
Russell, R. S., Co. B, 9th Tenn. Inf., March 22, 1900.
Rose, Anderson, Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., July 2, 1896.
Rooks, T. E., Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., Feb. 25, 1904.
Read, Isaac H., Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., April 25, 1908.
Shaw, W. J., Co. F, 31st Tenn. Inf., Sept. 15, 1903.
Shaw, N. A., Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., Oct. 20, 1908.
Shaw, Capt. W. J., Co. G, Forrest's old Regt., Jan. 9, 1902.
Shaw, J. M., Co. M, 7th Tenn. Cav., Nov. 1, 1905.
Seymour, Dr. J. T., Co. D, 6th Tenn. Inf., March 28, 1906.
Tyus, John E., Co. D, 31st Tenn. Inf., Oct. 23, 1905.
Truss, S. W., Co. E, 10th Ala. Inf., March 7, 1901.
Taylor, Capt. J. A., Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., Aug. 30, 1905.
Taylor, Frank M., Co. D, 7th Tenn. Cav., April 21, 1905.
Taliaferro, C. S., Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., Aug. 23, 1892.
Tripp, T. A., Co. D, 9th Tenn. Inf., Sept., 1900.
Thomas, Maj. L. A., 14th Tenn. Cav., Dec. 26, 1903.
Wiley, John A., 2d Miss. Cav., Jan. 27, 1908.
Walker, Aaron, Sr., Co. C, 14th Tenn. Cav., July 22, 1902.
White, R. T., Co. L, 7th Tenn. Cav., April 11, 1900.
Ware, J. H., Co. I, 1st Conf. Inf. and 14th Tenn. Cav., Nov. 9, 1907.
Whitelow, J. P., Co. G, 16th Tenn. Cav., Feb. 21, 1910.

[Reported by H. J. Livingston, Adjt. Camp 426, U. C. V.]

Dr. W. J. Lee.

Dr. William Joseph Lee was born October 27, 1838, in Chambers County, Ala.; and died January 13, 1910, at Abbeville, Ala. His ancestors were of the Lees of Virginia. Charles S. Lee, his father, was a native of Greene County, Ga., and became a citizen of Alabama in 1834. He served with the rank of captain in the Indian War of 1836, and during the Civil War effectively aided the cause.

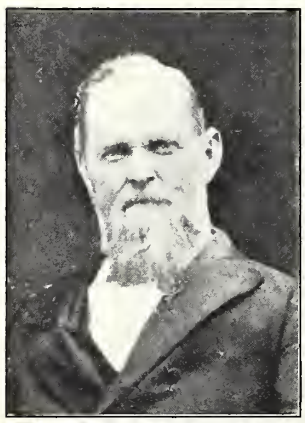
Dr. W. J. Lee was one of five brothers, all of whom were commissioned officers in the Confederate service. Moses J. Lee was a captain of cavalry; Charles S. Lee, Jr., was also a captain of cavalry in the 1st Alabama Regiment, and after reorganization he commanded a company of the 6th Alabama Cavalry. After the war he represented Escambia County in the Senate of Alabama. John H. Lee entered the service as a private in the 6th Alabama Cavalry, and was promoted to a lieutenantcy; Edward David Lee enlisted as a private in Company K, of the 33d Alabama Infantry, commanded by his brother, Dr. W. J. Lee, and a year later was commissioned lieutenant. After his brother was wounded and captured at Franklin, Tenn., he had command of the company until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C.

In the fall of 1861 W. J. Lee organized a company in Coffee County, of which he was elected captain. It was made Company K, 33d Alabama Infantry, Lowrey's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He commanded his company during the siege of Corinth and through the Kentucky and Chickamauga campaigns. During the Atlanta and Nashville campaigns he was the acting major of his regiment, and participated in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and in the Tennessee Campaign at Franklin, where he fell with severe wounds in the right elbow and left leg. When the army retreated from Nashville, he was captured, and three months later he was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was confined until after the close of hostilities. He was a brave, heroic spirit.

Dr. Lee had graduated with distinction in the Medical Department of Tulane University, New Orleans, La., in 1860, and the next year from the University of Nashville, and began the practice of his profession in Coffee County; but soon the call of his country for military service interrupted his professional career. After the flag of the Confederacy was furled, he resumed the practice of medicine in Coffee County, Ala., where he labored with marked success until 1882. He then located in Abbeville and entered upon his most efficient labors. Having won the plaudits of his fellow-men for his ability and constancy in their service, he retired from the profession in 1896, rich in the esteem of his people.

Dr. Lee served for years as the Commander of Abbeville Camp, U. C. V. At the time of his death he was Vice President of the First National Bank, a member of Henry Lodge A. F. and A. M., and a member of the Abbeville Baptist Church.

Dr. Lee married Miss Emma Ada Haughton, of Union Springs, Ala., October 8, 1861, at Elba, Ala. She died in 1874. In 1876 he married Mrs. Mollie E. Price, of Abbeville, Ala., the daughter of Rev. Alexander L. Martin and the sister of Rev. W. J. Martin, of Abbeville, and Hon. Harry Martin, of Ozark. He is survived by two brothers, eldest and youngest of his family, and by two sisters. One sister is the wife of Capt. J. E. P. Flournoy, of Elba, who served with distinction as a captain in the 8th Alabama Cavalry, and the other is the wife of Hon. P. D. Costello, who before the war served as Probate Judge of Coffee County and was a captain in the Confederate army, acting major of his battalion at Shiloh and as lieutenant colonel of the 25th Alabama Regiment at Murfreesboro. He is also survived by his son, W. J. Lee, Jr., who for a quarter of a century has served in the navy of the United States, and who is now stationed in Alaskan waters; by his daughter, Mrs. Robert Newman, with four children; by Miss Irene Stokes, his granddaughter, who had spent her life under his care and loved him with a true daughter's devotion; by his faithful wife, who for nearly thirty-four years was his constant helpmeet and companion.



DR. W. J. LEE.

The funeral sermon was preached by his pastor, Rev. John F. Gable, at the Abbeville Baptist Church, assisted by Rev. W. S. Street, of the Methodist Church. The ceremonies at the grave were conducted by Henry Lodge, A. F. and A. M., assisted by representatives from other lodges in the county.

In consideration of his genial fellowship, of his military career, of his professional service, of his patriotic citizenship, and of his fraternal relations, it was therefore

"*Resolved* by the Henry Lodge, No. 91, A. F. and A. M., in regular meeting assembled, That we humbly bow in submis-

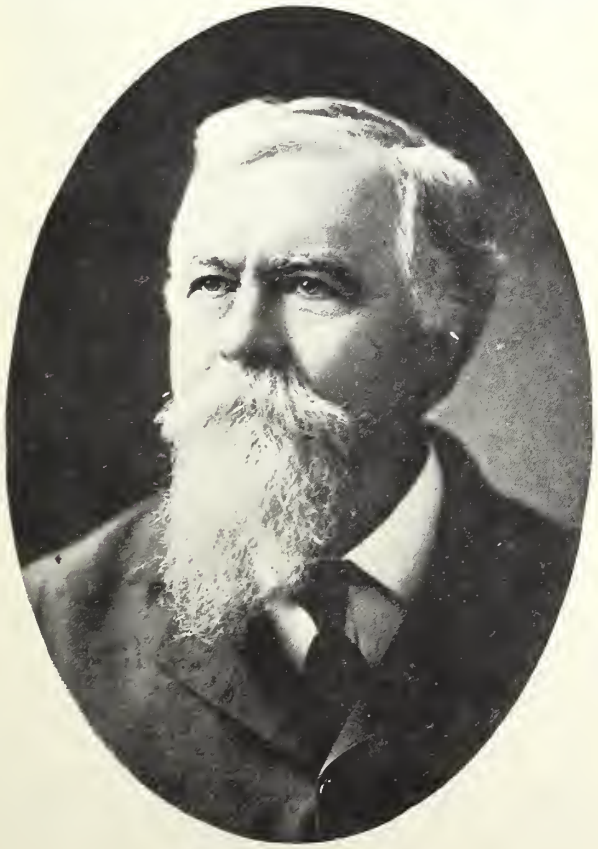
sion to the will of the Lord, Supreme Grand Master of the skies; that we recognize the truth, that the square, the plumb line, and the level regulated the life of our brother; that our sympathy is hereby extended to the bereaved family; that a copy of this sketch and this resolution be spread upon our minutes and published through the press."

Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., was chairman of the meeting.

Dr. William Morrow.

William Morrow was born in Jacksboro, Campbell County, Tenn., in February, 1837; and died in Nashville March 18, 1910. He graduated from the University of Tennessee and from the College of Medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y. When the War between the States began, he joined the Army of Tennessee as assistant surgeon, and engaged in hospital duty until the evacuation of East Tennessee, when he was made medical purveyor for General Stewart's corps of the Army of Tennessee, which position he filled thereafter.

Dr. Morrow was elected State Treasurer of Tennessee in 1871, and during his incumbency he removed his family to Nashville, where he was closely identified with all the advance movements for the city. It is said that he did more for its civic improvement than any one man throughout its history. He was appointed State Prison Commissioner by Governor Taylor, and was a member of the firms of Cherry, O'Connor & Co., Cherry, Morrow & Co., and with Mr. Mat F. Allen, which firms in turn were lessees of the State Penitentiary, using the shops largely for the manufacture of wagons, stoves, etc. When their plant was destroyed by fire in 1881, Dr. Morrow turned his attention to street railway transportation. He was the owner of several street car lines, and was active in consolidating the network of the Nashville street car system under one management. He opened Glendale Park and built the dummy line out to it, and later substituted electric cars for the mule cars.



DR. WILLIAM MORROW.

Dr. Morrow was a generous contributor to schools and colleges, and while State Treasurer did much for the advancement of education in Tennessee. When McKendree Church was in debt some $20,000, he paid more than half the amount. He was a man of unbounded charity, and it is said that he gave away two fortunes; that there never was a poor or decrepit petitioner turned from his home or office empty-handed. In the chilling blasts of winter his purse was always open, and the long list of his charities is written only in the book of life. He was beloved by all who were empolyed by him, and their devotion was shown in every possible way. This was illustrated in his race for County Register, when his most zealous workers were men who had formerly been in his employ.

The Editor of the Veteran when owner of the Chattanooga Times was in sore distress financially on one occasion. Dr. Morrow, interested in a rival paper, on going to Chattanooga called upon him, and through personal solicitude asked how he was getting on, and the true condition was candidly stated —that a considerable sum of money must be paid on a certain day, close at hand. On the morning of the day stated a telegram from a prominent banker of Nashville was received, stating that the identical amount of money was subject to his order.

Change came and his large fortune was dissipated, and he engaged in a business that required him to travel. Railroad companies gave him free transportation. On one of his trips south of the long tunnel on the old Nashville and Chattanooga Railway he happened to an accident that nearly proved fatal. One arm was severed, from which wound he never ceased to suffer; but his first words before witnesses were: "The railroad is not to blame."

Enterprising, big-hearted, charitable, Dr. Morrow held high place in the social and financial world of Nashville and a still higher place in the hearts of its people. He leaves a wife, eight children, and seventeen grandchildren.

James B. Nance.

James B. Nance, of Nashville, Tenn., died on March 24, 1910. He was born in Maryville, Tenn., and was in his seventy-first year. Comrade Nance enlisted with Company C, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and was appointed bugler of the regiment. It is said that at Bentonville, N. C., he sounded the last "charge" for the army east of the Mississippi River. He was in the battles of Fishing Creek, Perryville, Munfordville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Bentonville, and many cavalry skirmishes.

An illustration of the reputation made by Mr. Nance for heroism and sagacity is given in the Veteran for August, 1898, page 404, in a letter dated November 29, 1882, from Gen. Joseph Wheeler, in which he wrote: "There are no associations which I recall with as much pleasure as those in which you are identified. It is eighteen years since you swam the Pedee with me, and I recall, as though it were yesterday, standing picket while you and our Texas friend went for dry clothes. * * * I recall also that the next day the sound of your bugle led us gallantly upon the enemy."

The Pedee occasion was most remarkable, General Wheeler going with Mr. Nance and a Texan on a scout that required the swimming of the Pedee River. There was more peril in that than the climbing of a tree on San Juan Hill.

Comrade Nance was a member of Frank Cheatham Camp,

the noted Company B, United Confederate Veterans. He is survived by two sons and two daughters. One of the former, Thomas J. Nance, has been for years an attaché of the Nashville American, is an official of the Press, a member of the County Court, and a devoted friend of the VETERAN.

W. C. RICHARDSON.

W. C. Richardson died at his home, in Oklahoma City, January 31, 1910, after a long illness. He was born December 14, 1843, in Tuscaloosa, Ala. At the beginning of the War between the States he was a student of the Military Institute of Tuscaloosa. In the fall of 1861 he returned to his parents' home, in Okolona, Miss., and enlisted in the 41st Mississippi Regiment. He was appointed first lieutenant, and became captain by succession. At the close of the war he was the only officer with ten of his company who survived. He missed but one of the many engagements in which his command took part, and that was while he was at home suffering from a dangerous wound received in the battle of Chickamauga. He was a stanch admirer of his great leader, Gen. J. E. Johnston, and his own brigadier, Tucker, of Okolona.

For two years he was Commander of the First Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. At the Memphis Reunion he acted as General in command *pro tem* of the Division; also at the State Reunion Oklahoma Division in Chickasha, Okla., in August, 1909, General Cross being ill each time.

He was fittingly called a "gentleman of the old school," was respected and loved for his fine character, upright life, and stainless record. Brave as a soldier, unflinching in duty, he met suffering with patience and was unafraid of death.

The angel messenger came to him in pity for his pain, and God in his tender love took the frail body home to the beautiful city not made with hands. In the midst of loved ones and friends, with the fragrance of flowers, sweet memorial services, and solemn strains of music, we laid him away in his suit of gray, with his veteran friends of David Hammond Camp, Oklahoma City, as pallbearers. He answered the last "roll call" with the "peace that passeth all understanding."

DR. GEORGE H. BAILEY.

Dr. Bailey was a native of Georgia, but when a child moved with his family to California, where he lived in several places, finally settling in Anaheim, where he resided at intervals till his death, on August 4, 1909. He was the victim of asthma, and traveled much to seek relief.

He was a graduate of Tulane University, New Orleans, and he had just received his medical diploma at this university when he enlisted as surgeon in the Confederate army. For bravery displayed in the battle of Sabine Pass he was voted the "freedom of the State" by the Texas Legislature, and he was presented with a medal of honor and a sword by General Magruder. The battle of Sabine Pass ranks high in Texas history, and its schoolbooks contain the photograph of Dr. Bailey and a sketch of his life. Dr. Bailey was a noble man, and his loss will be deeply felt. His wife and family of five children were with him at the time of his death.

GEN PAUL A. FUSZ.

Paul Fusz was born of distinguished parentage in 1847 at Hericourt, France; and died at St. Louis, Mo., in March, 1910. When a child of six the family moved to St. Louis, and Paul grew up with an intense love of the South, which he felt was more his country than his fatherland, France.

He was in the employ of the firm of Chouteau, Harrison & Valle when the war began, and with two comrades, lads like



GEN. PAUL A. FUSZ.

himself, he ran away and joined the Southern army. Young Butts and Paul Fusz were captured while smuggling quinine and some valuable papers to the Confederates, and rather than allow the papers to be taken the boys chewed them up. Butts was hanged, but Fusz, on account of his youth, was sent to prison at Jefferson City. It is said that Abraham Lincoln's last official act was to pardon this young soldier.

At the end of the war Fusz returned to his old employers at St. Louis, and won rapid promotion. In the nineties he became connected with mining in Montana, and made that State his home. He was deeply interested in everything that pertained to the veterans or Daughters of the Confederacy, was active in forming Camps and in the promotion of their interests, and for some years was at the head of the State U. C. V. The M. A. E. McLure and Winnie Davis Chapters, U. D. C., and the N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederate Veterans passed beautiful resolutions of admiration and respect.

CAPT. R. W. ROBERTSON.

Capt. R. W. Robertson died at Cooper, Tex., February 11, 1910, after a brief illness. He was born at Huntsville, Ala., in December, 1836, and entered the Confederate army from Alabama, serving the four years of the war. He was promoted to captain through meritorious service. After the war he went to Texas, and lived at various points in that State teaching school. He educated many men who became prominent in business affairs. Later on he lived in Cooper, Tex., where he ran a most popular hotel. Captain Robertson had been Commander of Ector Camp, U. C. V., at Cooper, and among his people held other positions of trust and responsibility. He was a true friend and a generous-spirited citizen. His widow survives him with a number of grown sons and daughters. "Uncle Bob," as he was familiarly called, was an old-timer full of reminiscences and good cheer.

Col. William Wallace Lumpkin.

Col. William Lumpkin, the eminent soldier, lawyer, and politician, died in Columbia, S. C., in March, 1910. He was born in Oglethorpe County, Ga., in 1849. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in Company D, 3d Georgia Cavalry, General Reynolds's brigade of Wheeler's Division, and was distinguished for his bravery. Once when General Reynolds needed a courier to send where danger was greatest he called for a volunteer, and accepted the offer of young Lumpkin, though he told him the great peril in attempting the deed.

After the war he took a prominent place among the legal lights of Columbia, and till his death was attorney for the Georgia Railroad, and for years he was connected with the railroad interests of Milledgeville, being President of the Capital City Railway. He was closely identified with the



COL. W. W. LUMPKIN.

secret fraternities, belonging prominently to several. He was a gentleman of the old Southern school, and his charm and courtesy of manner, especially to women, won him the admiration of all who were so fortunate as to know him. He leaves three daughters and four sons. The sons, at his request, were his pallbearers.

Deaths in Mildred Lee Camp, Sherman, Tex.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, of Sherman, Tex., sends this list of the members of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., who died during 1909: Joe Logsden, Company C, 9th Texas Infantry; Thomas W. Bell, 15th Mississippi Cavalry; J. L. Hodges; W. C. Lemmon, honorary member; C. A. Andrews; T. J. Crooks; Dr. P. S. Ellis, Mississippi Infantry; B. T. Roe; W. P. King, Bragg's army; E. F. Mathews.

Deaths at Demopolis, Ala.

Deaths occurring in the Camp at Demopolis, Ala., this year are: Col. G. A. Cornish, R. A. Charlton, R. P. Allen, and Gazus Whitfield

Louis C. Kneisley.

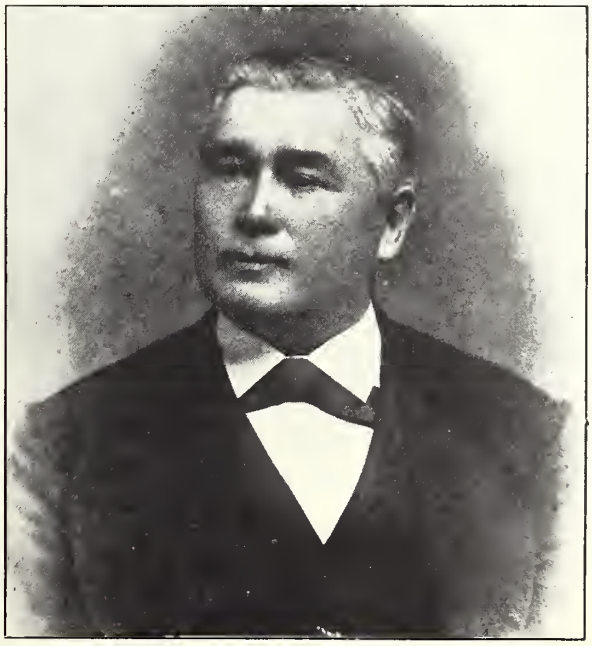
L. C. Kneisley died at his home, in Woodstock, Va., in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a member of Company F, 10th Virginia Infantry, and no braver or more gallant soldier than he was in the command. He at all times was ready to render assistance to his comrades whenever it was possible, and through his exertions many sick soldiers were sent to their homes instead of to army hospitals. He was kind to the poor, and was ever ready to relieve distress of any kind. He was stanch in his opinions, and was always ready to espouse the cause which he considered right. For years he had been a member of the Lutheran Church. He is survived by his widow, three sons, and four daughters. Funeral services were conducted at the Lutheran church by Dr. L. L. Smith, of Strasburg, and Dr. P. D. Stephenson, of Woodstock.

Henry Sulter.

Henry Sulter, of Savannah, Ga., member of Lafayette McLaws Camp, U. C. V., died February 24, 1910, after a short illness. He was born October 10, 1824, at Huntebruck, Germany. Like Christopher Columbus, he ran away from home at the age of fourteen and went to sea. He pursued this occupation for several years, visiting most parts of the world, even the savage cannibal islands of the Pacific. During the gold fever he went to California, afterwards pursuing gold-mining in Australia. He lived in the North for a short while, but fifty-two years ago settled in Savannah.

When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the German Volunteers, but had not been in active service when blockade runners were called for. Then on account of his long seafaring experience he became valuable to his adopted country in this way. Among the vessels with which he ran the blockade were the Lida, of which he was captain and owner, and the Mary Baker. He was captured four times during the war. At the end of the war he was penniless, but bravely began life over again in a business way.

He was a good citizen, a good husband and father. He did good to all. He sleeps in God's acre with the laurel



HENRY SULTER, SAVANNAH.

wreath of the Daughters of the Confederacy over his quiet heart—the noble crown of a noble life.

JOSEPH GROVES.

Joseph Groves was born near Luray, Page County, Va., January 14, 1842; and died at his home, in Mound City, Mo., in February, 1909. His parents were natives of Virginia. He was reared on a farm and educated in a home school. When war came he enlisted and served about four years in the Confederate army with an artillery company in Pegram's Battalion of Hill's Corps, participating in nearly all of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, some notable ones being Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the siege of Petersburg. His battery fired the first shot in the battle of Gettysburg. He served until the close of the war. He engaged at once in farming in his native county; but in the fall of 1867 he removed to Hancock County, Ill., and in 1869 to Forest City, Mo., where he engaged in business for some years. He then removed to Mound City in 1883, since when he had been in mercantile business, in farming, and in stock-raising. He was married in 1871 to Miss Cora Whobrey, and to them were born nine children. He was a good man in the fullest sense, and died as he had lived, a courageous Christian gentleman.

W. R. HAZLEWOOD.

Adjt. W. R. Hazlewood was born September 16, 1829, in Virginia; and died November 24, 1909, in Vernon, Tex., in his eighty-first year. Early in the War between the States he enlisted in Company D, 20th Tennessee Infantry, and served faithfully to the close of the war. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, for many years, and lived worthily—a good citizen, an honorable soldier, and a lovable Christian gentleman. He was Adjutant of Camp Cabell, No. 125, U. C. V., and took great interest in the cause for which it stood.

[Sketch by L. H. Stalcup, Adjutant Camp Cabell, No. 125, U. C. V., Vernon, Tex.]

CURTIS.—James H. Curtis was born in Putnam County, Tenn., January 8, 1842; and died in Fort Worth, Tex., December 27, 1909. He volunteered while in his teens, entering the 25th Tennessee Regiment, under Colonel Stanley, and by his fearlessness and gallantry won rapid promotion, being made captain before he was twenty. He was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and was in the surrender at Appomattox. The R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, passed suitable resolutions on the death of Captain Curtis.

WARNER.—Austin Warner was born in Newtown, Conn., in 1837; and died in Vicksburg in February, 1910. He entered the Confederate army in the Kentucky sixty days' expedition under Col. W. A. Percy, and later served faithfully with the 28th Mississippi Regiment. He was in business first with George C. Kress, which laid the foundation of the present prosperous business firm of the Warner-Searles Company. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

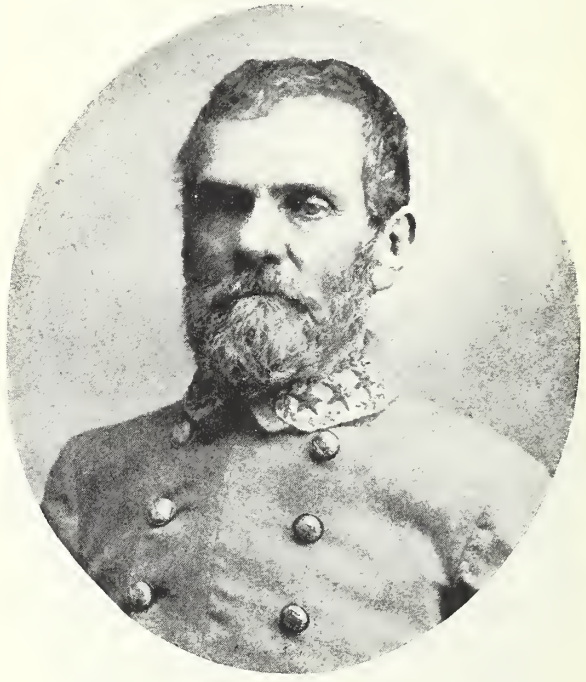
STEWART.—George W. Stewart died in Nashville, Tenn., in March, 1910. In 1861 he joined Company B on its organization, he having served during the entire war in the Tennessee Light Artillery. He was in the battles of Mill Spring, Iuka, Shiloh, Corinth, Missionary Ridge, and Nashville, and was a prisoner at Camp Douglas.

BROWN.—W. F. Brown died at his home, near Water Valley, Ky., on December 17, 1909, aged sixty-nine years. He served the Confederacy faithfully as a member of the 12th Kentucky Regiment. His wife, four sons, and two daughters were left to mourn the passing of a devoted husband and father.

SID S. JOHNSON.

Sidney Smith Johnson was born in Choctaw County, Miss., April 19, 1840. His father moved to Texas and settled in Cherokee County in 1849, and came to Tyler in 1854. He died in Tyler, Tex., January 26, 1910, and was buried by his old comrades in Oakwood Cemetery, where his body will remain until the "roll is called up yonder."

On June 9, 1861, young Johnson enlisted at Tyler in Capt. D. Y. Gaines's company, K, 3d Texas Cavalry, and was elected third lieutenant of this company. After twelve months' service, he was elected captain, and served with this rank until the close of the war. He was in many of the fierce battles



CAPT. SID S. JOHNSON.

for which Forrest's Cavalry was noted. He was severely wounded at Lovejoy Station, and at other times received slight wounds. In the latter part of 1864 he campaigned in Tennessee under General Forrest, and finally closed a worthy and gallant career as a soldier in the spring of 1865. When the war ended, his company disbanded without surrender.

He returned to his old home, and on October 15, 1867, he was married to Miss Zelda Smith, daughter of Dr. L. W. Smith. To this union was born eight children, seven of whom survive him. The eldest son, Sidney S. Johnson, Jr., is a leading lawyer and Mayor of the city of Tillamook, Oregon. The other children live in Texas.

[Sketch by John F. Haden, Commander Albert Sidney Johnston Camp (No. 48, U. C. V.), Tyler, Tex.]

CHARLES B. MARTIN.

Charles Barclay Martin was born in Augusta, Ga., in December, 1838; and died February 28, 1910, at his home, in Shubuta, Miss. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company A, 1st Battalion Georgia Volunteers, from April, 1861, to February, 1862; he then reënlisted in Company A, 1st Georgia Regiment, and served until the surrender in 1865. He was at the Pensacola Navy Yard in 1861, and went with the detachment to Santa Rosa Island in October of that year, when the camp, commissary, and quartermaster's buildings of Billy Wilson's Zouaves were burned. He took

part in the bombardment of November 22 and 23, 1861, and was transferred to Mobile, Ala., in February, 1862. He was chief clerk in the Department of the Gulf until April, 1863, when he was relieved on account of ill health, and rejoined his command at Fort Gaines, Ala. He was made post clerk, and served in that capacity until March, 1864, when he was ordered to Dalton, Ga., and attached to the brigade of General Stevens, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and served as brigade clerk until General Stevens was killed at Peachtree Creek July 20, 1864.

On the 22d of July he was detailed to serve as sergeant major of the regiment. Major General Walker was killed that day, and Colonel Smith wounded in both shoulders. After the battle, the division was broken up and the brigade assigned to other commands, theirs going to the division of Maj. Gen. William B. Bate, Cheatham's Corps, and with it he served in the battles of the 28th of July, Jonesboro, Ga., Franklin, Tenn., second battle of Murfreesboro, and at Nashville. He was then transferred to Clayton's Division, and was with that command at Bentonville, N. C., and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, making his entire time of service four years and sixteen days, during which time he never received a wound, though much in action with the regiment.

Comrade Martin was a member of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, of Mobile, Ala., and anticipated much pleasure in meeting old comrades during the Reunion. He had in manuscript his "Memoirs of the War between the States." He was twice married—first to Miss Anna America Japlin at Macon, Ga., in 1859, who, with the younger of their two children, died in February, 1865, while he was at the front. His second wife was Miss Mary Jane Patton, of Shubuta, Miss., who survives him with two sons and a daughter.



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES B. MARTIN.



MRS. LILLIAN WARING OMOHUNDRO.

Mrs. Lillian Waring Omohundro, born and reared in Little Rock, Ark., was the only daughter of the late Charles W. Waring, a native Virginian, who served in Company F, 2d Kentucky Regiment, of which John H. Morgan was first colonel, and which regiment acted as part of the escort of President Davis to within a short time of his capture.

Of the many beautiful tributes to the life and character of this lovely woman, that from her pastor, Dr. McVoy, most fittingly describes her. He said: "She is one of the finest characters I ever knew, beautiful in every way. I am a better man for having known her. Her beautiful life, her cheerfulness, her noble Christian spirit will ever live in my memory as a sweet benediction." The President of her Chapter, U. D. C., pays fine tribute in expressing the loss to her home and friends in the passing of this lovely spirit. She was a loyal member of the Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., of Little Rock. Most appropriate to her are the words of the old song:

"She died in beauty like a rose blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty like a pearl dropped from some diadem;
She lives in glory like bright gems set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory like the sun amid the bloom of June."

POWELL.—Hugh Lee Powell was born in Leesburg, Va., in July, 1839; and died February 6, 1910. He was a member of

the Richmond Howitzers, where his personal bravery and nobility of character won him the admiration of all and the love of many. He was in the Loudon National Bank for years, and he leaves to his wife and three children the heritage of an unsullied name. Clinton Hatcher Camp, Leesburg, of which he was a member, passed fitting resolutions of respect to his memory.

CAPT. GEORGE STUART.

Captain Stuart died in Tularosa, Mex., on January 30, 1910, aged seventy-two years. He was born at the Stuart homestead, near old Newport, Tenn., and the greater part of his life was spent there. His ancestors were closely identified with the early days of Tennessee. He was educated at Anderson Academy, and finished his school life just before the war. He enlisted in Company C, 26th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. John M. Lillard, and took part in the battle of Fort Donelson, where most of the regiment were captured and confined for months in prison, being exchanged at Vicksburg. He was in the battle of Murfreesboro, where he took command of his company on the death of his captain. He was at Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Franklin, and Nashville, and surrendered at Bentonville, N. C., in April, 1865. He leaves a wife and four children.

HAMMETT.—Hon. James D. Hammett, a former member of the Georgia Legislature and an old Confederate, died at Lagrange, Ga., in February, 1910. He served throughout the entire war in the 41st Georgia Regiment, which lost a large per cent of its number in killed and wounded. He was a self-made man, of great industry, of a bright, strong mind and wonderful will power.

WHITE.—John A. White, Sr., was a native of Louisiana, where his entire life was spent practically in one parish, save the four years of the war, in which he bravely battled for his country, being a member of the 27th Louisiana Regiment. Mr. White was a devoted member of the S. E. Hunter Camp, U. C. V., and he leaves a large family of children and grandchildren.

DAVIDSON.—L. W. Davidson, a gallant Confederate soldier of Nashville, Tenn., died at the home of his daughter, in Cocoa, Fla., in February, 1910. He was born in Bedford County in November, 1829. He is survived by his wife and two children.

ROBERTS.—Gen. W. P. Roberts, of Gatesville, Va., who was said to have been the youngest brigadier general in the Confederate army, died at Norfolk, Va., in March, 1910. General Roberts was sixty-nine years old at his death, and was brigadier general when only twenty-three.

COLLUM.—John Collum, a member of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., died at Tilton, Ga., in March, 1910. He was a member of Company H, 2d Georgia Regiment.

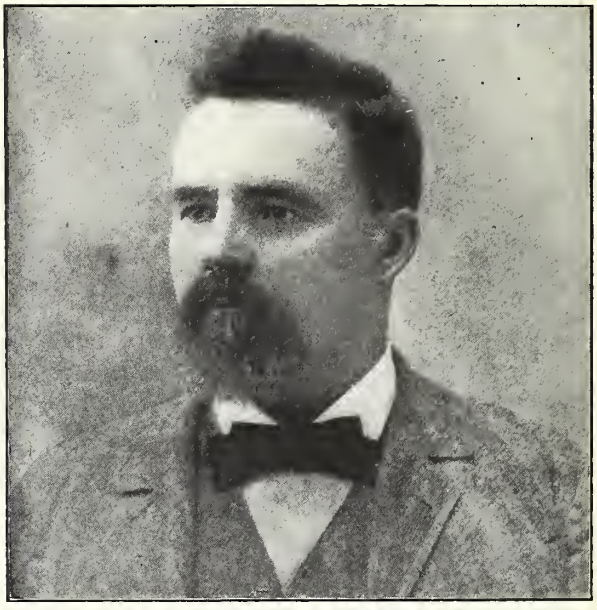
BAKER.—Thomas Baker died at Piney, four miles from Dickson, Tenn., in February, 1910. He was a brave Confederate soldier and a true nobleman.

SMITH.—J. C. Smith, a Confederate soldier aged seventy, died at the Soldiers' Home, Beauvoir, Miss., in March, 1910, and was buried at Meridian, Miss.

FRANKLIN.—S. C. Franklin, who served throughout the war in the 2d Tennessee Cavalry, died in Nashville, Tenn., in March, 1910, aged sixty-eight years. He was a native of Davidson County.

COL. DUDLEY EVANS.

Dudley Evans was born in Morgantown, W. Va.; and died in a hospital in New York in March, 1910, aged seventy-two years. He graduated from Washington College, soon after which he entered the Confederate service, enlisting in the 1st Virginia Infantry. He was made captain in 1863, and took an honorable part in all the battles engaged in by his company, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel and placed in charge of the 20th Virginia Cavalry. After the war he served two terms in the Virginia Legislature. He became connected with the Wells-Fargo Express Company in 1886, and was the head of the company at the time of his death.



SAMUEL IRWIN BRYAN.

Samuel I. Bryan was born on the Durasno Plantation, Perry's Landing, Tex., in September, 1844; and died in Houston, Tex., on December 6, 1909.

When only seventeen he joined Terry's Texas Rangers, and served the South loyally while the war lasted. He was with the Army of Tennessee from Shiloh to the fall of Missionary Ridge, being under Gen. A. S. Johnston at Shiloh and General Bragg for the rest of the war, save the last few months, when he was with the regiment of Col. R. R. Brown in Texas. He never lost a day from duty while in service, and never missed a reunion of Terry's Texas Rangers. Since the war he has lived on his plantation, taking close interest in all that pertained to the good of his State and the advancement of the U. C. V. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

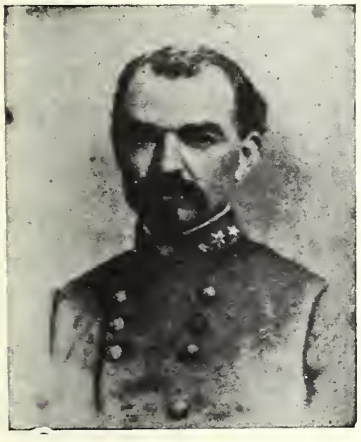
STOCKTON.—Joseph Stockton was born in Franklin County, Ala.; and died in Belmont, Miss., aged between sixty and seventy years. He belonged to Company C, 2d Mississippi Infantry, commanded by J. M. Stone, afterwards Governor of Mississippi. Joseph Stockton entered the ministry after the war, and did much good in his journeys through the State.

HOLMAN.—Col. J. H. Holman, a prominent member of the Tennessee bar and a leader in the prohibition movement of the State, died in Fayetteville in March, 1910, aged seventy-four years. He was lieutenant in the United States army, but resigned, and was elected lieutenant colonel in Col. Peter Turney's 1st Regiment of Tennessee in 1861. He was engaged in raising a regiment near Winchester when he was captured, and remained nearly the rest of the war in prison.

Gen. Samuel Gibbs French.

Maj. Gen. S. G. French was born in Gloucester County, N. J., November 22, 1818. He graduated at Burlington, N. J., and at the West Point Military Academy in June, 1843. He served in the United States army until 1856, when he resigned with the rank of captain. He served in the Mexican War, was wounded about the time that Col. Jefferson Davis was, and the two were carried from the field of battle in the same ambulance. He was twice married—first to Miss Matilda Roberts, of Natchez, Miss., and afterwards to Miss Mary F. Abercrombie, of Alabama. After his resignation from the army, he became a cotton planter, and lived at Greenville, Miss.

In 1861 he volunteered to serve in the ordnance department of Mississippi before enlisting in the Confederate service. He was commissioned as brigadier general C. S. A. October 23, 1861, and as major general August 31, 1862. His service was in the Army of Northern Virginia from October, 1861, to June, 1863. In June, 1863, he was sent to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then in Mississippi, and he served in the Army of Tennessee thereafter, always acquitting himself with honored distinction. He particularly distinguished himself in the battle of Allatoona, Ga., and was valiant at all times.



GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

General French wrote "Two Wars," published by the Veteran, which will ever stand high test as one of the most interesting war histories of the country. His account of battles and campaigns in Mexico furnishes all that the student of history may care for of that war, and then as a faithful Confederate officer his history is valuable, especially in regard to the armies he served with.

He was a ripe scholar and gifted in beautiful descriptions. In an address upon "The Unknown Confederate Dead" General French illustrated his high qualities of head and heart:

"When the war ended, the Federal government with commendable zeal very humanely collected most of their dead and removed the remains to their beautiful cemeteries, and there keep green the sod and fresh the flowers on their graves.

"There was no Confederate government to collect and care for the remains of the Confederate dead. Along the banks of the Father of Waters for more than a thousand miles the inhabitants tread unawares over the unknown graves of those who battled for the South. Along the shores of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and the James waves the golden harvest on soil enriched by their blood and moldering dust. From the capes of the Chesapeake adown the stormy Atlantic, and trending around the Gulf, rest thousands of our dead; or, going to the heights of Allatoona, to Lookout's lofty peak, or Kennesaw Mountain's top, you may seek in vain where the dead rest. Time, with the relentless forces of the elements, has obliterated all traces of their graves from human eye; they are known only to Him who can tell where Moses sleeps in 'a vale in the land of Moab.' So the forgotten are not forgot; the Hand that made the thunder's home comes down every spring and paints with bright colors the little wild flowers that grow over their resting places, and they are bright on Decoration Day. The rosy morn announces first to them that the night is gone; and when the day is past and the landscape veiled with evening's shade, high on the mountain's top the last rays of the setting sun lovingly linger longest, loath to leave the lonely place where the bright-eyed children of the Confederacy rest in death."

General French died at Florala, Ala., April 20, 1910, and was buried at Pensacola, Fla., April 22, which city had been his winter home for many years.

Mrs. W. M. Gentry.

The Veteran for February, 1910, page 90, contained sketches of Dr. W. M. Gentry and his daughter, Miss Susie Gentry, with the singular omission of any reference to the wife and mother. This early mention of the death of Mrs. Gentry causes reproach for the oversight. Mrs. Gentry was a daughter of Mr. John R. Jones, an old-time aristocrat, and a younger sister of Mrs. Baxter, who was the mother of several eminent Tennesseeans. She was the leader in Hermitage Association work and enthusiastic in many public enterprises, while ever giving all due attention to the home.

Mrs. Gentry was a practical and charmingly gracious woman. A few years ago she became partially paralyzed, which affliction confined her to her home, where her grace and gentleness became more and more conspicuous. Instead of murmuring at what appeared a misfortune, it seemed to inspire her to gentler and better thoughts. All who had the privilege of associating with her will ever cherish the blessings of her example. The only child, Miss Susie, will miss her; but in this affliction, which has confined him to his home for several years also, Dr. Gentry deserves the greater sympathy in his loss, however much he may feast upon the memory of the blessing she was to him for many years.

Gustavus V. Shipp.

Resolutions of sympathy with the Past Commander of Camp Joseph F Shipp were adopted by N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, Tenn., on the death of his father, Gustavus V. Shipp, at Washington, Ga., on October 13, 1909. Mr. Shipp was in the ninetieth year of his age. He had served in the Seminole War in Florida in 1835 and assisted in the removal of the Cherokees from North Georgia and Tennessee to the Indian Territory in 1838. He was a member of Company H, 42d Georgia Regiment of Infantry, in the Confederate army, and served with it until the close of the war. He was in that celebrated charge on July 22, 1864, at Atlanta, where this regiment captured a battery of guns, and he was also in that awful battle of Franklin, in which the troops of the Western Army, in the dying struggle of the South, left on the pages of history a record to which the people of the United States can look with pride as illustrating the highest type of American courage.

In his going Mr. Shipp leaves not only his immediate family but many friends to mourn his departure. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Joseph F. Shipp, of Chattanooga; Mrs. G. A. Lane, of Woodbury, Ga.; Mrs. John B. Webb, of College Park, Ga.; and James H. Shipp, of Wilkes County, Ga.

While the Last Roll space in this issue of the Veteran is longer than any previous issue, there are many yet waiting. In sending notices be very brief.

BURIAL PLACES OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

In reply to requests by the VETERAN for information as to the burial places of Confedcrate generals, one or two communications only have been received. This is a matter of great importance, and the needed data should be sent in wherever possible.

The following is the list as received up to date:

Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer was buried in the old City Cemetery, and Gen. George Maney in the Mount Olivet Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn.

Gen. Ben Hardee Helm, killed in the battle of Chickamauga, lies at Helm Place, Elizabethtown, Ky.

Gen. Leonidas Polk, killed by a cannon ball on Lost Mountain, near Marietta, Ga., is buried under the Episcopal church, Augusta, Ga.

Gen. M. W. Gary is buried at Cokesbury, S. C.

Brig. Gen. Richard Waterhouse lies in Jefferson, Marion County, Tex.

Maj. Gen. W. W. Loring is buried in St. Augustine, Fla., and the little Children of the Confederacy named in his honor have the grave in charge.

Gen. E. Kirby Smith lies in Sewanee, Tenn.

Brig. Gen. J. J. Finley is buried in Gainesville, Fla. One of the U. D. C. Chapters of that city is named for him.

Brig. Gen. Joseph Finnigan is buried in Fernandina, Fla.

Gen. Patten Anderson is buried in Kentucky. There is a U. D. C. Chapter in Palatka, Fla., named in his honor.

Brig. Gen. F. A. Shoup is buried at Sewanee, Tenn.

This list is published with the hope that many other names can be added in early issues.

PRESIDENT ST. LOUIS STREET RAILWAY CO.

Thousands of VETERAN readers enjoyed "Reminiscences of Reconstruction," by Capt. Robert McCulloch, in the issue for September, 1904, pages 427-429. There was given in that connection a brief sketch of his service in the war and his career in business.

His parents were reared in Virginia, but moved to Missouri, and were married there. They died early, and their three small children, Robert and two daughters, were sent back to Virginia, where they were reared and educated.

Robert McCulloch was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in 1861, and with the corps of cadets was ordered to Richmond in April of that year by Governor Letcher as a drillmaster. He continued in this performance of duty until July, when the corps of cadets was disbanded by the Governor, and they soon scattered throughout the entire Southern army. McCulloch went from Richmond to Winchester with the 11th Georgia, arriving there July 19, as Johnston's army was on the march to Beauregard's help at Manassas. He left the Georgia regiment and fell into the ranks of a Rockbridge company of the 4th Virginia Infantry, of Jackson's Brigade, and served through the battle of Sunday, July 21, the day that Jackson gained the *sobriquet* of "Stonewall."

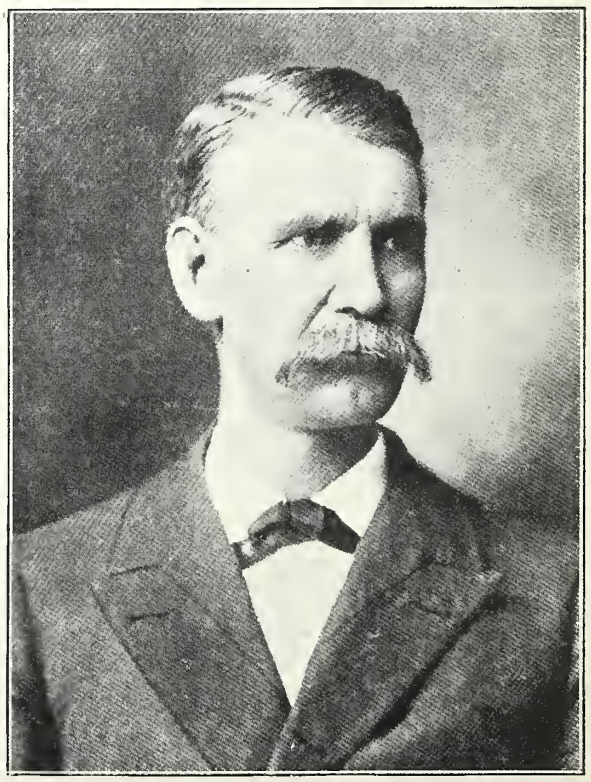
In the last hour of the battle fresh troops came on the field, and he fell into the ranks of Company B, 18th Virginia Infantry, continuing the fight with them, and was wounded. He remained with this regiment throughout the war. He served as private, lieutenant, adjutant, and captain of Company B. He was several times wounded: at First Manassas, the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Second Manassas, and twice at Gettysburg, when in command of his company, and where each member of the company was struck by a bullet. The 18th Virginia served in Garnett's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, at Gettysburg on July 3.

Captain McCulloch married Miss Emma Paxton, of Rockbridge, and they moved West soon after the war, stopping in St. Louis. After a year he engaged in the street railway business, which he has continued to the present time.

Captain McCulloch's career in street railway service is extraordinary. Soon after he engaged in it he had charge of a line that ran a dozen cars, and there were almost a score of street railway corporations in St. Louis. Consolidations were inaugurated, and he maintained a prominent position, but left St. Louis for a preferable place in street railroad service in Chicago. He went from St. Louis the night he gave up his official relations there, and the next morning went to work in his new field in Chicago. After four years and seven months, he was induced to return to St. Louis as the Vice President and General Manager of the St. Louis Transit Company, comprising all the street railway lines in the city except what is known as the Suburban Railway. Captain McCulloch is an ardent business man. He never lost a day in the changes in going to Chicago and back to St. Louis.

He is a practical street railroad man, having experience in every feature of construction and operation. There are about three hundred and fifty miles of single track, nearly two hundred miles of street occupied, one thousand cars are in constant use, and about four thousand conductors and motormen.

This St. Louis Transit Company is capitalized at $65,000,000. Its stock and bonds are $100,000,000 When the great consolidation was perfected through Brown Brothers, they did not succeed until Captain McCulloch was recalled from Chicago. St. Louis was very much concerned about transporting visitors to the Fair, and McCulloch was believed to be capa-



CAPT. ROBERT M'CULLOCH.

ble of achieving the results desired. The great test came on opening day, and a St. Louis paper in a comment said: "The signal success of the Fair opening was the service of the Transit Company. The arrangements were as nearly perfect as human arrangements could be. One certainly never would have thought there were so many street cars in the world as the Transit Company had in service. The cars did not move very fast, but they kept moving all the time, and the people were content to take their time. The crowds returning home in the evening, to all sections of the city, were carried in the quickest possible fashion. There was not a point at which the Transit Company's preparations failed, and it 'saved the day.' The Transit Company was supposed to be the weak spot in the situation. It was the strong spot. Its preparedness in every detail helped out all the other transportation systems and made the handling of two hundred thousand to and from one point at one time, and all other passenger service as well, a marvel of smoothness and comfort. This matter of passenger service to the Fair was the one thing that worried the men who have the city's and the Fair's interest most at heart. President Francis wrote Captain McCulloch hearty congratulations upon the success of the street car service."

In reporting Captain McCulloch's election as President a St. Louis daily paper said:

"Capt. Robert McCulloch was elected President of the United Railways Company, to succeed John I. Beggs, yesterday. Richard McCulloch was chosen Vice President, to succeed Captain McCulloch in that office. * * *

"Capt. Robert McCulloch has outlined in a general way his plans for the conduct of the United Railways Company: 'I intend to improve the system in every way possible. I want to make it not only as good but better than any. As General Manager of the company I have really been the executive officer of the company. The work of improvement begun last year and on which we expended about a million dollars will be pushed as rapidly as finances will permit. We expect to expend at least $2,000,000 during 1909 on new tracks and cars. And that will by no means complete the work for betterment. It will go on for several years. I am satisfied with the test we have given the pay-as-you-enter cars, and these shall be made general throughout the city. But the cars we propose to build will eliminate any disadvantages the present cars may have. They will have larger platforms back and front to avoid crowding and enable us to put into effect our original plan of permitting smoking only on the front platforms.'

"Captain McCulloch, who succeeds from nominal to actual head of a street railway system embracing four hundred and fifty-six miles of track, is a native of Missouri, born September 15, 1841. He was taken when an infant to Rockbridge County, Va., where he spent his early years, attending the Virginia Military Institute, from which he entered the Confederate army, serving with distinction, being wounded in several of the great battles of the war, twice while taking part in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. He came to St. Louis in 1869, entering the service of the Bellefontaine Railway Company. He began at the bottom, and has performed every duty connected with horse, cable, and electric railways, having been in the service continuously for nearly forty years.

"All of this time he has been a resident of St. Louis, except for a few years, when he was General Manager of the Chicago City Railway Company. He returned to St. Louis in 1904. His salary as General Manager of the United Railways is said to have been $15,000 a year. As President he will draw in the neighborhood of $25,000, it is said.

"Neither Captain McCulloch nor his son would state what the policy of the new management would be with regard to paying the mill-per-passenger tax, under which the United Railways is now indebted to the city for over $1,000,000. It is believed, however, that Captain McCulloch favors paying the tax to avoid further litigation, as he has complied with the law to the extent of making the reports required by the city officials."

The magnitude of the St. Louis Street Railway system is beyond the conception of most people. Its volume of business is exceeded only in the cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston. Its regular service requires about one thousand cars, while several hundred additional are necessary for emergencies and repair opportunities, and the capital required to establish the great system in stock and bonds is quite one hundred millions of dollars. Captain McCulloch is an intense worker. He eats a hearty breakfast very early, and he does not take luncheon nor time for anything from his business until his day's work is ended, and he has not had a day's vacation for years and years.

CALENDAR OF CONFEDERATE PAPERS.

FREDERICK BANCROFT, IN THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

A calendar of Confederate papers with a preliminary report of the Southern Historical Manuscripts Commission, prepared under the direction of the Confederate Memorial Society, has been made by Douglas Southall Freeman, of Richmond.

It would be difficult to speak in terms sufficiently complimentary of the careful and really monumental historical enterprises in the South now actively collecting, arranging, and publishing various kinds of material relating to the Civil War. One should have known the conditions in the Southern capitals a quarter of a century ago to appreciate the truly marvelous changes. And the different persons directing these enterprises are so energetic, intelligent, and ambitious as to convince us that the best fruits are yet to be gathered.

Mr. Freeman's calendar describes in generous detail the collection made by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society prior to September, 1907, and preserved in its fireproof museum in Richmond. Whoever writes Confederate history from the sources will find this orderly and thoroughly modern calendar, supplemented by careful notes, indispensable An instructive introduction tells of future aims as well as of actual achievements, and shows that, while a wide historical horizon is scanned, nearer and minor objects are not overlooked.

Persons who have visited the great battlefields have found Union monuments in serried rank frowning terribly at innumerable and invisible foes where only a smiling, virgin landscape appears. "Where are the memorials of the Confederates?" is often asked by travelers, who forget how much less than a surplus of wealth was left the Southern survivors. Now the South can give the best possible answer: "Come to Richmond, go to Montgomery, go to Jackson, go to New Orleans, and you will see the original of nearly all but living, breathing, dying things at that time—the records, the telegrams, all sorts of public and private manuscripts and printed documents, the arms, the ragged uniforms and tattered flags, the very battered drums and fifes and bugles. This calendar is the historian's Baedeker for Richmond's best memorials of the Confederates.

RING OF GEN. GEORGE B. ANDERSON.

An interesting account of a ring that belonged to Gen. George B. Anderson is reported by Charles C. Doten, of Plymouth, Mass., who was captain in the 38th Massachusetts Regiment. He writes concerning it: "Brig. Gen. George B. Anderson, of North Carolina, was mortally wounded and died on the field at Antietam. Sergt. John Murray Atwood, of Plymouth, Company E, 29th Massachusetts, buried the General and removed from one finger a plain gold ring, which, not knowing how to return, he has kept until the present time. The regiment was at Vicksburg recently. I was there also, and in speaking to this sergeant of my visit to the lines he told me the story; that he had the ring, and would be glad to send it to some one who might value it even at this late day. He thought the General was from Mississippi; so I wrote for him to Capt. W. T. Rigby, of the National Military Park Commission, at Vicksburg, who replied that the officer was from North Carolina. I have traveled a great deal in the South, and number many old Confederates among my personal friends. I love to meet the old Confederate soldiers, for the war taught us mutual respect, and I have yet to clasp hands with one who failed to treat me as a brother. I rejoice that the South is so fast coming to her own again."

In the record of North Carolina troops Gen. George B. Anderson is spoken of as "a remarkable man. He had a handsome figure, was a fine horseman, a splendid tactician, had a clear, musical voice, mild blue-gray eyes, a fine golden beard, long and flowing, and a very commanding presence. His discipline was mild but firm, and his courage and patriotism of the very highest order. He was a firm believer in God and was a devout Churchman."

"HISTORY OF FORREST'S ARTILLERY."

Capt. T. M. Steger, of Nashville, Tenn., writes to Capt. John W. Morton, of Nashville, Tenn.:

"*Dear Captain:* Your work, 'Forrest's Artillery,' is a book full of interesting details, of personal experiences, and of anecdotes. I thank you for the pleasure I have found in it. You have made a valuable contribution to the history of our Civil War. The work shows great industry in the collection of materials.

"It is gratifying now that soldiers on both sides of the great conflict, who did their full duty, can look back upon the thrilling scenes of war free from any feeling of unkindness or resentment, and can feel a just sense of pride in the virtues and good qualities of each other.

"I trust your book will have a large circulation and that others may enjoy the pleasure I have found in it."

"HISTORY OF THE ARTILLERY OF FORREST'S CAVALRY."

The author of this book is greatly indebted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, conducted by his friend and comrade, S. A. Cunningham, for valuable information; to Hon. John Trotwood Moore for many courtesies; to Miss Lillian Kendrick Byrne for appreciative services as stenographer and typewriter in preparing the manuscript; to Miss Mary Hannah Johnson, the able Librarian of Carnegie Library, for courtesies and access to many volumes in the Library; to Miss Nellie Robertson Cannon, in charge of the History Building at Centennial Park, for access to valuable records; to Mrs. Felicia Zollicoffer Bond for valuable aid in advertising the book; and to my good wife, Mrs. John W. Morton, for material aid in its publication.

SEMICENTENNIAL OF THE CONFEDERACY'S ORGANIZATION.—A F. Wood writes from Corsicana, Tex., March 7: "The Confederate States government was organized, as is known, in Montgomery, Ala., in 1861. As 1911 will be fifty years, I suggest that the United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of the Confederate Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and all Confederate organizations hold a united convention in 1911 in the historic city of Montgomery, Ala., at such time as will be most convenient for the people of that city. It would be well to celebrate the semicentennial of the birth of the Confedcracy by a united convention of all the Confederate organizations and make it a cherished occasion to remember as long as we live. Please publish in the VETERAN, so that all lovers of the Confederate cause may have time to think the matter over and be ready to act at the Mobile Reunion."

M'NEEL MARBLE COMPANY, MARIETTA, GA.

The McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga., has become noted as builders of monuments in the South, having more to their credit than almost any other company. Below is a list of the cities in which their monuments may be found, memorials furnished to U. D. C. Chapters, which have cost from $1,200 to $22,500, a majority of which have already been erected. Many letters of thanks have been received by them, and in many cases committees have written that the monuments exceeded their expectations. Their work, their thorough business methods, and their prices have given satisfaction.

Alabama: Jasper, Eufaula, Gadsden, Prattville, Clayton, Russellville, Troy, Jacksonville, Ozark, Demopolis.

Arkansas: Marianna, Eldorado.

Florida: Tampa, Ocala, Lakeland, Madison.

Georgia: Monroe, Washington, Warrenton, Lumpkin, Griffin, Lafayette, Marietta, Carrollton, Cochran, Cedartown, Thomaston, Perry, Hawkinsville, Hartwell, Gainesville, Rome, Eatonton, Sylvania, Moultrie, Monticello, Cartersville, Madison, McDonough, Abbeville, Statesboro, Lawrenceville, Millen, Eastman, Blakely, Tifton.

Louisiana: Shreveport.

North Carolina: Lumberton, Franklin.

South Carolina: Union, Jonesville, Burnettsville, Chester.

Tennessee: Dresden, Union City.

John B. Gordon Monument, Capitol Grounds, Atlanta, Ga.

Hood's Texas Brigade Monument, State Capitol Grounds, Austin, Tex.

They also designed and manufactured the following massive monuments erected in memory of

N. G. Gonzales, Editor of the State, Capitol Grounds, Columbia, S. C.

H. S. Gould, Woodlawn Cemetery, New York City.

Lieut. Thomas M. Brumby, Dewey's flag lieutenant in Manila Bay, Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. Sam P. Jones, Evangelist, Cartersville, Ga.

John P. Shannon, purchased by Masonic Fraternity of State, Elberton, Ga.

David B. Woodruff, purchased by State and United States Lodges Knights of Pythias, Macon, Ga.

The firm writes the VETERAN: "Contracts also received from the following Chapters, U. D. C., and inquiries still coming as result of our advertisement in the VETERAN: Hamilton, Ga.; Opelika, Ala.; Rutherfordton, N. C.; Lenoir, N. C.; Cleveland, Tenn.; Carnesville, Ga."

VETERAN WHO RENDERED FAITHFUL SERVICE.

William J. Willingham entered the Confederate army at the beginning of the war in Company E, 12th Tennessee Infantry, and participated with that regiment in the battles of Belmont, Mo., and Shiloh, Tenn.

At the reorganization of the army in June, 1864, Company E, being composed entirely of Kentuckians, was transferred to the 3d Kentucky Infantry, and became Company L thereof, serving in the infantry until March 15, 1864, when the men



WM. J. WILLINGHAM.

were mounted and assigned to General Forrest's cavalry, with which it served until the end, in May, 1865. That regiment, with the 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky Regiments, constituted the Kentucky brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. This brigade participated thenceforth in all the battles of that command.

In addition to Belmont and Shiloh, Comrade Willingham was in the battles of Bolivar, Davis's Mill, Corinth, Hatchy Bridge, Coffeyville, Champion Hill, Jackson, Vicksburg, Paducah, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Old Tom Creek, the raid into Middle Tennessee during September, 1864, and all the battles incident to Hood's Nashville campaign in the winter of 1864, Lawrenceburg, Shoal Creek, Campbellville, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, Murfreesboro, and in the rear of Hood's Infantry on that fearful retreat.

Comrade Willingham seldom missed a roll call, and never missed a battle. He became first sergeant, and was esteemed by the entire regiment. He attended all the general Reunions, and cherished with felicitous pride the many achievements attained by Forrest's Cavalry.

PROMOTION FOR A CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN.

For forty years Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D.D., has lived and labored in the city of Nashville as pastor of Presbyterian Churches, a minister who served for four years in the Confederate army, first as high private, and then as chaplain of the 49th Tennessee Infantry and of Quarles's Brigade of Tennesseeans. He was in the Army of Tennessee until May 20, 1865, when paroled.

Dr. McNeilly came to Nashville in November, 1867, as pastor of the Woodland Street Presbyterian Church. While there he organized the Moore Memorial Church on Broadway, which he afterwards served for over eleven years, from 1879 to 1890. He then organized Glen Leven Church, which he served for twenty years. Meanwhile he has rendered pastoral service for the First Presbyterian Church at various times when it was without a pastor, so that nearly his entire ministerial life has been spent in Nashville. Recently these four Churches, realizing that Dr. McNeilly is beyond seventy years of age and nearly blind, determined to relieve him of pastoral responsibilities and care for him for the rest of his life; so they made him pastor emeritus of the four Churches, and will provide for his support. Comrade McNeilly has not by any means given up, and hopes his brethren will not hesitate to ask his services whenever needed. Besides, he is always ready to serve his old comrades in any way he can.

A Civil War Enoch Arden.—Mrs. Albert Holly, of Wabash, Ind., last saw her husband when he marched away as a soldier in the Civil War. He was reported killed in battle and she moved to another State, and on his return from the war no trace of her could be found. Several years after she married a Mr. James Stull, who died, leaving her, as she thought, the second time widowed. Lately in the man who was chopping her wood Mrs. Holly recognized her lost soldier husband, and the two are renewing their honeymoon.

GENERAL LEE ON TRAVELER AFTER THE WAR.

At Lexington, Va., 1868.

Photographs from the life-size oil painting by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish. Large size, 20 by 24 inches; price, $3, expressage paid. Smaller size, 12 by 15 inches; price, $2, expressage paid. On best cardboard, ready for framing. Specially appropriate as a gift at any time. Order from the Confederate Veteran.

MT. CLEMENS
Mineral Water Baths

Cure or materially help ninety-five per cent of the thousands of cases of **Rheumatism** and Nervous and Skin Diseases treated here yearly.

Twenty miles from Detroit.

For descriptive booklet, free, write

F. R. EASTMAN
Chamber of Commerce
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

A NEW EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR

Consumption

LUX, a compound in liniment form of cod-liver oil, healing balsams, and alcohol, to be rubbed on chest and back, reaching the seat of the disease by the natural absorbent powers of the skin and its own wonderful, penetrating qualities. Soothes, tones, heals, and invigorates. Don't think our claims extravagant. We have the facts and records of remarkable cures. S. A. Church, 1121 Delachais Street, New Orleans, says: "I used **LUX** for one month, and am completely cured. Gained 12 pounds." Ask your druggist for **LUX**, the new remedy for consumption and all sub-surface inflammations, or send $1 and receive a bottle by registered mail.

ADDRESS

THE LUX COMPANY

Box 507, New Orleans, La.

Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans' UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.

Columbus, Ohio.

PLEASE READ THIS

I am anxious that a copy of **"FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX"** should be in every library. It is a book that will enhance in value as the years go by. Send for a copy of it; read it; if you feel that you cannot afford to buy it, write me; I may suggest a way by which you can own it in spite of this fact.

L. W. HOPKINS
833 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

If troubled with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Mr. W. W. Old, of Norfolk, Va., Van Wyck's Academy of Music Building, needs the numbers for January, February, March, April, May, June, August, and November, 1893, and February, 1895, to complete his file of the VETERAN. Write him in advance of sending copies.

G. A. Strong, Station A, Fort Worth, Tex., inquires of the whereabouts of any member of the family of the Widow Carr, who at the beginning of the war lived in a beautiful mansion near the Mississippi River not far north of Osceola, Ark. The family consisted of Mrs. Carr, her daughter Mollie, and two boys, then young men, one of whom was named William.

Mrs. M. A. Chambers, now in the Confederate Womens' Home at Austin, Tex., has an old silk sash which belonged to her grandfather, Col. Reuben Nash, and worn by him in the War of 1812. It is well preserved, woven of double and twisted silk, and is three and a half yards long. As she is in need, she offers this sash for sale. Mrs. Chambers is a great-great-granddaughter of Gen. Francis Nash, for whom Nashville, Tenn., was named.

C. B. Kingman, of Titusville, Fla., only living son of Capt. A. D. Kingman, quartermaster of the 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery, is anxious to prove his father's war record, and information is asked of any survivors who can furnish this proof. He began his services at Columbus, Ky., in 1861; was at the siege of Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and Memphis; was at Vicksburg, including the battle of Chickasaw Bayou in July, 1863. The officers of the regiment were Col. Andrew Jackson, Lieutenant Colonel Sterlin, and Major Hoadley.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

you can find nothing more pleasing to the people for Memorial Day than my two poems entitled: **"OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD"** and **"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."**

Have them spoken by two young ladies on that day during your exercises. Both of the poems pay a high tribute of praise to the living as well as the dead soldiers. They tell of your gallantry and chivalry during those trying days, and close with beautiful and tender expressions of love and remembrance of those whose graves you will soon decorate with flowers.

They are nicely printed, and both of them will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of $1 money order. Every living veteran should have them. Send NOW. Address

T. R. ARMSTRONG, University Place
Lincoln, Nebr.

Life and Times of C. G. Memminger

Secretary Confederate Treasury Department

By Henry D. Capers, A.M., Ph.D.

Royal Octavo, 690 Pages, Cloth, Sheep, and Morocco

EVERETT, WADDY & CO., Publishers, Richmond, Va.

SECOND EDITION

"A standard work of reference."—American Historical Society.

"Entertaining and instructive."—Grover Cleveland.

"One of the few historical works that will long survive."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

"A noble biography elegantly expressed. A study for the statesman; an encouragement for our youth."—Chancellor Pope, University of South Carolina.

"The South has produced a few works of high literary merit. 'The Life and Times of C. G. Memminger' is among the best of them."—N. Y. Post.

"It is a monument preserving the virtues of a truly great man, more enduring than bronze or marble."—Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

"Permit me to express my grateful acknowledgment of a copy of your admirable biography of Mr. Memminger. It is remarkably accurate in detail, a deserved tribute to manly worth, and an enduring record."—Judah P. Benjamin, The Temple, London, England.

"I commend the 'Life of Mr. Memminger' to our youth as a study, and his character as worthy of emulation. The author, in elegant diction, has preserved for posterity an imperishable record."—Jefferson Davis.

And many others.

Meyer's Military Shop

1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Confederate Goods

Gold button or pin	.90
Rolled plate button or pin	.45
Gold-plated button or pin	.25
Hat pins	.25
Silk flags	5c to $1.50
Belt plates for ladies	.75
Watch charms	$1 to $15.00

Write for illustrated price lists

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act. June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

If troubled with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

There Are Good Reasons for All Things

The question is often asked: "WHY ARE WE THE LARGEST JOBBERS OF DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS IN THE SOUTH AND MIDDLE WEST?"

OUR ANSWER: From the fact we MANUFACTURE IN OUR FIVE LARGE FACTORIES MANY LINES OF GOODS, filling our stock with our own productions and our own exclusive styles, saving our customers the "middleman's" profit and furnishing them with goods at manufacturer's prices that make them "TRADE WINNERS."

We import direct through our customhouse in Louisville all foreign goods, saving our customers the importer's profit.

We carry the LARGEST OPEN STOCKS, thereby giving the largest assortments to select from of any of our competitors, and the best of all is, it is a pleasure to us to be liberal with our trade.

THESE, WE FEEL, ARE GOOD REASONS FOR OUR GROWTH.

Don't fail to send us your mail orders.

"TIGER" BRAND OVERALLS

You do not have to order in bundle lots. You can order sizes as you need them. OUR GUARANTEE: All goods are dyed with pure INDIGO, and all garments will measure as marked. Our overalls are cut fuller than any garment made.

If you will order sample dozen of the "BARCLAY FLYER" OVERALLS, you and your customers will always buy them in the future.

A postal card from you will bring you samples or our salesman.

J. M. Robinson, Norton & Company

INCORPORATED

LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

Confederate Veterans

ATTENTION!

¶ Would you like to earn good money by light, pleasant work? ¶ THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, founded in 1868 by BRET HARTE, wants a few active agents to solicit for subscriptions. ¶ Write for terms and exclusive territory. ¶ Address

Circulation Manager
OVERLAND MONTHLY
773 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.



"IN MEMORIAM"

Confederate Statues in Bronze

We furnish Statues for ALL KINDS of Monuments

Write Us For

Prices, Designs, Etc.

American Bronze Foundry Co.,
73d and Woodlawn Ave. • • Chicago, Ill.

MONUMENTS

Of every description, smallest to the largest, are designed, manufactured, and erected by us, and dot the entire South as witnesses to our claims of

SUPERIOR

DESIGNS, QUALITY, WORKMANSHIP

Why?

Our workmen are experts, "not mere stonecutters."

Our designs are original and executed by our own artists, and our plant the largest and best equipped for handling high-grade work in the South.

ANOTHER REASON

Our prices are reasonable, considering the quality of our work.

With our facilities we can furnish superior work at price of inferior qualities.

FURTHER REASON

From the time our designs and estimates are accepted, we assume all risks and liability until work is erected, assuring perfect construction.

The McNeel Marble Co.

Atlanta Office: 615 Empire Bldg. **MARIETTA, GA.**

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVIII. JUNE, 1910. No. 6.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The Mobile Reunion—New Officers	259–261
United Daughters of the Confederacy	262
Confederated Memorial Association—U. S. C. V. in July	262
Editorial—Practical Suggestions to Patrons	264
Confederate Twins	265
Five Soldier Brothers of the Civil War	266
The South in History. Historical Report U. C. V. Reunion	267–272
Confederate Monuments in Virginia	273
G. A. R. Veterans to Honor Confederates	274
Calhoun Statue in Capitol at Washington	274
Personal Experiences with Robert Toombs	275
The Southron's Farewell to Liberty—Poem	276
Quantrill and His Famous Command	278
Georgia Soldiers' Home	280
Marking Battlefield of Nashville	281
Dudley Ellis McKendree	285
Union Soldier's Gratitude	286
The Last Roll	288–294
Jefferson Davis Home Association	295
Arlington Confederate Monument	297

BACKBONE OF ALL NATIONS

That the backbone or principal strength of all nations is the industry and frugality of their peoples, is a fact that is universally acknowledged. Most Governments encourage to a greater or less degree the habits of economy.

If you would attain the greatest success for yourself financially, save. The wisdom of this plan is unquestioned. $1 opens an account drawing 3% compound interest.

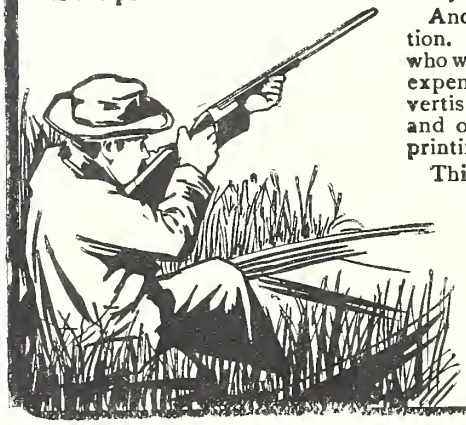
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, - - Nashville, Tenn.

"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS 6 TO 8

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

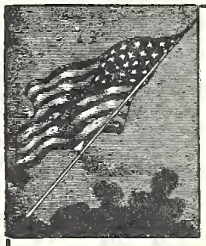
THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI



ORDER Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

so you will have them on Decoration Day. Price, 25 cents each, f. o. b. Franklin, Pa.

William H. Birge
Franklin, Pa.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

WANTED

I desire to purchase volumes I. to VIII., or any one or more of these volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Also volume XIII. (1905). I have the other volumes, and desire to fill out my set. Address, stating price,

R. P. REESE, Pensacola, Fla.

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

DO YOU SMOKE?

Scotch Clays look and smoke like genuine Meerschaums. Color beautifully, and insure a mild, sweet smoke. Sent, postpaid, for 25c. or 3 for 50c. Money back if not satisfactory.

THE ROYAL CO., 203 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

Smart people buy in the big city stores, saving money on all purchases. Greatest variety, lowest prices. Send for circular. Express paid on $5 orders and over. :: ::

MISS K. HASSARD-SHORT
1416 Broadway, New York, Room 714

Furnished with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1910. | No. 6 | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

THE MOBILE REUNION.

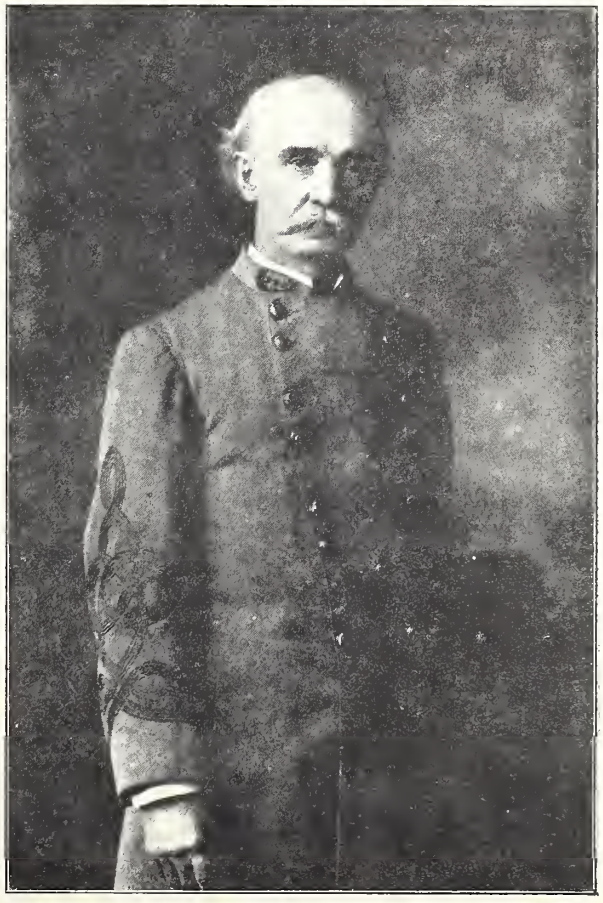
Proceedings of the Mobile Reunion will necessarily be given in continued issues of the VETERAN. The rule prevails, as heretofore, that upon return to their homes unexpected delays occur in forwarding reports which were promised promptly and in good faith.

Mobile made good in the sense of having done as well under the circumstances as any of its predecessors. The population of the city considered and a much larger attendance of veterans than was expected, the success is of distinctive honor, considered with all former Reunions. That there were mistakes by the management was to be expected, especially in the Bureau of Information; but it seems impossible for people in a strange city, and especially those who are not accustomed to city life, to find various headquarters, however well advertised, and many always fail to find places and friends that they expected. Then, there were excessive charges in some instances; but, deliberately considered, hearty praise is given Mobile. The entertainment of veterans excelled, to the delight of a multitude, in some respects any former entertainers.

A word here about excessive charges is given suggestively for the future. Nashville has made it a rule to contract in advance with hotels and boarding houses that no advance on regular prices be allowed, and Nashville committees have seen to actual conformance with such contracts. That should be done in every instance. Of course it is expected that crowding will have to be endured.

The election of officers was considered with unusual anxiety. It was the first time in the history of the great organization that the Commander in Chief was not continued until his death, and such was expected with Gen. Clement A. Evans, who succeeded Gen. Stephen D. Lee. General Evans was thoroughly honored and beloved; but in the winter he had a severe attack of la grippe, and it affected his throat so seriously that it seemed impossible for him to preside over the conventions efficiently; and when his declination to succeed himself was read to the convention, the Association concluded to select a stronger man, and without division the responsibility was placed upon Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, Tenn. General Evans, however, did better than was expected of him under the circumstances.

It is due readers of the VETERAN not perfectly familiar with conditions to state that in selecting a successor to Gen. S. D. Lee there was a question as to rank and propriety between General Evans and Gen. W. L. Cabell, both of whom were Department Commanders; and after a spirited contest between the respective friends of each in the Birmingham Convention two years ago, General Evans was chosen. At Mobile General Evans's friends, ardent for his continuation, objected strenuously to accepting his declination, and General Cabell's warm supporters determined that he should be elected, but he too declined. He was considered too feeble for the arduous service, especially at the conventions; and while he was on the platform nominating General Gordon, Gen. D. K. Morton, of Kansas City, Mo., from his place on the platform interrupted



GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

General Cabell and made a thrilling appeal for "Old Tige." He made a magnetic plea, yet some of General Cabell's friends, anxious for the greatest efficiency, begged him to withdraw his nomination of General Cabell; but he declined to do so except upon General Cabell's request, and, walking to the venerable, faithful veteran and putting his arm upon his shoulder, asked him directly, when General Cabell said in his usual emphatic manner, "I tell you to do it," and General Gordon was chosen without opposition.

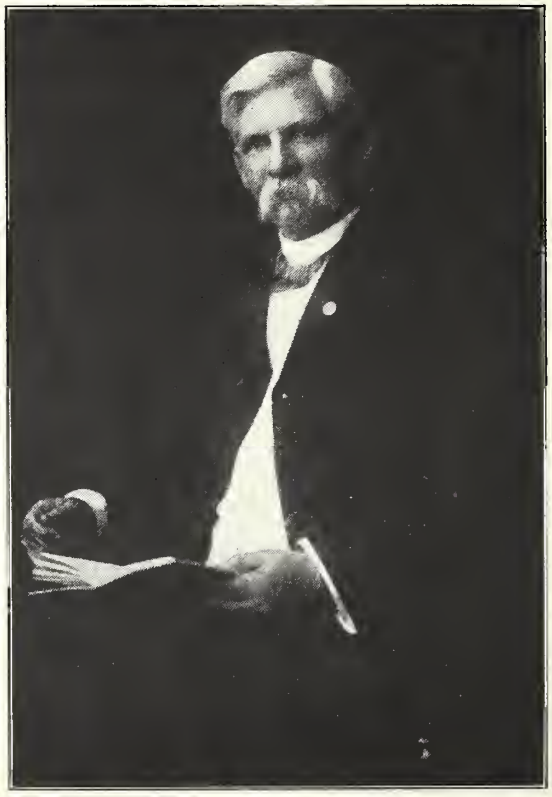
Within five minutes' time there were two scenes in that convention that will ever be memorable. The first was of commotion that recalled the stress and tragedy of war. Old men, forgetting any lapse of years, went rushing among comrades as determined as when boys in battle; but General Cabell stopped it all instantly, the result being the most cordial feeling of comradeship that had existed for years. General Evans had been chosen Honorary Commander for life; and although General Cabell declined any position when his nomination of General Gordon was so cordially approved by a vote of the convention, there was spontaneous expression of making General Cabell Honorary Commander for life, the same distinction as that given to General Evans.

General Gordon's address of acceptance was most happy. He and General Cabell were in prison together through the closing events of the war. General Gordon is the only member in either House of Congress who was a Confederate, and his selection is in all respects appropriate.

General VanZandt, of Texas, was chosen as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. For years he had been anticipated as the successor to General Cabell in event of his retirement or promotion; but he was so attached to his Texas Division that he had discouraged any advocacy of his promotion. The other comrade who was anxiously considered for the command of that department is Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, who commanded that division, and has doubtless done more in a practical way for the success of his State and the general organization than any other comrade. The VETERAN has observed the unstinted zeal and liberality of General Cook for his State and the cause, and any opportunity to give expression is gratifying. He deserves credit second to no other comrade. General Cook saw that if he was nominated it would call forth competition; and he was so anxious for harmony that he was active in dissuading friends from nominating him. Besides, he and VanZandt were close friends.

In this connection quotation is made from one of the most prominent of Confederates in regard to Cook: "The comrades of Gen. Virgil Y. Cook were most gratified to see that he has been completely restored to health. General Cook never appeared better or stronger than at the Mobile Reunion. He is one of the youngest men in the Confederacy; has been most prominent and active in its organization, and has the love and respect of all his comrades not only from the west but from the east of the Mississippi. For a number of years he was Adjutant General of the Arkansas Division, and subsequently commanded that Division. He was active in the State militia and major general of the Arkansas troops. During the Spanish-American War he commanded the 2d Arkansas Regiment, and during that period of service acted as both brigade and division commander. Nearly one hundred per cent of his soldiers in that war were of Confederate stock. General Cook was a thorough soldier, a first-class disciplinarian, thoughtful and kind to his men, and greatly beloved by them. He was active in the management of the University of Arkansas, and was for six years President of the Arkansas Historical Society. He has also served as a member of the State Board of Confederate Pensions. He is now Major General, commanding the Third Division Forrest's Cavalry Corps, U. C. V., comprising Lyon's Kentucky Brigade, Ross's Texas Brigade, McCulloch's Missouri and Arkansas Brigades, Thall's Arkansas Battery, and King's Missouri Battery. He was born in Kentucky in 1848. He was mustered in as a private in Company E, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; was subsequently transferred to the 7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, Forrest's Cavalry, and participated in the battles and campaigns of that command. He was paroled on the 16th of May, 1865. At the close of the war he went to Arkansas and entered business, where he has been very successful. No man east or west of the Mississippi commands a higher degree of confidence and esteem than Gen. V. Y. Cook."

With the same unanimity that VanZandt was elected to the Trans-Mississippi Department Gen. Bennett H. Young was chosen to the command of the Army of Tennessee Department. As less is known of his service in the West than others, his remarkable career in service is here given at length.



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG,
Commander Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

The new Commander of the Army of Tennessee has long held a most prominent place in the work of the association. He first became prominent in the Confederate organization at the Nashville Reunion in 1897. His speech nominating Louisville made a pleasing and lasting impression on his hearers. Louisville lost, but the orator's suggestion of "leading the old Confederates beside the distilled waters" kept that city fresh in the minds of the Veterans; and in 1900, when the Reunion for the first time went to Kentucky, General Gordon declared that General Young had not told half of what Kentucky would do when Confederates pulled her latchstring.

Bennett Young was with Gen. John H. Morgan and was captured in the Ohio raid, and for a brief while was in the Columbus penitentiary. From there he was transferred to Camp Chase and thence to Camp Douglas, Chicago. A portion of the guard at Camp Douglas was comprised of Indians from Michigan, a part of the 21st Michigan Infantry. These guards recklessly emptied their guns into the barracks, and a number of Confederates were killed in their bunks, and at a meeting of the prisoners Bennett Young was chosen to make protest against this outrage. He walked boldly into the office of the commandant and declaimed vigorously against this killing of these helpless prisoners. * * * After an unsuccessful attempt to escape, Young again stood before the commander. He was reminded of his conduct at the former interview, and was given a thirty days' sentence in an underground dungeon. Subsequently he did escape, and made his way into Canada. He ran the blockade at Wilmington under fire.

Upon his return to Richmond in June, 1864, he was promoted and sent out of the Confederacy on secret service. He was in the expedition to Chicago in July, 1864, that undertook the liberation of the eight thousand prisoners in Camp Douglas and which failed by the betrayal of the plans by a spy. He was subsequently ordered to attempt the release of the prisoners at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, where it was proposed to capture the State arsenal and attack the guards of the prison and release the prisoners. This dangerous task was to be undertaken with only twenty men; and when the critical moment arrived, some of the men hesitated and refused to proceed and left the party there in Columbus. Subsequently, under the orders of C. C. Clay, the St. Albans Raid was undertaken and executed. Twenty men captured the town of St. Albans. They took the money from the bank and fired the public buildings. The money was paid over to the Confederate agents in Canada. The United States undertook to extradite the men engaged in the raid. The trial lasted seven months, when the courts of Canada decided that the raiders had acted under the orders of their superiors, and they were released. Young was prosecuted by the British government, charged with organizing an armed force on British soil; but after holding him under a large bond, in December, 1865, seven months after the close of the war, the authorities abandoned the prosecution, admitting that there was no proof to sustain the charge.

The young Kentuckian was excepted under Andrew Johnson's amnesty proclamation, and resided abroad until the middle of 1868, three years after the war. He lived in Canada and England a portion of the time with the family of Gen. John C. Breckinridge. He took honors in the University of Ireland while staying abroad.

After three years the two hundred and fifty persons who were excepted were permitted to return. Young settled in Louisville, Ky., and began the practice of law. His rise in this profession was extraordinary, and at the age of thirty he ranked among the noted jury lawyers of Kentucky.

He wrote the report to the Kentucky Division which suggested the organization of the Kentucky Confederate Home. He was made chairman of the committee to raise funds to purchase the property for the State. He wrote all the legislative acts connected with the Home. He was named first as a trustee of the Home by Governor Beckham and was made president of the organization, which place he has held from the organization of the institution. The Kentucky Home two years ago, with its two hundred and fifty inmates, was pronounced by Federal surgeons to be the most comfortable and best-managed Soldiers' Home in this country. For eight years General Young has been Commander of the Kentucky Division, each time being elected by acclamation. He has gone up through all the grades—Camp Commander, Adjutant General of the Division, Commander of the Division, and he is now Commander of the Department. In all these places he has served his comrades zealously. He is widely known by his Confederate oratory.

When the birthplace of Jefferson Davis was about to be placed where it could not be purchased for memorial purposes, he advanced more than $5,000 to secure its dedication for a memorial to President Davis, and was made President of the Association, which has in charge that work.

General Young was during their services as Commanders in Chief the trusted friend and adviser of Generals Gordon, Stephen D. Lee, and Clement A. Evans, serving continuously on the staff of each.

His speech at Memphis in 1901 as the Reunion orator on the services and sacrifices of the Armies of the West takes high rank amongst Confederate papers, and that at the dedication of the birthplace of Mr. Davis to public use has been read by thousands with delight. His General Miles's publication in regard to manacling President Davis in Fort Monroe was pronounced by Gen. Stephen D. Lee as the best product of that controversy, and the Historical Report at the Mobile Reunion (published in this issue of the VETERAN, pages 267-272), prepared and read by General Young, shows that he is losing none of his vigor and power.

General Young is comparatively a young man. He is yet in his sixty-sixth year; and his voice, his presence, and his eloquence make him a worthy successor to Generals Lee, Evans, and Gordon as Commander of the Army of Tennessee.



MISS MATTIE WELCH LOGAN, MISS CECIL GORDON,
Maids of Honor,

MISS MABEL CLAIR M'NICHOLS,
Sponsor for Kentucky Division U. C. V. at Mobile Reunion.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Committee on Education through Miss Mary B. Poppenheim (Chairman), Charleston, S. C., appeals to Presidents of State Divisions and to Presidents of Chapters in States where no Division exists as follows:

"The Committee on Education of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for 1909-10 issues this second circular 'to foster the educational interests of the Association.' The plan for 1909-10 is divided into two parts—viz., General U. D. C. scholarships and educational work in the State Divisions.

"By action of the Houston Convention all scholarships offered the U. D. C. or managed by them are in the hands of the Committee on Education, and the awarding of such scholarships is left with this committee in conference with the Committee on Education of the State from which the student is sent.

"This U. D. C. committee requests that every Chapter and Division in the U. D. C. make some contribution annually through its State Chairman of Education toward a General U. D. C. Scholarship Fund. This fund is to be available in connection with the choice of any scholarship secured by the General U. D. C. Committee on Education. The money for this year's student should be in the hands of the Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Draper, Va., by July 1, 1910.

"The scholarship at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, now being enjoyed by a student from Mississippi, will be withdrawn in June, 1910. All Chapters and Divisions have been notified of this fact in the early part of the year by a circular sent out to them by Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, of New York, who has had charge of this scholarship for the past two years.

"Your Committee on Education has replaced this scholarship by four scholarships, the choice of which is available for use September 1, 1910—viz.: At Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., valued at $150 per annum; at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., valued at $60 per annum; at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., valued at $50 per annum; at the University of Alabama, University, Ala., valued at $60 per annum. Scholarships 2 and 3 are open to girls only in the junior and senior grades. According to the ruling of the Norfolk Convention these scholarships are open for competition in the State of Florida for the year 1910-11.

"All applicants for the choice of these scholarships must be at least seventeen years of age, must be able to pass the entrance examination for the college for which she applies, must be the lineal descendant of a Confederate veteran, and must be indorsed by the President of the Division and the Chairman of the Committee on Education of her State and must file her application with these indorsements and with her certificates or diplomas with the Chairman of the General U. D. C. Committee not later than May 10, 1910.

"If your Division has a Committee on Education, please name chairman.

"Give number of scholarships your Division supports, either as a Division or as individual Chapters. Please name these scholarships briefly on separate lines.

"State value in dollars of each separate scholarship.

"Each State Division is requested to take steps to secure, if possible, a donation of one scholarship of free tuition in its State institutions for its own State Division's use. Failing in this, each State Division should endeavor to establish and maintain scholarships in these State institutions, said scholarships to be open to lineal descendants of Confederate veterans.

"Inquiries as to the methods of establishing scholarships and promoting the causes of compulsory and industrial education should be addressed to Mrs. B. B. Ross, Vice Chairman, Auburn, Ala., member in charge of this department.

"In order that your Division's work for education may be presented at the Little Rock Convention in November, Miss Poppenheim requests every President to answer these questions to her before July 15, 1910, so that she may incorporate every Southern State's name in her report."

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association held its eleventh annual Convention in Mobile, Ala., April 25-28, 1910. The opening session was held in the auditorium of the Battle House at 4:30 P.M. April 25, Mrs. E. Semmes Colston, daughter of Raphael Semmes, presiding.

Addresses of welcome were delivered in behalf of the city, the United Confederate Veterans, and the Sons of Veterans. Hon. O. J. Semmes, son of the great naval commander, spoke on behalf of the Veterans, and his address was given marked attention. The Vice President of Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee, of Montgomery, also delivered an address of welcome, which was received with much enthusiasm. Greetings were given by Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V. A very beautiful musical program was rendered during the session. Mrs. Colston then turned the Convention over to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, who in a few appropriate words responded to the addresses of welcome. The business of the Convention was now formally opened. Committees on credentials and resolutions were appointed, and the meeting adjourned until 2:30 P.M. Tuesday.

On Tuesday morning the Confederated Southern Memorial Association attended the opening session of the United Confederate Veterans by special invitation. During the meeting General Evans introduced Mrs. W. J. Behan, the President. Mrs. Behan spoke only a few words, but in a clear, distinct voice, which touched the hearts of the veterans, who arose and gave her hearty greetings. The Convention convened on Tuesday in the beautiful hall of the Scottish Rite Masons. The order of business was the reading of reports of officers and State Vice Presidents. The Association indorsed the resolution offered by the "Confederate Surgeons' Association" to erect a memorial in the city of Richmond, Va., to the memory of Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, surgeon general of the Confederate army. At 4:30 the Convention adjourned to give the members an opportunity to participate in the Memorial Day exercises at the Confederate Cemetery. These exercises were under the auspices of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Mobile, and, as usual, were of a semireligious character. Floral offerings were sent in the name of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and were placed on the monument in memory of Raphael Semmes, Father Ryan, and Gen. Braxton Bragg.

During the evening the Battle House was enlivened by music by the different bands, as is the custom each year. Mrs. Behan was serenaded by the Kentucky band, which rendered the old-time airs beautifully to an appreciative throng.

On Wednesday morning, April 27, at nine o'clock the Convention convened at the Cathedral of Scottish Rites. Reports of Associations were read. At eleven o'clock the Convention adjourned to join the United Confederate Veterans in the me-

morial service, which is one of the regular features of the second day of the Reunion.

At 12 M. all business was suspended, and the Commander in Chief presented Mrs. Behan. Chaplain General Lyon R. Case then offered a prayer. Rev. E. C. de la Morimere, S. J., was then introduced, and paid a most eloquent tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis, Lee, and Jackson. When called upon to pay tribute to the poet-priest, Rev. Abram J. Ryan, his voice faltered, and he declined. It was manifest that he could not venture upon that even more sacred theme.

At the afternoon session a resolution was offered by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Pensacola, Fla., that, instead of erecting marble shafts in every State to the Women of the Confederacy, homes be built where the widows and helpless orphans of Confederate veterans would be cared for. This brought forth much discussion. The unanimous opinion was that the widows should be provided for, and a general discussion was entered into as to the best means of accomplishing this very desirable object. It was finally resolved that in every State the Memorial Associations should confer with the Board of Directors of the Soldiers' Homes and coöperate with them to the end that widows be received in the Homes on the same conditions as the veterans, and that where wives are admitted with their husbands they be permitted to remain after the death of the husband. This was adopted.

On Wednesday evening at eight o'clock a reception was tendered Mrs. Behan, Mrs. McSherry, and other visiting ladies at the hall of the Scottish Rite Masons. A large crowd was in attendance, and time passed most delightfully.

On Thursday morning the great event of the Reunion took place. The gray-bearded veterans formed in line, and members of the Memorial Associations followed in carriages. The sponsors and maids formed a very pretty feature of the parade. Many walked with the veterans by choice.



MRS. W. M. BATEMAN, LEXINGTON,
Chaperon for Kentucky Division, Mobile Reunion.

On the last day of the U. C. V. Convention the title and honor of poet laureate of the U. C. V. was conferred on Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn. The compliment was well deserved, as the South has already counted Mrs. Boyle among the greatest of her poets. In 1906 she was so honored by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

On the day following the close of the Reunion Mrs. Boyle, accompanied by a few members of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and the Fife and Drum Corps of the Junior Association, went out to the cemetery, where lie the remains of Gen. Braxton Bragg, Commodore Raphael Semmes, and Father Ryan, and after placing floral tributes on their graves sounded taps, thus closing the Reunion with a most solemn and impressive ceremony.

Escape of Judah P. Benjamin to the Bahama Islands.—Capt. Samuel E. Hope, of the 9th Florida Regiment, writes from Taylor Springs, Fla.: "An article in a recent number of the Veteran gave an account of Judah P. Benjamin's escape after the war. Mr. Benjamin came to Hernando County, Fla., where I was then living (I had gotten home from the war), and I had a talk with him at the residence of Capt. Leroy G. Lesley, long since dead. Captain Lesley took him in his buggy to Baidentown, Mannatee County, to an old friend, Capt. Fred Treska, an experienced seaman. Captain Treska took charge of Mr. Benjamin and landed him safely in Bahama with a small sailboat. The coast was strongly guarded by gunboats, and near the mouth of Charlotte Harbor they discovered Captain Treska's craft, when he took down his sail and ran up a creek. After night he escaped to the Bahama Islands with Mr. Benjamin.

Orders from Trans-Mississippi Department.—In General Order No. 2, issued from Fort Worth, Tex., May 14, 1910, Lieut. Gen. K. M. VanZandt says: "Pursuant to the action of the Mobile Reunion I hereby assume command of the Trans-Mississippi Department of United Confederate Veterans. I do so with a clear conception of the obligations thereby imposed. I ask the earnest coöperation of all Division and Brigade Commanders and also all Camps and comrades to the end that the principles of our noble organization may be preserved and its work conducted faithfully."

W. T. Shaw, of Fort Worth, becomes General VanZandt's Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

LET US FINISH PAYING FOR THE DAVIS HOME.

Much space is given to donations to the Jefferson Davis Home. In sending $50 contribution to the Jefferson Davis Home Association for the Emmet MacDonald Chapter, U. D. C., of Sedalia, Mo., Mrs. L. E. Walker Lougan, President, writes her commendation of the "grand work being done with the Confederate Veteran." In her Chapter the Veteran is called "our prayer book," and copies are loaned out religiously in the effort to create greater demand for it.

Additional Contributions through the Veteran.

E. A. Coulson, McDade, Tex	$ 1 00
Joe Brown Bivouac, Covington, Tenn	20 00
Annapolis (Md.) Branch Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C.	5 00
M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V., Warrensburg, Mo	5 00
E. H. Randle, Walnut Hill, Ark	1 00
Mrs. M. D. Goodwin, San Diego, Cal	2 00

L. M. McCutchen, Sr., L. M. McCutchen, Jr., Owen McCutchen, W. W. McCutchen, H. V. Merritt, C. L. Overall, Campbell. Mo., $1 each.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.



HOW TO SAVE THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

It is always very pleasant to see the written or hear the spoken phrase "Our Veteran." Such an expression cannot be made more appropriately of any other publication in existence. Illustrative of this sentiment, at the first Memphis Reunion, when the Veteran was seriously involved in the noted libel suit, a gallant, magnificent-looking man went to its headquarters under much excitement and said: "This thing must be stopped. I am going into the Convention and ask that the money be raised to help you at once. We will not submit to such persecution." The man was not known by the one who so espoused his cause, and is not to this day.

To every one who feels that it is "Our Veteran" and who is anxious that it be maintained and made better and better a suggestion is made that he look to the date by name and see if he is in arrears. "June 10" means June, 1910. There are no days of the month to these dates.

Now if every friend of "Our Veteran" will look to the date, as suggested, and remit or write to the office promptly, it will save the office force weeks of labor and other expenses aggregating hundreds of dollars. Why not coöperate in such matters as in the old days of discipline? This applies to all the others as well as the veterans. Promptness in coöperation would help the cause wonderfully. This notice ought to be seen in every home; so if the youngest child sees the notice, won't he or she call attention to it of the one who remits?

Time is relentless. The months of a year soon pass, and renewal time comes sooner than many realize. It is pleasant to find the sentiment growing rapidly to pay for three ($2.50) or five years ($4) at a time. It saves much expense in resetting the names on labels, sending reminders, etc. Then, too, remember that for $4 copies may be sent to as many veterans who would greatly enjoy it and a copy sent free to the donor. In no other way can as much good be done.

The best coöperation by friends would be to procure favorable notice in newspapers. The Veteran is ever ready to reciprocate. At a fine historic meeting in Nashville recently Mrs. William Hume read a paper on "The Confederate Veteran," and a friendly daily paper in reporting the proceedings simply referred to the kind of dress she wore. Her paper was as follows: "It is the most successful monthly in the South's history. It is the most widely indorsed periodical in existence; all the organizations of Confederates espouse it, and many Grand Army men are its steadfast friends. This magazine was founded, is edited, and conducted exclusively for the benefit of the Confederate soldiers' name, fame, and cause by Mr. S. A. Cunningham. [Here followed a personal eulogy that is appreciated.] It is most gratifying that with the general growth of this magazine has also grown that high and lofty feeling which only lives in the breast of patriots—a kind and forgiving feeling for our Northern brethren. This is the official organ not only of the Veterans, but the Sons, the U. D. C., and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, publishing the proceedings of their sessions, their work, and their achievements. It has taken a high position among the magazines of this country. In consideration of its worth and the broad area of its circulation, North and South, East and West, it deserves our united support. It contains a true history of our struggle in the past, it records progress of the present, and presages the future."

Works of Even the Young Live After Them.—Dr. Bachman in a speech at Chattanooga recently concerning efforts to prevent the ravages of tuberculosis said: "It is the part and duty of a people and a nation to use every means for the welfare of the race. Germany, Japan, and other nations are showing great interest in the health of their people. Much can be done, much has been done by prayer and work. Yellow fever has been driven out of our city by intelligent sewerage and sanitary measures under the direction of efficient city engineers. When in Cuba last year I was told that Havana had been made clean and healthy, chiefly by the work of one young man, Engineer Paul Cunningham, son of our former townsman, S. A. Cunningham. Let us pray and work and give."

An error was made in crediting Mrs. Annie McKinney, of Knoxville, with the authorship of the article on Gen. Felix Zollicoffer in the April Veteran, as it was written by General Caldwell, of Nashville, some years ago for Mrs. McKinney, who sent it on to the Veteran after having read it before her Chapter, U. D. C. Her connection with it thus gave the impression that she had written it. The beautiful lines completing the article were written by Harry Lynden Flash.

On page 201 of the May Veteran the name of the sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry is incorrect. It should be Miss Frances Mayes Harris. In the introduction to the centennial address at King's Mountain October 7, 1880, credit is given to Col. W. O. Henderson instead of W. A. for copy of the address.

SKETCHES OF THE NEW OFFICERS, U. C. V.

Gen. George W. Gordon as Commander in Chief of the U. C. V. was considered most appropriate. His gallant service in the war and his career since make him acceptable in the best sense. General Gordon is now the only Confederate in Congress from his native Tennessee, although it is not a great while since both Senators and nearly every member were Confederates. He has ever been ardently zealous for the principles of the South, and will ever stand for them.

Gen. K. M. VanZandt, promoted from Commander of the Texas Division to that of the Trans-Mississippi Department, is perhaps the most universally beloved member of the great organization. More about these comrades will be given later.

As the author of the history report of the 1910 Reunion, which thrilled the great audience and caused Gen. H. T. Davenport, of Georgia to move that it be published in the Veteran—which motion was heartily adopted—and because of his conspicuous career in other respects, an elaborate sketch of Gen. Bennett H. Young is given herewith.

Supplemental to Report, Pages 281-284.

The necessity of drawing a new bill to include other districts than the Nashville, in which Mr. Byrns, Mr. Padgett, and Mr. Houston are to coöperate, requires additional time; but it is hoped that favorable action will be taken this session.

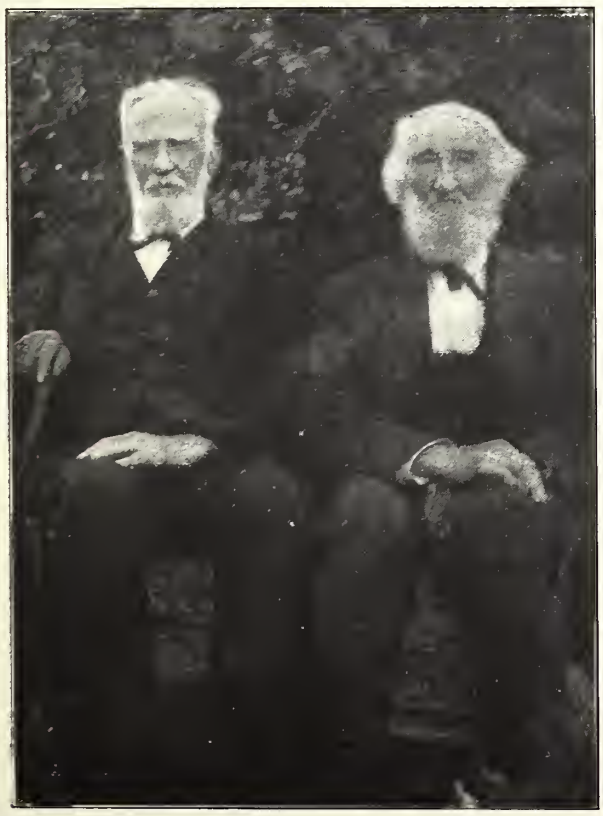
The Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, favors the appropriation, and strong letters from Gen. G. M. Dodge and Gen. Fred D. Grant were presented to the committee.

CONFEDERATE TWINS—TOM AND JAKE GREER.

January 20, 1909, was the eighty-sixth birthday of Messrs. T. V. and J. J. Greer, familiarly known as "Uncle Tom" and "Uncle Jake." Some of their nephews, nieces, and near neighbors were invited to the celebration of their last birthday by the daughter of Tom Greer, Mrs. Dr. J. W. Percy, the only surviving child of a large family. Both of these remarkable twins have been widowers for many years, and are the only living members of their generation in a family of eleven children—five boys and six girls. All were married and left children except the youngest son, who died in early manhood.

Their father settled in Lincoln County, Tenn., in 1804, leaving Philadelphia in 1791 or 1792. Then he entered the Revolutionary War, and was standard bearer in the battle of King's Mountain, after which he carried important dispatches to Philadelphia, going and returning on horseback, for which service the State of North Carolina gave a grant of about three thousand acres of land. After the close of the war he sold goods in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1802 and 1803, and in 1804 moved to Petersburg, Tenn., and built the house in which Jake Greer now lives. Three brothers of the senior Greer moved to Tennessee and settled on Sugar Creek, in Bedford County. Each was the father of twins. In addition to his grant from North Carolina, the father of Comrades Greer bought from the government about four thousand acres of land joining his grant along Cane Creek, all covered with a thick growth of cane, and about four thousand acres of bottom land along Elk River below Fayetteville; he also purchased three to four thousand acres in West Tennessee. He left each of his children large tracts of land.

Mr. Jake Greer went to California in the year 1849 in search of gold, traveling in a wagon for nine months. He returned by water from San Francisco by way of Panama in nineteen days after an absence of four years. That city then contained a population of about twenty-five hundred.



JOHN J. AND THOMAS V. GREER.

These twin comrades served through the Confederate war in the same regiment. Jake was slightly wounded and captured, but was exchanged in about three weeks. On their return from the war they found everything of personal nature destroyed, of course, but sold some of their land to pay accumulated debts and taxes. On Jake Greer's farm there are apple trees which were planted by his father in 1804 and which bore fruit in 1808.

They are members of the Southern Presbyterian Church, Thomas being an elder.

They are doubtless the oldest of Confederate twins.

INQUIRIES FOR AND BY VETERANS.

Sidney P. Levy, of Pensacola, Fla. (615 American National Bank Building), seeks to ascertain the war record of his father, Capt. M. (Mitchell or Michael) Levy. He has information that his father was enrolled on July 26, 1861, as a private in Company E, 6th Arkansas Regiment, at Pocahontas, Ark., and was on the muster roll from February 28, 1862, to April 30, 1862, when he was last reported present. The Confederate records at Washington show one M. Oeby as a lieutenant of artillery, and that on April 8, 1862, he was ordered to report for duty to Major Champneys, commanding ordnance depot at Okolona, Miss.; that on September 23, 1862, he was serving as post ordnance officer at Okolona, and that from December 13, 1862, to March 18, 1863, he was serving as ordnance officer at Bridgeport, Ala. Hon. Simon Wolf in his book, "The Jew as Patriot and Soldier," reports Captain Levy on the staff of Gen. Braxton Bragg, and that he enlisted in Company E, 6th Arkansas Regiment. It is also thought that at one time he had service communication with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. Any surviving comrades who can give some information of Captain Levy's service will confer a favor by writing to his son at the address given.

Capt. William Nowlin and Billy Stubblefield, of Murray, Ky., organized a company in September, 1861, of which Stubblefield was made captain and Nowlin first lieutenant. This became Company G of the 7th Kentucky Regiment. Stubblefield resigned, and Nowlin was made captain, remaining with his company until he was killed, near Pulaski, Tenn. He and a Captain Watson were buried in the same grave by Sergeant Manning. It is the desire of Captain Nowlin's granddaughter, Mrs. C. B. Albritton, of Fayetteville, Tenn., to locate his grave, and she would appreciate information in regard to it.

FRANK BURT SEEKS SWORD AND REVOLVER.

Frank Burt, Past Grand Master of Masons, Mannington, W. Va., seeks a sword with "Capt. Frank Burt, 89th Regiment N. Y. Vols." engraved on the iron scabbard, and revolver with "W. E. Bird" engraved on butt. He writes: "These were doubtless taken from the body of Lieut. A. C. Burt, who was shot and supposed to have been killed while in action and in the effort to carry the Confederate earthworks in front of Richmond, Va., near the 'Seven Pines' October 27, 1864. The earthworks were on the outer line of the defenses of Richmond and just to the right of the Williamsburg Turnpike going out of Richmond. We hope that by this inquiry for the sword and revolver we may procure some information as to the manner of the death of Lieutenant Burt and the disposal of his body. I would pay liberally for the sword and revolver or either of them. The New York troops were repulsed, and

Lieutenant Burt fell in front of the earthworks after being ordered to retreat. He fell on his face, as if shot through his head, yet he may have been wounded and taken thence to some hospital in Richmond. I have learned from official records that General Field's division of Confederate forces, consisting of Alabamians, Georgians, and South Carolinians, occupied said line of works on date given above. Any information is kindly solicited."

FIVE SOLDIER BROTHERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY W. W. PATTESON, AUGUSTA SPRINGS, VA.

At the beginning of the Civil War there were five brothers living in Buckingham County, Va., sons of John L. and Jane Patteson, and five braver men never wore the gray and fought under the Southern flag.

Augustine M. Patteson, of the 21st Virginia Infantry, was the first to fall. He was killed at Second Manassas in August, 1862.

John M. Patteson, of Company D, 19th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, was killed at Gettysburg, 1863, in that famous charge when Armistead's Brigade broke through the enemy's breastworks.

Lieut. David N. Patteson, of Company E, 46th Virginia Infantry, "Scottsville Grays," was mortally wounded and captured at Hatch's Run, Va., in 1865, and taken to Washington City, where he died.

Hugh Rice Patteson, of the Howardsville Company (D), 19th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, was wounded at Manassas, 1861, fought through the entire war, and died a few years ago in Buckingham County.

William Lee Patteson, now living near Manteo, in Buckingham County, Va., was a member of Dance's Artillery, from Powhatan County, Penderton's Division, and was captured when the army fell back from Gettysburg. He had charge of a wagon train. He had also been wounded, and he was sent to Fort McHenry, next to Fort Delaware, and then to Point Lookout. He was exchanged February 25, 1865.

The writer of this was with the 21st Virginia Infantry, and was in the fight at Cedar Run, Culpeper County, Va., on August 9, 1862, when Stonewall Jackson whipped Pope. In company with Augustine Patteson and another Virginia soldier, he captured a number of prisoners, among whom was General Prince, commanding a brigade under Pope.

DAVID DODD—SAM DAVIS.

We all feel better since Sam Davis has been honored by a monument—a monument paid for with money sent in from every State in the Union and located on the Capitol Square of his native State, by vote of the Legislature of Tennessee. And we all would feel still better were a similar monument erected to David Dodd on the Capitol grounds in Little Rock, Ark. Davis was a Tennesseean, and heroically died in the service of his country; Dodd was an Arkansan, and gave up his life in the same manner. Alike they were young; alike arrested, court-martialed, convicted, and executed because they refused to betray their respective trusts. Alike they should be honored after death. My means are limited. But I am anxious to give for the Dodd monument as much as I gave for the one for Sam Davis. TENNESSEEAN.

D. L. Cleveland, of Company F, 18th Alabama Regiment Infantry, Holtzclaw's Brigade, desires to hear from any of his old comrades who remember him if any are living. His post office is Cold Springs, Tex. Request by Mrs. G. I. Turnley, President San Jacinto Chapter, U. D. C.

REUNION OF THE U. C. V. IN MOBILE.

Maj. Gen. George P. Harrison, of the Alabama Division, called the Convention to order. In his brief greeting to the United Confederate Veterans he said:

"Forty-five years ago to-day the last of the great armies of the Confederate States laid down its arms at Greensboro, N. C. Until twenty-five years thereafter we were too poor to meet together. Then we organized this Association, and have since met annually. Once more we meet for another handshake and a word of greeting. Each successive Reunion brings more interest and more sadness. Each year we miss our comrades who have been gathered to their reward, and are thus reminded that we too must soon 'pass over the river.'

"With gratitude to Almighty God that so many of us still survive, let us show to the world that in our hearts the fire of patriotism is still unquenched, and that our love for the land of Dixie grows stronger as we grow older. Here in Mobile we are on historic ground. During the two hundred years of its history it has been under French, Spanish, English, and American domination. Here Admiral Raphael Semmes, Gen. Braxton Bragg, and Father Ryan, the poet-priest, are buried. With its historic memories and generous hospitality, you will find much of interest and pleasure.

"I now call to order the twentieth Convention of the United Confederate Veterans, and request the Chaplain General, Rev. R. Lin Cave, to lead us in prayer."

WELCOME TO CONFEDERATES AT MOBILE REUNION.

[Written by Hugh G. Barclay, of Mobile, and recited by Miss Vera Williams.]

Old Veterans, last remnant of that patriot band
Whom our people all love and admire,
To our city and homes in fair old Mobile
We welcome you with hearts all afire.
We hear the soft beat of the low, muffled drum
As the roll of the legion is read,
For many dear comrades are missing to-day,
And we mourn for the roll of the dead.

Ah, yes, the Old Guard is fast dwindling away
As each year makes its draft on the line;
And some that now stand in the ranks here to-day,
'Neath our groves of magnolia and pine,
Alas! may be resting with comrades long missed
(Who are sleeping somewhere 'neath the sod)
When our next Reunion shall call us again;
But in love we will trust them to God.

Here to-day we'll be happy and free from care,
And we'll dream of the glory long past,
When we lay in the trenches awaiting command
To rush to the charge strong and fast;
We'll talk of the hardships we shared in the camp,
Of the letters from loved ones at home,
And our hearts will grow tender in dreaming of those
Whom we left when we started to roam.

Yes, comrades, we'll talk of the battles we fought,
And we'll live in the past once again,
For each year brings nearer the last sad farewell,
When our hearts will be throbbing with pain.
Old soldiers, attention! A welcome to all
Who, drawn by sweet memories, have come;
And we breathe the soft prayer when the last taps shall sound
That an angel will see you safe home.

THE SOUTH IN HISTORY.

[Report of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans Association at the Mobile Reunion, prepared by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., Chairman.]

Half a century, less five years, has passed since the South emerged from a war which, viewed from any standpoint that war may be considered, left immeasurable havoc and awful desolation and a destruction of life and property which it is difficult in figures to calculate. Within a brief period of four years that war had robbed the South of one-third of its men capable of bearing arms; more than 200,000 of her most chivalrous, patriotic, distinguished, cultured sons had gone down to death in battle or from wounds received in battle. Half of its property had been destroyed, its resources in a large part obliterated, its entire labor system disorganized, and helpless and well-nigh hopeless it lay prostrate at the feet of its conquerer. The best terms which could be gotten in this hour of darkness were protection from arrest and punishment and the preservation of the side arms of its officers and the right to take for their use the horses which its soldiers owned and had ridden to battle. Beyond this nothing was promised. Its legions had been reduced by starvation and death until its ranks were so thinned and decimated that there remained merely the skeleton of an army. With the South nothing had been held back in this gigantic struggle for national life. Farms, cities, and homes had been desolated by war's exactions. In addition to this, the purposes of its people were misrepresented, and designing politicians fanned sectional hate into flames, hoping to ride into political power.

Then came the horrors of reconstruction. A brave, generous, intelligent, and proud people were by the bayonet forced to submit to a government controlled by conscienceless carpet-baggers, aided by home scalawags and supported by newly liberated slaves. Their former servants became the political masters, and this mastery was embittered and controlled by the rapacity and greed of a class who had come down from the land of their enemies to feed and fatten on their misfortunes and to extract from them under the forms of government the little that could be found after the ravages of the war. The struggle for food was hard enough. There was but little provision for even the seed which would produce a crop, and the dreadful calamity had come at a period of the year when food supply was least and when months must necessarily intervene before the land could be cultivated and a living extracted from the soil. While the people of the Southland accepted the result heroically and philosophically, their defeat was enough to crush the stoutest heart and to eliminate hope in the bravest breast. Added to this came political sorrows, only a little short of the plagues which Divine Justice sent down on Egypt to force it to allow God's chosen people to depart from its borders. The land was full of mourning.

Days of Darkness.

In those days of darkness and almost impenetrable gloom there was no time to make defense of or to exercise care for the reputation and fame and honor of the people of the Confederate States. The cruelties and oppression, which were backed up by bayonets, and the struggle for existence and political rights consumed more than ten years of the lives of those who had engaged in that awful war.

After this long period, reason returned; a spirit of justice again pervaded the land. The carpet-bagger hied himself away from the borders of what was once the Confederacy, and the slave, made by force an enfranchised freeman, after the experience of a decade, realized that his own people were his best friends and that peace with them and trust in them was the safest and wisest policy.

Then men came to think upon what the past was and what its history meant and what it was worth to them to vindicate the patriotism of their motives, the justice of their cause, and the sublime courage which animated them and their associates in the greatest war the world has ever seen. They had offered and sacrificed on their country's altar one thousand men a week for four years. They had yielded and surrendered and used in their defense hundreds of millions of dollars, or the equivalent of $700,000 each day during this long and ever-lengthening period. But now as tyranny and oppression had lifted off the face of the earth as a fog disappears before the rising sun, with the assurance of political liberty there came a fixed and immovable purpose to present for the consideration of mankind the motives which impelled them in their struggle and to tell the world what magnificent courage had been manifested in the battles that had been fought, what splendid endurance in the marches that had been made, and what patriotism in the sacrifices which had been suffered for four brief but terrible years.

When these brave people began to read the stories that had been prepared for the study of their children, they discovered the grossest misrepresentation of their principles and their purposes. They found perversion of truth on many pages; and in addition to all the horrors of defeat, they saw themselves as courageous men, as true women, as liberty-loving Anglo-Saxons, traduced, slandered, villified, misrepresented. In a little while it was found that success lay only through the power and efficiency of a thorough organization. Substantial political freedom had been won. The carpet-bagger was a thing of the past. The scalawag had slunk into his hiding place of infamy, and the power of the government was again placed in the hands of white men, the owners of the wealth of the land and the possessors of nine-tenths of its intelligence.

Valuable Heritage.

To the really brave there is something higher, better, and grander than money. Truth, honor, right, justice are more valuable than lands and houses, banks, factories, plantations, and farms; and in a brief while after the South was free her sons resolved that history should be true. They asked for nothing but truth. They demanded only that the world should judge them by what they did, what they dared, and what they endured. They neither sought nor desired exaggeration nor amplification, but staked their rightful place in history upon a true narrative of all that was done during those four years of darkness and gloom. Truth was to them nobler and more precious than all that imagination could bring to crown their lives, and they resolved at every cost and in the face of all difficulties to at least make the effort to be justified at the bar of mankind and to accept its final decision upon their history only when mankind fully understood for what they fought and how they fought and the purposes which induced them to fight. Under the power of organization and protest in a little while many false histories were banished from the schools of the South. Books which contained truth only were to be studied and read by Southern children.

A nation that had Jefferson Davis for its President and Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Kirby Smith, the Hills, Breckinridge, Gordon, Hampton, Forrest, Taylor, Morgan, Stuart, and hundreds of others equally as brave for their generals and 600,000 heroes in the ranks of its armies need not fear to stand before the world and appeal to the judgment of their fellowmen upon the issues and conduct of a mighty war.

Origin of the U. C. V.

About this time a few brave and noble spirits, far-seeing, patriotic, and resolute, resolved to bring into one organization all the living soldiers of the Confederacy and through this combination, without sword and without flag, to honestly present to the world the truth; and whether this truth should be hurtful or pleasing, or whether it should be vindicating or glorious, to accept all the consequences that knowledge might bring; and hence came the United Confederate Veterans Association, an organization which is more largely responsible for the splendid reputation of the men of the Confederacy for the comfort and relief of its unfortunate and for the record of genius and skill which guided its political and its military destiny than any other one cause. To uphold the name and purity of the motives of the Southern people was in that period a gigantic task. Falsehood had crept into millions of minds in the clash of arms and the surging passions which the war engendered. Truth had been covered, hid, and to remove the débris and let the sunlight of fact in was a work which required appalling labor and masterful genius. As a good name is better than riches and honor is to be preferred above all things, there was one aspersion upon the name of the South so unjust, cruel, bitter, malignant, and false that against it the sense of justice and pride of millions of men and women cried out with exceeding fierceness and undying protest.

Throughout the war the South had been compelled by military cruelty to retain a large number of Federal prisoners in its borders. The number of prisoners thus taken by the Confederates during the war was more than one-third of all the men that enlisted under the Southern banner. To guard and feed this vast array was an almost unbearable burden. As the number of these prisoners increased toward the end of the war, when food was scarcest and supplies more difficult to obtain, it was necessary to confine these prisoners at interior points, where they would be free from raiding parties and far removed from the reach of invading armies. At this period the question of food became a vital one to the beleaguered Confederates. Medicines of all kinds were made contraband of war, and hundreds of vigilant blockaders plowed the waves along the shores of the ocean and gulf that washed the boundaries of the Confederacy. With its own women and children and its own armies often feeling the pangs of hunger, the feeding and care of these prisoners became a tremendous task.

Invalids and cripples might guard the prisoners, but invalids and cripples could not feed them. For months before the end there were thousands of women and children in the Confederate States that oftentimes lacked food and suffered for proper raiment. The government of the United States decided that it was better to force the Confederacy to feed these soldiers and let them die, even if starvation should be the cause of their deaths, rather than to exchange a Confederate soldier for a Federal soldier. Exchange was therefore denied. The South offered to give these starving prisoners food and medicine if their government would deliver these upon the borders of the Confederacy, but even this was refused. The food which could have been saved from those hungry legions of prisoners the United States government knew would be sent forward to sustain the armies of the Confederacy at the front; and so in defiance of the principles of humanity, but in obedience to the stern dictates of military necessity, the Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons were subjected to greatest suffering and privation and sickness because their government refused to send such supplies as would alleviate their wants; and they went down to death without fault on the part of their captors, who were helpless in the face of privation and want to serve these dying men with that which was necessary for their comfort and their preservation. When these men, emaciated and starved, were finally surrendered by the Confederacy to their own nation, their bodies were in a pitiable condition, and immediately a great clamor and outcry was raised against the South, and the claim was asserted and attempted to be proven in many ways that the condition of these prisoners was brought about not by the want in the Confederate States, but by a cruel and malignant desire to destroy their captives; and thus for a little while the greatest question in the Southern mind and heart was the repudiation of this infamous charge.

But, after all, truth has a marvelous fascination for the human mind. In the depths of every soul there is a basic principle which demands justice and absolute fairness. Reconstruction and negro domination were the burning issues for eleven years; and when these no longer overshadowed the horizon with darkness, the men of the South had time to look after their reputation. As a rule records cannot lie; and when records were appealed to, it was found that prisoners in the North were relatively subjected to wrongs and privations far greater than those to which Northern prisoners in the South were subjected. Men began to understand that, while the North was a land of plenty, in which there was no want of food, no scarcity of clothing, and no absence of medicine, proportionately more Southern men died in Northern prisons, with all these favorable conditions surrounding them, than Northern soldiers had died in Southern prisons. It took a long series of investigations and required great patience and research, and at that particular period it took a high order of courage to bring out these dismal facts and to demonstrate that, moved by the necessities of war, the United States had deliberately and willfully refused to supply its own prisoners with medicines, refused all offers to exchange them, preferring that the Union soldiers should remain as a burden upon Confederate hands, and in thousands of cases suffer death, rather than allow the Southern men who were confined in Northern prisons to return to the armies of their country to assist their comrades in their struggle for liberty.

The proven truth of this one thing was the grandest of all the triumphs of the members of the United Confederate Veterans Association, and is worth hundreds of times more than it involved to have removed this brutal charge.

Little by little the story came out, and it soon was demonstrated that the real responsibility rested on the Federal authorities at Washington. The conduct of the Federal government can be explained or mitigated only upon the theory that all things are justified in war, and that economy in life, however cruel, is the true criterion of war's laws.

General Butler's conscience forced him to make this awful arraignment of his government: "I have felt it my duty to give an account with particular carefulness of my participation in the business of exchange of prisoners, the orders under which I acted, and negotiations that were executed, so that all may become a matter of history. The great importance of the questions, the fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives which, by the refusal of exchange, were sacrificed by the most cruel form of death—from cold, starvation, and pestilence of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville—being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon, the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives to know the exigency which caused this terrible and perhaps—as it may have seemed to them—useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them by horrible deaths, each and all compelled me to this exposition, so that it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon

the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the general in chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and success won at so great a cost."

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S STATEMENT.

Jefferson Davis also made this statement: "Having ascertained that exchanges could not be made either on the basis of the cartel or officer for officer, man for man, we offered the United States government their sick and wounded without requiring any equivalents. On these terms we agreed to deliver from 10,000 to 15,000 at the mouth of the Savannah River, and we further added that if the number for which transportation might be sent could not be made up from sick and wounded the difference would be supplied with well men; and though the offer was made in the summer, the transportation did not arrive until November."

President Davis further says: "In order to alleviate the hardships of confinement on both sides, our commissioner (Judge Ould) on January 24, 1863, addressed a communication to A. E. Hitchcock, United States Commissioner of Exchange, in which he proposed that all prisoners on each side should be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who, under the rules to be issued, should be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort. It was also proposed that these surgeons should act as commissaries with power to receive and dispose of such contributions of money, food, clothing, and medicine, and proposed that these should be selected by their own government and that they should have full liberty at any and all times through the agency of exchange to make reports not only of their own acts but of any matter relating to the welfare of the prisoners. To this communication no reply of any kind was ever made."

From the records which can now neither be changed nor altered it appears that from the beginning of the war the number of Federal prisoners captured and held by the Southern armies was in round numbers 270,000, while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prison by the Federals was only 220,000. From the official reports it has been demonstrated that with 50,000 more prisoners in the Southern stockades or other modes of confinement the deaths among the Federals in the South were 4,000 less than the deaths of the Confederates in the North. In the Federal prisons where Confederate soldiers were confined, in a land where there was everything that would conduce to health and care and clothing and food, twelve men out of every one hundred died; while in the Confederate prisons of the South where Federals were confined only nine men out of every one hundred died. All arguments, all aspersions, all the falsehoods that can ever be written or printed cannot destroy the crushing effect and the force of these figures. They are true, and, being true, they show that the inhumanity concerning prisoners during the war was the result of a settled purpose on the part of the Federal government to allow their soldiers to die if necessary from starvation and disease in Southern prisons rather than by exchange to allow the Southern soldiers in Northern prisons to be added to the fighting forces of the Confederates. This may have been good war, but it is horrible and cruel humanity.

About 650,000 men died to settle the issue of the war. The Crimean War cost 450,000 lives, the Japanese-Russian War took 400,000 lives; but what a difference in the lives that were offered when compared to those that the South gave up in her struggle for liberty and independence! The greatest monument to Confederate valor are the losses which were inflicted upon the Federal army. While more than one-third of all the enlisted men of the South went down in battle, over 430,000 of their enemies died before the Confederates were conquered. Never in the world's history did so many men fall around their standards as in the struggle between the Anglo-Saxons of the American Continent. It is estimated that at least one-fourth of a million of the men of the Southland died directly or indirectly in the war, and the world never produced 250,000 truer heroes than those who thus offered themselves for their country. What the world is going to say of the Confederate States becomes a great problem to the men who were engaged in that contest. It may be true that the passion and prejudice had dimmed a while the brightness of Southern glory; but it was only for a while, and then prejudice and passion and hate sank before the resurrection of truth.

This country needs the record of the Confederate soldier to make full and complete the narrative of its greatness and its renown. History now is bound to say that the men of the Confederacy were neither outfought nor outgeneraled. They were outnumbered; they had less of resources than those they fought; but in the end the most men, the longest cannon, the greatest abundance of food settled the issue. The North had three armies in the field, each of which was equal to all the Confederates enlisted, and the record in the face of such odds won on the battlefields and on the march by the Confederate soldier is bound to be honored, because the Confederate soldier did all that honor could demand. No armies of which history contains any account ever did such prolonged and desperate fighting. The victors of one great battle were to be the dead soldiers in the next. Renown upon one battlefield was only an assurance that in the next, which in the very nature of things would be only a short time, a majority of those who had won the laurels of heroism must die.

The story of the Light Brigade as told in verse has been borne around the world, and wherever it is read it inspires and thrills the soldiers of all nations. In the superb charge from which it won immortality there was a loss in killed and wounded of 36.7 per cent. There were more than eighty Federal regiments which lost over fifty per cent in one battle. The heaviest loss in the Franco-Prussian War was at Mars-la-Tour, when the Westphalian Regiment lost seventy-nine per cent. The 1st Texas at Sharpsburg lost 82.3 per cent; the 21st Georgia at Manassas, 76 per cent; the 26th North Carolina at Gettysburg, 87½ per cent; the 28th Tennessee at Stone River, 68 per cent; the 17th South Carolina at Manassas, 66 per cent; the 1st Alabama Battalion at Chickamauga, 65 per cent; the 14th Virginia at Sharpsburg, 85 per cent; the 6th Alabama at Seven Pines, led by John B. Gordon, lost more than sixty-six per cent of its men in that action. In the Austrian War of 1776 the loss in battle in killed and those who died of wounds was 2.6 per cent; in the Franco-Prussian War it was 3.1 per cent; in the Crimean War it was 3 per cent; in the Civil War the Federals lost 4.7 per cent; while the Confederates lost ten per cent, making the largest percentage of men in any modern army that died in battle.

There is something in the very magnitude of the mortality and sacrifice during the Confederate war that appeals to the pride of the Southern heart. In the American Revolution, lasting seven years, the killed were only 3,400, the wounded 6,400. In the War of 1812, covering a period of three years, 1,834 soldiers were killed and 4,300 wounded; while the Mexican War of two years' duration, accompanied by the invasion of an enemy's country, cost only 1,482 men killed and 3,450 wounded. How insignificant are these mortalities compared to those the two armies suffered in the contest between

the United States and the Confedcrate States! In the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania the Confederates killed and wounded 5,000 more in General Grant's army than were killed in all the wars in which the English-speaking people in America were engaged since its discovery, in 1492. In six battles—Sharpsburg, Seven Days, Stone River, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the Wildernecss—the Confederates killed and wounded 81,308 Federals, four times as many as had been killed and wounded in the three hundred and seventy years of American wars prior to 1861. The war lasted 1,520 days; more than 2,200 battles, great and small, were fought. Three-quarters of a million men either went down to death in the war or died as the result of injuries and exposure during its continuance. We need no longer fear the story of the past. The only thing we need fear is that it shall not be truly told. We can lift up our heads and with calmness and confidence declare that from defeat we have won imperishable renown; that, while we have lost, we have crowned our dead nation, its heroes, and its living people with a glorious immortality. There are no stains on the Southern shield. They were defeated not because they were wrong or unfaithful in any respect, but because Providence decreed their downfall in the solution of a divine policy for the government of the world, into which human ken cannot pierce or even dare critically to venture. But this does not dim the splendor of their heroism, the glory of their patriotism, or the grandeur of their sacrifice.

When history comes to deal with these men, it will deal impartially. It will be no respecter of persons. All the armies of the South shall be crowned with equal praise. There will come a time when we will have a true and correct history written of all that was said and done. When the bias and the prejudice which always accompany participation in any struggle shall have passed away and it shall be asked, Whence came those Confederate soldiers? the answer will be: From the homes in Florida, where the roses never fade and the flowers never cease to bloom and where men are valiant and intrepid; from the mountains and the hills of the great Empire State, Georgia, always patriotic and true; from the valleys and plantations of South Carolina, where mingle in such richness the blood of the Huguenots and the Anglo-Saxons, creating a knightly manhood worthy of every call which duty makes; from North Carolina, whose soldiers on all the great battlefields exhibited a courage and heroism and suffered a decimation that stands unparalleled; from Virginia, whose soil drank so much of the blood of our precious dead, and whose sons portrayed a chivalry worthy of the cavaliers from whom they sprang, and worthy of her who has given to her country boundless wealth in military and civil patriots; from Tennessee, the great Volunteer State, the spirit of whose people no calamity could break and whose love of country shone with a luster that no misfortune could dim; they came from the plains of Alabama, whose offering of more than 40,000 gallant soldiers attested the zeal and the loyalty of the commonwealth within which was organized the Confederacy; from the deltas of Mississippi, whose soldiers by their heroism on so many battlefields from the Father of Waters to the Atlantic have made a glorious memorial which will abide forever; from the prairies of Texas, whose children breathe freedom's air and who catch unsurpassed courage from the chainless winds that sweep her boundless plains; from Arkansas, whose soldiers at home and abroad filled out the highest measure of manly devotion and unfaltering bravery in the defense of the Southern rights. They came, too, from Louisiana, where the fire and dash of the French, quickened by the dogged determination and unfailing patience of the Anglo-Saxon, won renown and glory upon every field upon which they fought; from Missouri, whose men, expatriated and exiled, never ceased to love that holy cause to which they concentrated their splendid manhood, and whose sufferings on one hundred battlefields showed the costly sacrifice men could make for liberty and right; and Maryland, chivalrous Maryland, whose horsemen and footmen always sought the head of the column, who gloried in marching where dangers were thickest, and in whose Confederate soldiers the world has an example of intrepidity and fearlessness which will forever shine on the escutcheon of their native commonwealth; and from Kentucky, whose sons feared no foe, who delighted in danger, and who never shrank before the enemy, but met every conflict and discharged duty with courageous joy.

War Was Inevitable.

It was impossible, humanly speaking, to avoid the War between the States. There are those who say it is better never to have fought than to have failed. There was nothing left to do as the issues were then presented but for the South to appeal to the sword. That she lost is no evidence that she was wrong. History contains thousands of examples of where the right has gone down before force. We cannot understand the ways of the Ruler of the universe; but none can deny that in the administration of human affairs right and justice do not always prevail. Out of the war came unparalleled sacrifices and immeasurable loss; but there is something in the record of this splendid past that touches the noblest sentiments of every heart, and the South should ever treasure the memories of her sons as worth more than all the wealth of this great country which runs unto such figures that human imagination stands appalled before their immensity.

England, with her thousand years of national life and ceaseless conflict and struggle, with her resting place in Westminster for her most renowned dead, which is the highest reward that nation can bestow, has no such riches as those which were laid up in human history by the Confederate States in the four brief years of their existence. There is nothing in Westminster equal to Robert E. Lee. Great soldiers sleep there, great sailors rest in St. Paul's; but take man and soldier combined, and the Confederate States hold up Robert E. Lee as their contribution to human greatness, and the world is bound to say that his equal does not rest in that great structure beside the banks of the Thames.

As one stands in the Hotel des Invalides, where there has been displayed all that art and genius can devise to create a soft and sentimental halo around the tomb of Napoleon, and where thousands go year by year under the influence and spell created about the grave of him who, dying, said, "Bury me on the banks of the Seine, amidst the people I loved so well," there is nothing there that is as great as the tomb of Stonewall Jackson in the little city of Lexington, Va., which rests on the sides of the Blue Ridge; and neither the tombs in the churches nor the treasures of Montmartre, the resting place of France's greatest dead, can produce a genius so brilliant as Forrest or cavalry leaders so renowned as Morgan and Stuart. You may read all the annals of the world which tell of the exploits of seamen on all the waters that cover the earth, but nowhere can you find anything that will excel the enterprise, courage, and genius of our Southern sailors, Semmes, Maffitt, Waddill, and their illustrious associates in the navy of the Confederacy. You may search all the niches in the sacred precincts of Westminster, and you can continue this search all

over the capitals and cemeteries of the world, but you cannot find a story of a nobler character than that of Jefferson Davis or one who, amidst the vicissitudes of a great war and helpless to stay the irresistible tide of fate, saw his nation die with sublimer dignity, with nobler grandeur or truer courage.

There are crowns enough for all the heroes of the South, for all who died on its great battlefield or who served it in the days since those battlefields were red with the blood of her sons. It is our business to see that no misrepresentation and no perversion of truth "shall dim one ray of holy light that gilds the tombs" of the illustrious dead of the Confederacy. Its battlefields mean much in the history of the world. The story of the splendid courage of the men who crimsoned the shores of Wilson's Creek with their patriotic sacrifices rises up to proclaim the greatness of the Southern soldier. From the banks of the Tennessee River, where the Church of Shiloh stood, there are scenes that magnify the fame of the men who wore the gray; and the men who clambered up the pitiless rocks at Gettysburg and wrote in their blood upon its stones the story of Southern manhood and courage stand out to proclaim who and what the Confederate soldier was; and Sharpsburg, with its dreadful tragedies and its awful sacrifice of life, speaks in no uncertain tone of what fame must say of the men who fought under the stars and bars; the Seven Pines and Malvern Hill join in this splendid chorus of immortality, and Chickamauga, the field of blood, and Murfreesboro and terrible Franklin tell stories of courage that, while they still chill the heart, yet thrill the soul. At Elkhorn, Manassas, Petersburg, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and Resaca there are echoes from a glorious past which give the Confederate States in their four years of brief life a place in the annals of heroism that, everything considered, stands now unsurpassed or unequaled.

Much to Be Done.

There is more yet to be done. We do not fear the bookmaker now. Southern schools and Southern teachers have prepared books which Southern children may read without insult to or traduction of their fathers. Printing presses all over the Southland—and all over the Northland—are sending forth by the thousands volumes which tell the true character of that brief but heroic struggle. The influence and wealth of the South forbid longer the perversion of truth and the falsification of history.

The South of the present hour is a very different proposition from that of 1865-80. With its twenty-odd millions of people, with its wealth increasing at the rate of $3,000,000 a day, with an income from cotton alone of over two and three-quarter millions of dollars a day, and with expansion on every hand so marvelous that its people cannot realize its extent, with a political prestige and power in the nation exercised by no other similar area and population, it cannot only demand but require the completest consideration for its claims of the past and its proper place in the history of the world.

And as we stand now and face the world and ask them to read the account of that gigantic contest, we can do so without regret and without a single blush of shame. Booksellers no longer dare violate either the conscience or the feelings of Southern men and women. They have been required to prepare and print books that carry no slanders upon the Southern soldier or the Southern people. And in these forty-five years there has grown up, except in the minds of a few narrow-minded, malignant persons, a feeling that, taken as a whole, the Southern armies never had equals in history. We do not for a single moment discredit either the patriotism or the courage of the men on the other side; but we can say without fear of contradiction that the personnel of the armies of the Confederate States had never been and never will be equaled by any nation in any period of history, and that 250,000 men who died for the Southland were, taken all in all, the most magnificent sacrifice that liberty and patriotism have exacted from any people in any age.

The chains placed upon the emaciated person of Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe could not cause a tremor of fear to the Southern heart, and the indignities offered to him and C. C. Clay could not deter the South from asserting that she was right and that she had followed the dictates of the political teachings of the fathers of the republic. The Federal armies or the Federal government could chain the limbs of the President of the Confederate States in the casements at Fortress Monroe, but they could not chain the truth that pertained to the conflict with the people of which he was the head. Although falsity and misrepresentation triumphed for a series of years, in the end a sense of justice and fairness prevailed among all civilized people; and sometimes out of the United States, sometimes in the United States there arose an irresistible desire that the Confederacy should have a fair trial before the bar of the world. This was all these sufferers asked, and when that came they were vindicated and ennobled; and the average character of the Confederate soldier to-day is unequaled in all the civilized world. There were just as brave men in the armies of the North as there were in the South and there were just as patriotic men; but the South had no hirelings, no emissaries, had offered no bounties—it had none to offer. It is true, the hand of conscription here and there to a limited degree forced men to go to the defense of their liberties, their homes and firesides, but these were rare; and, taken all in all, there never was and never will be any army which in patriotism, in courage, in wholeness of purpose, in willingness of sacrifice, in intellectual and social standing can equal the armies of the South in that eventful period from 1861 to 1865.

Want True History.

Your Historical Committee, acting for the United Confederate Veterans Association, a potent and vigorous force in the preservation of Confederate records and the truest guardian of Confederate glory, again urges upon our people scattered throughout all the world the duty of seeing that history shall be true and that the men and women of the Southland shall be judged only by that which was done, and not by that which was laid at their doors by their enemies and traducers. There is nothing in this demand which we make of our Southern people and their descendants which detracts in the least from our obligations and allegiance as citizens of this great republic. These sentiments are no more differing or variant than the affection we bear those of our own kith and kin. The mother who mourns her dead child, who enshrines its image in her heart and loves to think upon the sweetness and gentleness of the soul which slipped from her earthly grasp to enjoy the happiness and the grandeur of heaven, does not in this beautiful emotion lose either her ability or her inclination to care for and love the children whom God has still spared to her; and so this love of our dead nation, this love of our furled flag, this love of our glorious history and our Southland's splendid achievements detracts nothing from the sincerity and the completeness of our love for our common country. In the broad, wide sense of national allegiance we are Americans, but in this allegiance we lose nothing of our devotion and of our consecration to that splendid cause and to that

magnificent contest in which the South engaged for its national independence and for a separate national life. The two things are neither inconsistent nor contradictory; but, on the other hand, have inspired a deeper sense of patriotic devotion and a higher and nobler impetus to our love of country and native land. Congratulating this association upon the magnificent work it has done in the past, we urge all of its members to prompt, vigorous, faithful discharge of duty in magnifying and in glorifying the splendor of the part which was borne by the Confederate States in its brief but renowned career.

Thank God, no man can change the past. Its records are written and sealed, and there can be no interlineations or amendments. We must open and read the pages as they were recorded by Fate. Beyond this we ask not to go. The love of truth is one of the noblest impulses which can touch the human heart, and by all the glories of the past we demand that the truth shall be known and declared. Any Southern soldier, man or woman, who asks less is a craven, and he who takes less is a coward. With a patience that everywhere excites admiration, the South waited for a time of vindication. That time has come. Hundreds of thousands of pages have been written to tell the story of Southern conflict and Southern struggle. More will yet be written, more must be written. The full truth will never be told. We only ask that the fullest possible truth be made known. And year by year the association, with diminished numbers, but with increasing zeal, demands from every possible source that truth shall be gathered. Southern people are willing to go under the lime light of history There are no stains upon the escutcheon of the Confederacy; and the fiercer the light, the more penetrating the methods of examination, and the more powerful the lens through which the past shall be viewed, the better satisfied will be the people of the South.

Through the gloom and terrors of the four years of conflict, through the horrors and wrongs of reconstruction, with its ravages and its crimes, through the days of misrepresentation and malicious slander of its acts the men and women of the South bore themselves with dignity of manner, a peace of soul, and a calmness and consciousness of right which commanded the admiration and respect of foes and friends alike.

One great duty remains. Its obligations do not lessen, but hourly increase. As the Confederate survivors year by year, under the stern laws of nature and the exactions of the great enemy, grow fewer and fewer and the accelerating mortality rate, with its remorseless finger, points to the grave as the common goal of all who followed the flag of our nation, the sense of duty and obligation should grow apace with the briefness of the years that are left and arouse every son and daughter of the South to a faithful and prompt performance of all that will keep not only untarnished but radiant the story of who and what the Confederate people were, and to write ineffaceably upon the pages of history the extent as well as the splendor of Confederate achievement.

Eulogy.

The South offered the best it had, and it offered all it had. In the sanguinary conflicts which war forced there was nothing for the South to send but her bravest, truest, most refined and cultivated children. She gave these without limit, without murmur; and then when she offered all these and there faced her decimated battalions an army of a million men, against which she could place in the field only a little over 100,000 men, there was nothing to do but to yield to the inevitable, and for the purity of their motives, for the grandeur of their courage, and for all the glorious attributes of patriotic citizens and soldiers to ask the world to examine the records and then judge her by the men who fought under her flag. The average of the officers and enlisted men of the South never had any equal in any army, and we challenge the world, as we call the names of our illustrious dead, to find their counterpart in the history of any nation ever known.

A high and holy duty rests with the survivors of the Confederate armies. Enough has not yet been done to justify the sacrifices which the South made. There are parts of the history of the South which are yet to be enlarged and more thoroughly developed. When we come to deal with the history of the Confederate States, there can be no partiality. All stand on an equal plane. There is no discrimination, and ought to be none, in dealing with the records of the past.

"We care not whence they came,
Whether unknown or known to fame;
Their cause and country all the same,
They died, they wore the gray.
Gather them one and all, from the private to the chief;
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They died for us, and for them shall fall
The tears of the nation's grief."

There are more monuments erected commemorating the principles and heroes of the Confederate States which lived only four years than have been erected or constructed to any single cause, political, military, or religious, in the world's history. More books must be written, the story of the struggle must be correct, the judgment of mankind must be just. We, the sentinels, standing now on the shores, can hear the voices of those who have passed over to be with the immortals still calling. They bid us to be true to the great principles for which these heroes and martyrs died. The hundreds of monuments scattered throughout the South with voiceful stone speak of the matchless courage and the undaunted gallantry of the Southern soldier and of the immeasurable patriotism of the Southern people. These will live when books are changed, when, it may be, the past may be forgotten, but these imperishable monuments with their inscriptions will remain for a thousand years; and when they shall have crumbled into dust before the ravages of time, others will spring up, and they will be renewed, so that the story which they tell will go down through the ages with undiminished light and with unfading glory. In every county in the Southland there ought to be a monument to the Confederate soldiers, and to this sacred duty we call our people and urge them now, while so many of the great host who battled remain, to spare neither effort nor expense to place everywhere in the midst of the Southern people indestructible reminders of the glorious past.

In the great work of giving the South its true place in history the men of the Confederacy ought never to forget the service rendered by the Confederate Veteran, of Nashville, Tenn., confessedly the best periodical of its kind ever printed. The zeal and liberality of its editor, Col. S. A. Cunningham, his patience and energy in the cause of the South, dearer to him than life itself, and the absolute consecration of his means, his talents, and his time in the publication of this wonderful paper, place the people of the Southland under obligations which it is impossible to overstate. Those who would really understand and realize the nature of the sacrifices and sufferings of the men and women of the Confederacy and their heroism and courage can never hope to fully do this without the knowledge of what this journal contains, and we desire to urge upon all who love the South, its tradition and its history, to subscribe for the Confederate Veteran.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS IN VIRGINIA.

A committee composed of Mrs. James R. Werth (chairman) and Mrs. Norman V. Randolph write officially to the VETERAN under date of February 19, 1910: "The Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association of Richmond, Va., have read with great interest one of your leading articles in the VETERAN concerning 'Confederate Monuments Throughout the South.' This Association was established immediately after the war, and is the oldest memorial association of its kind in the United States. Its object is the care and decoration of the graves of Confederate soldiers, and its work is necessarily among monuments. Because of mistakes in your article a committee was appointed to report on the monuments erected by Confederate organizations in Richmond, which report was adopted, and is hereby inclosed with the request that you kindly give it a place in your valuable magazine."

REPORT OF THE POWHATAN MONUMENT.

In Powhatan County, Va., the Powhatan Troop Association have erected a monument on the courthouse green to the fallen braves of the Powhatan Troop. It is of Virginia granite, twelve feet high, standing on a grassy mound five feet high, ornamented on all sides with symbols in bas-relief: an empty scabbard crossed with a naked saber, a lotus typifying eternal sleep, the star of destiny, and a drooping Confederate flag, not furled, signifying defeated, not conquered. The inscriptions on the base of the monument are: Obverse, "Erected to keep in tender remembrance the Powhatan Troop, Company E, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Second Brigade, First Division Stuart's Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia;" reverse, "To honor valor is mankind's delight."

On the die: "Manassas, 1861—Appomattox, 1865."

It was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on August 20, 1896, by Miss Amy McRae Werth. The Rev. Hartwell Harrison offered the prayer. Judge John H. Ingram made the address. A brass band furnished the music of "Dixie" and other Southern songs, and a delegation from Lee Camp in uniform was present. The monument cost about $1,500. It is in the care of the ladies of Powhatan County.

REPORT OF THE HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The October VETERAN under the heading, "Concerning Confederate Monuments," page 505, gives in part a brief description of the Confederate monuments throughout the South, reciting where they are erected, by whom, what they cost, and asking for each report. In that account there are some errors to which this Association calls attention and requests space for the appended account of Confederate monuments erected by Confederate organizations in Richmond.

Under the special caption, "Virginia," on page 509, it is stated: "In Richmond, Va., is the beautiful cemetery of Hollywood. Here many are gathered whom the South holds dear. Chief among these is Jefferson Davis, whose grand monument was a loving contribution of the whole United States. It is a magnificent shaft surmounted by the allegorical figure of a woman known as 'Vindicatrix.' At the foot of this pillar is a pedestal five feet high, with a bronze figure of Mr. Davis eight feet high. All the inscriptions are in Latin. Near this monument of Mr. Davis is the beautiful monument to Winnie Davis, the 'Daughter of the Confederacy.'"

It would appear from this description that the monument herein described is erected in Hollywood over Mr. Davis's grave. Such is not the fact. True, Mr. Davis is buried in Hollywood, and his grave has been marked by his family. In the plot with him is also buried his daughter Winnie. The monument which marks her grave was erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as you state; while more than two miles away from the Davis plot, in the residential part of the city, at the intersection of Monument Avenue and Cedar Street, is the grand monument to Mr. Davis which the VETERAN so aptly describes. It was erected by the Jefferson Davis Monument Association at a cost of $73,534.75.

Hollywood Monument, erected by the Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association to the Confederate dead in Hollywood.

Oakwood Monument in Oakwood Cemetery, erected by the Ladies' M. O. A. to the Confederate dead in Oakwood.

Equestrian Statue to General Lee on Monument Avenue, erected by the people of the South.

Pickett Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, erected by Pickett Camp.

Otey Battery Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, erected by their comrades.

Howitzer Monument in Howitzer Place, erected by Howitzer Association of Richmond.

Monument to the "Unknown Dead" who died in Northern prisons, erected by the Dabney Maury Chapter, U. D. C., of Philadelphia, in the Ladies' Memorial Association grounds of Hollywood Cemetery.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on Libby Hill, erected by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument Association.

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Monument on Monument Avenue, erected by the Veteran Cavalry Association of the A. N. V.

Winnie Davis Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Gen. A. P. Hill's Monument on the Hermitage Road. The figure of General Hill was the gift of the A. P. Hill Association and the pedestal the gift of Maj. Lewis Ginter. The remains of General Hill are buried beneath the monument.

Hebrew Memorial in the Hebrew Cemetery. Each grave of a Confederate soldier is marked with head and foot stone bearing his full name. The plot is inclosed with an artistic iron railing, designed especially for the purpose by the late William Myers and cast in the Tredegar Iron Works.

There are numerous other Confederate monuments in Richmond, but they were not erected by Confederate organizations.

PLANS TO MARK BATTLEFIELD OF ATLANTA.

The Atlanta Constitution is making efforts to have the marking and surveying of the battlefield of Peachtree Creek taken up by the United States government. Colonel Livingston will place the matter before the Military Commission in the most convincing light, and ask for an appropriation of two thousand dollars to be given by Congress for this purpose. General Van Sant, the Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., on a recent visit to Atlanta expressed his hearty approval of the idea, and regretted that it was not possible to make the battlefield a national park. He says that the General G. A. R. Encampment will be held in Atlantic City this spring, and he feels sure they will indorse the plan of appropriately marking the battlefield, and urges Georgia to have the matter brought before them. He believes also that Congress will make the desired appropriation without delay.

MILITARY FUNERALS FOR OLD SOLDIERS.—Members of the U. D. C. have petitioned the Governor of Tennessee that the old soldiers of the "Home" should be buried with military honors. This was granted, and the Governor signed an order for arms and ammunition to be used for this purpose.

G. A. R. VETERANS TO HONOR CONFEDERATES.

In General Order No. 4 of the Grand Army of the Republic, with reference to the observance of Memorial Day on May 30, the G. A. R. Commander states: "Forty-two years of compliance with the order issued by Comrade John A. Logan in 1868 while Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. has made the observance of Memorial Day the expression of a nation's tribute of respect to its deathless dead. It is recommended that wherever the grave of a former Confederate is found flowers be placed thereon as a tribute to the bravery of the man who fought on the other side, remembering that he too was an American soldier. We were once enemies, but now friends. The long, dark night is over at last; we are a united people. Out of the darkness comes no echo of discord between brothers, no noise, no strife, no bloodshed, but universal fellowship lights the lamp to guide the feet of our young republic."

Memorial Day is sacred in the South as well as in the North. In March, 1866, Mrs. Charles J. Williams, of Columbus, Ga., published an appeal to the Southern people to "set apart a certain day to be observed as Memorial Day from the Potomac to the Rio Grande as a religious custom of the South," and she designated April 26 as the date. The State of Georgia, in compliance with her request, made it a legal holiday. April 26 is still observed by many States, while others have adopted June 3, the birthday of President Davis. June 3 is very appropriate, but it seems so important that all the South adopt the same day that the original date should claim serious consideration. The day suggested by Mrs. Williams is better suited for the flowers in the Southland; and if one day for all were agreed to, it would give the event greater dignity, as does May 30 for honoring the Union dead. Let it not be forgotten that Memorial Day was started South.

As proof that the South deserves the honor of Memorial Day quotation is made from an article by Mrs. John A. Logan, written for the New York Mail and Express May 14, 1892, in which she stated that General Logan was the second Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic; that preceding the time that he served as Commander in Chief she visited with a party of friends the Confederate graves at Richmond and Petersburg, and upon her return to Washington reported to General Logan that she was impressed by seeing the graves of Confederate soldiers decorated with tiny white flags and faded wreaths of laurel, and adds: "His tender heart was deeply touched. He said it was most fitting; that the ancient Greeks had honored their dead, particularly their heroes, by chaplets of laurel and flowers, and that he intended to issue an order designating a day for decorating the graves of every soldier in his land; and if he could, he would have it made a national holiday. He issued an order and secured an appropriation to preserve the proceedings of the first Memorial Day, which were compiled from the reports that were sent to the headquarters of the Grand Army."

In General Logan's appeal for Memorial Day he said: "Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed ground. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grow dull, other hands become slack, and other hearts become cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us."

JOHN C. CALHOUN IN STATUARY HALL.

The unveiling and formal presentation to the nation of the statue of John C. Calhoun took place in Statuary Hall at Washington March 10, 1910. The D. A. R. Chapter of King's Mountain first agitated the selection of Calhoun from the long line of South Carolina's honored sons, and at the brilliant presentation ceremonies its Chapter President, Miss Gist, and the Regent of South Carolina unveiled the statue. The statue is a bold piece of work, depicting the great statesman as if about to take a step forward. It is placed on the south side of Statuary Hall and facing the statue of Webster, Calhoun's greatest antagonist.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

At the unveiling of the statue were grouped some of the leading men of South Carolina and many lineal descendants of Calhoun. Among those present at this gathering was Capt. James E. Calhoun, U. S. A., who served under Gen. M. C. Butler during the Spanish War, while his father followed him in the Confederate service in the war of the sixties.

Gov. M. F. Ansel, of South Carolina, presided over the unveiling ceremonies, and around the speakers' platform were gathered many notable men, both from the North and South. In his address Governor Ansel paid noble tribute to Calhoun and the work he had done in his forty years of public service. He was followed by ex-Governor Mauldin, who spoke of the State pride in the man, and pointed out many incidents of his magnificent career, and in closing said that Calhoun had many warm friends and bitter enemies, as all men of strong personality have, but that no one ever doubted his ability, his honesty, or his sincerity.

At the conclusion of speeches in the Statuary Hall further ceremonies were held in the Senate chamber, in which both Senators and members from the House took part in many glowing speeches in tribute to the great South Carolinian, the men from South Carolina and the men from Massachusetts joining in praise of the "great commoner." Representative Aiken told of the little school located in the western part of Abbeville under the charge of Dr. Waddell, and the part this little academy played in the formation of a character to which even his enemies gave reluctant admiration.

CONFEDERATE REUNION AT VICKSBURG.—Every preparation is being made by the U. C. V., the U. S. C. V., and the U. D. C. of Mississippi to make the annual Reunion which is to be held in Vicksburg November 10-12 a grand success.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH ROBT. TOOMBS.

BY L. D. YOUNG, FOURTH KENTUCKY, C. S. A.

I send to the VETERAN some recollections of Senator Robert Toombs. As a boy I had read debates in Congress just preceding the war in which Senator Toombs replied to Charles Sumner in which he said he would live to call the roll of his slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. That speech drove to frenzy the abolitionists of the North.

I had spent the winter of 1864-65 in a hospital at Eufaula, Ala., on account of a wound received at Jonesboro in August preceding, and was endeavoring to reach my command, the "Orphan" Brigade, then in South Carolina. I chanced to be a passenger on the train with General Toombs, then in command of Georgia troops stationed at Macon, and to which place we were going. Wilson's Cavalry was moving on Macon, and there were exciting rumors as to their depredations. The train made many stops, and the passengers (among them were Mrs. L. Q. C. Lamar and six or seven children) were in terror. General Toombs, exasperated at so much delay, took charge of the situation. With the agility of a boy he leaped from the car, and with two "navy" pistols, one in each hand, ran forward to the locomotive, using the most forceful English, of which he was master, and the train moved on immediately. I inquired as to who he was, and was told that it was General Toombs. His celebrated speech was recalled instantly, and I could see Toombs replying to Sumner.

I saw General Toombs again at his home in Washington, Ga. Having learned that the army would be disbanded at Washington and that Lewis's Brigade would be paroled there, Sergeant Knox and I decided to go up from Macon and be with those dear surviving comrades from Shiloh to Columbia.

It had been decided that some of the Confederate funds brought from Richmond should be paid to the soldiers there for their services. The remnant of my company (ten others and myself) received our part of the coin, which was $40, two double eagles each. The perplexing question now was how to get the coin changed. I was selected to go into the town and see if I could not find the change. It was quite a hardship, as I was still compelled to use my crutches. In going from house to house I saw General Toombs sitting on his veranda talking to some friends. I recognized him instantly. Saluting him graciously as a soldier, I stated my business. The General replied that he had no funds suitable, but that Major ———, pointing to one of the gentlemen by his side, had some funds belonging to the government in the house, and referred me to him. The Major cordially furnished me the change after going to the back part of the house, where I could hear him hammering. In the meantime General Toombs had me seated and was plying me with questions. He asked to what command I belonged, how long I had been in service, where and when I was wounded, how I expected to get home, and various other pertinent questions. When the Major returned with the change, I handed him the double eagles, thanked him, and started away.

General Toombs walked with me to the gate, opened it, and, walking along inside the yard, continued his questions. Suddenly he put his fingers into his vest pocket and drew therefrom a $20 gold piece. Extending it across the fence, he said: "Here, Lieutenant, take this; it may be of some service to you. You are a long way from home, and will need it." Declining to receive it, I thanked him, but he said: "You must take it, sir." Extending his hand, he gave me a hearty farewell grasp that thrills me to this moment.

Several years after the war (during Grant's second term) I read that Gen. Bob Toombs had returned from Europe, where he had been living since the war, and in passing through Washington called on President Grant.

FOURTEEN SOLDIERS FROM TWO FAMILIES.

A Mr. Terry, of Orange County, N. C., had six sons in the Confederate army at one time.

Mr. James G. Burch, of Allensville, Person County, N. C., had eight sons in the Confederate army at one time. Two were in the 6th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, two were in the 3d North Carolina Cavalry Regiment, and four were in the 24th North Carolina Infantry. One was killed at Chickamauga, Tenn., another was wounded in a Tennessee battle, one was wounded at Drury's Bluff, Va., one was wounded in the siege of Petersburg, Va., and one was wounded at Plymouth, N. C. The four in the 24th North Carolina Infantry Regiment were in that hard Maryland and Virginia campaign. Six of the eight brothers are yet living. The oldest, Jerad, is 89; A. J., 87; R. G., 81; George W., 71; Hugh, 68; J. H., 66—an average of seventy-seven years. J. H. Burch, of Roxboro, N. C., is now the only living veteran who carried the colors of the 24th North Carolina Regiment in battle. President Jefferson Davis upon the recommendation of his captain discharged R. G. Burch to go home and make a living for the old people.

The foregoing data comes from Comrade J. S. Coleman, of Moriah, N. C., who writes: "The Burches are my cousins. I served with the four in the 24th North Carolina Regiment."

FRANCIS S. BARTOW HONORED BY NAME OF COUNTY.—In the brief sketch of Gen. Francis S. Bartow on page 138 of the March issue there were omissions that induce another reference to him. Prof. Joseph T. Derry, of Atlanta, explains that which has caused many inquiries in the statement: "The county of Bartow was originally named for Lewis Cass; but on December 6, 1861, the Georgia Legislature changed it to Bartow, in honor of Col. Francis S. Bartow." Professor Derry wrote for the Atlanta Journal: "Within two short months upon the field of Manassas Bartow, leading a brigade, fell mortally wounded at the moment when victory beamed upon the Confederate arms with a glory that never lost its influence over friends and foes until the final eclipse at Appomattox."

STRANGE PLIGHT OF A FEDERAL PRISONER.—J. A. Hamby, of Livingston, Tenn., who was a member of Company A, 28th Tennessee Infantry, writes of an incident connected with the battle of Shiloh which he did not understand, and would like to hear from some one who can explain it. He says that when General Prentiss and his command, prisoners of war, were being marched past the place where he was standing, being conducted toward Corinth, in the rear of the command was a prisoner who had been wounded in the head, and the blood had dripped over his clothing. A rope was around his neck, and he was being led along like a wild beast. Who was he, what had he done, and what was being done with him?

FULL SCHOLARSHIP TO BE GIVEN BY SOUTH CAROLINA U. D. C.'s.—South Carolina U. D. C.'s will give a full scholarship at the University of South Carolina, which is located at Chapel Hill. This scholarship consists of free tuition and a hundred dollars for expenses. The applicants must not be under sixteen and must take a pledge to continue the four years' course, also that they will reside in the dormitory for this time.

THE SOUTHRON'S FAREWELL TO LIBERTY.

[Written in 1865 when the gathering cloud of reconstruction was deepening overhead; and subsequently, after some verbal and structural alterations had been made, it was dedicated to the Daughters of the Confederacy, South Carolina Division, December 3, 1908, by the author, J. Lowrie Wilson.]

Adieu, sweet Liberty, adieu!
At thy once-honored shrine we bow—
Pained there through tears of grief to view
The cypress on thy laureled brow!

O Liberty, sweet Liberty,
Bright vision, like some dream of day—
Angel of Liberty, to thee
We come to sing our final lay!

As from our Dixie's crimsoned shore
Thy wings are plumed far hence to dwell,
Pause ere thy flight, and list once more—
List, 'tis the Southron's last farewell!

Driven from a land where coldly gleams
Aurora's weird and fitful light,
Chilled by the north star's icy beams
And polar breath of deadly blight:

Constrained an exile's lot to try,
With all behind thee left as dross—
Thine eye turned toward our radiant sky,
Where nightly shines the "Southern Cross."

Poised in mid-air, like some bright ray
That lingers in the summer's gloam,
We saw thee, and we bade thee stay
And make this sunny clime thy home.

But no! thou saidst: "Before I set
My foot upon thy Southern sod
A price I ask: cancel that debt,
And I will break thy tyrant's rod!"

A thrill shot through us, and there passed
Before us from the years long gone
Form of heroic mold, and last
That of our own great Washington.

They bade us pay the price; one hour
Of liberty was worth it all.
They bade us brave the tyrant's power,
To drink of Freedom's cup, or fall.

"Name, name the sum thy price," we cried.
"Be its dread measure what it may—
Toils, trials, death, thy answer 'bide—
We troth our all the sum to pay."

Then, springing like an angel down,
Thy foot was planted on our sands,
And on thy brow was placed a crown,
A chaplet wreathed by Southern hands.

Waving aloft thy magic wand,
Thy quivering lips our Dixie claimed,
And as thine eye surveyed the land,
So bright, so fair, the sum was named:

"Bring forth your braves, a living host,
As numerous as the flowers that bloom,
And let them of my banner boast
Or glory in a soldier's tomb.

Stand not aghast, though midnight's pall
Be lighted by your burning domes;
Stand not aghast, though crumbling fall
The flame-wrapped structures of your homes.

A nation's natal sacrifice
Demands the costliest offering—blood!
In blood the newborn infant lies;
'Tis christened with a crimson flood.

This do, and here I will abide
To rid thee of th' oppressor's chains;
But shrink, and subjugation's tide
In wasting streams shall sweep thy plains."

'Twas said, those solemn words, when lo!
With stirring notes the tocsin rang,
And from each hill and valley low
To meet the foe armed warriors sprang!

'Twas said, and o'er Virginia's clay
The battle's sun arose and set!
There, there in stern and deadly fray
The Northman and the Southron met.

And did we shrink? Ask of the slain!
Ye countless dead of Dixie, rise
And from each battle's gory plain
Attest the bloody sacrifice!

For thee a Sidney Johnston bled,
For thee is heard great Jackson's knell,
For thee a Polk his lifeblood shed,
For you a Cleburne fought and fell.

Our nameless heroes for the prize
Of freedom stemmed invasion's tide,
And, dying, turned toward thee their eyes,
Still shouting "Freedom" as they died!

For thee, shut in by bolts and bars,
Our glorious chief a captive reigns!
For thee, Prometheuslike, he wears
Without a groan his cruel chains!

. . . . . .

But no, alas! a dismal pall
Spread o'er our land its shadow drear,
Presaging in its course the fall
Of all we loved and held most dear.

'Tis true, a noble band still stood
And braved the battle on the plain,
Resolved to pay their troth of blood
And for their homes thy boon to gain.

Nor so with all; a brood arose
Of vampires, lured by hopes of gains,
Who, gloating on a nation's woes,
Sucked out the lifeblood from its veins.

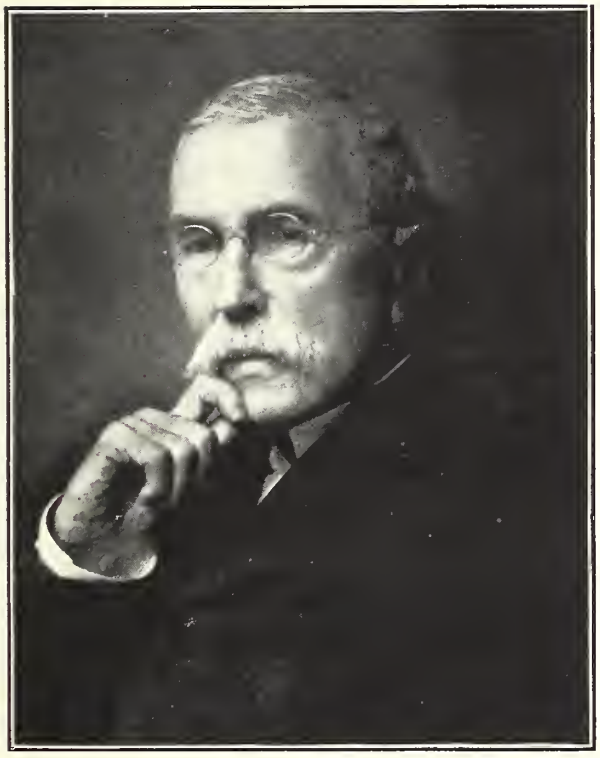
The men at home for years, though true,
Began at Shame's dark fount to drink;
The spirit of extortion grew,
Causing our famished host to shrink.

Pressed sorely thus on all sides, like
A wounded lioness at bay
She stands as if to spring and strike;
But faint, she falters, gives away!

We shrank, and lo! a cruel power
From Dixie plucked her starry crown;
We shrank, and in that evil hour
Our "living wall" was broken down!

But, hark! a rustling sound I hear!
List! 'tis a low, a stifled moan.
A mournful requiem greets the ear;
Alas! alas! my Muse is flown!

'Twas o'er; the form we did adore
Had vanished from our eager view.
Farewell, farewell for evermore;
Angel of Liberty, adieu!



REV. J. LOWRIE WILSON, D.D.

A sketch of Rev. J. L. Wilson appeared in the VETERAN, page 468, for September, 1909. The foregoing characteristic poem by him will be read with much interest, especially by those who deny having been reconstructed. He was true to his principles even unto death. Dr. Wilson was born in India, the son of missionary parents. He was living in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1861, and promptly enlisted in the Confederate service. He served as a lieutenant in Gracie's Brigade, losing a foot at Drury's Bluff. After the war he was a devoted Presbyterian minister in South Carolina.

HOW MR. DAVIS'S NAME AND FACE WERE CHOSEN FOR THE SILVER OF THE BATTLE SHIP.—The battle ship commission honored Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., with the privilege of selecting the name and face to be placed upon the silver to be presented to the battle ship bearing the State name. With the loyalty of all Mississippians she at once selected its most prominent representative, President Jefferson Davis.

BESTOWING CROSS IN BRECKINRIDGE, TEX.

On entering the opera hall of Breckenridge, Tex., January 19, 1910, I felt as if the conflict between the States, which ended forty-five years ago, was just beginning, and that many were ready to answer the "clarion call of a new-born flag." I thought: "Can it be that forty-five years have passed since the soldier of the South, clad in his tattered gray, furled his banner, wrung the hand of his comrade in silence, and began his return to the devastated Southland? Forty-five years since the great and glorious Robert E. Lee, 'the noblest knight of all generations,' surrendered his army at Appomattox? Then why were the stars and bars waving, and why was the sweet melody of old Southern airs filling the hall? What did it all mean?" It meant that the Daughters of the Confederacy in the bestowal of the Southern cross of honor were to pay tribute to some who so nobly answered the call.

The pleasing manner in which Mrs. N. E. Cooper, President of the Breckenridge Chapter, opened the meeting was in itself a welcome to the veteran. Rev. Mr. Ayres delivered the invocation. Two piano solos, "The Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home,"-were given by Ray Goodwin.

Hon. W. P. Sebastian with his usual enthusiasm, addressing the audience, spoke of the valor of the South, of how general after general had commanded the Union forces, of how the forces of the North outnumbered those of the South, and with what wonderful courage we withstood them through four terrible years. He then congratulated the Daughters in doing what they could to perpetuate the glorious deeds of Southern heroes and to enshrine in the hearts of the people of the South the heaven-born mission of the Confederacy.

Following this, little Jewel Ault in her sweet baby voice sang "Maryland, My Maryland."

Rev. J. Hall Bowman, after speaking of the heroism of the soldier in gray, added that the women by their diligence at home and in hospital made it possible for him to carry on the struggle.

Next an article written by Walter A. Clark, entitled "Southern Cross of Honor: Its Significance," was read by Miss Stella Russell.

"Dixie," by the High School Glee Club, was followed by the yells of the old soldiers.

In a short talk Mr. T. E. Keith expressed the appreciation of the veterans for the honor shown them.

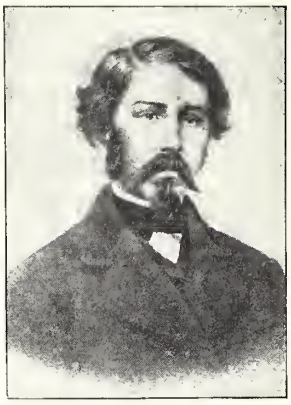
A war song by Mr. Teddie and Uncle Jackie Jones, two old soldiers, was warmly applauded.

Mr. H. B. Furr, "bubbling over" with loyalty, assured the veterans that the cause for which they fought was not "lost," but would live on in the hearts of the South forever. The bestowal of the crosses of honor, he declared, was considered a privilege by the sons and daughters of the Confederacy. At this point his little daughter, Jewel, in her own sweet way pinned the crosses on, and in a closing recitation pledged devotion to the soldiers of the South throughout the future.

MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY.—G. W. Barr, of Stamford, Tex., writes of his mother, who is nearing her ninetieth year, as one of those deserving honor of the South in having given so much for its defense in the days of the sixties. She was married in 1838 to Maj. Allen Barr, and she gave her husband and three sons to the Southern cause, the son mentioned being with Forrest and the other two in the Virginia Army. She was born in Rockingham County, N. C., her parents removing to Tennessee when she was fourteen years of age. Shortly after marriage she removed to North Mississippi, and she now lives with her youngest son in Mills County, Tex.

QUANTRILL AND HIS FAMOUS COMMAND.

Doubtless the most unique character developed by the War between the States was that of Quantrill, the famous guerrilla chief. His exploits have been often told, but less is known of him as a man than any other who figured in the drama of war. Only the closest friends in his command knew anything of the personal side of their daring leader. In its brilliance and briefness his career has been aptly compared to that of a comet, for through ten years of the border troubles he flashed his way, leaving a trail of fire and blood. He then dropped out of the knowledge of men, and few have ever known that a simple grave in the cemetery at Louisville, Ky., the headstone bearing the name of "Charles Quantrill Hart," holds the mortal remains of the dreaded guerrilla. The story is told that he was found in a Louisville hospital by the mother of one of his men, Mrs. Neville Ross, of Independence, Mo., shortly after the war, who respected his wish that his identity be not revealed and that he be given a very quiet burial. And so it was that the revengeful spirit at last found rest in the obscurity of the grave, nevermore to be disturbed by war's alarms.



"QUANTRILL."

It is a difficult matter to secure reliable data on Quantrill's life previous to his taking the leading rôle in the border troubles. A book by one of the other side, lately issued, is so manifestly partisan that recourse to its pages is not satisfactory. In the search for information of this command a follower of Quantrill was found in Nashville, Tenn., in the person of Mr. J. G. Cisco, of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, who contributes the following:

"Quantrill was born in Maryland of good family. He received a good education; and when he was sixteen years of age, his father died, and his mother, with her two sons, moved to Cleveland, Ohio. Two years later the sons concluded to try their fortunes at Pike's Peak, and accordingly left for Leavenworth, Kans., where after a short time they equipped themselves with two good mules and a new wagon and everything needful for the journey. Either the first or second night after they had begun their journey they encamped on the banks of a stream, and in due time went to sleep. During the night the Jayhawkers appeared and fired into them, killing the brother, and Charles was severely wounded. The Jayhawkers then robbed them of everything they possessed, and left them, thinking both were dead. For three days Charles was only able to crawl down to the stream for water to quench his thirst; he had nothing to eat. On the third day a Caw Indian happened to come along and took him in charge, carrying him to his wigwam and nursing him back to life. He then went to near Fort Scott and taught school for a time, having taken the name of Charles Hart. All this time he was planning vengeance.

"At last Quantrill joined the band of Jayhawkers under old Jim Lane, who had murdered his brother and wounded him. Not knowing him, they trusted him fully, and soon promoted him to sergeant and then to lieutenant. As soon as he felt secure in the confidence of the gang he began to take vengeance at every opportunity. At odd times he killed about eighteen of the Jayhawkers, being always sure that he had one of those who had taken part in the murder of his brother. Finally suspicion fell upon him, and he was closely watched.

"About that time hostilities had begun between the Confederate and Federal armies. Quantrill then left the Jayhawkers and joined a company of Missouri Confederates, taking part in several engagements. In the fall of 1861 he was given permission to leave the company and organize a company of his own, which he did in Jackson County. This company was small at first, but continued accessions soon gave him a command of as brave and desperate men—or rather boys—as ever mounted a horse and fought an enemy. From that time on until the close of the war 'Quantrill's Band' was a terror to Kansas Jayhawkers and Missouri 'Home Feds.'

"When Lee surrendered, Quantrill was in Virginia. He decided to return to Missouri, and while on his journey with a few of his followers as they were passing through Kentucky they were attacked by some Federal troops, and Quantrill was wounded, but not captured. He dragged himself to a near-by barn, where, some reports say, he died; others that he was removed to a hospital in Louisville, and there died. I do not know which report is true. I believe that he died on June 5, 1865, and in a Catholic hospital in Louisville."

From another source it is learned that it was in November, 1857, that Quantrill first appeared in a leading rôle in the border troubles, when he warned the people near Independence, Mo., of a contemplated raid that night and showing them how the attack could be repelled. In those troublous times the raids of the Jayhawkers (John Brown's followers) were of frequent occurrence and terrible in their results. At frequent intervals thereafter Quantrill appeared to the people of Kansas and the border counties of Missouri, warning them of any threatened attacks. When war actually came, Quantrill came into national notice by his attack on the militia at Olathe, by which he gained possession of the territory of Springfield, where General Price was for the time, and effectually put an end to Kansas raids into Missouri. From this time on the ceaseless warfare of the Federal authorities forced him to adopt the guerrilla tactics.

The order issued by Colonel Pennock, the Federal commander at Independence, that no quarter should be allowed any of Quantrill's band and that the house where any member was harbored should be burned affected many families in Independence, for a large part of his command were of that town, and Quantrill retaliated by ordering his men to show no mercy to Federal prisoners. The reign of terror which followed reached its climax when General Ewing issued his famous "Order No. 11," revenged so terribly by Quantrill's raid on Lawrence. Factional hatred found its most awful expression in this section, and the raid on Lawrence and Ewing's "Order No. 11" will stand out forever as two of the blackest pages in the history of war.

Responding to a request which appeared in the VETERAN for the cause which impelled Quantrill's raid on Lawrence, J. W. Mathews, of Alvon, W. Va., who served in Company I, 25th Virginia Infantry, 4th Virginia Brigade, Ewell's Division, Stonewall Jackson's corps, wrote that in the "Life of Capt. Charles William Quantrill," by J. N. Edwards, the cause of this raid is set forth. He comments on this, giving the answers of some of Quantrill's men when asked by their commander about making the advance on Lawrence:

"Captain Todd: 'Lawrence, if I knew that not a man would get back alive!'

"Gregg: 'Lawrence! It is the home of Jim Lane, the foster mother of the "Red Legs," the nurse of the Jayhawker!'

"Yager: 'Where my house once stood there is a heap of ashes. I haven't a neighbor that has a house. Lawrence and the torch!'

"Lane was a wholesale plunderer, Jenison in the scale of gradation stood next to Lane, Anthony next to Jenison, Montgomery next to Anthony, Renson next to Montgomery, and so on down and down to the captains and lieutenants and sergeants, corporals, and privates. Stock in herds, flocks, droves, and multitudes were driven from Missouri into Kansas; houses gave up their furniture; women, their jewelry; children, their wearing apparel; storerooms, their contents; the land, its crops; the banks, their deposits. To robbery was added murder, to murder arson, and to arson depopulation. Is it any wonder, then, that the Missourian whose father was killed should kill in return, whose property was plundered should pillage in return, whose lives were made miserable should hunt as wild beasts and rend accordingly?

"Many such were in Quantrill's command, many whose lives were blighted, who in a night were made orphans and paupers, who saw the labor and accumulations of years swept away in an hour of wanton destruction, who for no reason save that they were Missourians were hunted from hiding place to hiding place, who were preyed upon while a single cow remained or a single shock of grain, who were shot at, outlawed, bedeviled, and proscribed, and who, no matter whether Union or disunion, were permitted to have neither a flag nor a country."

The foregong data was submitted to Capt. W. H. Gregg, now of Kansas City, Mo., who was one of the "Quantrill Raiders," and he writes:

"I know nothing of the inscription on the headstone (if there was one) to Quantrill's grave, but do know that his name was not 'Charles Quantrill Hart,' but 'William Clark Quantrill.' That he was found in a Federal hospital at Louisville, Ky., by Mrs. Ross, mother of one of his men, is correct. Quantrill was born in Canal Dover, Ohio, not in Maryland.

"The story of the killing of the brother and the wounding of Quantrill himself is a fake, but that he did teach school near Fort Scott or Paola, Kans., is correct. That he was connected in some way with the Jayhawkers for revenge is certain, and in the end he got the revenge.

"Quantrill was in the battle of Oak Hill, or Springfield, August 10, 1861, but not in the battle of Lexington, as stated by the lamented John N. Edwards. The raising of the company is substantially correct. He was not in Virginia when Lee surrendered, nor was he in Virginia with his command at any time during the war. Quantrill's raid on Lawrence was consummated in retaliation for the inhuman treatment of Southerners in Missouri by Kansas Jayhawkers. No Confederate, whether of Quantrill's command or not, ever fell in the hands of Kansans in any of the border counties of Missouri and came out alive, and there was also the murdering of four Southern women in Kansas City by the undermining of a house in which they were held as prisoners.

"It was after the raid on Lawrence that the infamous 'Order No. 11' was issued by the brutal, inhuman Tom Ewing."

Referring to the comment in the VETERAN for May, 1907, upon the raid on Lawrence, Kans., Captain Gregg has written an account that may appear in book form; but by the terms of sale of his manuscript he was not at liberty to write for publication upon the subject. However, while attending the Reunion at Richmond he talked freely upon the subject, and his vindication of his old command was thorough.

In the outset Comrade Gregg was orderly sergeant for the command; but was soon promoted to third lieutenant, then to first lieutenant, and later served as captain under Joe Shelby to the end of the war. After the war he held positions of trust under United States government authorities. He took the census of the county for 1880, and he is now deputy sheriff in Kansas City, having served four years under Republican sheriffs.

When Gregg went to Quantrill, he had seven men and Gregg had three. This was about the 15th of January, 1862, and by the 19th of March General Halleck had issued an order outlawing Quantrill and his men, and ordered them shot wherever found. This order was published in the Missouri Republican; and when it was read by Quantrill's men, twenty of them quietly left. They soon returned, having captured about five hundred without even being insulted. In January, 1862, seventeen of Jenison's Kansans had been at the senior Gregg's house, and had cruelly hanged and almost choked to death the inmates, and also poured out two casks of wine. Lane had burned Osceola in the fall before. W. H. Gregg was coming home that night. He had four men, only one of them armed. The seventeen men fought Gregg, captured two of the unarmed, and shot them after surrender. Gregg and the one man drove them back and saw the two men shot. This went on for something over two years. The Federals killed all they could get of Quantrill's men, and also killed Confederate soldiers and boys. The day after the two men were killed Gregg saw fourteen houses burned at one time. They determined to get even, and went to Lawrence, the worst place in the State, where they killed one hundred soldiers and burned two or three hundred houses and about forty shanties, holding stolen goods from piano to pincushion. No child or woman was hurt. Quantrill had two hundred and ninety-four men Lane and Jenison committed suicide.

QUANTRILL'S ORIGINAL COMPANY.

The band on July 16, 1862, was composed of the following:

William C. Quantrill, Captain.

W. C. Haller and George W. Todd, Lieutenants.

W. H. Gregg, John Jarrett, J. L. Tucker, and Andrew Blunt, Sergeants.

F. M. Scott, Commissary.

Richard Maddox, Quartermaster.

Henry Acres, Ves Acres, Hugh L. Anderson, Sylvester Atchison, Wiley Atchison, John Atchison, H. Austin.

J. A. Booker, James H. Bowling, Richard Burns, W. H. Burgess, W. A. Baker, W. H. Butler, J. M. Barnett, James Barnett, Lee Ball, W. M. Bledsoe, W. C. Bell, J. Bowers, John Brinker, O. S. Barnett.

James Cunningham, W. Colclesure, Ki Chiles, Samuel Clifton, Thomas Colclesure, Synes Cockerill, A. L. Cunningham, W. F. Cheatham, William H. Campbell.

I. J. K. Dejarnett, Robert Davenport, W. T. Doake, J. W. Dickey, Dr. W. M. Doores, J. T. Doores.

Noah Ester, Dan Estes, Alvis Estes, I. G. Freman, J. H. George.

Mike Houx, Mat Houx, Robert Houx, W. Halley, John Hampton, J. W. Hone, O. Hampton, T. J. Hall, M. Houston, A. Harris, W. Hulse, Robert Hall, J. A. Hendricks, Joe Hall.

W. F. Judd, J. W. Koger, C. A. Longacre. B. L. Long, James Lyon, B. T. Muir, J. L. Morris, George Maddox, Ezra Moore, John W. Olifant, J. Owings. Harry Ogden, Oath Offat, T. B. Perdee, J. R. Perdee, D. M. Pool, H. C. Pemberton.

F. M. Robinson, J. M. Rider, George Rider, Robert Stevenson, W. D. Tucker, John Teague, J. H. Terry, F. F. Teague, ——— Thompson, A. B. Teague.

William Vaughan, James Vaughan, C. T. Williamson, Cole Younger, Richard Yeager, Dan Vaughan.

GEORGIA SOLDIERS' HOME.

REPORT BY MRS. J. T. DERRY, CHAIRMAN HOME COMMITTEE.

We give a brief summary of our work since February, 1909. On the last Wednesday of each month we have given an entertainment at the Soldiers' Home, and, in addition, have had occasional lectures and prayer meetings. Two entertainments were by the Julia Jackson Chapter of Children of the Confederacy, one by the Georgia Tech Glee Club, and one by the young ladies of Washington Seminary. Our purpose in this was to bring the young people into touch with the veterans, thus inspiring them with patriotic Southern sentiments and giving pleasure and new life to the old soldiers.

Other notable occasions were an ice cream festival in March, 1909, a watermelon cutting the last Wednesday in July, a Christmas entertainment, and a St. Valentine's Day remembrance of each old soldier.

We submit herewith our financial report:

AMOUNTS RECEIVED.

Rummage sales	$11 28
Atlanta Camp, No. 159, U. C. V.	90 00
Other Georgia veterans and citizens of Atlanta	50 85
Georgia Chapters, U. D. C.	31 00
Sale of old piano	10 00
Cable Piano Company	110 00
Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C.	57 10
Private sources	7 36
Donations to the hammocks	3 00
Larkin D. Watson Chapter, U. D. C., on fund for hammock	1 50
Total	$472 09

AMOUNTS EXPENDED.

Ice cream	$ 5 00
Sash curtains	5 00
Hammocks	45 00
Drayage	1 00
Croquet set	1 75
Fly killers	40
Sofa pillow covers	2 85
One Bible	60
Melons	14 50
Piano	350 00
Stamps and envelopes	4 85
Two graphophone records	70
Christmas entertainment	32 21
Valentines	1 25
Total	$465 11
Cash on hand	6 98

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Forty-three books of old songs given by W. H. Howard Piano Company.

One rubber cover and piano stool by Cable Piano Company.

A portrait of Gov. Joseph E. Brown, presented by his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Connally.

One hundred and twenty-five pounds of candy for Christmas by McCord Stewart Company.

One box of oranges by H. L. Singer.

One hundred and twenty-five cards, containing verses for slumber shoes, by Byrd Printing Company.

One hundred and twenty horns for Christmas by Mrs. Williams McCarthy.

One hundred stamped envelopes and as many sheets of paper by Hon. T. G. Hudson, Commissioner of Agriculture.

The printing of more than three hundred letters by Mr. E. Foster Williams, stenographer of the Georgia Department of Agriculture.

Seventy-five large-print Testaments and Psalms, donated by the Richmond (Va.) office of the American Bible Society, through the aid of Mr. Charles W. Jerome.

Contribution of cakes and ice cream for the festival by various members of the committee. The work done by various members of the committee, such as furnishing sofa pillows, dressing gowns, overcoats, etc., can hardly be estimated.

Savannah Chapter, U. D. C., unsolicited, sent $14 to the chairman of this committee to be spent at her discretion. With this the freight on the Testaments was paid, the Savannah Chapter having expressed a desire to assist in getting Bibles for the veterans.

At the conclusion of a year of harmonious work we thank the members of this Chapter and other friends for their hearty coöperation in our every undertaking, and hope for a continuance of the same generous support to the committee that may be appointed to serve the ensuing year.

Important suggestions are set forth in the above report. As the wind-up years occur in Confederate Home it is manifest that all practical good cheer should be given to the guests of Confederate Soldiers' Homes. Where so much in social entertainment cannot be given as to the Georgia Home, where Homes are less accessible, as at Nashville, for instance, it being eleven miles from the city, the greater number should be enlisted to divide the pleasure of serving them. Good singers should have auto rides, receiving and giving joy.



MISS SARAH BIRD MORTON, KANSAS CITY,
Sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department, Mobile Reunion

MARKING BATTLEFIELD OF NASHVILLE.

A Bill Before Congress Discussed in Committee.

Patriotic citizens of Nashville who organized the Nashville Battlefield Association are pressing the passage of a bill to secure accurate maps and markers, and sent a committee of two members—S. A. Cunningham, Vice President, and Mr. Park Marshall, the Historian—to the capital to appear before the Committee on Military Affairs in a plea that ten thousand dollars, or so much of it as may be necessary, be made subject to the order of the Secretary of War in having accurate maps of and suitable markers placed on the battlefield. Their arrival at Washington was greeted by friends; but the sentiment was general that Congress would make no appropriation of the kind, at present at least. The appointment having been made, however, the visitors were granted a hearing, and much encouragement was given.

Judge J. M. Dickinson, the Secretary of War, called at the Capitol and introduced the visitors to Chairman Hull, who thereupon called the subject to the attention of the Committee on Military Affairs. When the committee convened, Mr. Hull said: "The Secretary of War was here, but could not wait. I will let these gentlemen determine upon the order in which they are to be heard."

Representative Byrns: "There are two gentlemen here, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, who is the editor and publisher of the Confederate Veteran, and Mr. Park Marshall, of Nashville, Tenn., and I will ask Mr. Marshall to address you first."

Statement of Mr. Park Marshall.

Mr. Marshall: "Mr. Chairman, I only want to say to you that we have here a bill for the purpose of mapping the battlefield of Nashville and for the purpose of putting up markers, and possibly constructing roads that will connect with the present roads. The people of Nashville in this neighborhood are liberal and generous in this matter, and doubtless would do this work themselves; but we feel that for the citizens to mark a national battlefield would hardly be as proper as for the national government to do so. For the government to mark it would give it a dignity and credit that could not be possessed by the work otherwise; and if we should do the work, it would be subject to more or less criticism; that we had given more credit to one participant than to another. There might be criticism as between the contending parties in that battle. So we desire the United States to so mark this battlefield. The Secretary of War says that this plan is very similar to that for the marking that has been done on the battlefield of Antietam. The President of our association is ex-Gov. James D. Porter, who was Governor of Tennessee, and who at the time this battle was fought was adjutant general of Cheatham's Corps, and was in the battle. One of our officers is Gen. Gates P. Thruston, who was in this battle on the Federal side; another is Maj. A. W. Wills, who was major on General Rosecrans's staff, and is now postmaster at Nashville. Another officer, Maj. Wilbur F. Foster, was chief of engineers to Stewart's Corps, and constructed nearly all of the Confederate fortifications on that battlefield. We do not ask you to make this a park. We fully understand that the United States government has adopted the policy of creating no more parks; they are too expensive to be increased. Besides, it would not be really desirable to make a large park there, because the land is very valuable for building sites and for farming, and it would be hardly right, in view of its great utility for other purposes, to make it into a park; so that what we ask is that the Secretary of War will appoint one or more persons from his department, to be associated with others, who shall examine this battlefield and mark it, giving the positions from the 5th to the 16th of December, 1864, of all the different brigades on each side. The reason for this is that many of the Union troops took position on the 5th and changed position several times up to the 16th, and the Confederates came up and took their position, from which they retired after the 15th to a position about a mile and a half southward, in a line contracted to about one-half of the first position. All of the positions should be located. Those who served in the brigades know their places. We desire that the positions of the houses and the roads as they existed in 1864 shall be indicated, say in red, and the positions as they exist now, of the roads and new houses, or anything in the way of landmarks, shall be indicated, say in blue, so that any one examining the map of the battlefield will see the situation now, and at the same time can see what the situation was then. That is the object of this manner of mapping."

The Chairman: "I see this bill also proposes building roads across the battlefield." [Here a discussion occurred about roads that is immaterial at present.]

Mr. Sherwood: "I am quite interested in this, because I was in that battle both days."

Mr. Marshall: "Now, it is the purpose of our organization to see that whatever the Secretary of War requires shall be complied with."

Mr. Slayden: "Is it your judgment that any cession is necessary for the mere purpose of putting up markers?"

Mr. Marshall: "Well, the Secretary may judge as to that. Of course we would see that laws were passed in Tennessee making it a criminal offense to interfere with those markers. My idea is that it would be well to put the superintendent of the National Cemetery as the superintendent of this work."

Mr. Sherwood: "Is there any question about that being granted?"

Mr. Marshall: "I am sure they will grant it, because everybody there wants it done, and the Legislature would grant it without doubt."

Mr Sherwood: "How many battlefields are there in the State of Tennessee?"

Mr. Marshall: "About forty, and these battlefields are being destroyed. Now, I want to say that the battle of Nashville was the decisive battle of the Civil War. Prominent soldiers of both sides are in our organization. We are just as friendly, of course, as you gentlemen or anybody, and we all want this. We went out in autos to examine the battlefield. Mr. Cunningham was in the battle of Franklin and in the battle of Nashville on the Confederate side. In our party were Major Foster, who built a large part of the Confederate fortifications, Major Wills, and General Thruston, on the Union side, and Governor Porter, adjutant general under Cheatham, and others. On several days we examined this battlefield, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could locate some of the exact places where the battle was fought. At other places the remaining works are distinct."

The Chairman: "Of course the $10,000 appropriated in this bill will not any more than make the map and do the preliminary work."

Mr. Marshall: "I am satisfied that the citizens will give the land. Some of them have said they would, and our association would have canvassed the whole thing; but how could we canvass it until there is a map and we know about where the government would like to have markers put?" [Other discussion occurred at this point about roads.]

Mr. Marshall: "People say, 'We want to see the battlefield,' and the citizens of Nashville cannot find places with the

data for them. Those who fought in the battle have great difficulty in deciding where they were." * * *

STATEMENT OF MR. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Mr. Cunningham: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, this is the first time in my life I have ever been before a legislative body except—and it would perhaps amuse you to know—that I was summoned before what we called the 'Brownlow Legislature' to tell them what I knew about the Kuklux, and I was glad that I did not know anything whatever. Now I am very much grieved that I do not know much more about this subject, so as to make an appeal to you for our section. The battles of Nashville and Franklin and Murfreesboro were of so great consequence that it is truly deplorable that all lines on those battlefields are being obliterated. The sentiment of our people is altogether patriotic; there are a great many wealthy people living on the battle lands. I have a letter from a lady who wants to buy a number of acres, the most delightful place on the battlefield, for a monument; but we need the strength and the dignity of government control of the premises. The National Cemetery is seven miles east of Nashville, and a project that has been held very much at heart by a great many of our people is for a boulevard to extend from there down through Nashville, crossing the magnificent bridge recently completed, at a cost of a half million dollars, and running through an area of the city most direct to Fort Negley—the gentlemen here who were in that battle will know where Fort Negley is—and that boulevard to be continued to Franklin. Now as to the building of roads and the buying of park lands, I feel that your Congress is not in much spirit to do it; but I have some comrades here from the Union side who have come in compliment to me to say a word about the importance of marking those battlefields as soon as it can be done, and I plead with you, as they will do, to give us something and take that sort of charge of it which will give it the dignity of government control. Mr. W. V. Cox, of this city, who was a boy at Nashville and roamed the hills on his pony, stayed over after the close of our Centennial Exposition in Nashville and showed me more of the Union lines than I had ever known before, and Mr. Cox has done me the kindness to come and tell you something of our needs in this matter. I want Mr. Cox to say a word, if you please."

STATEMENT OF MR. W. V. COX, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Cox: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I was in Nashville from 1863 to 1866. I was there after the battle of Nashville, in 1865. My father commanded a brigade in this engagement. At this time his command was stationed on the right of the Hillsboro road in General Donelson's division. I remember very distinctly, when my father's men were constructing breastworks, of seeing the Federal army on their return from Franklin. They came in late in the afternoon. Fires were kindled, smoke ascended, and that was the first time we thought that the battle would be fought so near the city of Nashville. You know the stories of delay—why A. J. Smith could not get up the river, and about the same time Hood was in front Smith with an indefinite number of steamboats landed at the wharves. I remember very distinctly that awful weather just preceding the battle, when the authorities in Washington were very impatient with General Thomas, not realizing that every minute Thomas delayed the engagement the Confederates were suffering from dire distress, while General Thomas's army increased in strength and were well supplied with clothing, arms, and whatever was necessary to make a good fighting soldier. * * * During my stay there—as Mr. Cunningham has said—as a boy I was all over Nashville. I knew Nashville and its surroundings probably as well as anybody there, because when I would go out the orderlies would take me from one camp to another with officers who were friends of my father. Soon after this engagement I went over this battlefield with my father and his staff. In front of the house where Secretary Dickinson once lived my father had quarters. That building is now used as a hospital by the Catholics, known as St. Thomas. I went over this ground when I was sent there in 1906 and 1907, and one of the most delightful days was spent with my friend, Mr. Cunningham, following these lines. When we reached the Overton home, which was the center, addressing Mrs. Overton, whose daughter is the wife of the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Cunningham said to her that he was tired and hungry; that he had a Yankee prisoner and wanted dinner. The hospitality was extended, and we enjoyed that stay very much. We went to these principal points I have spoken of, and to me it seemed a great misfortune to find that the most important ones, at least, were being leveled to the earth. I feel that if the committee would recognize Nashville in this way, knowing those people as I know them, you need not fear about them not contributing their part. They are the most hospitable people in the world; and when they found me, grown up and back to the old Rock City, they recalled the kindness of my father to the unfortunate at the close of the war, when they were stripped of all their earthly belongings and came back impoverished to Nashville, when he not only managed to let them have tents and things of that sort, but did everything that a humane officer would do. On one occasion I remember very well General Harding said to him (my father had to give out all the supplies, and foraging was the only thing by which they could support the army): 'It is a pleasure to be robbed by a gentleman.' Mr. Chairman, I am talking in a desultory way; but I did not know until Mr. Cunningham telephoned me that he was here and would appear before the committee. I feel that there are many things to be done upon the field of this battle, where was destroyed the Confederate army of the Southwest. It was an epoch-making period; and if for no other reason, there should be some distinctive markings placed on some of these sites that still remain. I thank you."

Mr. Cunningham: "Mr. Washington Gardner and I are as good friends as ever went in the same line of battle, and he has done me the kindness to come here this morning; and as he knows that country so well, I am sure you will be entertained with what he may say."

HON. WASHINGTON GARDNER, CONGRESSMAN FROM MICHIGAN.

Mr. Gardner: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, Mr. Cunningham speaks of our good friendship, and he is right. It was not always so, however. On several occasions he tried his best to kill me, and it was because of no lack of intent to do so on his part or on mine to do the same to him that either of us is here this morning."

Mr. Slayden, of Texas: "It was bad marksmanship."

Mr. Sulzer, of New York: "God was good to you."

Mr. Gardner: "How about my friend Cunningham?"

Mr. Sulzer: "I do not know him as well as I do you."

Mr. Gardner: "We are not exactly off of the same piece of cloth, but I think we were a good deal alike when we were lads in opposing armies. Gentlemen, I am very much in sympathy with this request, and Mr. Cunningham, the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—who is, perhaps, nearer to the Confederate soldiers as a body than any other man living to-day, because he speaks to them every month, and who is

very near to Federal soldiers, also because his magazine is taken largely by Federals—has expressed my views not only relatively to the battlefield at Nashville, but also as to that of Murfreesboro and that of Franklin. Mr. Marshall speaks of Nashville having been a decisive battle. I think that is true; but from a pretty thorough study of the battles of the war I have long thought that Franklin, to which reference has been made, was one of the decisive battles of the whole war, where Hood gained the battlefield but lost the battle. General Blackburn, of Kentucky, and I were riding across the Isthmus of Panama together some years ago, and he laid down this general proposition: that whoever held the battlefield had the victory. I looked at him and said: 'How about Franklin?' He said: 'That is an exception.' The Confederates held the field, but the Federals won the victory in this: that the spirit of Hood's army was broken at Franklin. If Schofield had been driven into the river at Franklin, as he came within an ace of being, Nashville would have been open, Cincinnati would have been open. To all human appearances the Confederate army would have taken Nashville, and possibly Cincinnati also, and the theater of the war would have been changed. In my judgment, there was no more desperate fighting by the Confederates or by the Federals on any battlefield of the Civil War than on that of Franklin. The dead in places were piled three and four deep. One Confederate general's horse died with his fore feet on the Union breastworks. A Confederate colonel, half supported by the dead piled about him, remained in a half-upright position in the morning, stark and stiff. You will remember, Mr. Marshall."

Mr. Marshall: "I saw them; yes." [It was Col. Stafford.]

Mr. Gardner: "Seven Confederate generals and 1,700 Confederate soldiers from the ranks were dead on the field—nothing like it in the history of the war, the number engaged and the length of time the battle lasted considered. To me that field is holy ground. When I visit it, as I have twice, I feel like taking the shoes from off my feet. And yet there is not a thing to mark it except the Carter house, which is perforated with bullets. It is written: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' Yet thousands of as brave men as ever drew a sword or carried a musket laid down their lives on that altar of sacrifice for what they believed to be right, whether from the North or the South. Yet to the pilgrim that goes there—the son of his father who died there—there is nothing to be seen but a blank field. It ought to be accurately mapped and critical positions permanently marked, at least. So at Nashville It was not nearly so desperate a battle, but a very decisive one. You will remember, you young men of the committee, that Hood got in the rear of Sherman. When Sherman went one way, Hood went another. Sherman went to Savannah and Hood started for Cincinnati by way of Decatur, Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville. You may take Nashville, and there is not a thing to mark that battlefield; and yet one hundred years from now intelligent young men and women of the United States who visit there will ask: 'Where is the field on which the battle of Nashville was fought?' So at Franklin and at Murfreesboro. Why not mark them now? Why not map them now? Here sits a man at my right who was at Franklin on the Confederate side. Here at my left is General Sherwood, who was there on the Union side. At Nashville is Governor Porter, a staff officer to General Cheatham, now a white-haired old man; General Thruston, of the Federal army, whom I knew very well; General Grosvenor, until recently and for many years an honored member of this House, who commanded a brigade whose position is marked here in this publication. These men and a few others like them are living. They know the ground, both Confederate and Union. There is in this proposition no South, no North. There is no Confederate, no Union, but Americans and fellow-countrymen all. Our children's children for generations to come will go to these places where their ancestors fought and many of them died, and they will be disappointed and grieved to find that the government has made absolutely no recognition of the field where they struggled and died for the one cause or the other. I want to say to these gentlemen from Nashville that, while I am thoroughly in sympathy with platting under government supervision and getting the most accurate presentation of the field that can be gotten, and while I am thoroughly in sympathy with placing durable markers, I am not at all in sympathy with building government roads on private property. You gentlemen of the committee, as others of us in the House, know that there is at this point a great danger of abuse. We have had to fight it again and again, and for one I cannot reverse my position on that at this time. No government money ought to be expended, in my judgment, for roads of this character on private or State property, but on the United States reservations only. I am simply giving my opinion, because I shall take this position in the House if it comes up for consideration. But this field ought to be mapped, the intrenchments and other important positions definitely and permanently marked, and so at Murfreesboro and at Franklin, whatever the price may be, and certainly $10,000 would not be an excessive sum to plat and properly mark without building a mile of road. So, gentlemen, in conclusion allow me to say that I hope you will bring in a united report, at least on mapping and marking this battlefield, if not those others which have been mentioned, but which are not now under immediate consideration."

Mr. Cunningham: "I would like to say just a word about Franklin, and that will show you the great importance of action now. South of the battlefield, south of the Carter house and the cotton gin, an area of a good many acres has been bought up and subdivided and asphalt walks made through it. A few of our very moderate people in Franklin and their friends have gotten options on this property, and we are going to pay for it. We are going to secure it under a pledge that whenever the government will come to the rescue it shall have that property without any advance in the price on the property. I don't know anything that I feel is of so much importance as giving attention to these battlefields in Tennessee. Of course we are here now as to Nashville, but I speak also for Franklin and Murfreesboro. If you give us this small appropriation and direct that it be used for mapping Nashville and Murfreesboro and Franklin and making maps of them, and do anything to encourage our people to believe that the proper markers will be put on that area, you will find as good friends as ever you will have anywhere for that movement, and a great deal of liberality on the part of our people will be given toward beautifying the grounds."

STATEMENT OF CONGRESSMAN ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, OF OHIO.

Mr. Sherwood: "Mr. Chairman, I will not occupy the time of the committee in discussing any historical questions; but, whatever is done, I would like the battle of Franklin to be recognized, because I have never met a Union soldier who was at the battle of Franklin or in the battle of Nashville nor a Confederate soldier who does not recognize the fact that Franklin was the decisive battle of the war."

Mr. Gardner: "That is right."

Mr. Sherwood: "Hood was defeated at Franklin. I was at our right of the Carter house, the second brigade, second

division of the 23d Army Corps, and I lost more men in my regiment, which was at the extreme left of the brigade, than were lost from any other regiment in the army (that is a historical fact that has been settled), and I held that line while the line on my left was broken. Our troops fell back at Franklin, and it is a fact that a part of that line was never restored because I fell back from that line at midnight, and I lost one or two men killed when I was falling back. And it is another fact, which cannot be disputed, that the Confederates lost more officers in that five hours' fight at that little town in Tennessee on the 30th of November than were lost at either Gettysburg or Chickamauga, both two days' battles. There were seven Confederate generals killed in that battle. That battle settled the fate of the Confederacy west of the Alleghany Mountains. More men were killed at Franklin in proportion to the number of troops engaged than in any other battle that ever was fought on this continent or on the European Continent. In the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, that has been immortalized by Tennyson's poem, the loss was only thirty-seven per cent; while at Franklin the Confederate loss, I think, was forty per cent. Is that right?"

Mr. Cunningham: "I cannot recall exactly."

Mr. Sherwood: "In Wilson J. Vance's statement of the battle of Franklin he says that the loss was greater in proportion to the numbers engaged than in any other battle that was ever fought on the American Continent. I think the best account of that battle I ever read was in Colonel Cunningham's paper, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in Nashville, Tenn. I was in both battles, Franklin and Nashville. I was in the battle of Nashville on both days. I was in the charge at Nashville on the 16th, the last charge. Whatever is done, I would like to have Franklin recognized."

Mr. Marshall: "Mr. Chairman, I have several maps of this battlefield that show where the battle took place. Mr. Cunningham reprinted them for us. Then I have some documents which show the purposes more in the general way of the organization, and I would like to leave them with the committee."

Mr. Cunningham: "Mr. Chairman, as we leave I want to offer for my associates the suggestion that our efficient member of Congress from the Nashville district, Mr. Byrns, who is present with us, will redraft the bill; and we do seriously hope that, however much in debt you may be and however much you may want to economize, you will have this work done at Nashville, at Franklin, and at Murfreesboro—map and mark those fields. We are all gratified in Mr. Byrns's presence and for his zeal in behalf of this matter."

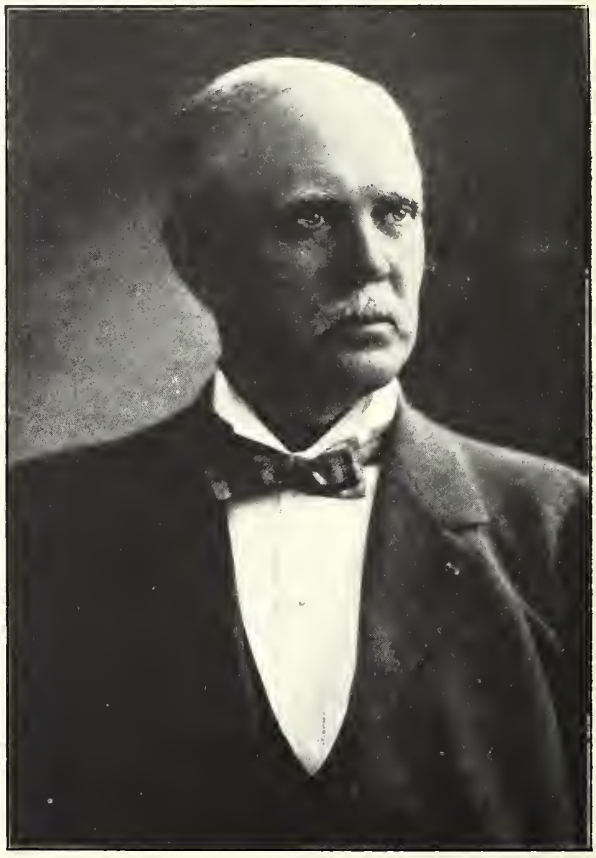
Mr. Gardner, of Michigan: "Just one word before we leave, Mr. Chairman. Here is a man who held an important position on the line [indicating Mr. Sherwood]; he is well on toward eighty years of age. General Grosvenor is seventy-seven years of age—in his seventy-eighth year, I think. Colonel Porter is eighty-one years old. These general officers, staff officers, and field officers are far advanced in life. They were on the field, and they understand it thoroughly. Boys like Cunningham and I, young fellows who were in the ranks, did not know much about the battlefield in general, about the locations; but the field officers and the staff officers do know. The marking ought to be made while these men live—not five, ten, or fifteen years from now, when they are gone. I thank you, gentlemen, for your courtesy."

Mr. Byrns: "I want to thank you and the committee, Mr. Chairman, for this hearing."

(Adjourned.)

The prospect of securing this very important appropriation is encouraging. The compliment paid by Mr. Cox, a banker in Washington, who gave a half day to the cause, and Mr. Washington Gardner, member of Congress from Michigan, who was not of the committee but cordially coöperated, is gratifyingly appreciated. These gentlemen realize fully the importance of prompt action by Congress. It has been delayed already decades too long.

Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, a member of the committee, created surprise and solicitude by his instant zeal on the subject. He explained that he was in both of the battles at Franklin and Nashville, and that the appropriation would be appreciated by the veterans of both sides, stating that it is due them as well as posterity that the government make the appropriation asked. He was promoted from colonel of the 111th Ohio Volunteers to brevet brigadier general for gallantry at Franklin.



GEN. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD.

General Sherwood is a native of Stanford, N. Y., 1835. He is a journalist, edited consecutively the Cleveland Leader, the Toledo Journal, Toledo Commercial, and the Canton News-Democrat. He was a Republican until 1876, but is now a "Reform" Democrat. He was Secretary of State for Ohio 1870-04, and has been a member of Congress from the Ninth Ohio District since 1907.

Save for injury to his ears by cannon in the war, General Sherwood is remarkably active and jubilant of spirit. Although rounding out three-quarters of a century, he is President of the Toledo Driving Club, and keeps well abreast of the times. Like Hon. Washington Gardner, who has been a patron of the VETERAN from the beginning, he has also been one of its constant subscribers.

DUDLEY ELLIS M'KENDREE.

Capt. D. E. McKendree, son of Dr. James McKendree and nephew of the beloved Bishop of the M. E. Church, for whom McKendree Church, Nashville, was named, was born in Gallatin, Tenn., July 4, 1835. After his father's death, his mother removed to Scottsville, Ky., to live with a son-in-law.

Ellis McKendree enlisted early in the Confederate army, and was made captain of Company D, 6th Kentucky Infantry. He was severely wounded at Shiloh on the second day of the great battle; but he refused to be carried from the field, feeling that his boys would fight better in knowing that he was near them. He was severely wounded again at Murfreesboro, near Stone River, January 2, 1863. He fell too near the enemy to be removed, and that night when the Federals were caring for the wounded he heard one of their officers says: "It was the Barren County boys who fought us at this part of the line, and we have killed Ellis McKendree. Poor fellow! There never was a better man, even if he was a Rebel." He was gotten away later; and though his surgeon advised him not to take the risk of being moved, when General Bragg fell back, he protested and begged them to take him as far as they could and then bury him where the enemy could not find his grave. He recovered and was in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, serving on the staff of Gen. J. H. Lewis.

When the great campaign began at Dalton in May, 1864, he was again at the head of his old company. In a severe fight at Dallas, Ga., on May 28 he was severely wounded by a Minie ball in the neck, and was captured; but after a few days Sherman abandoned Dallas, leaving him behind. His surgeon (of the 6th Kentucky) was left in charge of McKendree and others, and he found him paralyzed except from the throat up. McKendree said to the surgeon: "I know that I shall soon die." Then he gave his business matters into the care of the surgeon. "I want you to have my Bible. Tell my men that I never had one of them punished without feeling sorry that duty compelled me to do it. Write to my dear old mother and tell her how I have lived. Bury me here in such manner as you see fit; but I want to be taken to my mother when it can be done." When asked if he wanted a minister, he said: "No; he could do me no good. Death has lost its terrors for me. I am not afraid." His last message to his men was: "Boys, I want you to find the Yankees as long as there is one of you left to fire a gun."

The foregoing is procured from Thompson's "History of the Orphan Brigade." The occasion of taking the matter in hand now is through receipt of an old newspaper from Thomas Giles, of Monroe, Ga., who has kept it through all these forty-six years. He writes: "Perhaps this poem may not have survived the wreck and waste of those strenuous days except in this form and instance."

[The Atlanta Daily Intelligencer of June 2, 1864.]

The following splendid tribute to the memory of a dear friend is from the facile mind and graceful pen of one of Kentucky's noblest sons and genial poets. We welcome the contribution to our poet's corner and thank the kind author.

McKENDREE.

My heart is sad: I weep for one, the bravest of the brave,
Whose battle fought, whose victory won, now fills a hero's grave;
Nor I alone, but thousands more, whose hearts with grief will swell
As they the early loss deplore of one they loved so well.

Kentucky will with sorrow weep for him, her noble son,
Who died, her olden faith to keep, that freedom might be won;
Fond hearts will mourn his fate to hear, and silent tears be shed
When told the name of one so dear is added to the dead.

At Shiloh through the battle storm his gallant band he led,
While shot and shell assailed his form and whizzed above his head.
There, by the deadly missile maimed, they bore him from the field,
As shouts of victory proclaimed the foeman forced the yield.
Then once again in Tennessee, the pride of his command,
He fought, as fight the brave, and fell to gain his native land.
There as around him thickly flew the storm of shot and shell,
Pierced by a missile through and through, he, faint and bleeding, fell.

Brave soldier! I would fain thy name a nobler tribute pay,
And circle round thine earthly fame the laurel and the bay.
Thy lot to fill a stranger grave, thy home afar from thee,
No truer heart than thine e'er gave its hopes to liberty.
What balm the broken heart may heal! How dry the weeping eye
Of loved ones that thy loss will feel beneath thy native sky!
Can tears of mother's, sister's love one pang of pain allay,
A solace to one dearer prove, her sorrow chase away?

Friend of my manhood and my youth, the heart that knew thee best,
Alone might to thy virtue, truth, thy modest worth attest.
A soul that justice, truth gave birth, to right and honor wed,
Thy step seemed in the path of earth by unseen angels led.
Here, neath the light of Georgian skies, thy grave will cherished be,
And stranger hearts with tearful eyes enshrine thy memory;
And as the passing age recedes, the classic pen shall tell
The story of heroic deeds where brave McKendree fell.

—*J. R. B.*

Capt. D. E. McKendree, who fell in charge of Bates's Division on Saturday last, was among the first of Kentucky's sons to unsheath his sword in defense of his native South. To his energy and zeal more perhaps than to any other person, living or dead, the gallant Lewis was indebted for his success in raising the 6th Kentucky Regiment. The fame of McKendree will live in the memory of the Kentucky Brigade as long as one of that noble band remains to cherish their heroic deeds.

GRANDDAUGHTER OF GENERAL LEE MARRIED.

Miss Ansel Lee, an actress and granddaughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was married in London, England, January 1 to Frederick William Loyd. The bride is a daughter of R. E. Lee, of Virginia, and the groom is a nephew of the Bishop of New Castle. The wedding guests included a number of royalty and many of the British nobility.

HAS THIS MAN ANY FRIENDS OR RELATIVES?—The Adjutant of Raphael Semmes Camp, Mobile, Ala., asks for information of an unidentified soldier who died in that city and was buried at Soldiers' Rest. He carried a letter of introduction from Comrade J. W. Reed, of Chester, S. C., dated January, 1903, which said he was William Bennett, Company D, 12th Regiment North Carolina State Troops. He entered service October 17, 1862.

STORY OF THE FIRST TEXAS FLAG.

The first Congress of the Republic of Texas was held in October, 1836, and at this meeting a flag and emblem were decided upon. The flag was of red, white, and blue, and had a single five-pointed star, the same flag that now proudly floats to the breezes in the State of Texas. But this flag was not the first to bear the lone star. In the imbroglio of Texas and Mexico a company of soldiers to defend Texan rights was raised at Harrisburg, and Mrs. Sara A. Dawson presented them with a flag almost identical with the one accepted by the republic.

Another five-pointed star flag has a pathetic story. Many brave men responded to Texas's call for help. Among these were a battalion which was organized at Macon, Ga., under the command of William Ward. At Columbus, Ga., the battalion was presented with a flag of white silk with a single five-pointed star. Ward fell at Goliad, and the battalion was killed almost to the last man.

TRUE STORY OF "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

Every one has read and thrilled to the story of Barbara Frietchie as told by John G. Whittier, and Southern hearts, as well as Northern, have glowed at the heroism of the gray-haired woman who proudly lifted the shot-riddled flag and cried as she held it aloft her noble plea for the saving of the flag she held dear. The Atlanta Constitution has this to say of the story: "The poem is indeed a classic, and is read with pride by every one who counts himself a man. But along comes Capt. Frank Meyers, right bower to Arnold Broyles in the superior court clerk's office, who says that Mr. Whittier was misinformed and that there is far more poetry than truth in his song. 'The Confederates were in possession of Fredericktown, and I was at the time a sergeant in the 6th Virginia. As we passed the house one of the soldiers noticed the flag stuck up on the corner and called to me: "Sergeant, let me shoot it down." I told him "no," as we had positive orders not to disturb a thing in the town. As we passed on by she came out on the porch and waved the flag at us. We only laughed good-naturedly. Not one of us tried to bother her, and it was not necessary for Stonewall Jackson to say a word. That's all there was to it; but you know a man can write a poem and establish a fact.'"

GRATITUDE OF UNION SOLDIER TO A COMRADE.

BY A. C. PETERSON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A few years ago while in New York City I called on my old commander, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, under whom I enlisted on May 10, 1861, in the 1st Regiment of the Excelsior Brigade, afterwards numbered the 70th New York Infantry.

After being most cordially greeted by General Sickles, he said: "I am sorry you were not here last week. I had a call from a member of your old regiment, and it was very remarkable. The door bell rang, and my servant went to the door and met an elderly gentleman who said he wanted to see his old general. He was invited into the parlor, and the servant told me that an old soldier wanted to see me. I went into the parlor, expecting to be called upon for alms. After we chatted awhile, I asked him where he was stopping, and he told me at the Waldorf-Astoria. He further told me that he had his wife with him. So of course my anxiety was relieved as to almsgiving. He then told me that he desired me to help him find an old comrade of his to whom he was under obligations. I suggested that he write the War Department at Washington. He requested me to write for him, and I complied with his request; but the War Department could not furnish the information. When he called upon me the second time, I told him the result of my correspondence with the War Department, and he then asked me if there was not some other way whereby this comrade might be found. Then I suggested that he advertise for him in the newspapers, but this would cost a large sum of money, and he replied: 'Never mind the cost. It doesn't make any difference what it costs; I will pay the bill.' I was satisfied that he was a responsible party, and so made arrangements with several advertising agencies at the cost of several thousand dollars to find the man he sought so anxiously. Well, to make a long story short, this man was found in one of the far Western States, and my caller with his wife the next day started in search of him. In due time they found the long-sought comrade. He was a small farmer near a city of about five thousand inhabitants. The greeting was most cordial; and after a visit of about a week, the guest purchased a farm, the best farm in the county. He also purchased the leading country store in the small city, and placed to the credit of his long-sought friend the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. The store and farm were also deeded to his friend, after which he came back to New York. He called to see me upon his return and told me the story as I have given it to you. He then added that in 1860 he came to this country from Holland and went into the 'lumber business,' which he afterwards explained was the buying of matches at wholesale and peddling them through the large business buildings. At this business he made a trifle over a thousand dollars. The war broke out in 1861, and after depositing his savings he enlisted in the Excelsior Regiment, which was the 1st Regiment of my old brigade. In the battle of Malvern Hill he was severely wounded and left on the field for dead. After nightfall this friend, who was his bunkmate, crawled out to where he was, picked him up, carried him back to our lines, and nursed him carefully until well on the road to health. He then came back to New York City, and again went into the 'lumber business.' After a few years he had saved something over two thousand dollars; and taking this, with the thousand dollars in bank made just previous to the war, he returned to his native country, Holland, to visit his old parents, whom he had not seen for years. After a stay of several months, he gave his parents a thousand dollars and then went to South Africa, having a brother in business there at Kimberley. He invested his savings with his brother, and they soon branched out, establishing four other stores in the diamond districts of that country. In this way they became interested in diamond mines. When Cecil Rhodes brought about the merger of all the diamond mines of that far-off country, our old comrade sold out his entire holdings in Africa for twenty-five millions of dollars. He then determined to find the old soldier who had saved his life on the battlefield of Malvern Hill. So I say again that I am sorry you were not here last week to have met this old gentleman and to have heard his story."

General Sickles resides at 25 Fifth Avenue, New York.

REUNION OF GRAY AND BLUE AT CITRONELLE, ALA.—Citronelle held their sixth annual reunion of gray and blue in February, 1910. The occasion will long be remembered for the splendid speeches made, the fine music, the delicious dinner, and the spirit of true comradeship which prevailed. Some charming recitations made by Miss Ruth Yerim added much to the pleasure of the day.

Upward, onward, no retreat,
They struggled, they toiled, they conquered defeat,
Those men with their thinning locks of gray.
God bless those boys of the sixties, our veterans of to-day!

WHAT I AM THANKFUL FOR.

I am thankful because I live "way down South in Dixie," where the cotton and the sugar cane grow, where the mocking bird sings the year round, the fish never cease to bite, the roses bloom perpetually, and where the women are the fairest and sweetest and the men the handsomest and bravest. Yes, I am thankful that the most renowned and honored captains of modern ages—Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and a host of others—were Southern born and wore the gray. * * * I am thankful that I live where God mellows harsh thought and helps us to say: "Father, forgive them." I am thankful that I can send you a dollar this morning to be placed where it can make somebody happy, even if it be a Yankee.

"One of the Old Boys in Gray."

Gratitude of L. C. Howse, Whiteville, Tenn.

While I see so many expressing thanks through the Veteran, I believe this snowy day (February 17) a very good time for me to tell some things for which I am thankful. I am grateful that I have lived all these years since the war and am permitted to read the good articles in the Veteran written by the noble men who took part in the struggles of the sixties. I am also thankful that I served nearly three years under Gen. N. B. Forrest in the 14th Tennessee Regiment, and was in such battles as West Point, Harrisburg, Hurricane Creek, the raid into Memphis, and others that showed the principles of my comrades to be valued more than life itself. I am also thankful that through it all I was never wounded, although I had one horse killed under me. I was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. I am also thankful I have reared a family of useful men and women.

That for Which I am Grateful.

It is that as a Confederate veteran my life has been spared until I have passed my seventy-fifth birthday, am enjoying good health, can sit at my window and distinctly hear the sweet warbling of the feathered songsters in the trees around my humble cottage, and can read the dear old Confederate Veteran from cover to cover without the use of glasses; for the providential protection of life, limb, and liberty enjoyed during my four years' service in the army. Two or three instances I give herein.

In the autumn of 1861 I had typhoid fever at Carthage, Mo., and wasted away in fifty-one days to a mere skeleton. Our surgeon and my comrades despaired of my life; but, while in the hours of my consciousness I knew my symptoms were regarded as fatal, I never for a moment doubted that I would recover, and did, after a long and tedious convalescence, completely regain my health.

The next day after we destroyed General Grant's supplies at Holly Springs, Miss., a cold December day in 1862, at Davis's Mill, near the Tennessee line, not far from La Grange, I walked off from the front of a stockade, manned with two hundred and fifty Federals under Col. William H. Morgan, of the 25th Indiana Infantry. Starting about seventy yards from the stockade, I walked slowly for about one hundred and fifty yards down a wagon road directly in range of their rifles. I haven't time now to tell why this was. I walked slowly because from fatigue I could neither run nor walk fast. All this time I was the only Confederate they had to shoot at, and it seemed to me that at every step of the way a score or more of Minie balls whistled past me. At about forty yards one struck me on the right thigh. I stopped until I ascertained that my limb was not broken, then moved forward. I was much gratified that the wound, though quite painful, would not prevent me from riding my horse out of the enemy's lines, and was happy that it was no worse. Arriving at a small pool of clear water, I lay down to drink, and while doing so numbers of their bullets spattered water in my face. I rose and made my way out of their range.

On August 20, 1864, when three mounted regiments of Kilpatrick's Cavalry charged over about three hundred of Ross's Brigade, dismounted in an open field at Lovejoy Station in Georgia, I was completely surrounded by the enemy and surrendered. Just then a shell from one of our guns exploded immediately above our heads, the pieces falling all around us. This created some consternation among the enemy. In the twinkling of an eye by the aid of a God-given instinct of self-preservation I determined to escape. I threw my left hand up to my side and, staggering to the right a few paces, fell to the ground. Immediately another shell exploded about the same spot. Here I lay, apparently dead, for about two hours, while five thousand cavalry, artillery, ambulances, and pack mules marched past me. Otherwise I would have gone to Johnson's Island, as several of my comrades did from the same field.

As a cavalryman I had to furnish a horse. During the four years I lost, in battle and otherwise, $5,000 worth of horses in Confederate currency, and yet I did not lose more than one week's service for want of a mount. Good fortune was ever at hand to provide me a horse, when a year's pay while an officer would not procure more than one good horse. I never procured one dishonestly or unfairly.

Many other incidents of the kind Providence that blessed me could be told, but I will not trespass further on Brother Cunningham's patience. S. B. Barron, *3d Texas Cavalry.*

What a Virginia Comrade Is Thankful For.

J. W. F. Sadler, of Jonesville, Va., says: "I am thankful that I got out of the war alive without the mark of a bullet. I am thankful that I have the comforts of a home and get plenty to eat, and that I am enjoying good health. If I live until April 23, I will have passed my eightieth milepost. I am thankful that I am able to walk about and get on a horse from the ground. I belonged to Hodge's Brigade, 3d Kentucky Cavalry. I would like to have a line from the surviving 'old boys' who served with me."

Resolutions of Thanks to Vice President Sherman.—At a meeting of the Magruder Camp, Galveston, Tex., a resolution of thanks was made to Vice President James H. Sherman, then presiding officer of the Senate, for his courtesy to Col. James P. Gordon, and through him to the Confederate veterans of the South. It will be remembered that the venerable Colonel Gordon was appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to fill an unexpired term in the Senate, pending an election. Sherman in courtesy to Colonel Gordon, who was retiring after his short term, invited him to preside over the Senate, intending the honor as a recognition of Colonel Gordon's representation of the veterans. At this meeting of Magruder Camp Comrade Gordon told several interesting stories of the part the negroes played in the war, of their devotion to the mistresses left alone by the men being in the army, of the faithful following of a soldier master by his negro servant, also their loyalty in times of trouble.

Joined the Camp at the Age of Eighty-Six.—An unusually interesting meeting of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp of Dalton, Ga., was held in December, one of the notable events being a speech by A. G. Franklin, who was enrolled on the Camp roster at the age of eighty-six.



O inscrutable fate, can you teach us to know
The right road to travel as our journey we go?
Is it best to blindly travel the way,
Knowing naught to expect with each coming day?
Is it best to trust all to that great High Power
And abide here in peace the inevitable hour,
When the functions will cease and all will be still,
As the soul there awaits the Great Master's will?
Yes, it is best; for if we did know
The morrow would bring a season of woe,
Life would be robbed of half of its charm.
Did they but know, some future day
Would turn joy to sorrow by sweeping away
The joy of the past; by knowledge thus given
Life would lose joys, regained only in heaven.
Then let us await and put all our trust
In the Master, who made us. We know he is just;
He made us but creatures alone of his will
Like the beautiful, swift-running rill,
To follow its course, knowing naught of its end.
Let us trustingly take what the Master doth send.

—*W. M. Bearden.*

Col. Gustave A. Breaux.

Col. Gustave Breaux was born in New Orleans; and died at his plantation, in Lafayette, La., in February, 1910, aged eight-four years. He was a man of large physique, being six feet two inches and proportionately stout, and his brain was equally developed. He graduated with high honors at Harvard both in the literary and law schools, and at the age of twenty-four returned to New Orleans and established a law practice in which he was eminently successful. At the beginning of the war he entered the Confederate army, and through rapid promotion was made colonel of the 30th Louisiana Infantry, and was appointed colonel of Sumter Regiment Louisiana Militia. He was actively engaged in all the battles with his regiment, and was wounded several times, from the effect of which he never fully recovered.

He returned to New Orleans and again engaged in the practice of law, in which he was soon a leader. His health failing, he purchased a large tract of land in Lafayette, and divided his time between his farm and his library, in which he had the most complete French collection in New Orleans. His children, Mrs. Charles Ballard and Gustave Breaux, are well known in Louisville, where they reside.

Mrs. Belle Noble Martin.

The William P. Rogers Chapter, U. D. C., of Victoria, Tex., sends a tribute of love and respect to the memory of Mrs. Belle N. Martin, who passed into life eternal February 24, 1910. She was the presiding officer of the first Convention U. D. C., held in Texas in May, 1896, and three times was elected President: "By virtue of the splendid quality of a nature richly endowed, advancing years did not wither her enthusiasm nor lessen the patriotic zeal with which she embalmed the cause so dear to us all. Ever the dignified, courteous gentlewoman, she was always ready to uphold the veterans, and her last public appearance, a week before her death, was to give them pleasure on the occasion of the Lee birthday. It was due to her taste that the colors of their badges and banners were chosen—a soft purple with the gray, as she said, 'to match their silver locks.' It was appropriate that her casket was covered with the Confederate gray broadcloth, and the veterans of William R. Scurry Camp, U. C. V., were her honorary pallbearers. No words of ours can estimate



MRS. BELLE NOBLE MARTIN.

her worth nor tell her loss to our circle, over which she presided, a queen of goodness and truth. Nothing can console but the knowing she has entered into the gates of the city whose builder and maker is God. In her personality were centered the gift of beautiful womanhood with the traits of the Christian, the patriot, the almsgiving, loyal friend. Good night! Good-by!"

S. W. Shields.

Sam W. Shields, a member of the County Court and a well-known citizen, died at Morristown, Tenn., in February, 1910. He was a lawyer, and was postmaster under Cleveland, an old Confederate soldier, and a member of W. B. Tate Camp, U. C. V., of Morristown. Honest and faithful, he had the confidence of all, and he will be sincerely mourned in his native city.

Bane.—Samuel Alexander Bane was born at Sheetz Town, Hampshire County, Va., in May, 1830; and died at Keyser, W. Va., on January 31, 1910. He was one of the best-known and respected citizens of the county. He enlisted early in the war in Company D, 11th Virginia (Ashby's) Brigade, was in the battles of Bull Run, Gettysburg, and Appomattox, and to the end of his life loved the cause and when possible never missed attending a Reunion or a meeting of his Camp. To mark their love and respect, the school children marched in a body to his funeral and scattered flowers on his grave.

James M. Bonney.

After a long and painful illness, James Madison Bonney died at his home, in Yazoo County, Miss., on February 23. He was born in that county in April, 1841, but spent his boyhood days in Kentucky, where his father, Dr. C. D. Bonney, took his family to educate his children. This son was educated at Shelbyville, Ky., and the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort. At the beginning of the war he left Kentucky and joined Company H, 29th Mississippi Volunteers, Walthall's Brigade. He was first lieutenant of the company, and was captured in the battle of Murfreesboro or Stone's River and imprisoned at Nashville. On account of ill health he was, through the influence of Mrs. James K. Polk, paroled to go to his home, in Kentucky. He returned to the army, and served as captain of Company G, which went from Winona, Miss., the officers of that company having been killed. He commanded Company H during the battle of Lookout Mountain, where he was captured and sent to Johnson's Island and imprisoned for eighteen months, until the close of the war. He then returned to his home in Mississippi and took charge of the plantation, his father having died. In November of 1866 he was married to Miss Mattie Wildy, who survives him with one son, Dr. C. W. Bonney, the only one left of their several children.



JAMES M. BONNEY.

Comrade Bonney was a man of literary and scholarly attainments, a close and constant reader with a fine memory and an analytic mind. In business he was exact, safe, and possessed of fine judgment, honorable and just in his dealings with his fellow-man.

[From sketch by M. B. Field.]

William I. Smith.

Full of years, respected and loved by all who knew him, and surrounded by his devoted children (five sons and two daughters), the spirit of William I. Smith passed quietly from the scenes of this life on the night of March 3, 1910. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., in December, 1826, and when about twelve years of age his parents removed to Lee, then a part of Itawamba County, Miss., where he ever afterwards made his home. He was married in 1853 to Miss Sue Gambrell, who died in 1908.

Comrade Smith entered the cavalry service of the Confederacy in 1862, and served to the close. He was sergeant major of Col. Tom Hamm's regiment, Gholson's Brigade. He was devoted to the cause for which he fought; and though accepting the surrender, he never became wholly reconstructed. He was a man of many noble qualities, and time only mellowed the natural kindness of his disposition. He was charitable and hospitable, and freely shared the prosperity that had been his portion.

William C. Respass.

William C. Respass, a widely known Kentucky Confederate veteran, died at the home of his son, in Latonia, near Covington, Ky., aged seventy-three years. He was born and reared in Bourbon County; and when the Civil War began, he was one of the first to take up arms for the Confederacy under the banner of John H. Morgan. He was married to Miss Bristow, of a prominent Kentucky family, and his three sons have become noted as successful turfmen; while his daughter, Miss Pearl Respass, is a newspaper writer. Confederate comrades took part in the funeral services.

Culp.—A. S. Johnston Camp, of Colorado, Tex., has lost another member in the death of W. C. Culp, which occurred on March 25, 1910, in his sixty-eighth year. He was a member of Company H, 8th North Carolina Infantry, and was one of the "Immortal Six Hundred" of Morris Island. He was born at Gold Hill, N. C., in 1842. His wife and several children survive him.

Jackson.—The Adjutant of N. B. Forrest Camp, Stratford, Tex., reports the death of A. C. Jackson on December 10, 1909, aged sixty-three years. He is survived by his wife and eight children. His community honored him as a good citizen, and his family feel the loss of a good husband and father.

Cothran.—William A. Cothran died at Alexis, Ala., aged seventy years. He was a Confederate soldier for four years, serving in Company C of the 6th Georgia Regiment.

Capt. Thomas Burwell Smith.

Capt. Thomas B. Smith was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., in October, 1824; and died at his home, near Hillsboro, Tex., on December 31, 1909. He was a grandson of Reuben Smith, an aide to Gen. George Washington in the Revolutionary War. In 1847 Captain Smith was married to Miss Sarah S. Slater, who, with two daughters and a son, survives him. His second son, Hon. Thomas S. Smith, died while serving his second term as Attorney-General of Texas. The year after his marriage Captain Smith removed to Mississippi, and lived near Aberdeen for forty years.



CAPT. T. B. SMITH.

At the beginning of hostilities between the North and South he organized a Home Guard company, and was elected its captain, but soon resigned and joined an infantry company organized by Capt. John B. Sayles, which became Company K, 27th Mississippi Infantry, Walthall's Brigade. By promotion he became captain, and served with marked distinction throughout the campaigns of the Army of Tennessee. He was commissioned colonel after the battle of Franklin, but declined to accept on account of impaired health. He removed to Texas in 1886, and lived on a farm near Hillsboro. He was doubtless the oldest Mason in Texas at the time of his death, having been a devoted member for nearly sixty-four years, and both he and his wife had been exemplary members of the Church for fifty-eight years. She was his coworker in all good deeds. He died loved and honored by all who knew him.

[From sketch sent by W. A. Culberson for Hillsboro Camp, U. C. V.]

Martin Slaughter Stringfellow.

Martin S. Stringfellow was born in Culpeper County, Va., April 5, 1836; and died at the home of his brother-in-law, William Byrd Willis, in Orange County, June 3, 1909.

His career as a Confederate soldier was conspicuous. Entering the army April 17, 1861, as a private in the Montpelier Guards, a part of which was the 13th Virginia Infantry, commanded successfully by A. P. Hill, James A. Walker, and James Barbour Terrell, he was elected a lieutenant in 1862; and later, because of conspicuous gallantry and steadfast devotion to duty, he was promoted to the command of the brigade sharpshooters. His courage was sublime, and by common consent he was the pride and boast of his regiment. In the disaster at Fisher's Hill in 1864 he rallied the remnant of General Early's army and brought off the field the only organized command that shared in the battle. His hope never faltered and his constancy never wavered until the knell of hopes was sounded at Appomattox. After that his civic virtues adorned his life as much as his heroism had done in war.

Comrade Stringfellow was married in 1860 to Miss Nellie Madison Willis, eldest daughter of Richard Henry Willis, of Orange County, Va., who survives him with two daughters and three sons, one son having gone before him. As most of his children had made homes in the West, a few years since he removed with his wife to Montana. It was while on a visit to his old home and friends in Virginia that mortal sickness fell upon him; and instead of returning to Montana, he made the journey into that heavenly country, and now sleeps beneath the sod of the old commonwealth he served so faithfully and loyally and of which he was so worthy a son.

Clinton Wright.

Clinton Wright was born in Maryland in 1847; and died at Humboldt, Tenn., on March 5, 1910. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company E (Captain Reason), 1st Maryland Regiment of Infantry, under Colonel Dawson. In one of the many battles he was in he was struck by a piece of shell, causing him to lose his hearing to a great extent. He made a good soldier, and was true to the end. His interest in Confederate matters was strong, and he enjoyed the Reunions. He was buried in his gray uniform.

Simeon Pierce.

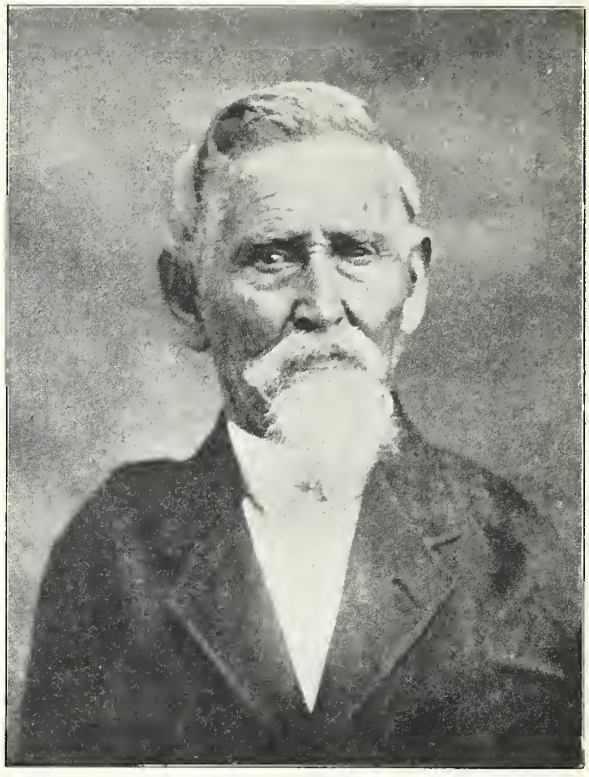
Simeon Pierce was born in Kentucky in 1827; and died at Starkville, Miss., February 2, 1910. He went to Mississippi in the early forties, from which State he enlisted in the Mexican War, becoming a member of Company A, 2d Regiment Mississippi Volunteers. He gloried in the victory of his country and the gaining of so great a republic as Texas.

In the strife between the States Simeon Pierce was again found at his post of duty, serving under the immortal Lee in many a gallant charge or marching with the "ragged legions" that were fought to a frazzle for principle. Comrade Pierce in his time held many positions of honor and trust. For a number of years he was County Treasurer, prominent in fraternal circles, and a consistent member of the Church.

Rev. John C. Portis.

The active life of John Calvin Portis was ended at his home, in Union, Miss., on October 31, 1909. He was born near Murfreesboro, Tenn., in February, 1837, his parents being from North Carolina. He went to Mississippi in 1859, and soon afterwards married Miss Margaret Boyd and established a home in Newton County.

Upon his State's call to arms in 1861 he enlisted in Company B (Capt. R. P. Austin), 8th Mississippi Regiment, and participated in many battles and skirmishes, weary marches and bivouacs, heroically enduring the hardships incident to active campaigning over the hills and valleys of North Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Many of his comrades will remember him as the "mimic" of the company, his genial nature finding expression in bursts of fun and mirthful jokes, to the enliven-



REV. J. C. PORTIS.

ment of his associates. His last battle was at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, where he received a wound in his right arm which necessitated its amputation, and an empty sleeve was his badge of valor and honor in his after life.

When peace was restored, he entered the Christian ministry, and served as faithfully as a "soldier of the cross" as he had amid the roar and clash of arms. He was public-spirited in all that made for his country's good, and was a power for great moral and civil uplift in his community. He had the full confidence and esteem of his countrymen, and was twice honored by being made treasurer of his county. He was beloved by his war comrades, and for them he always cherished a fraternal love. His mind was stored with memories of the thrilling events of the four years of war, and he was ever ready to entertain with reminiscences. He nobly fought the battle of life, and now his armor has been laid by while he rests "under the shade of the trees."

Maj. Andrew Reid Venable, Jr.

Andrew Reid Venable was born at Vineyard, the old homestead of the Venable family, in Prince Edward County, Va., in December, 1832. He was graduated from the Hampden-Sidney College in 1852, and went to St. Louis to begin business. Here he became closely associated with J. E. B. Stuart, then an officer of the U. S. A., and a warm friendship became established between the two that continued throughout the life of Stuart.

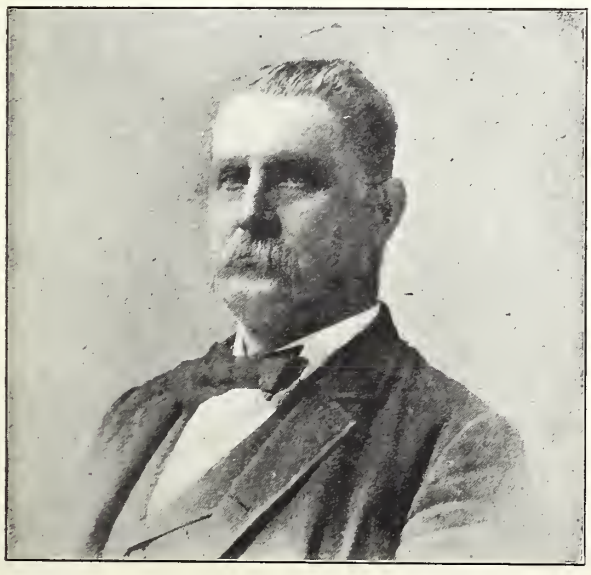
When the war began, Venable sacrified his flourishing business and, returning to Virginia, enlisted as a private in the

3d Battery of Richmond Howitzers, which possibly saw more actual fighting than any of the artillery of the Army of the Peninsula. Venable took part with his battery in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia during 1861 and the summer of 1862, when he was appointed in charge of commissaries of the 1st Regiment. It was not customary for the commissary officer to go into action; but Venable was a born fighter, and always found some excuse for getting into the battle. Once he went to General Jackson to ask if he did not think a bean diet good for the soldiers; then he took advantage of being on the spot to beg permission to carry the General's dispatches, as the adjutant was off on other duty.

Stuart, who had been given charge of Jackson's Cavalry, came across Venable, who was returning through the woods after delivering these dispatches, and asked his old friend to act as his adjutant and carry some important orders. All that day Venable carried dispatches, often in the thickest of the fight; and when night came, Stuart said he would ask that Venable be appointed on his staff, and after that the history of Venable was identified with that of the gallant Stuart, the Prince Rupert of the South. Stuart's trust in his adjutant was perfect, and Venable was chosen to ride through the hostile country, swarming with enemies, to carry to General Lee most important dispatches from his chief of cavalry. In his reports Stuart said that Maj. Andrew Venable and Lieutenant Ryall "were deserving of special gratitude and praise for their energy, force of character, and devotion to duty."

Major Venable was with Stuart in all his brilliant campaigns, when the gallant cavalryman was in his saddle almost day and night—a campaign that was ended at "Yellow Tavern" May 11, when the noble Stuart fell mortally wounded from a random pistol shot of the retreating Federals. Even in dying he thought of his friend and said to give his gray horse to Venable. After Stuart's death, Venable was transferred to Hampton's Division, and under him and assisted by Lieutenant Ryall made the notable raid into the Yankee's country in which they captured and safely carried out to Gen. Lee two thousand four hundred and eighty-six fat beeves. The rear of this daring expedition was protected by General Hampton.

While carrying an important message Venable was captured, and while being sent to a Northern prison escaped by jumping through the window of a moving train. He was hidden and helped by Southern sympathizers, and while making his way South was met by his fiancée, Miss Stevens, to whom he had telegraphed, and a hasty marriage was solemnized.



MAJ. A. R. VENABLE, JR.

After the war Major Venable returned to his home, in Virginia, and aided in the restoration of his country; and on October 15, 1909, near Farmville, Va., he died peacefully, leaving to his wife and children as a precious legacy a memory of tenderness and purity and of a noble life nobly lived.

[The data for this sketch was taken from a sketch by W. Gordon McCabe, adjutant of Pegram's Battalion.]

R. H. Anthony.

R. H. Anthony was born in Bedford County, Tenn., in 1838; and died in Victoria, Tex., January 30, 1909. He was sergeant of Company D (Captain Simpson) in Col. Pete Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment, which left Tullahoma and Winchester for Virginia on April 27, 1861. Comrade Anthony was in every battle in which his regiment was engaged from the beginning to Gettysburg, including the hard-fought battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Cedar Run, Seven Days around Richmond, Yorktown, and others. He was wounded in the knee at Gettysburg and captured. His left leg was amputated above the knee.

Comrade Anthony was the oldest son of W. H. Anthony, who was chaplain of Turney's Regiment in 1861-62. He is survived by four brothers, two of whom, R. S. Anthony, of Tullahoma, and J. F. Anthony, of Wartrace, Tenn., served the Confederacy to the end, in May, 1865. His wife survives him, with six sons and one daughter. The resolutions passed by William R. Scurry Camp. of Victoria, Tex., of which he was a member, testify to his record as a soldier; that he remained in a Federal prison until March, 1864, when he was exchanged and discharged.

Thomas G. Waring.

Thomas G. Waring, whose death occurred on December 15, 1909, in his seventy-first year, was born in Prince George County, Md., where he grew to manhood. He enlisted for the Confederacy in Company E, 1st Battalion Maryland Cavalry, in 1862 at Richmond, Va. He was captured May 27, 1864, at Hanover, exchanged March 14, 1865, and paroled May 9. He returned home, and after a few years he went to Virginia and taught several schools. From there he went to Mississippi in 1874, and spent the rest of his life in Pike and Marion Counties, living a quiet and upright life as a successful farmer, devoted to his family and friends.

John Q. Hozier.

John Q. Hozier, of Norfolk, Va., died March 15, 1910. He was born in Norfolk County, Va., in August, 1847. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in St. Bride's Artillery Battalion, and at the reorganization, in 1862, he enlisted in the 61st Virginia Infantry, Company K, Anderson's Division, Mahone's Brigade. He was true to the Southern Confederacy, and lived and died devoted to the principles for which he fought in the sixties.

Kerwell.—Emmett Kerwell was born in Giles County, Tenn., in July, 1823; and died at the Old Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, in October, 1909, aged eighty-six. He served with honor in the 7th Tennessee. He had been an inmate of the Home since 1900, and was esteemed by all who knew him.

W. B. Pleming Camp, U. C. V., Amarillo, Tex., report the following deaths among their members in the last year: W. J. McDonald, 15th Tennessee Cavalry; Thomas Rummins, 9th Missouri Infantry; John T. Neely, 12th Louisiana Infantry.

William J. Alexander.

William J. Alexander was born in Macon, Fayette County, Tenn., November 2, 1836; and died at his home, near Hickory Withe, November 1, 1909. He was a member of the 13th Tennessee Regiment, under its various commanders, from its organization, June 3, 1861, at Jackson, Tenn., till the surrender at Bentonville, N. C. He was severely wounded at Shiloh and again at Chickamauga. He was faithful to the end. In his "Personal Memoirs of the Thirteenth" Gen. A. J. Vaughn, one of its commanders, said: "When the color bearer [who was his cousin] was killed at Shiloh, William J. Alexander snatched up the flag and carried it forward until he was desperately wounded." Mr. Alexander was a loyal Southerner, an exemplary and useful citizen, a courageous soldier, and a devoted husband and father.

His funeral was largely attended by his lifelong neighbors and friends, who loved him for his manly virtues and rugged integrity. He was buried in McCulley Cemetery, near Hickory Withe. Peace to his ashes!

The descendants and kinsmen of the brave men who composed the gallant 13th are justly proud of the record made by the courageous and patriotic men who composed this splendid command. In the "Military Annals" of Tennessee may be found the following mention of these men: "Having joined Gen. J. E. Johnston in North Carolina, this regiment, the 13th, 'few and faint, yet fearless still,' surrendered at Bentonville after four years of active and honorable service. These gallant men suffered privations, performed long and arduous marches, and shed their blood like water for the cause of the South. Their courageous conduct on every field, from Belmont to Bentonville, shed luster upon the Confederate arms. The story of their bravery and devotion to duty forms a bright page in the history of Tennessee valor. Well did they deserve the compliment of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who in speaking of them said: 'They were unsurpassed by the Old Guard of Napoleon or the army that Wellington marched out of Spain into France.'"

[Sketch by Prof. John H. Hinemon.]

F. K. Penny.

Comrade F. K. Penny was born at Dahlonega, Ga., April 2, 1837; and died February 9, 1910, at Linwood, Kemper County, Miss. He volunteered March 4, 1862, under Captain Edwards at Summerville, Ga., in Company H, 30th Georgia Regiment. He served faithfully throughout the entire war with the exception of a parole which he procured after the siege of Vicksburg. This only lasted a few days, when he enlisted again, following his noble commander, Joseph E. Johnston, from Dalton, in Atlanta campaign, and thence back through Georgia into Tennessee, participating in the slaughter at Franklin, Nashville, etc., on to Bentonville, N. C., Johnston's last engagement, and surrendered with him at Greensboro, N. C., when there were only five others of his company to stack arms.

He was respected and loved by all who knew him, and leaves a family and many friends to mourn their loss.

[Sketch by his comrade and friend, J. W. Toles.]

Jones.—Thomas J. Jones was born at Liberty, Tenn., in 1844; and died in Nashville in February, 1910. He served in the 41st Tennessee Regiment, and was captured at Fort Donelson. After the war he returned to Nashville, and for thirty years was in the employ of the N., C. & St. L. Railway. He was a member of Company B, Confederate Veterans of Nashville. His wife and four children are left.

Judge L. J. Storey.

Judge L. J. Storey, Chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission, died at his home in Austin, Tex., late in March, 1910. He was born in Chattooga County, Ga., on October 6, 1834.



JUDGE L. J. STOREY.

He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, his immediate ancestors coming to America. His father and grandfather were in the War of 1812. His father, John T. Storey, was born in Virginia July 1, 1796, and was married to Miss Lucy McLester, of North Carolina, in 1818. Colonel Storey served several terms in the Georgia State Senate. He commanded the regiment that moved the Cherokees west of the Mississippi in 1838. In 1839 he visited Texas and bought land near Seguin, and later removed there. It was then the Republic of Texas. In 1847 he settled at Lockhart Springs, now Lockhart.

L. J. Storey, the son and comrade to whom this tribute is written, was educated at Austin College, in Huntsville, and was admitted to the bar in 1858 at the age of twenty-four years. He practiced law for twenty-eight years, leaving the practice proper upon his appointment as a member of the Railroad Commission of Texas in 1894. He served in the war with the 26th Texas Cavalry, Debray's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. His family was well represented in the Confederate army. Capt. James G. Storey commanded a company in Wood's 18th Texas Regiment, while Col. R. L. Storey was colonel of Storey's 2d Regiment Georgia State Troops, and the youngest brother, H. E. Storey, a lieutenant in Terry's Texas Rangers, was fatally wounded at Shiloh.

Before becoming Railroad Commissioner L. J. Storey served as special judge, and he was a member for eight years of the Texas Legislature, four years in each House.

In 1859 he was married to Miss Lou J. Ellison, of Caldwell County. He is survived by his wife and eight children.

His funeral was largely attended—the Governor and his official family, the Lieutenant Governor and members of both Houses of the Legislature, and a large gathering of friends. A special train was furnished for the burial at Lockhart.

A gratefully remembered event is that when the Sam Davis monument fund was being raised a joint letter, beautifully written and signed by Judges L. J. Storey, John H. Reagan, and H. C. Askew, was received by the Veteran with inclosure.

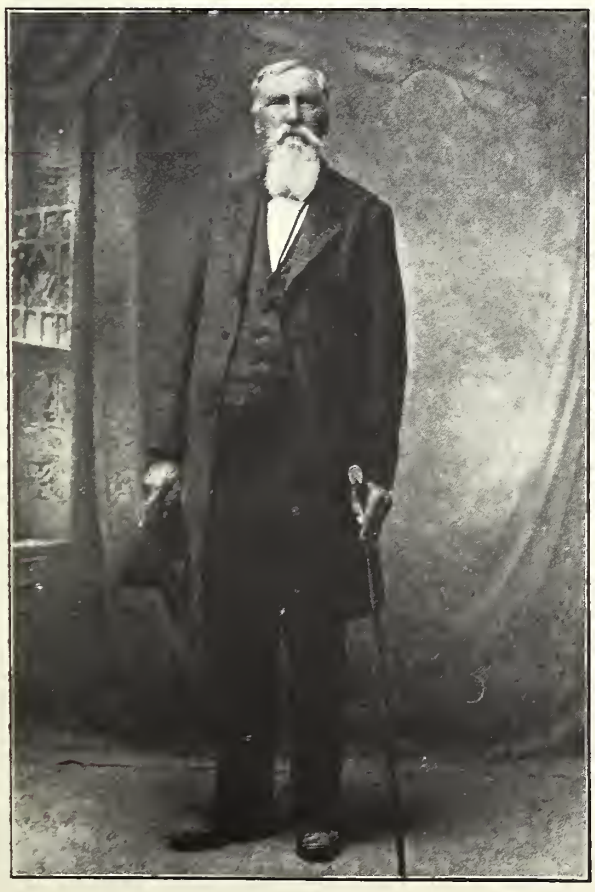
James W. Nance.

James W. Nance died at his home, near Rover, Bedford County, Tenn., April 4, 1910. He was born at Raleigh, N. C., March 15, 1829, and when two years old his father, Frederic Nance, removed to Rutherford County, Tenn. He was married to Catherine Snell December 13, 1859, and she, with their three children, survives him.

James Nance was a Confederate soldier, first joining a company that was being made up at Versailles; but this company disbanding, he enlisted in Company A of the 45th Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, in which he served until ill health disqualified him for infantry service, and he joined Forrest's Cavalry, where he remained until the surrender in May, 1865, at Selma, Ala. He faithfully and with genuine courage discharged all his duties as a soldier. Ever cheerful and kind to his comrades, he was a source of inspiration to them, creating a comradeship that continued to the end.

Rev. Dr. Jo B. Erwin, a Confederate comrade, officiated at his funeral. There were in attendance many sorrowing comrades from Bedford and adjacent counties. The services at the grave were conducted by his comrades. He was buried at the side of his brother-in-law, John W. Snell, who followed Forrest as a most gallant member of his escort.

When Comrade Nance was sick in the hospital at Catoosa Springs, Ga., and the Federals occupied Middle Tennessee, the surgeon in charge wrote to Mrs. Nance telling her that it would be well for Mr. Nance if he could be carried through the lines to his home, that she might nurse him back to health. She answered the surgeon's letter with bleeding heart and tearful eyes, stating that it would not be possible for Mr. Nance to go home and stay without taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and advised that he remain in the hospital until well enough to rejoin his command. She added that if the worst should happen she would rather be the widow of a Confederate soldier who died in the discharge of duty than the wife of a deserter. He was sustained ever afterwards by thoughts of his brave wife, who, with their baby, was fighting a battle almost as hard as his own.



JAMES W. NANCE.

Mr. Nance was a man of fine physique and strong mentality, and upon his return to his home very soon out of the devastations of war, assisted and encouraged by friends, he rebuilt his fortunes and rose to a position of prominence and influence. He had much to do in molding public sentiment in the community. No candidate for office was so indifferent or negligent as to overlook him or fail to seek his help. His home was characterized by genuine Southern hospitality, where preachers, friends, and travelers were welcome guests. Without ostentation he discharged all his duties in a well-rounded life. He was a devoted husband, an indulgent father, a kind neighbor, and a most estimable citizen. Abstemious in his habits, his source of happiness was in helping others, and he led the life of a consistent Christian.

[From sketch by Evander Shapard, Shelbyville, Tenn.]

Capt. Nicholas M. Dettor.

Capt. N. M. Dettor was born near Charlottesville, Va., in March, 1833. He removed to Washington County, Va., with his mother in 1858 and engaged in farming. In 1859 he was elected captain in the 105th Regiment, 17th Brigade, and 5th Division of the Virginia Militia. In 1861 he enlisted for the Confederacy in the 48th Virginia Regiment, and was in the first battle of the war and in many subsequent engagements—Gettysburg, Seven Days' fight around Richmond, the Wilderness. He was wounded in his right arm, of which he never regained good use afterwards. He was taken from the battlefield, and while in the hospital he received a message that his mother was not expected to live. He reached home just a few hours before she died. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently he returned to his command, and remained until the surrender. He then went back to Washington County, where he was elected constable, but later returned to farming. He was married in 1872 to Miss Bettie Minnich, with whom he lived near Wallace, Va., until her death, in January, 1906, leaving five sons and three daughters. He was then in feeble health, and survived her not quite four years, his death occurring in November, 1909.

John A. White.

John A. White was born in East Feliciana Parish, La., in February, 1836; and died on March 15, 1910, at his home, near where he was born and had lived all his life. He served the Confederacy as a member of a company raised by Capt. A. S. Norwood, which was attached to the 27th Louisiana Infantry. This regiment was in the siege of Vicksburg, and Comrade White was paroled and returned home; but was soon exchanged and went back to his company, with which he continued to serve to the surrender at Gainesville, Ala. He then returned home and took up the life of a farmer, of which he made a success from the start. He was a man of honor and integrity, a strict Church member, a comrade of S. E. Hunter Camp, and a member of the Masonic fraternity, by which he was laid to rest in Amite County, Miss. He is survived by his second wife and ten children, twenty-two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Hugh Lee Powell.

H. L. Powell, an original member of the Richmond Howitzer Company, died at his home, in Leesburg, Va., February 5, 1910. His first public service was with the old company at Harper's Ferry in 1859, on the outbreak of the John Brown raid. At the first call to arms in 1861 he enlisted for the war in the third company of Richmond Howitzers, from which he was later transferred to the first company, with which, except for a period in the ordnance department, he served until the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox.

A faithful soldier and courteous gentleman, he was esteemed among his army comrades and in later years of civil life as a pleasant companion and friend in a wide circle of acquaintances. A Leesburg paper states: "As a man he measured up to every duty, and was in a broad sense a good citizen and Christian gentleman." His funeral was from St. James Church, Leesburg, of which he was long a faithful member.

Lorenzo Schell Myers.

Lorenzo S. Myers, of a well-known and honored family of Bedford County, Tenn., died at his home, near Wartrace, on March 3, 1910, in his eightieth year. He was a son of Abram and Martha Lytle Myers, pioneers in early Tennessee history. He is survived by two brothers and two sisters. Lorenzo Myers was a gallant Confederate soldier, and served faithfully during the four years of war under Gen. John H. Morgan, and was with him during his famous Ohio raid.

Bill King, a Black Confederate.

Bill King is dead. Members of the 20th Tennessee (Battle's) Regiment will remember him. No more faithful negro ever served a cause than did Bill King serve the boys of the old 20th. He went into the war as the body servant of the sons of Mr. Jack King, of Nolensville, Tenn., but he became the faithful servant of every member of this regiment. He went with the brave boys into the heat of battle, he nursed and cared for them in sickness, and assisted in burying the dead on the battlefields. He was as true to the cause of the South as any member of that gallant band under the intrepid leadership of Col. Joel A. Battle. In Shiloh's bloody affray Colonel Battle was captured, and the leadership fell to young Col. Thomas Benton Smith.

When one of his young masters was killed in battle, Bill was one of the escort which tenderly bore the body back to his mother and father.

Since the war Bill King had been classed as an unreconstructed Rebel. He was a true and loyal Confederate until his death. He affiliated with old soldiers, attending every gathering within his reach. He was a member of Troop A, Confederate Veterans, Nashville. He lived on his old master's farm, near Nolensville; but he died in Nashville at Vanderbilt Medical College, where he underwent a serious surgical operation.

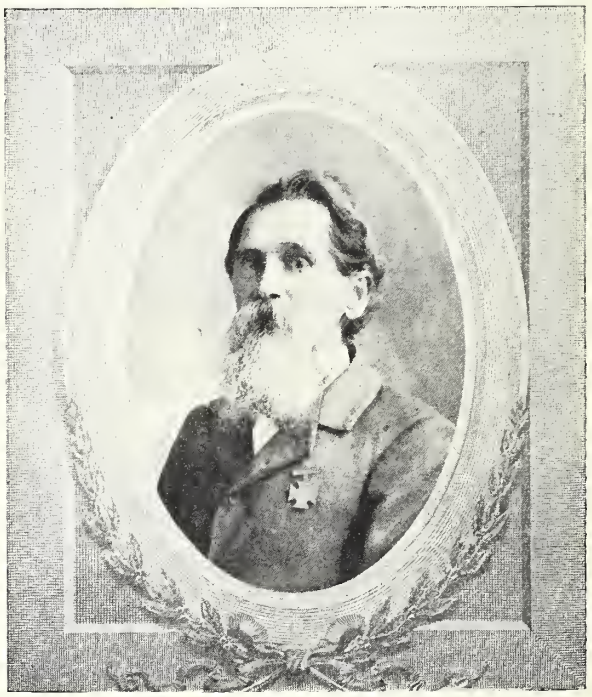
Mr. William Waller, an undertaker, took the body back to Nolensville for burial. The body was clad in the Confederate uniform which he had during the past few years worn on all reunion occasions, according to his request. The funeral service was conducted in Mount Olivet Methodist Church (white) by the pastor, Rev. H. W. Carter.

Bill King was seventy-three years old, and leaves a wife and ten or eleven children. He was a Baptist; but as there is no church of this denomination near his home, his friends decided to have the funeral in the Methodist church. He was buried in the Nolensville Cemetery.

In the notice of the death of L. W. Christian as published in the Veteran for August a mistake was made in the statement that he was wounded in the battle of Pulaski. It should have been that Gen. W. A. Johnson was wounded there and was assisted off the field by Comrade L. W. Christian, who also accompanied him to his home, at Tuscumbia, Ala.

Col. Lewis W. Johnson.

Col. L. W. Johnson, of the 10th Alabama Infantry, was born in Wilkes County, N. C., October 1, 1832; and died at Holt, Ala., December 8, 1909. When the war began, he was in business at Talladega, Ala.; but in June, 1861, he donned soldier's attire and enlisted in Company E (Jeff Davis Blues) for the war. The company assembled in Montgomery, and went



COL. LEWIS W. JOHNSON.

thence to Richmond, Va. The movements were then to Winchester and on to Manassas. Colonel Johnson was in every important engagement of his regiment, except when wounded, to the surrender at Appomattox. He led the regiment in the charge against the Crater at Petersburg on the 30th of July, 1864, his regiment covering the exact frontage of the Crater, where it encountered a drunken mob of negro soldiers, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued until the negroes were overpowered.

The writer of a sketch, Col. W. W. Draper, of Atlanta, Ga., adds: "I messed and slept with him for the entire war, and each learned the inwardness and instincts of the other. Unhesitatingly I say that he was as true, as upright in character, and as brave as any one who ever drew a sword or carried a gun in any war. He was kind and considerate to his men, and hence a great favorite."

Colonel Johnson was married in 1881 to Malissa Brown, daughter of Randolph R. and Mary Norris Brown. She survives him, with a daughter and sons.

Hill.—John P. Hill, one of the most respected citizens of Shepherdstown, W. Va., died in that city November 30, 1909, aged eighty-three. He was a Confederate soldier and served the four years. He leaves three daughters and two sons.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED.

CAMPS.

Stephen D. Lee, No. 1680, Laredo, Tex	$13 00
Stephen D. Lee, No. 753, Anderson, S. C	5 00
Dick Anderson, No. 334, Sumter, S. C	5 00
Ben McCulloch, No. 29, Cameron, Tex	1 50
Franklin Buchanan, No. 747, Baltimore, Md	25 00
Col. W. M. Crumley Camp, Georgia	20 00
Sumter, No. 642, Americus, Ga	5 00
Mike Foster, No. 853, Union, W. Va	10 00
Pat Cleburne, No. 222, Waco, Tex	5 00

CHAPTERS.

Seven Generals Chapter, Helena, Ark	$ 5 00
Virginia Clay-Clopton, Huntsville, Ala	15 00
Alabama Charter, Camden, Ala	2 50
John B. Gordon, Paragould, Ark	1 00

INDIVIDUALS.

John H. Stinson, Carrollton, Ala. (deceased)	$ 1 00
Mrs. W. J. Street, Alexander City, Ala	1 00
Miss Mary E. Mason, Athens, Ala	1 00
J. T. McShan, McShan, Ala	1 00
T. P. Lamkin, Jasper, Ala	1 00
Dr. W. M. Bryant, Camden, Ala	1 00
Ralph G. Richard, Mobile, Ala	1 00
J. M. Des Rochers, Mobile, Ala	1 00
Tom Taylor, Montgomery, Ala	1 00
D. B. Edwards, Tyler, Ala	1 00
William H. Welch, Demopolis, Ala	1 00
L. W. McRae, Calvert, Ala	1 00
W. F. Dent, Montgomery, Ala	1 00
C. C. Jones, Aliceville, Ala	50
W. A. Hood, Aliceville, Ala	50
B. F. Mackey, Mackey, Ala	1 00
C. P. Rogers, Sr	10
E. L. Jordan, Birmingham, Ala	1 00
L. A. Morgan, Sr., Uniontown, Ala	1 00
Mrs. O. M. Reynolds, Anniston, Ala	1 00
Mrs. Anselm Sterne, Anniston, Ala	1 00
Miss Mabel Earle Dawson, Calvert, Ala	1 00
W. W. Bowles, Arkansas City, Ark	1 00
Maj. James Harris, Little Rock, Ark	1 00
J. W. Crawford, Pine Bluff, Ark	1 00
Henry Moore, Texarkana, Ark	5 50
John Hutchins, M.D., Selma, Ark	1 00
Frederick Hotze, Little Rock, Ark	2 00
Gen. W. P. George, Berryville, Ark	1 00
J. H. McCollum, Hope, Ark	1 00
Rev. W. C. Bowman, Los Angeles, Cal	1 00
W. D. Addison, Los Angeles, Cal	2 00
A. M. Barley, Pasadena, Cal	1 00
W. H. Briscoe, Fresno, Cal	1 00
S. M. Briscoe, Fresno, Cal	1 00
D. C. Grayson, Washington, D. C	1 00
Gabriel Edmonston, Washington, D. C	1 00
William McVoy, Cantonment, Fla	1 00
J. H. Tucker, Monticello, Fla	1 00
F. B. Taylor, Lloyd, Fla	1 00
James K. Brown, Abbeville, Ga	1 00
Gen. L. G. Young, Savannah, Ga	5 00
Col. G. M. Saussy, Savannah, Ga	2 00
General Prather, Savannah, Ga	1 00
General Preston, Savannah, Ga	$ 1 00
Dr. Longino, Savannah, Ga	1 00
Gen. John A. Cobb, Savannah, Ga	1 00
Wave Ballard, Savannah, Ga	1 00
Col. C. H. Withrow, Savannah, Ga	1 00
General Davenport, Savannah, Ga	1 00
Thomas J. Morgan, Savannah, Ga	1 00
Amos K. Clark, Savannah, Ga	1 00
N. K. Butler, Savannah, Ga	1 00
G. F. Lamback, Savannah, Ga	1 00
Kent Bisell, Savannah, Ga	1 00
W. A. Clark, Savannah, Ga	1 00
John W. Clark, Savannah, Ga	1 00
John Flannery, Savannah, Ga	10 00
N. Emanuel, Brunswick, Ga	1 00
P. E. Masters, Savannah, Ga	1 00
P. M. Edwards, Eden, Ga	1 00
R. A. S. Freeman, West Point, Ga	1 00
A. P. LeVest, Atlanta, Ga	1 00
Rev. John R. Deering, Lexington, Ky	2 50
Mrs. Bettie Neel, Shelbyville, Ky	10 00
B. P. Willingham, Wingo, Ky	1 00
A. F. Fraser, Cadiz, Ky	1 00
Maj. Samuel H. Buchanan, Louisville	5 00
Ed Rice, North Middletown, Ky	5 00
T. A. Woosley, Shelbyville, Ky	1 00
T. M. Lashbrooke, Maysville, Ky	1 00
J. R. Wilson, Augusta, Ky	1 00
L. H. Willis, Nicholasville, Ky	1 00
L. M. Rice, Mayfield, Ky	11 00
T. H. Corcoran, Slaughter, La	1 00
W. O. Baskin, Baskinton, La	1 00
Dr. E. M. Campbell, Baskin, La	1 00
Joseph Witherow, Milliken's Bend, La	2 00
W. H. Hastings, Alexandria, La	1 00
I. S. Palmer, Jackson, La	1 00
W. M. McGalleard, Donaldsonville, La	2 00
John Crichton, Crichton, La	1 00
W. P. Renwick, Monroe, La	1 00
Joseph H. Stafford, Rosedale, Miss	1 00
J. S. Osborne, Learned, Miss	2 00
Owen Brown, Yazoo City, Miss	1 00
Col. G. M. Robertson, Deer Brook, Miss	1 00
Dr. R. S. Jamison, Brooksville, Miss	1 00
W. T. Armistead, Corinth, Miss	1 00
LeMaster Armistead, Corinth, Miss	1 00
W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Miss	1 00
D. R. Osborne, West Point, Miss	1 00
A. P. Odom, Sr., Mississippi	50
Capt. N. W. Lea, Clarksdale, Miss	1 00
Capt. J. L. Collins, Coffeeville, Miss	1 00
T. L. McGehee, Summit, Miss	1 00
Richard Brown, Jefferson City, Mo	1 00
Gen. A. C. Trippe, Baltimore, Md	1 00
George P. Gross, Kansas City, Mo	1 00
Elbert Chapman, Hornersville, Mo	2 50
R. S. Chapman, Hornersville, Mo	2 50
H. L. Brownell, West Plains, Mo	1 00
W. M. Shulte, Springfield, Mo	50
Maj. W. A. Smith, Wadesboro, N. C	2 00
J. C. Irvin, Statesville, N. C	1 00
John M. Fleming, Milton, N. C	1 00
J. Shakespeare Harris, Concord, N. C	1 00

Capt. John Tonkin, Oil City, Pa.....$ 1 00
J. G. Long, Sr., Union, S. C..... 1 00
R. W. Tinsley, Union, S. C..... 1 00
Charles A. Aimar, Charleston, S. C..... 1 00
W. J. Hanna, Chesterfield, S. C..... 1 00
Rev. E. N. Gregory, Decatur, Tenn..... 1 00
J. W. Stovall, Jackson, Tenn..... 1 00
W. O. Gordon, Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
R. J. Dew, Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
N. A. Cresap, Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
F. S. Summers, Gleason, Tenn..... 1 00
R. P. Lake, Memphis, Tenn..... 1 00
Henry C. Myers, Memphis, Tenn..... 1 00
J. F. Watts, Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
W. F. McCree, Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
Capt. Sim Reid, Trenton, Tenn..... 25
Maj. G. W. Macrea, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
C. H. Raine, Memphis, Tenn..... 25 00
Capt. Thomas Bond, Denmark, Tenn..... 1 00
J. C. Hill, Covington, Tenn..... 1 00
J. F. Robertson, Alamo, Tenn..... 1 00
William Huddle, Sumner, Tex..... 1 00
John C. West, Waco, Tex..... 5 00
Rev. John H. Collins, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Mrs. E. C. Bray, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Mrs. Daisy C. Peirce, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Mrs. Pearl C. Dickson, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
J. T. Conway, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
W. T. Ridley, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
J. F. McReynolds, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Mrs. J. W. Wood..... 1 00
T. G. Henley, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
T. J. Record, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
J. E. Gunn, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
A. G. Hubbard, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
F. D. Mallory, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
R. W. Dyer, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
F. R. Fenet, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
J. F. Keel, Paris, Tex..... 1 00
T. A. Hope, Mount Vernon, Tex..... 1 00
Charlie O. Steen, Fairfield, Tex..... 1 00
J. J. Irwin, Cameron, Tex..... 1 00
R. L. Tyson, Cameron, Tex..... 1 00
J. C. Porter, Leesburg, Tex..... 1 00
J. A. Leftwick, Mount Vernon, Tex..... 1 00
C. C. Dupree, Mount Vernon, Tex..... 1 00
Marvin Holbert, Mount Vernon, Tex..... 1 00
James Williams, Mount Vernon, Tex..... 1 00
J. W. Akens, Fort Worth, Tex..... 1 00
B. F. Neville, Dalhart, Tex..... 1 00
J. R. Hargis, Taylor, Tex..... 1 00
Mrs. Cornelia B. Stone, Galveston, Tex..... 5 00
J. R. Carroll, Bunna, Tex..... 1 00
J. J. Adams, Temple, Tex..... 1 00
H. D. Patterson, Temple, Tex..... 1 00
W. D. Farrish, Temple, Tex..... 1 00
J. T. Talley, Temple, Tex..... 1 00
R. H. Fishburn, Roanoke, Va..... 1 00
P. F. Scott, Franktown, Va..... 1 00
H. N. Madison, Farmville, Va..... 1 00
Jackson Ferguson, Lebanon, Va..... 1 00
William H. Fuller, Lebanon, Va..... 1 00
C. W. Horton, Snowflake, Va..... 1 00
Bishop G. W. Peterkin, Parkersburg, W. Va.....$ 5 00
J. E. Graham, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 5 00
Mrs. Louis Dudley, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
J. C. Frederick, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
H. P. Camden, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 5 00
Dr. T. A. Harris, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 5 00
H. Gwinn, Green Sulphur Springs, W. Va..... 1 00
A. P. Pence, Pence Springs, W. Va..... 1 00
Rent, property at Fairview, Ky..... 5 00
Through the Confederate Veteran, Nashville,..... 38 00

List of Contributors through Dr. C. C. Brown.

Louisville, Ky.: J. B. Cathright, $10; John G. Carter, $1; Samuel M. Wilhite, $1; Robert I. Berkley, $1; Dr. A. W. Griswold, $1; Elijah Basye, $5; John Hancock, $1; Bert Finck, $1; Emmett Slattery, $1; D. S. Taylor, $1; John C. Sherley, $1; Herman Arnz, $1; Col. Henry L. Stone, $1; Hancock Taylor, $5; J. W. Bird, $1.

Shelbyville, Ky.: Calvin Weakley, $1; Caleb Doyle, $1.

Pembroke, Ky.: W. E. Forgy, $1; Fannie G. Forgy, $1; W. Garnett Forgy, $1; Ruby A. Forgy, $1; Gladys L. Forgy, $1; Elizabeth F. Forgy, $1; Sallie B. Garnett, $1; Mrs. J. W. Carter, $1; Mrs. D. W. Chilton, $1; Miss Wilmoth Chilton, $1; Miss Laila Chilton, $1; Mrs. R. T. Chilton, $3; D. W. Chilton, $1; R. T. Chilton, $1; A. O. Dority, $1; John Rose, $1; C. W. Morrison, $1; Douglas Graham, $1; R. V. Ferguson, $1; W. H. Jones, $1; T. D. Jameson, $1; W. L. Levy, $1; D. L. Lander, $1; R. P. Morrison, $1; Z. T. Rawlins, $1; J. R. Paine, $2; R. L. Boyd, $1; Mrs. Maggie G. Paine, $5; S. G. Ragsdale, $1; J. W. Cross, $1; W. H. Whitlow, $1; H. C. Whitlow, $1; T. D. Ackerman, $1; Isaac Garnett, $1; John P. Garnett, $3; S. A. Garnett, $1; Sara Garnett, $1; W. W. Garnett, $1.

New Castle, Ky.: Dick D. Smith, $1; G. H. Mitchel, $1; W. O. Coleman, $1; W. H. Douglas, $1; I. W. McGinnis, $5.

Franklin, Ky.: D. A. West, $1; Randolph Moore, $1; Laurence Finn, $1; W. F. Granger, $1; Charles Duffer, 50 cents; Joe Covington, $1; John Lovell, $1; Callie Harris, $1; Hugh Travis, $1; Ellis Malone, $1; W. R. Bryan, $1; J. R. Gassett, $1; J. W. Bradshaw, $1; G. Leak, $1; Charley Jackson, $1; C. H. Caudell, $1; C. N. Baird, $1; Thomas Cushenberry, $1; H. D. Wade, $1; Wilson Baird, $1; W. J. Barnard, $1; Otho Hayden, $1; J. W. Travis, $1; J. L. Rogers, $1; J. W. Neeley, $1; J. B. Plummer, $1; J. P. Wheeler, $1; James Lovell, $1; W. S. McClanhan, $1; J. C. Bryan, $1; G. B. Taylor, $1; Ras Bradshaw, $1; A. H. Hill, $1; Mat Leake, $1; W. H. Bryan, $1; Overton Harris, $1; Zeb Grove, $1; Frank Roark, $1; Joe Turner, $1; J. J. Miligan, $1; J. L. Pond, $1; J. C. Hardy, $1; C. T. Moore, $1; Bumbus Wright, $1; G. W. Roark, $1; Lucas Huffines, $1; Luther Clark, $1; W. L. Gassett, 50 cents; John B. Finn, $2.50; D. C. Camp, $5.

Bowling Green, Ky.: C. J. Van Meter, $100; W. H. Jones, $2; J. W. Potter, $1; B. W. Bradburn, $1; J. W. Stark, Sr., $1; D. W. Wright, $1; R. C. P. Thomas, $1; John M. Wilkins, $1; James D. Hines, $1; John E. DuBose, $1; B. S. Rutherford, $1; M. C. Potter, $1; J. B. Potter, $1; Samuel Kirtley, $1; Fulton R. Potter, $1; S. M. Matlock, $1; Robert Rhodes, Jr., $1; V. E. Tygret, $1; T. S. McGinnis, $1; T. W. Thomas, $1; H. H. Cherry, $1; T. J. Mitchel, $1; E. H. White, $1; P. J. Potter, $1; C. U. McElroy, $1; H. H. Denhart, $1; F. Y. Patterson, $1; Carl D. Herdman, $1; J. C. Sims, $1; W. M. Kirby, $1; R. W. Covington, $1; William D. McElroy, $1; William Garrison, $1; M. J. Perkins, $1;

M. J. Perkins, $1; L. Dodd, $1; J. S. Dill, D.D., $1; W. W. Peete, $1; J. T. Dishman, $1; E. G. Logan, $1; W. C. Morris, $1; Mrs. R. W. Browder, $1; Scott Isbel, $1.

Hopkinsville, Ky.: W. L. Hopper, $1; L. L. Elgin, $1; E. H. Higgins, $1; John C. Duffy, $1; Howard Brame, $1; R. L. Bradley, $1; J. E. Moseley, $5; J. H. Markham, $1; J. J. Metcalf, $1; Walton Garret, $1; W. E. Adcock, $1; C. F. Jarrett, $10; J. T. Hanley, $2; D. H. Thompson, $1; W. F. Crenshaw, $1; W. P. Winfrey, $3; T. S. Knight, $3; Nat Gaither, $1; J. H. Young, $1; A. W. Wood, $1; John B. Trice, $10; W. H. Adams, $1; W. H. Boyd, $1; E. D. Jones, $1; J. R. Candle, $1; G. W. Candle, $1; Mrs. J. D. Hill, $1; M. A. Jenkins, $1; L. J. Harris, $1; M. B. King, $1; Dr. J. D. Clardy, $1; S. A. Wade, $1; Mrs. Mollie Bell, $1; Dr. J. M. Dennis, $1; Mrs. Mary H. Donelson, $1.

Morganfield, Ky.: Camp U. C. V., $25; A. W. Lamond, $1; John H. Wall, $1; C. H. Sellers, $1; Harrison Howell, $1; Cromwell Adair, $5; A. F. Waller, $1; W. B. Sparks, $1; F. M. Sparks, $1; D. C. Willet, $1; Talbott Berry, $1; Ben G. Waller, $1; L. C. Flournoy, $1; F. B. Brown, $1.

Princeton, Ky.: Dr. F. J. Sullivan, $1; R. U. Kivel, $1; J. W. Hollinsworth, $2; R. L. Gresham, $1; W. W. Cummins, $1.

Russellville, Ky.: D. B. Estes, $1; S. A. Bass, $1; William Bryan, $1; J. W. Scott, $1; Dr. J. K. W. Piper, $1; S. R. Crewdson, $1; Mrs. J. B. Briggs, $2; Wesley V. Perry, $1; R. W. Danis, $1; Ben Settle, $2.

Madisonville, Ky.: A. E. Rees, $5; Thomas B. Jones, $2; T. M. Brooks, $1; Mrs. E. A. Pearce, $1.

Sebree, Ky.: A. J. Couch, $2; Hugh K. Smith, $1; P. M. Willingham, $1; R. A. Gilson, $1; S. F. Powell, $1; John A. Powell, $2; G. C. Springfield, $1; T. B. Clore, $2.

Henderson, Ky.: M. Merrit, $1; John W. Lockett, $1; W. M. Hanna, $1; W. S. Alnes, $1; S. H. Thompson, $1; James E. Rankins, $1; James R. Barrett, $1; John Byrne, $1; O. F. Walker, $1; S. W. Norris, $1; G. H. Madden, $1.

Fairview, Ky.: Miss Fannie Goodwin, $1; A. B. Wilkins, $1; J. W. Petrie, Jr., $1; Dixie F. Wiles, $1; Louise Wiles, $1; William R. Yancey, $1; Louis F. Yancey, $1; John W. Yancey, $1; J. R. Wiles, $1; Mrs. Frank Vaughn, $1; N. Wade, $1; E. D. Humphrey, $1; J. T. Penick, $1.

Elkton, Ky.: S. H. Perkins (ex-Federal), $10; J. H. Armstrong, $1; E. B. Weathers, $1; L. M. Weathers, $1; W. M. Weathers, $1; E. W. Weathers, $1; J. O. Street, $1; L. P. Trabue, $1; T. W. Perkins, $1; J. S. Standard, $1; John A. Goodman, $1; Mrs. Maggie Malone, $1; James C. Malone, $1; Mary E. Woodson, $1; J. M. Millen, $1; Purdom C. Williams, $1; T. J. Bailey, $1; W. H. Thompson, $1; C. D. Damond, $5; W. H. Grumbly, $1; B. D. Johnson, $1; Dr. A. T. McKinney, $2; Dr. B. E. Escue, $1; L. Brame, $1; P. O. Duffy, $1; B. V. Crittenden, $1; C. E. Rogers, $1; C. M. Redford, $1; J. F. Page, $1; L. H. Wilkins, $1; A. W. Boone, $2; A. S. Perkins, $1; W. T. Kirkman, $1; Sam W. Grumbly, $1; J. M. Bell, $1; R. G. Ewing, $1; W. S. Shelton, $1; J. N. Williams, $1; H. B. Miller, $1; Thomas Blythe, $1; W. T. Fox, $1; T. E. Thompson, $1; W. R. Wood, $1; S. W. Forgy, $1; J. R. Perkins, $1; B. L. Penick, $1; S. M. Russel, $1; C. C. Stewart, $1.

Glasgow, Ky.: J. A. Murry, $1; Thomas G. Page, $1; S. T. Botts, $1; George R. Lewis, $1; E. P. Read, $1; Charles F. Terry, $1; W. B. Smith, $1; Charles H. Warder, $1; J. M. Richardson, $1; Howe Ralston, $1; E. F. Jewell, $1;

J. W. Linton, Sr. and Jr., $2; Mrs. John E. Roberts, $1; Mrs. Moss Ewing Hart, $1; Mrs. Wade Hampden, $1; W. E. Harrison, $1; Dr. B. P. Hooker, $1; Mary Elizabeth Ashby, $1; Bessie H. Browder, $1; W. H. Wadlington, $1; W. H. Whitiker, $1; J. E. Wilcox, $1; Russell Cunningham, $1; J. H. Weller, $1; W. F. Browder, $5; V. Conner, $1.

Miscellaneous: John A. Thomas, Lyndon, Ky., $1; W. J. Turner, Campbellsburg, Ky., $1; Henry Lee, Campbellsburg, Ky., $1; J. W. Teague, Smithfield, Ky., $1; W. L. Crabb, Eminence, Ky., $2; W. B. Crabb, Eminence, Ky., $2; George Minnis, Trenton, Ky., $1; Mrs. Sallie Minnis, Trenton, Ky., $1; William Barnes, Guthrie, Ky., $1; Robert Vannerson, Cobb, Ky., $1; J. C. Marquess, Peedee, Ky., $1; R. S. Pool, Cerulean Springs, Ky., $5; Ben T. Field, Owensboro, Ky., $1; Mrs. T. D. Craighead, Nashville, Tenn., $5; Mrs. G. H. Slaughter, St. Bethlehem, Tenn., $1; J. R. Kirby, Smith's Grove, Ky., $1; C. D. McKinney Hillsboro, Ohio, $1; J. C. Latham, New York, $50; W. W. Walton, Allensville, Ky., $1.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING APRIL 30, 1910.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, $15,268.08.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, $25. Contributed by Jeff Davis Chapter, No. 540, U. D. C., San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $16. Contributed by J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., $10; Mildred Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Gainesville, Fla., $1; William H. Milton Chapter, No. 1039, U. D. C., Marianna, Fla., $5.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, $100. Contributed by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, $5.05. Contributed by Custis Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Jefferson City, Mo.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, $59.50. Contributed by First Regiment Tennessee Chapter, No. 106, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn., $5; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, No. 81, U. D. C., Chattanooga, Tenn., $5; Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, U. D. C., Savannah, Tenn., $2.50; C. M. Goodlett Chapter, No. 326, U. D. C., Clarksville, Tenn., $5; Knoxville Chapter, No. 89, U. D. C., Knoxville, Tenn., $5; Maury Chapter, No. 42, U. D. C., Columbia, Tenn., $10; Mary Latham Chapter, No. 474, U. D. C., Memphis, Tenn., $10; John R. Nael Chapter, No. 1153, U. D. C., Spring City, Tenn., $5; John Lauderdale Chapter, No. 356, U. D. C., Dyersburg, Tenn., $10; Clarke Chapter, No. 13, U. D. C., Gallatin, Tenn., $2.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, $5. Contributed by Tom Greene Chapter, No. 373, U. D. C., San Angelo, Tex.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $37.50. Contributed by Bristol Chapter, No. 1163, U. D. C., Bristol, Va., $5; Holston Chapter, No. 183, U. D. C., Marion, Va., $2.50; Kirkwood-Otey Chapter, No. 10, U. D. C., Lynchburg, Va., $25; Hope-Maury Chapter, No. 857, U. D. C., Norfolk, Va., $5.

A. S. Johnston Chapter, No. 79, U. D. C., San Francisco, Cal., $10.

Margaret Howell Davis Hayes Chapter, No. 1228, U. D. C., Denver, Colo., $5.

Stephen D. Lee Camp, No. 753, U. C. V., Anderson, S. C., $5.

Total receipts, $15,536.13. Expenses, none.

Balance on hand April 30, 1910, $15,536.13.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treas.*

"MACARIA," BY AUGUSTA EVANS.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson was born in Columbus, Ga., May 8, 1835, of distinguished lineage. She was a quiet, studious child, spending almost her entire time in the library pouring over books, her mother being her teacher. While very young her people moved to San Antonio, Tex., and her imagination was fired by the picturesque foreign aspect of the city and surroundings. The excitement of the Mexican War was at its height, and its romance and military parades influenced the scenes of her first book, "Inez." This was followed by "Beulah," which was brought out through Derby & Jackson. She wrote many books, and was an ardent Southerner to the end. Her death occurred a few months ago.

Miss Evans did not marry until in well-advanced maidenhood, when she became the wife of a princely gentleman, Mr. Wilson, of Mobile, and a devoted mother to his children.

One of her books, "Macaria," was published in the bad war days. An account of it is given by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph:

"Her next book, 'Macaria,' had a pathetic history. Its plot was laid while dreaming in the little dormer window; but most of the writing was done while nursing in Confederate hospitals, for the Civil War was well at its height. It was a story of the South, and the author said: 'My heart throbbed in every one of its pages.'

"An edition was hurried through the Confederate press at Richmond, Va., by West & Johnson, and sold for the benefit of the Southern cause. It was printed on coarse, brown paper, was 'entered according to the Confederate States,' and dedicated to 'the brave soldiers of the Southern army.'

"It was so popular with both armies that General Thomas ordered its sale suppressed within the range of the Army of the Tennessee, but that only increased its sale. In one of the battles around Chancellorsville it saved the life of a Confederate soldier. Called into action while reading it, he hurriedly thrust it into one of his side coat pockets. After the battle, two bullets were found imbedded in its leaves.

"Through the assistance of a blockade runner, she succeeded in getting a copy of it through the lines to her publisher, Mr. Derby. He arranged with Lippincott's, of Philadelphia, for an extensive publication and advertised it largely through the press in advance. In the meantime another New York publisher had procured a copy, and was hurrying out an edition. Mr. Derby arrested the transaction and demanded the copyright. He answered that 'the book had been entered according to the Confederate States, and Rebels were not entitled to copyright protection or benefits.'

"By withdrawing his own publication Mr. Derby secured for Miss Evans her justly deserved royalty on all copies sold. Miss Evans always felt a keen sense of obligation to Mr. Derby, and regretted that time never offered an opportunity for substantial expression of her gratitude. While this was pending no communications could be effected through the lines with Miss Evans. These multiplied difficulties also kept her from all benefits from her book.

"After the close of the war, a lady in simple and rather worn attire, closely veiled, entered Mr. Derby's office in company with her brother, a wounded Confederate soldier. Mr. Derby recognized her voice. He invited them to his home, and suggested that his wife would prove a capital nurse. He also delicately hinted at the propriety of a change in her dress. She informed him that she and her family were penniless as a result of the war. He immediately turned over to her the rich profits from 'Macaria,' her Southern story, that he had kept."

"THE YOUNGERS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM."

This book by W. C. Bronaugh, of Company K, 16th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., is of dramatic interest, for in it the author relates in well-selected English his twenty years' fight for the freedom of the Younger brothers, who were confined in the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minn., to serve a life sentence. Mr. Bronaugh leads up to his book very well, for the reader's interest and sympathy are aroused by the story of the border warfare between Kansas and Missouri, of the killing of the father of the Youngers, the persecution of the mother, and the driving forth of the homeless boys, the oldest of whom joined Quantrell and his raiders. This boy, Coleman, was only seventeen, and his history as a Confederate soldier was inspiring. Major Foster, a Federal, in telling of the battle of Lone Jack, spoke of a Confederate soldier, a boy in years, who rode amid a rain of bullets down the Confederate lines, giving out ammunition. Later, when Major Foster and his brother were prisoners, they were being threatened with death at the hands of a jayhawker, and were rescued by this same young soldier, who at their request took the thousand dollars they had between them and their watches and faithfully sent them all to their mother. This young soldier was Cole Younger, who fought in the open when he could, and was driven to float the black flag, as Governor Marshall said, by the force of circumstances, not natural depravity.

Later James Younger, then only thirteen years old, joined Quantrell, and at the end of the war they found themselves not allowed to return to their home, outlawed, and a price set on their heads. With Jesse and Frank James and Robert Younger, only eleven years old, they formed a band, which others joined, of wanderers, desperadoes, and finally train and bank robbers, though many deeds attributed to them were committed by others.

At a session of the Missouri Legislature in 1875 a bill was introduced by Gen. Jeff Jones, of Callaway, for clemency toward all Confederates and pleading for the reversion of the sentence of outlawry against the Youngers and the James brothers. The bill was favorably received; but before it was signed the fatal attack on Northfield, Minn., was made by the band, in which Cashier Heywood was killed at the bank and several citizens killed in the fight on the street. James Younger was shot in the jaw. His brothers would not leave him, but with the wounded man were pursued for days through the woods, and were at last captured and given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Captain Bronaugh conceived the idea of obtaining the pardon of the three Youngers. Their aunt, Mrs. Twyman, was an enthusiastic assistant, and Ex-Gov. William Marshall, of Minnesota, took up their cause. His letter in their vindication was printed and thousands of copies sent throughout the States, winning many adherents. The fight for their release went on for twenty years, many of the first men in the country engaging in the struggle; and at last in July, 1901, the pardoning board granted them a parole during good conduct and confining them to the State with a monthly report. A pathetic incident of the story was the love affair between Cole Younger and a magazine writer. A marriage being illegal, the girl left her home and State forever. Captain Bronaugh's book is illustrated with pictures of all who took part in the interesting story he tells. Address W. C. Bronaugh, 5095 Cabanne Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Remember that all Confederate books not out of print are supplied by the VETERAN.



MISS BUENA VISTA VANCE,
Sponsor for Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

THE BAND PLAYED "DIXIE."

BY G. G. STOCKARD, FORT SMITH, ARK.

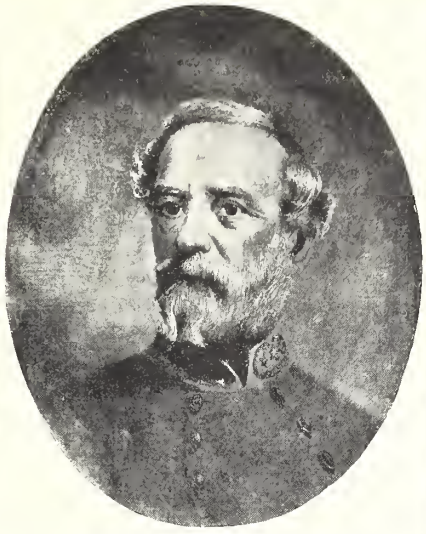
I heard the band play "Dixie"
On a pleasant summer's day,
I saw some old men marching
In a line, all clothed in gray.
There were empty sleeves among them,
And one went marching by
On a wooden leg; but bless you,
There was glory in his eye.

There was one who bore the banner,
A plain old fellow he;
I had known him in my childhood,
When he nursed me on his knee.
A blacksmith by profession,
Just a poor old crippled thing;
But beneath that bar-crossed banner
He looked prouder than a king.

O the band played matchless "Dixie"
As the men went marching by,
And I marked the glow of rapture
In each proud old soldier's eye;
And I'd give a borrowed fortune
Just to feel one day as grand
As my friend, the smoke-grimed tinker,
With the banner in his hand.

And then the choir sang "Maggie"
As the soldiers marched along,
And I never heard such music
In that grand, old-fashioned song.
The measured step grew slower
And eyes welled full of tears
As they each recalled the sweetheart
They had known in early years.

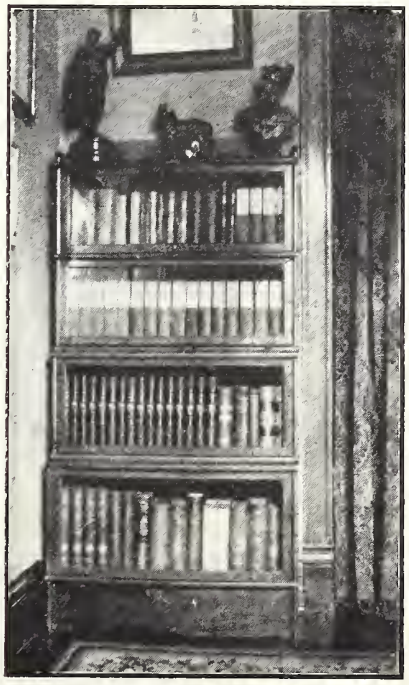
There were some whose darling Maggie
Had grown weary on the way
And had fallen ere the shadows
Marked the noontide of the day.
But to some that dear companion
Still was spared and ever fair,
And to them she seems the sweeter
With the silver in her hair.



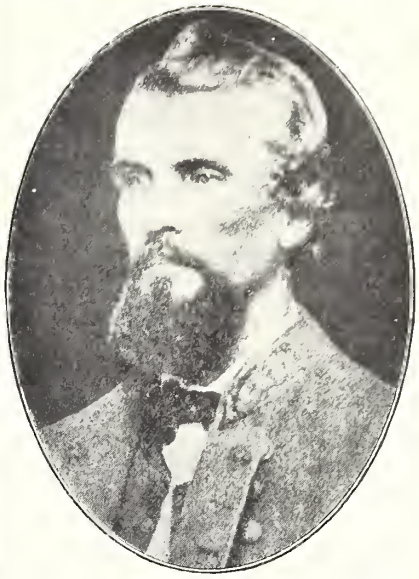
PORTRAIT OF GEN. R. E. LEE,
Said to be from a sitting that he gave for a cousin.

O the choir sang matchless "Maggie,"
And the reverent silence told
How they each recalled the sweetheart
Who had never yet grown old;
Who had blessed their happy hours,
Who had cheered the lone and sad.
O there never were such Maggies
As our Southern soldiers had!

And last I saw them standing
In the graveyard over there,
Where the white stone marks the pillow
Of the brave and young and fair;



HANDSOMEST BOUND VETERANS.
Section in library of Dr. R. A. Halley as it was last year. A marginal note states "16 of 'em." A photo now would show 17 "of 'em."



GEN. N. B. FORREST,
From only known photo of war times.

Where but a step divides them
From the silent earth below,
Showering love on comrades fallen
Over forty years ago.

I never saw those soldiers
As they marched in battle line;
I know not what they suffered
In the days of auld lang syne.
But I've seen them maimed and crippled,
Still proud of every scar,
Each sacrifice, each failure
That o'erwhelmed them in the war.

All the plumes and banners
That an empire could command
Woudn't move the poorest of them
To renounce his native land;
And all the wealth in Goshen
Wouldn't tempt him for a day
To expect reward or homage
For the years he wore the gray.

I have known him for the hero
Who has won his country back
From the sackcloth and the ashes
That the war left in its track;
And as long as the band plays "Dixie,"
As long as the world wears gray,
And as long as women sing "Maggie"
His glory shall ne'er decay.

James M. Tisdale, of Covington, Ky., asks for information of J. W. Swain, of Alpine, Talladega County, Ala., who graduated from the Kentucky Military Institute of Frankfort, Ky., and served, he thinks, in an Alabama Regiment, C. S. A.

FATALITY IN BATTLE AT JENKINS'S FERRY.

F. E. McCormack, of Moran, Kans., writes: "I notice under the heading 'Losses in Battle,' by B. H. King, of Atlanta, Ga., a statement which calls to my mind a battle at Jenkins's Ferry, twenty-five miles southwest of Little Rock, Ark., in which one section of Ruffner's Missouri Battery lost seventeen men killed, wounded, and captured out of twenty-three, with twenty-five of twenty-six horses killed. The two guns, of course, were captured by the Union army. The fight lasted only about thirty minutes, but at close range." [Comrade McCormack was a member of Ruffner's Battery.—Ed.]

Wants to Find Owner for a Bible.—In 1864, when Capt. Paul Caulson, of Chemung, N. Y., was stationed in Atlanta, the soldiers used the buildings of the Atlanta Female Seminary for a hospital, and one of his men brought him a large Bible. In order to preserve it, he had it sent to a minister in Elmira, N. Y., to keep till his return from the front. The Bible is in good condition, and Captain Caulson would like to return it to the proper person. It is inscribed: "Presented to the Atlanta Female Institute by the sophomore class of 1860."

The Resignation of Mrs. Broadnax.—Mrs. F. M. Williams, President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., announces the resignation of Mrs. J. G. Broadnax, the capable Chairman of the Educational Committee for the State, who resigned on account of a deep sorrow. Mrs. W. H. Overman, of Salisbury, was elected to fill the vacancy.

Uncle Sam's Pensioners.—The number of United States pensioners on the rolls March 1 was 931,212. It had been reduced during the month by 4,186 deaths; remarriages, 58; by "legal limitations," 88; while there was a gain of 2,164 in various ways. The death rate, it may be noted, averages nearly one hundred and twenty per day.

"THE OLD COTTON GIN."

"In very tender recollection of the old plantation near Marion, Ala.," John Trotwood Moore sends out his exquisite poem on "The Old Cotton Gin" in a book dress that gives a beautiful setting for the still more beautiful melody of its words. In rhythmic measure he has caught the spirit of the South, and through the song of the old gin he paints pictures that portray the life of the old, old days, the pride and passion of war, the pathos of defeat and death, and then in a tenderer tone he sings of what yet will be in the country so despoiled, for

"Faith was the ginner,
The fabric to spin,
And Hope was the spinner
At the Old Cotton Gin;"

while from out the gloom of his own disintegration the old gin "wakens a new loom of light,"

"And the World is the winner
In the Old Cotton Gin."

"Trotwood" Moore is a true son of the South, imbued with her traditions and ideals; and this poem breathes of her history, her hopes, and aspirations.

The book is exquisitely illustrated by Charles H. Sykes, a gifted young artist with an enviable future. He has expressed the delicate beauty of the words in pictures that make them even more beautiful.

Published by the John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. Price, $1 net. Especially appropriate as a gift book.

Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones, D.D. A personal friendship between General Lee and the author gave valuable material in the preparation of this work, which is a revised edition and contains many letters of General Lee not heretofore published. Cloth. Price, $2.

Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee. By Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. More especially a history of his military campaigns and valuable for its accuracy. Cloth-bound. Price, $1.50.

Old Tales Retold. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Some of the most interesting events in Tennessee history rewritten by this talented daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and published in an attractive volume. Price, $1.

Bright Skies and Dark Shadows. By Dr. Henry M. Field, D.D. A series of sketches in his travels through the South, a number of pages especially devoted to the battle of Franklin, etc. Cloth. Price, 50 cents (reduced from $1.50).

American Eloquence. In two large volumes are given some of the most masterly efforts of American oratory. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $5 per set.

Southern Poets: Father Ryan's Poems. Cloth, $1.50. Other bindings procurable. Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited by his wife. Price, $2. Poems of Henry Timrod. Cloth, $1.50. Memorial Edition.

Robert's Rules of Order. Adopted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as their guide. Price, 75 cents.

Military Annals of Tennessee. By Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, D.D. Half morocco, $5; full morocco, $7.50.

Songs of Dixie. A collection of the songs so popular during the war, both words and music. Paper cover, 75 cents.

War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy. Compiled by Dr. M. B. Wharton. Cloth. Price, $2.

Order any books desired through the Veteran.


"IN MEMORIAM"

Confederate Statues in Bronze

We furnish Statues for ALL KINDS of Monuments

Write Us For

Prices, Designs, Etc.

American Bronze Foundry Co.,
73d and Woodlawn Ave. • • Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE

LIFE-SIZE CRAYON BUST PORTRAIT OF COMMODORE MAURY.

H. C., 3343 18th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

CENTRAL BUREAU OF EDUCATION
PARIS, KY.

MISS KATE EDGAR, Paris, Ky., Proprietor and Manager

This efficient agency is again prepared to serve principals of schools and presidents of colleges with well-equipped teachers.

Send for circulars.

SHOP IN THE CAPITAL CITY

Careful attention given to order for any kind of merchandise. Also Guide and Chaperon to visitors.

MISS H. COCKERILLE
3343 18th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

PLEASE READ THIS

I am anxious that a copy of **"FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX"** should be in every library. It is a book that will enhance in value as the years go by. Send for a copy of it; read it; if you feel that you cannot afford to buy it, write me; I may suggest a way by which you can own it in spite of this fact.

L. W. HOPKINS
833 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

Copies of Veteran Wanted

Jos. T. Cobbs, Angleton, Tex., wishes the following numbers of the VETERAN. Must be in good condition. 1895—January, February, March, April; 1894—the whole volume; 1893—also the whole volume. Copies he has in duplicate, and will exchange or sell: 1897—November, two copies; 1898—June and December: 1901—September; 1902—April; 1903—December; 1907—August. All in good condition. ::

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

A NEW WRINKLE

VEGETABLE WRINKLE JELLY

Removes all wrinkles and makes old faces young. Grow old without wrinkles. Years spent experimenting to produce this wonderful vegetable jelly. 4-ounce jar $1.10 by mail. ROSE LEAF ROUGE, a natural dainty tint for the face, 25c. per rose. **MONOGRAM CREME CO.,**
Dept. A, 503 West 174th Street, New York City.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex., offers a good price for a copy of the VETERAN for January, 1893. Write to him.

Mrs. I. J. Bailey, chairman of committee on locating soldiers' graves on battlefields, Brownwood, Tex., would appreciate any assistance that can be given her by those having knowledge on the subject.

Dr. W. L. Austin, now of Zimapan, Hidalgo, Mex., writes of a Confederate soldier named Wheat who was buried on his old home place near Richmond, Va. He was killed at Mechanicsville at the time Dahlgren or Sheridan made the raid on the northeast of Richmond. Some one may recall this soldier and be glad to know of his last resting place.

Frank M. Snavely, of Stamping Ground, Ky., has seventeen volumes of the VETERAN to be sold to the highest bidder, the money to be appropriated to the Jefferson Davis Home Fund. Address all bids to him.

"DO THEY LOVE YOU STILL IN DIXIE?"

The poem, "Do They Love You Still in Dixie?" by Emmett Rodwell Calhoun, of Birmingham, Ala., has been set to music by Mrs. E. T. Oltrogge, of Jacksonville, Fla., by whom it has been published and is now on sale at forty cents per copy, postpaid. It is especially appropriate for Memorial Day. Part of the proceeds from the sale of this song, and of all other songs published by Mrs. Oltrogge in the future, will be devoted to Confederate monumental purposes. It will be remembered that this poem was written in response to the closing paragraph of the address prepared by Gen. S. D. Lee for the Birmingham Reunion, "Do they love us still in Dixie?" A picture of General Lee reviewing the veterans in parade forms a most pleasing frontispiece.

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans' UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio.

Meyer's Military Shop

1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Confederate Goods

Gold button or pin	.90
Rolled plate button or pin	.45
Gold-plated button or pin	.25
Hat pins	.25
Silk flags	5c to $1.50
Belt plates for ladies	.75
Watch charms	$1 to $15.00

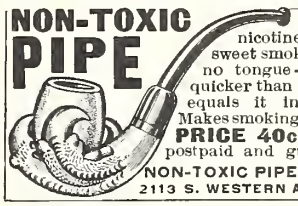
Write for illustrated price lists

INFORMATION WANTED

Regarding the address of the heirs of Benjamin Dufield, who lived in Davidson County, Tenn., between 1855 and 1876.

A. A. POLAND
424 Pierce Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

NON-TOXIC PIPE



—absorbs the nicotine—gives a cool, sweet smoke. No poison: no tongue-bite. Colors quicker than Meerschaum: equals it in appearance. Makes smoking a real delight.
PRICE 40c.—3 for $1 postpaid and guaranteed.
NON-TOXIC PIPE CO. DEPT. A3
2113 S. WESTERN AVE., CHICAGO

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Alabama Polytechnic Institute

ONLY SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY IN ALABAMA

64 PROFESSORS AND INSTRUCTORS. 20 WELL-EQUIPPED LABORATORIES

CHAS. C. THACH, M.A., LL.D., President, - - AUBURN, ALA.

Session begins Wednesday, September 7, 1910. Location high and healthful, 826 feet above sea level. Attendance 761 students, from twelve States and three foreign countries.

Course of Instruction: Nine four-year degree courses. MINES, ENGINEERING, CHEMISTRY. (1) Mining, (2) Civil, (3) Electrical, (4) Mechanical, (5) Architecture, (6) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (7) Pharmacy. Forty-one professors and instructors. New machines and equipment in all laboratories. Students hold leading technical positions in Birmingham District and throughout the South. First course of Architecture established in the South. New library building. (8) History, Latin, and Modern Language Course; English (4 years); Latin (4 years); History (4 years); French (2 years); German (2 years); Mathematics (3 years); Physics and Astronomy; Political Economy; and Psychology. Thirty-seven professors and instructors. (9) Agriculture, Horticulture, and Forestry. Fifty-three professors and instructors. (1) 3-year course in Pharmaceutical Chemistry, Ph.C.; (2) 2-year course in Pharmacy, Ph.G.; (3) 3-year course in Veterinary Medicine, D.V.M.

New Dining Hall, also board in private families. Tuition free to residents of Alabama. Agricultural Hall. New Engineering Hall in course of construction.

FOR CATALOG AND FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS THE PRESIDENT

Blue Ridge Springs

On Norfolk and Western
Mountain Summit of R. R. Elevation

Announcement
Season of 1910

Again the sweet sylvan songsters from the far-away Sunny South will carol their matin anthems at the opening of BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS next June.

For thirty-seven consecutive summers their cheery songs and bright plumage have gladdened the hearts and pleased the eyes of many regular patrons, who regard this as their summer home.

The improvements for the approaching season will be the addition of several baths to St. James cottage and in the main hotel. Also a commodious and attractive sitting room for gentlemen, with large, open fireplace for those who remain late in the season. Another desirable addition is a neat, quiet reading room, with all standard works in literature and latest novels and magazines; also to supply a long-felt need for a committee meeting room. Probably electric lights.

Hoping to welcome many of my friends again,
Sincerely, PHILIP F. BROWN.

N. B.—An instructive booklet, etc., will be mailed on application.

MT. CLEMENS
Mineral Water Baths

Cure or materially help ninety-five per cent of the thousands of cases of **Rheumatism** and Nervous and Skin Diseases treated here yearly.

Twenty miles from Detroit.

For descriptive booklet, free, write

F. R. EASTMAN

Chamber of Commerce

Mt. Clemens, Mich.

UNCLE SAM BUYS MORE PETERS' SHOES THAN ALL OTHERS COMBINED.



On the first showing of samples ever made by the Peters Shoe Co. in connection with a Government contract, in a competition participated in by 13 of the leading houses of the United States, the Peters Shoe Co. has been awarded a contract for

31,120 Pairs of PETERS' Shoes

This is *more* in *number* of *pairs, more* in *dollars,* and *more* in *number* of *styles bought* than awarded to all other competitors *combined.*

The United States Government is the shrewdest buyer in all the world, and the Government Experts awarded the Palm to Peters' Shoes because they found

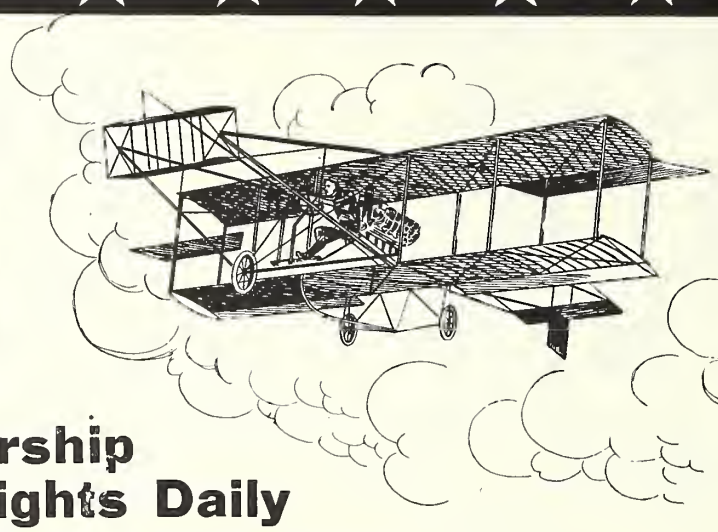
PETERS' SHOES
BEST in Quality

Peters Shoe Co's Diamond Brand St. Louis

THEY'RE AS GOOD FOR YOU AS FOR UNCLE SAM.

Ask for PETERS' SHOES at Your Dealer's

PETERS SHOE CO., Makers, St. Louis





Airship Flights Daily

DURING THE SPECTACULAR 8-DAY

U. S. Army Tournament

WHICH WILL BE HELD AT

Nashville, June 19 to 26

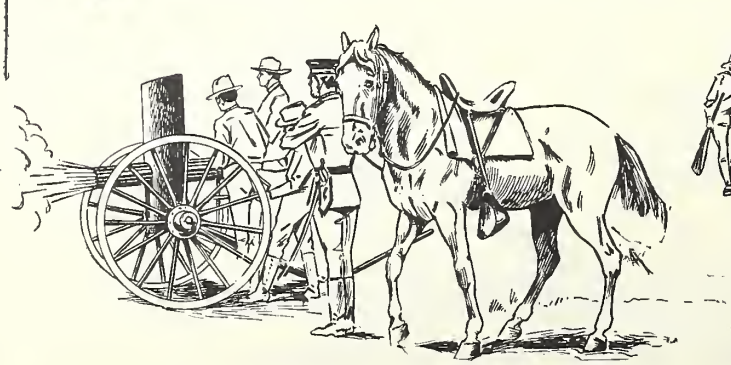
Over **2,000 United States Regular Army Troops** in grand 8-day exhibition Drill and Tournament Maneuvers. Held on Tennessee **State Fair Grounds,** which covers over **150 acres.** The greatest and most marvelous outdoor event of an instructive and amusement nature ever held in the South. **Five times** as large as any State Fair, and **Bigger** than all circuses in the world combined.

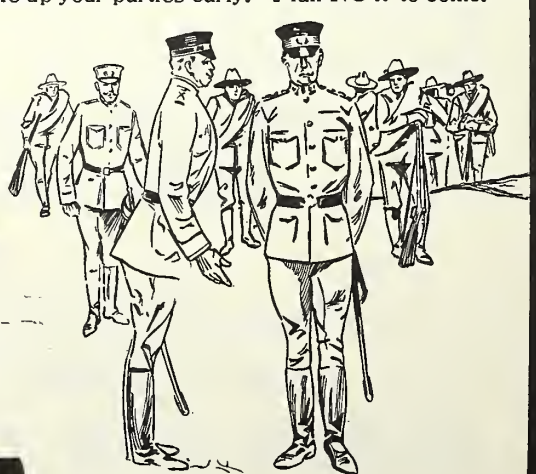
DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCES

Five-Mile Dress Uniform Parade on Opening Day; Modern **Artillery** in Firing Action; **Cavalry** in Thrilling Charges; Infantry in Battle Maneuvers; Marvelous Expert Horsemanship; Daring Bareback **Hurdle-Jumping;** Exciting **Roman Races;** War-Signaling by **Heliograph;** Battle Messages by **Wireless Telegraphy;** Rush Bridge-Building by **Engineer Corps,** and Our World-Famed **Rapid-Fire Guns** in Action. Two famous **Military Bands.**

CUT RATES ON ALL RAILROADS

Take advantage of the **low excursion rates** to see this sensationally **Big Tournament,** for it may never be repeated in the South. Make up your parties early. Plan **NOW** to come.





Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVIII. JULY, 1910. NO. 7.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Letter from President General U. D. C.	307
Objects and Purposes U. S. C. V.	308
Arlington Monument, Receipts, Design, etc.	310
Alabama Division U. D. C. at Soldiers' Home.	311
Duty of Southerners to the Veteran—Editorial	312
Picture of General Lee in Montana Schools	313
Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn.	314
Surry County, Va., Confederate Monument	315
Monument to Surgeon General Moore	317
Where Confederate Generals Are Buried	317
General Lloyd Tilghman—Monuments, etc	318
An Alabama Woman—Mrs. E. C. Dowdell	320
Confederate Monument at Gonzales, Tex.	321
"Last Battle of the War"	324
How General (S. D.) Lee's Corps Crossed Duck River	326
Incidents of Retreat from Nashville	327
Confederate Cemetery at Frederick, Md	329
Edward Cooper and his Wife Mary	330
Palmer's Brigade—In the Carolinas	332
The True and the Traitors	332
A Fort Donelson Prisoner of War	334
Zollicoffer Tablet—Battle of Mill Springs, Ky.	335
Last Roll	338–345
How Arlington Became U. S. Property	348

POOR EXCUSES

Many reasons are given by some people for their indifference to the wisdom of saving. Some say they are in good health, earning good incomes, and therefore need not save. Others claim their earnings are so small that they cannot save, while some expect to save as soon as their incomes reach a certain figure.

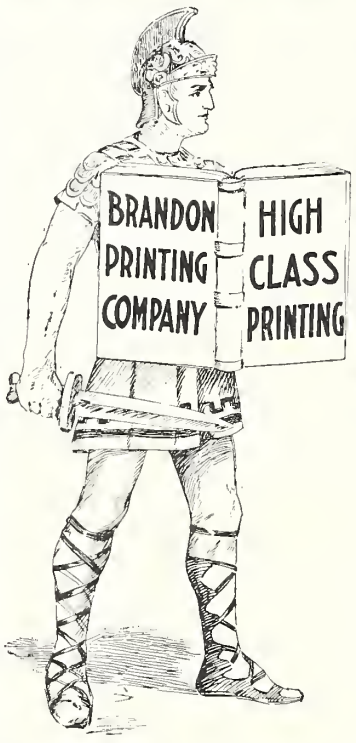
These are all poor excuses. If you are in good health and receiving a substantial income, you should save while YOU ARE able to provide against future needs; if your earnings are small, you can save by depositing $1.00 or more in this bank at a time.

Everybody, no matter how large or small his income, should save. We pay 3% compound interest.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, Nashville, Tenn.

"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS 6 TO 8



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.

Nashville, - - Tenn.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

Smart people buy in the big city stores, saving money on all purchases. Greatest variety, lowest prices. Send for circular. Express paid on $5 orders and over.

MISS K. HASSARD-SHORT

No. 350 W. 115th Street, New York, Room 714

We have received copy of song entitled:

"The Old Red Hills of Georgia."

Words by P. N. Jennings, music by Estelle Trichette Oltrogge. It's something new. Liberal portion of proceeds of sale go to U. D. C. for benefit of

Jefferson Davis Home Association.

Price, 40 cents. Stamps (one- or two-cent) accepted in payment. Song published by P. N. Jennings, R. F. D. No. 3, Pensacola, Fla.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

CONFEDERATE MAT

A MAT FOR FRAMING THE CONFEDERATE NOTE

Has the Confederate flags crossed at the top and the famous "Lines on the Confederate Note" grouped about a space for the note. Makes an interesting and attractive addition to any collection of Confederate pictures. Can be had for 15c. apiece, or $12.50 per hundred, by applying to

MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN SIMMONS

Martinsville, Va.

DO YOU SMOKE?

Scotch Clays look and smoke like genuine Meerschaums. Color beautifully, and insure a mild, sweet smoke. Sent, postpaid, for 25c. or 3 for 50c. Money back if not satisfactory.

THE ROYAL CO., 203 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary E. Ross, of Longview, Tex., is trying to secure the record of her father, A. G. Ross, in the Confederate army. He enlisted in Macon County, Ala., and served to the close. Surviving comrades will confer a favor by writing to her in care of A. A. Castleberry, R. R. No. 2.

In order to secure a pension, of which she is in need, Mrs. J. Q. Adams, of Walnut Hill, Ark., asks that surviving comrades of her husband, J. Q. Adams, who served in Company A, 19th Arkansas Regiment, will kindly assist her in proving his war record. He entered the service from Union, Eldorado County, Ark.

There has been sent to the VETERAN office a certificate of life membership in the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, given to Mrs. Ann Hibble, which was issued in Nashville, Tenn., in 1857. Any connection of Mrs. Hibble's family who would like to have this certificate can get it by writing to this office.

The widow of Robert E. Sparks wants to find some one who knew him during the war. He ran away from his home in Georgia and entered the service under General Zollicoffer. His captain's name was Kendrick, but the company and regiment are not recalled. Any information from surviving comrades will be appreciated by Mrs. Crilla Sparks, 2616 Prospect Avenue, North Fort Worth, Tex.

Mrs. H. B. Humes, of Alpine, Tex., has some old newspapers of the war period which she would like to dispose of advantageously. These papers are the Daily Citizen of Vicksburg, July 2, 1863; the New York Herald, April 15, 1865 (the first columns giving a detailed account of Lincoln's assassination); the Augusta Daily Chronicle and Sentinel of January 14, 1864. She also has some Confederate money in $100 and $50 bills.

Mrs. Jerusha J. Sadler, of Jonesville, Va., R. R. No. 5, Box 49, is anxious to hear of her brother, J. T. Henson (Tom Henson), who belonged to the 3d Kentucky Cavalry, Hodge's Brigade. He was captured in the battle of Puncheon Creek, Ky., and sent to Camp Douglas, where he remained until the surrender. After the war he joined the Christian Mission, and when last heard from he was at Little Rock, Ark., in 1866. Any news will be thankfully received by his only sister.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1910. | No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER McSHERRY.

The Confederate Veterans' Reunion in Mobile will always bring to your President General the happiest of memories, memories of warm hospitality and affectionate greeting extended by Veterans, Sons, and of her own dear U. D. C. Not only does she desire to extend thanks for the numerous courtesies, but also the hope that now and forever the Veterans, Sons, and the Daughters may go hand in hand in their great work; and as the years increase, may the veterans, dear and gray, lean more and more on the arm of their Daughters!

From Mobile I went to Columbus, Miss., where the State Convention was held. Too much cannot be said for those good women. Their Convention was pleasant and profitable, the Daughters showing great intelligence in the work. Their Historian is to be congratulated upon her work, especially the volume containing the history of the Ku-Klux Klan. I can never forget their kindness to me as President General and in the trouble that came to me while among them.

Much to my regret, I could not accept the kind and highly appreciated invitations to Tennessee, Alabama, and Louisiana, the dates conflicting.

It is with anticipation of happy results that the following is recommended to all interested in Arlington; and the attention of not only the Directors but all U. D. C. is solicited.

From Mrs. J. A. Burton, President Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, S. C., can be procured a small volume called "The U. D. C. Chart." This contains a history of the U. D. C., list of general officers, and the duties of Chapters. These copies are twenty-five cents each, and it is recommended that every Chapter obtain same through their State Director for Arlington.

The Confederate Holiday Seals or Stamps is another excellant plan, and each Division is asked to send fifty dollars with which to purchase these seals, and in turn these are sold in packages of ten for twenty cents. Mrs. Edgar James, of Florence, Ala., has charge, and those directors whose States have not already considered this matter would do well to take it up at once.

Each director is asked to work with renewed vigor for the Shiloh monument, for only an early completion of this monument will show the appreciation of the sacrifices made for the great cause and the respect for the Confederate dead who sleep on this great battlefield. The chairman is using every effort to increase the fund, but little can be accomplished without the coöperation of directors.

The unveiling of the windows at the Blandford Church was an event of interest to all Confederates, and the President General regrets that she was unable to attend this dedication.

At the General Convention, U. D. C., to be held in Little Rock in November, the decision has been reached that the opening will take place Tuesday evening, the 8th, and the first business session Wednesday, November 9.

CONFEDERATES IN BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

BY FRED BEALL, ESQ., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Will you permit me to correct an error which I am sure inadvertently crept into the VETERAN of June under the head of "The Mobile Reunion?" On page 260 I find this statement: "General Gordon is the only member in either house of Congress who was a Confederate." * * *

The fact is that seven United States Senators now in Congress and five Representatives were in the Confederate army, Senators J. W. Daniel and T. S. Martin, of Virginia, B. R. Tillman, of South Carolina, A. O. Bacon, of Georgia, J. H. Bankhead and J. F. Johnston, of Alabama, James P. Taliaferro, of Florida, and H. D. Money, of Mississippi, were all Confederate soldiers, as were also the following Representatives: John Lamb, of Virginia; L. F. Livingston, of Georgia; G. W. Taylor, of Alabama; Thomas Spight, of Mississippi. So that with General Gordon there are five Representatives in the House. There are no more distinguished or useful Senators in the present Congress than the seven above named, nor are there more distinguished or useful Representatives in Congress than the five above named; and all of them have proved themselves faithful, efficient, true, brave representatives of their people, and it is greatly to be hoped that the people whom they represent will be very slow to replace them with new and untried men.

Thanks to Mr. Fred Beall for the foregoing. The inadvertence in the article referred to was to omit "from Tennessee." The error surprised the editor at the glance.

A CONFEDERATE GARDEN.—Higginsville, Mo., has a unique garden that attracts much attention to itself and to the town, for it is near the railroad tracks of the Chicago and Alton. The garden is all in red and white. In the center is the representation of the bronze cross of the veterans done in red and white roses; hedges of these flowers flank the passageways all around, and beds of red or white flowers are much in evidence.



DR. THOMAS M. OWEN. DR. CLARENCE J. OWENS. JUDGE R. B. HAUGHTON.

OBJECTS AND PURPOSES OF THE U. S. C. V.

FROM ADDRESS BY DR. CLARENCE J. OWENS, PRESENT COMMANDER.

The United Sons of Confederate Veterans was organized June 30-July 1, 1896, for a high and noble series of objects. As a Confederation it was formed on the model of the United Confederate Veterans, which had come into organized being in 1889. Its founders believed that the banding together of the descendants of the historic sires of the sixties would result in valuable gains in historical, relief, monument, and other patriotic work in the South, and that belief has not been in vain. The organization has no part in keeping alive sectional hate and elevated considerations which have throughout the centuries animated the brave and the good.

Article II. of the constitution of the general confederation is given herewith in its entirety to impress upon all Sons the reason for the existence of the organization. Upon the United Sons of Confederate Veterans "must devolve the sacred duty to themselves, their progenitors, their country, and their God, of defending the facts, shielding the justness, and of combating the falsehoods and calumnies concerning that cause which their noble sires so valiantly struggled to defend or died to maintain:"

"Section 2. The objects and purposes of this organization shall be strictly 'historical and benevolent.' It will strive

"Section 3. To unite in one general confederation all associations of sons of Confederate veterans, soldiers, and sailors now in existence or hereafter to be formed, and to aid and assist the United Confederate Veterans and all veteran Camps.

"Section 4. To cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those whose ancestors have shared common dangers, sufferings, and privations.

"Section 5. To encourage the writing by participants therein of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes and occurrences of the War between the States.

"Section 6. To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve relics and mementoes of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the service of every member of the United Confederate Veterans and all other living Confederate veterans and, as far as possible, of those of their comrades who have preceded them into eternity.

"Section 7. To see that the disabled are cared for, that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that needy Confederate veterans' widows and orphans are protected and assisted.

"Section 8. To urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders and heroic soldiers, sailors, and people, and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of Confederate dead wherever found.

"Section 9. To instill into our descendants a proper veneration for the spirit and the glory of our fathers and to bring them into association with our confederation, that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes and finally succeed us and take up our work where we may leave it."

The confederation has steadfastly adhered to the most rigid and exacting requirements for admission to membership in its ranks. Not only are the requirements rigid, but the proofs demanded are equally so. The ancestor of an applicant must not only have a clear and honorable record of service, but the facts to substantiate the claim must be shown with certainty and definiteness. All Camps are cautioned to constant vigilance in protecting our rolls. They are further expected to coöperate with general headquarters in carrying out the regulations prescribed at the Memphis Reunion convention, providing for duplicate applications.

The following are the constitutional provisions governing eligibility:

"Section 11. All male descendants of those who served in the Confederate army or navy to the end of the war, or who died in prison or while in actual service, or who were killed in battle, or who were honorably retired or discharged shall be eligible for membership in the Camps of this confederation, provided no member under sixteen years of age shall have the right to vote, and provided no member shall be admitted under twelve years of age.

"Section 12. No one shall be admitted to membership in any Camp until satisfactory proof of the foregoing qualifications be submitted in duplicate on official blank applications

prepared for that purpose. The original shall be carefully preserved by the Camp, and the duplicate shall within ten days be forwarded to general headquarters for record and permanent preservation. It is hereby expressly provided that all Camps shall, as far as practicable, bring together on similar blanks the records of all members admitted prior to the adoption of this provision, one copy for the Camp and the other for general headquarters."

A detailed report of the more important things done at Mobile is unavoidably delayed.



WILLIAM HAMILTON OWENS AND CLARENCE JULIAN OWENS, Sons of Commander-in-Chief, U. S. C. V.

FLORIDA DAUGHTERS IN ANNUAL SESSION.

The Florida Daughters of the Confederacy met in its fifteenth annual session at Ocala, Fla., in May, 1910, the able State President presiding. The addresses of welcome from State, city, veterans, and local Chapters were well made and enthusiastically received. These were responded to by Sister Esther Carlolla, the President of the Division, who earnestly emphasized the thought which should be the clarion note to every Daughter of the Confederacy in the United States: that the organization is memorial and historical, that it is not to widen the breach between North and South, but to preserve the memory of our heroes, and, above all, it is under the banner of peace, and should never be used as a method for aggrandizement nor personal warfare.

The reports showed a gratifying progress along all lines, especially where advancement has the most telling effect, in the organization and perfection of the Children's Chapters. These little ones of the cause are enthusiastic workers, and bravely strive for that guerdon of work well done, the Raines Banner, offered by Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., the custodian of crosses for the general organization. This year the token was won by the General Loring Chapter, of St. Augustine, the historical banner for the best historical work being won by the Anna Dummit Chapter, of the same city, and R. M. Shealy, of the University of Florida, received the State medal for the best essay on the battle of Olustee.

The meeting was characterized by the strict parliamentary rulings, the unanimity of purpose, and the great amount of work accomplished. Both the Shiloh and Arlington committees showed a fine advance in funds, and each received a good official and personal contribution; and the report showed that the window in memory of Mrs. Edwin Gardner Weed, the first President of the Florida Division, was in a gratifying state of advancement. The social entertainment offered the Daughters was charming and much appreciated. Madison was the next place of meeting selected.

DALTON WANTS TWO GUNS TO MARK HER HIGHWAY.—Dalton, Ga., has petitioned the United States government for the use of the two big guns to mark the beginning of her new national highway, the Johnston-Sherman, which will be built from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Many guns are lying idle at Chickamauga Park, and the Dalton people wish two of them to give a military look to the road which almost follows Sherman's march to the sea. Do not forget that the Daughters of Dalton are intent upon having the finest possible monument to Joseph E. Johnston. Every Confederate living should feel that he has a part in it by giving a donation, large or small.

A GRACEFUL COURTESY BY THE G. A. R.—At Baltimore a graceful act of courtesy was done when the G. A. R. Post decorated with fresh flowers the stone statue of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. They also decorated the grave of Col. Charles Marshall, who was General Lee's chief of staff, the man who drafted the papers of surrender after the battle of Appomattox. Several hundred graves of Confederate soldiers also received a floral tribute from the men who wore the blue. In Raleigh, N. C., the Federal Posts and Confederate Camps joined together in their remembrance of the dead with wreaths and masses of cut flowers.

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT A BATTLE.—W. P. Hunter, of Guntown, Miss., says he was in a battle in which his regiment lost heavily, but he can find nothing of it in history. It was called the battle of Knoll Station, and was fought between North and South Anna Rivers, in Virginia. Comrade Hunter says he was too frightened to remember much of the battle except that he thought for a few moments that he was the only survivor of the fight. Now he would like some one who was in the battle to tell about it, and he wants to hear from some of his old comrades.

WINDOWS IN BLANTON CHURCH UNVEILED.

Six Southern States selected the birthday of President Davis to unveil their beautiful windows placed in Blanton Church, Petersburg, Va., in memory of the heroes who died here upholding the Confederate cause.

The dedication was under the charge of the Ladies' Memorial Association with solemn and patriotic ceremonies.

Governor Ansel, of South Carolina, presented the window given by his State, which was unveiled by Mrs. Ansel, and Francis H. Watson made a fine address.

The Alabama window was presented by Gen. Irvine Walker and unveiled by Mrs. Charles Brown.

Congressman Collier, of Mississippi, presented the window for his State, and it was unveiled by Mrs. Lon Clark.

The Tennessee window was presented by Congressman Benjamin Humphreys, and Miss Hume unveiled it. Miss Harwood unveiled the Arkansas window, as did Miss Fannie Constable the one presented by Maryland.

The windows are nine and a half feet long by three and a half feet wide, and all the Southern States are now represented except Georgia, Florida, and Texas.

Mississippi's Memorial Window.

Three hundred and fifteen of Mississippi's brave Confederate soldiers are buried in the yard of Old Blanton Church, in Leesburg, Va. Through the efforts of the Vicksburg Ladies' Confederate Cemetery Association four hundred dollars was collected, largely in Vicksburg, and a handsome memorial window to these heroes was placed in the church, which makes the thirteenth window here, each bearing the name of the State which thus records the deathless fame of its sons who fell here. Congressman Collier was orator at the dedication.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

Treasurer's Report for Month Ending May 31, 1910.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, $15,536.13.

Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 898, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., $5.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, $51. Contributed by Los Angeles Chapter, No. 277, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal., $50; John A. Reagan Chapter, No. 1002, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal., $1.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $15. Contributed by Robert A. Waller Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., Greenwood, S. C., $10; Greenville Chapter, No. 51, U. D. C., Greenville, S. C., $5.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, $4.95. Contributed by Little Rock (Ark.) Bazaar, $2.45; J. H. Berry Chapter, No. 821, U. D. C., Bentonville, Ark., $2.50.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $10. Contributed by Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, No. 177, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, $47. Contributed by Yalobusha Chapter, No. 1003, U. D. C., Coffeeville, Miss., $5; E. C. Walthall Chapter, No. 290, U. D. C., Holly Springs, Miss., $5; W. D. Holder Chapter, No. 458, U. D. C., Jackson, Miss., $10; Mrs. L. P. Mann, Glen Allen, Miss., $5; Mrs. T. W. Raymond, Holly Springs, Miss., $10; Rabbi A. Brill, $5; N. Goldstein, $5; "given as a joke," $2.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $5. Contributed by H. A. Carrington Chapter, No. 1053, U. D. C., Charlotte C. H., Va.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $15. Contributed by Dixie Chapter, No. 395, U. D. C., Anderson, S. C., $10; Moffatt-Grier Chapter, No. 610, U. D. C., Due West, S. C., $5.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $46. Contributed by Ocala Camp, U. C. V., Ocala, Fla., $10; Dickinson Chapter, No. 56, U. D. C., Ocala, Fla., $20; Mrs. W. J. Cook, Jacksonville, Fla., $5; Mrs. John Inglis, Jacksonville, Fla., $5; Mrs. M. S. Drew, Jacksonville, Fla., $1; E. B. McNulty, Jacksonville, Fla., $5.

Total on hand to be accounted for, $15,735.08.

Wallace Streater, *Treasurer.*

DESIGN FOR ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, FOR COMMITTEE.

The first meeting of the Committee on Design for the Arlington Confederate monument was held at the residence of Col. Hilary A. Herbert, in Washington, D. C., with five of the seven members of the committee in attendance. These were Col. Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy during the Cleveland administration; Judge Seth Shepard, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia; Dr. Randolph McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany and noted divine; Mrs. Marion Butler; and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, chairman of the committee. Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, President General, had expected to be present, but the serious illness of her daughter prevented. Mr. Wallace Streater, Treasurer of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, and Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, of South Carolina, both members of the Committee on Design, were unavoidably absent. The committee, though holding a meeting for organization and discussion, made one important forward movement in having adopted a resolution offered by Dr. McKim in regard to the theme to be treated in the Confederate memorial to be placed in the Arlington National Cemetery, where sleep two hundred and sixty-five of our dead.

This resolution provides that the subject to be treated shall be General Lee at the Wilderness in the act of leading his forces in person to recover the lost salient, when interrupted by a private soldier, who caught his bridle with the shout of "Lee to the rear; we will take it!" The memorial will show both figures in action, and will be executed in the most artistic and beautiful manner with all of the expression and action that may be put into sculptured bronze.

The committee feel that, while General Lee has had many statues and monuments erected to his memory, these have depicted him in the majesty, dignity, and repose that so strongly characterized him on all occasions; that to show him in action on the field of battle, with the fire and import of the conflict, with the love in which he was held by the private soldier under his command, as well as to show that when he would have risked his life this same private soldier, ever so ready to obey, should step forward to command his beloved leader, that he might live—that in so memorializing Lee and the "men behind the guns" a new phase will be presented of his many-sided and glorious character.

It is the hope of the members of the committee that this decision will inspire a more active effort in the collection of funds, so that as speedily as possible a sufficient amount may be placed at their disposal to insure the erection of such a memorial as they desire, and they believe that this idea classically and artistically executed will meet with the approval of the Confederate veterans, all Confederate organizations, and the people of the South generally. It seems eminently fitting that this should be the subject of this memorial to be placed on the grounds of Arlington, the home of Lee, and now the nation's mausoleum, for he, the dearly beloved and revered of the Southern people, is of national fame and pride as an American whose service in the Confederate army "gave his name to the world, and received in return immortality."

Letter in Regard to Design by Hon. Hilary A. Herbert.

There has been brought to my notice quite a long criticism of the design for the monument to the Confederate dead to be placed in the Arlington Cemetery, and I beg that you will publish the following statement:

The meeting at which the design was said to have been

agreed upon was the first held by the Committee on Design, some members not being present. In the first place, the amount on hand is only about half as much as we hope to have before any contract is made and before any design for the monument shall be finally agreed upon. This Committee on Design has power only to suggest a plan which must be submitted to the U. D. C. in convention. At our first meeting, however, we desired to take some steps forward, and so the design mentioned was tentatively hit upon, and the chairman of the committee was authorized to submit it to some competent artist in order that he might give us his ideas and a model for inspection. The action went no farther than this.

Before penning this note I consulted with the only other members present at the meeting spoken of who are now accessible, and we, speaking for ourselves, wish our friends to know that, according to our understanding, all of the members of the committee are entirely free to consider any criticisms made upon this plan. Indeed, the writer is disposed to go farther and say that some of the objections suggested in the article referred to seem to him quite forceful.

It is certainly to be hoped that no friend of the Arlington monument will cease his or her efforts to raise funds for the monument because of any objection he may have to a plan that is simply to be tentatively submitted to an artist. Nothing definite will be done in the matter until the whole question is thoroughly considered, first by the committee after the funds are on hand, and afterwards by the Daughters in full convention.

In the meantime the Committee on Design, of which Mrs. Stone is chairman, will, I am sure, very willingly consider any suggestion that any of our friends may make.

Flag Presented Hampton Smith Rifles of Mobile, Ala.—Col. Hampton Sidney Smith, of Mobile, in 1861 fully equipped a company of rifles bearing his name which had been organized by his son, William Thomas Smith. The younger Smith, a West Point graduate, drilled the company, and as their captain joined the army of Magruder at Yorktown immediately after the battle of Bethel. The brave young captain lived to wear his gallantly won laurels only a short time, dying at Enterprise, Miss., in 1862, from exposure.

Before the rifles left for the seat of war a handsome silk flag was presented to it by Mr. Phillippe, the presentation being made by Madam Phillippe. A large audience of the representative Mobile ladies and gentlemen were assembled, and much patriotic music rendered. Mr. John Chandler in his speech of acceptance of the beautiful flag urged his comrades never to soil the silken folds by a deed unworthy of a soldier of the Confederacy.

Memorial Day Celebration in North Carolina.—May 10 was made memorable in Henderson, N. C., and all the adjacent county of Vance by a very beautiful and imposing ceremony of the Grand Lodge of Masons as they laid the corner stone for the Confederate monument which is being erected at Courthouse Square. The occasion gave rise to some fine speeches, notably those by Senator Overman and Hon. A. C. Zollicoffer. The ladies of the U. D. C. served dinner to the veterans and visitors, after which a procession was formed and marched to the cemetery to decorate the graves of the Confederate soldiers. In this procession the Vance Guards, in all the glory of new uniforms, were the escorts of the old veterans in their well-loved gray. Later in the evening a shooting match for the veterans was held, and the old heroes showed that they had not forgotten how to handle a rifle

ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C., MOUNTAIN CREEK.

BY MRS. KATE C. DONEGAN, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

We went by special train to Mountain Creek, where we were met by various kinds of vehicles to take us to the Jefferson Falkner Soldiers' Home. We were most graciously received by the veterans, who gave us such a warm welcome that it brought tears to our eyes to realize how much pleasure our visit gave them.

It seemed as the event of their lives to have so many ladies call at one time. We were then invited by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, to partake of a barbecue, prepared by them for the delegates, officers, and veterans, of barbecued meat, hot stews, cake, coffee, and lemonade, which we enjoyed in a rustic fashion under the beautiful trees. Our President, Mrs. Ross, requested that we assemble in the very pretty little hall used for various meetings by the veterans; and after singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," she offered a beautiful and touching prayer. Then we sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," after which Commander Simpson made us a little talk. He explained why some of the veterans were requested to leave the Home and why it was necessary for him to remove a few, as the law of Alabama required that veterans live in the State two years before they could enter the Home. Some had been admitted illegally, so they had to be removed until their two years in the State had expired, when they may return. He was glad to say, however, that they were being taken care of. Captain Simpson had been censured, and he wanted to explain to the Daughters the facts in the case.

After walking through the grounds and visiting some of the cottages, gathering lovely poppies and roses, beautifully cultivated in the yards and cottages, and leaving an offering of our appreciation and love for the veterans, we took our departure, amidst waving of handkerchiefs and touching good-bys, feeling that our visit had cheered sad hearts. We had a most delightful and jolly trip back to Montgomery.

This Home is a living monument to the memory of Jefferson Falkner. He not only buckled on his armor and went forth to fight in defense of his country, but in the latter days gave this beautiful Home to the State for its less fortunate veterans. There is a shaft of pure white marble supporting one corner of the broad colonnade which was erected to his memory by the Alabama Daughters of the Confederacy.



J. M. FALKNER.

Jefferson Manly Falkner was born in Randolph County, Ala., July 14, 1843, a son of Jefferson and Samantha (Breed) Falkner. He had been a student at Mercer University two years, when he enlisted as a private in his father's company of Confederate cavalry. He was later promoted to captain, and served the four years of war. Later he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Montgomery in 1868. In 1887 he was married to Miss Lizzie Cameron, of Montgomery. He was district attorney for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company from 1890 until his health failed, and he remained in its councils until he could do no more. The Alabama Confederate Home was his pride. Unquestionably he did more for it than any man has ever done for comrades.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.



DUTY OF SOUTHERNERS TO THE VETERAN.

For the first time in its history the VETERAN suggests the duty of all Southerners to become interested in it, and submits reason therefor delicately but earnestly. As an individual enterprise, started with the usual risk, its founder hesitated to suggest it as a duty to anybody to become patrons; in fact, he has never yet solicited personally a subscription. For several years it was involved in a very serious suit for libel, and its perpetuity was gravely threatened; but through a good providence it has been sustained on and on, until now it is on the home stretch of the eighteenth year, during which long period it has been made as good as possible under the circumstances, and its general merit has been unquestioned by a single individual of either side to the great issues of the sixties. It has been beyond question of more service to the South than has been any periodical in the country's history. During this long period it has been as helpful as practicable to every Confederate organization—organizations that have revolutionized all America in behalf of the motives of the South in going to war and standing undismayed for her principles.

Many gallant patriots who fought for the Confederacy seem to forget that honor was not lost while all else was, and have concentrated their energies on less noble issues. They observed men in some instances conspicuous in the Confederate Camps who were not so in the strife, and they refused to cooperate with them and became in a sense estranged from comrades. They have never even investigated what was being accomplished, consequently they have never been interested even in the VETERAN enough to know what it stands for and how interesting it is. These facts are deplorable, and should be overcome. A marvelous help could be given by patrons in introducing to these good people the subject and commending an investigation. It is impossible in any other way to reach thousands who would be gratified if they only knew what they have missed and are missing. With the thousands and thousands who have died the subscription list has never fallen behind, but its friends should not be content with keeping even. There has never been a time when it was more important that every friend should coöperate for a stride to the front in extending its circulation. To you this appeal is made. Won't you write a card and request a sample copy sent to somebody whose sympathies are for what the VETERAN stands? Evidently you will agree to this sentiment; but if you wait, you will not do it. If you are a friend to the VETERAN, please respond to this request and send a name for a sample copy; send several if you will. At reunions many are impulsive and are zealous in commending the VETERAN, but at home they do not seem to realize the importance of this request. Thousands of copies have from time to time been mailed to friends who do not read them sufficiently to comprehend. Will you commend the VETERAN upon the guarantee of satisfaction or the return of amount paid? You are so authorized. During July let us test what may be done. Please send the Editor a birthday letter—July 21. Suppose he should receive twenty thousand letters that day with request for sample copies, and maybe new subscribers, think of the magical effect it would have for all time to come! Will you be one of the twenty thousand to respond?

Will not the personal friends of Mr. Cunningham now, after all these years, give the VETERAN a trial? If any imagine that it tends to sectionalism, reply is given that G. A. R. veterans and Republicans in politics have been its patrons for over seventeen years, and are among its stanchest friends. At least a thousand of the Editor's personal friends should consider the foregoing and order the VETERAN or give a reason for not doing so.

Don't forget that the VETERAN seeks subscribers for three years at $2.50, or five years for $4.

AT PRESIDENT DAVIS'S BIRTHPLACE.

June 3, 1910, the one hundred and second birthday of President Jefferson Davis, was observed at Fairview, Ky., with beautiful and appropriate ceremonies. The little city, tenderly called the "Mount Vernon of Kentucky," was gay in flags and bunting, and made joyous by the music of the Elkton band.

The program began with a parade of all of the old veterans assisted by the members of the Bethel Baptist Church, which was built on the site of the Davis family residence. When the procession reached the speakers' stand, "America" was sung in chorus by young ladies dressed to represent each of the Confederate States.

Dr. D. H. Erkilerian was master of ceremonies, and introduced the speakers. Colonel Hamlin, of New Albany, Ind., made an address of welcome for the association, and Gen. Bennett H. Young, President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, made a forceful oration, which, as is usual with all speeches made by this gifted orator, "swayed the audience like wind among a field of ripened wheat." General Young paid noble tribute to the courage of the Southern soldiers, and said that of the six hundred thousand men enrolled on the Confederate roster sixty thousand died under its standards, and one hundred and ninety thousand more went down in sickness and casualty; that the world stands amazed at the courage and fidelity of a people who undauntedly in the face of such a record as this faced a foe which so terribly outnumbered them.

In his speech on the life and character of Mr. Davis General Young accurately gauged the height and depth of the character of the great statesman, of whom, he said, "duty" was the daily watchword, and he added: "Jefferson Davis lived a great life, and he clung to the right unfalteringly; and as he saw duty he never swerved from obedience to its promptings, and more than this no mortal man can do."

General Young said that the twenty-three hundred Confederate organizations of the South stood ready to contribute fifty thousand dollars for the memorial if Christian County will give five thousand dollars, Todd County two thousand five hundred, and the city of Hopkinsville one thousand. Referring to Governor Wilson's veto of the five thousand dollars appropriated by the Kentucky Legislature for the hall, General Young said that possibly a Republican Governor through a sense of duty could do nothing else, but that the next Governor would certainly not withhold the appropriation, which possibly would then be doubled by the loyal lawgivers of Kentucky.

The list of subscriptions to the Davis Home is good, but is held over to the August issue. Please be diligent to send any collections or make your contributions in time to have that list the largest yet published in any one issue of the VETERAN.

PICTURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE IN MONTANA SCHOOLS.

The Lafayette Post, G. A. R., of New York, in its plea against the statue of Gen. R. E. Lee which has been placed in Statuary Hall of the national Capitol in Washington City sets forth an elaborate preamble in regard to the result of the war "with enmity to none, with a soldier's appreciation of the valor of our late opponents in arms, with the earnest wish that we may as brethren dwell together in unity, solemnly protesting against the effort to keep alive the traditions of a past that can only hinder devotion to a common country and obliterate the distinction between 'loyalty' and 'disloyalty' by placing on the same plane the service of those who fought to save the nation." The Post appeals further to "every lover of his country, South as well as North, that disloyalty shall not be thus honored, and it appeals to the President to see that the honor of the republic receives no such wound and that Congress stand against all endeavors to glorify rebellion."

The Wadsworth Post, G. A. R., of Helena, Mont., are making passionate effort to have the picture of General Lee removed from the public school rooms of that city, but it is believed they will not succeed. Three members of the school board are Southern, and others are liberal-minded. The editor of the Helena Independent writes of the event as "unexpected childishness," and states:

"When the good ladies of the Daughters of the Confederacy got together and purchased a portrait of Robert E. Lee and gave this portrait to the high school, there were some who thought that this action might create some discord among the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. This newspaper, however, did not entertain any such fears. From personal knowledge of and high respect for the members of Wadsworth Post, in particular, we were willing to assure our friends that Wadsworth Post was both too sensible and too patriotic to begrudge even to General Lee recognition at this late day of his sterling personal character, his high sense of honor, and great military genius.

"Thus it grieves the Independent just now to confess that Wadsworth Post failed to exercise its modicum of good judgment. We wouldn't question the patriotism of the Post, because the old boys of Wadsworth No. 3 are just as patriotic as any body of men in the nation; but it is evident that some of the members who attended the meeting the other night are still living in the dark days of '61-65. * * * History has already written its verdict on that war—a verdict not only of actual results, but of motives and the measure of patriotism; and beside the boy in blue the boy in gray now stands on an equal footing, equal not only in bravery but in patriotism. The men who followed Lee in the four years' campaign for State sovereignty were as patriotic as the men who followed Washington in his seven-year campaign for a separate nationality; and while North and South are now glad that the result of the war made certain one nation and one flag, the achievements and valor of Lee and Jackson, of Washington and Lafayette, and of Grant and Sheridan are to-day the common heritage of a reunited nation. In the lives of all can be found inspiration to the youth of the land.

"The Civil War was fought and had to be fought because the politicians of two previous generations had not the courage to attempt to settle the question of human slavery, and forty-five years after Appomattox it is surprising to see such men as constitute Wadsworth Post, No. 3, passing resolutions in which are used such phrases as 'guilt of treason,' 'signs and symbols of secession,' and 'undermining true patriotism.'

"All honor to Robert E. Lee, all honor to Ulysses S. Grant, all honor to Abraham Lincoln, the greatest man America has ever produced. Yes, all honor to every mother's son of those brave fellows who, half a century ago, had manhood enough to fight for the right as God gave them to see the right!"

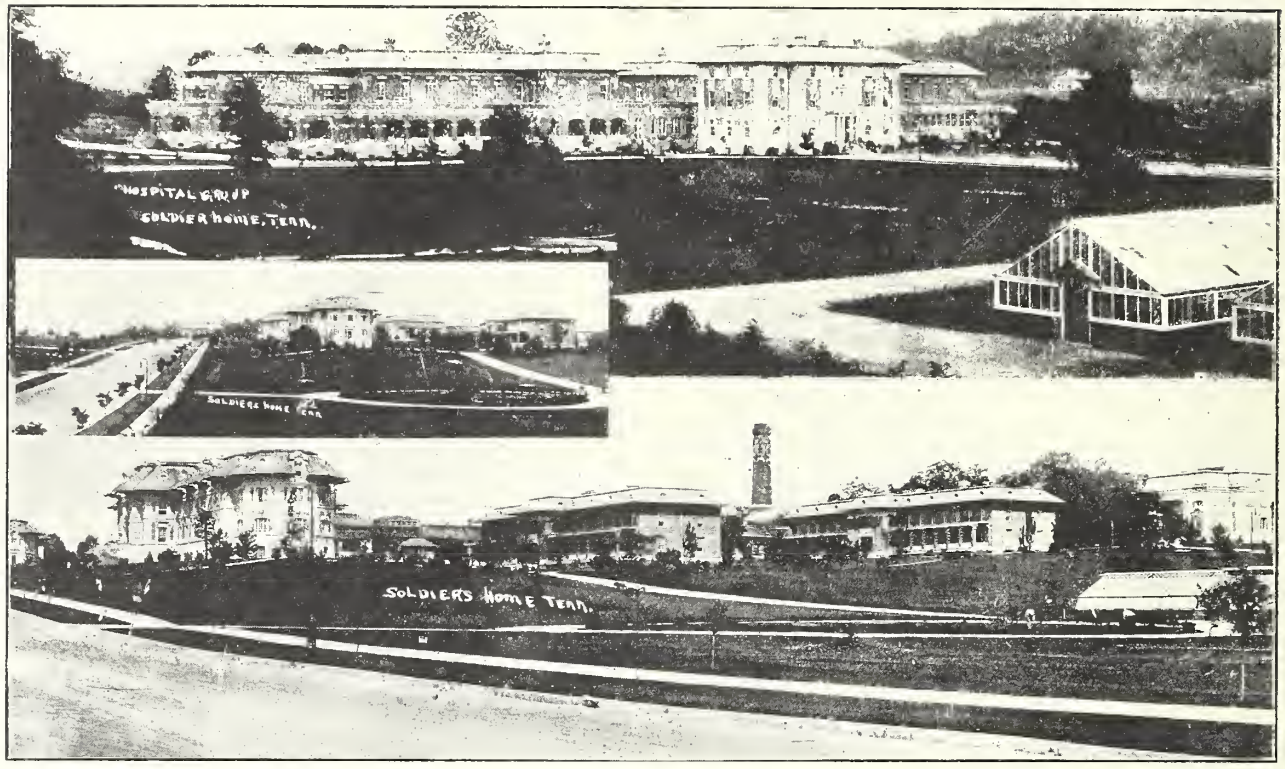
This movement in the far West is the most serious that has occurred. The situation is distressing. Imagine how General Lee would grieve over the situation if still among men of this life. Protest against the action of these Grand Army Posts is given by the VETERAN not in anger, but in much sorrow. What a pity that those scarred veterans of the Union army can't stand high enough to view the history of our country and comprehend the status of the Constitution as made by our fathers! What a pity that they have not the gallantry of the fellow who whipped his antagonist, equally honest—who fought for his home and his own—and, taking him by the hand, said: "Stand up, brother. I appreciate your acceptance of conditions and will wash away all bloodstains and be proud of you as a fellow-citizen!" Is there not enough after you permitted "reconstruction" by the cowards who followed your armies, inflicting injuries for three times as long as the awful war period, bankrupting the States that you impoverished, when we rallied to the flag of the restored Union better than your own progeny did when its honor was apparently in much peril by Spain?

Soldiers of the Union, please pause for a time and meditate upon the Golden Rule. Remember, too, that the Anglo-Saxon blood of the South did more in proportion for American honor than did the North, with its multiplied thousands of foreigners who were soldiers strictly for pay. What is the matter? What would you have the South do? Suppose the Southern veterans were to yield in abject surrender of its principles, would you not despise us? By the memory of everything sacred in life and by the hope of "well done" by the Great Teacher, when the silence of the grave takes the place of passion and partisanship, please pause and consider whether you are not making an unpatriotic and an unchristian mistake in these things. Remember, too, that we as earnestly seek the peace of government for our and your posterity as you possibly can. It has been proven abundantly by the shedding of blood even unto death in the South.

THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE, U. C. V.—By an oversight the membership of the Historical Committee was not signed to the report on "The South in History" in the June issue. The membership is as follows: Bennett H. Young (Chairman), George L. Christian, William H. Scanland, Joseph T. Derry, Julian S. Carr, W. T. Shaw, John H. Rogers, E. L. Russell, W. P. Maning, Winfield Peters.

A TACTFUL PLAN TO RAISE MONEY.—The Daughters of the Confederacy of Dublin, Ga., are naturally desirous of raising a monument to their Confederate heroes, and have adopted a unique plan to assist them in their work. They realize the honor it will be to unveil the monument when completed, and they promise this reward to the young woman who raises the largest amount toward the monument.

GEORGIA DAUGHTERS HAVE MEDAL CONTESTS.—Georgia's Medal Committee say that the Chapters are beginning to take great interest in the medal contest, also in the bestowing of medals for themselves, over forty Chapters offering these incentives to historical research. The medal offered by the General Division for the best essay on the battle of Gettysburg was won by James B. White, of the Thomasville public school.



SAID TO BE THE FINEST AND BEST SOLDIERS' HOME IN THE WORLD.

About one mile from Johnson City is the finest and best-constructed Soldiers' Home in the world. It was opened in 1903, and has four hundred and fifty acres. The membership at present is nearly sixteen hundred. Its cost in land and construction is over two and a half million dollars. The Home has accommodations for 4,000 or 5,000 veterans. The buildings are all substantially built of brick and stone, and have all the modern facilities, such as electric lighting, heating, and ventilation. The hospital, a group of six buildings, is of the most modern architecture, and is well supplied with skilled physicians and efficient nurses. The library is excellent. The memorial hall is not excelled in construction and appointments by any opera house in Tennessee.

The following is a part of the construction account:

Land	$ 28,000
Administration Building	35,500
Memorial Hall	67,000
Double chapel	35,000
Hospital group of six buildings	364,897
Barracks 1 and 2	211,812
Barracks 3, 4, 5, and 6	198,169
Barracks 7 (old men's home)	64,436
Mess Hall and kitchen	125,000
Power house	123,000
Laundry	39,600
Quartermaster's department	74,317
Ice plant	18,000
Governor's home	8,376
Four houses for other officers	27,500
Nurses' house	15,000
Morgue	9,812
Heating building and underground construction	33,602

Barracks 1 and 2 will accommodate four hundred and sixteen men each; Barracks 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, two hundred men each.

The above engraving very faintly represents the magnificent place. A cemetery has been started, and on Memorial Day the small flags on each grave looked as waves of the sea.

[The foregoing is from a Johnson City pamphlet.]

CORPORAL JAMES TANNER'S ADDRESS ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1910.

In his address on Memorial Day at the Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., Corporal Tanner, Past Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, alluding to the presence on the stage of the opera house of members of John B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Bristol, Tenn., said that he was possessed of a much more comfortable feeling knowing that they were behind him that day than he used to have in the old days when they were in front of him.

He said, among other interesting things, that he had been an honorary life member of Lee Camp No. 1 of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., since 1884. He told in graphic language of having received years ago a circular from the Confederate committee in Richmond, who had in hand the project of erecting a Confederate Veterans' Home there, which circular set forth their needs and necessities. Tanner called five gentlemen to his office that afternoon, each of whom had lost an arm or leg in the Union army. Out of that little gathering grew a great meeting in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, taking the chair, made an opening address. Rev. I. M. Foster, then Chaplain in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, delivered a lecture on the topic of "American Citizenship," and Tanner made a brief appeal for subscriptions, the result of which was the sending down to the Richmond committee of a draft for nearly $1,700, accompanied by the message that the senders desired to own a few bricks in that Johnny Reb Home. He said it was a portion of his

life of which he was inexpressibly proud and should be until he died; that he rejoiced that he had been privileged to be one of the humble actors in the great struggle and rejoiced inexpressibly over the harmony, peace, and prosperity which rested upon the land to-day. At the close of his address he was greeted individually by every member present from Gordon Camp as well as by his old comrades, who are members of the Tennessee Home.

The Editor of the VETERAN, by engagement with his friend, Corporal Tanner, went to Johnson City on Memorial Day; but the train being late, he arrived while the guests were at dinner in the magnificent hospital building. To ask for Corporal Tanner carried with it the idea of thorough courtesy and cordial response that the card would be delivered as soon as through dinner. But the rejoinder was to "tell him at once," and the desirable message to conduct him to the dining room immediately had an effect happier than embarrassing, although it involved the rising and handshaking with an elegant company of officers and ladies. The wife of the Governor of the Home, Col. John P. Smith, is the daughter of a one-armed Confederate, —— Armstrong, and she has a brother in the office of Corporal Tanner. Mrs. Kyle M. King, daughter of Colonel Brownlow and the wife of Captain King, Commissary of the Home, presided at the table; while a daughter of the special guest and other delightful ladies made the occasion worthy of mention in this connection.

It would be difficult to find anywhere, if at all possible to do so, a more beautiful place of any kind than this Soldiers' Home at Johnson City. The cemetery that day had its rows and rows of soldier graves decorated with flags, which fluttered in the strong breeze as the waves of the sea.

The Editor of the VETERAN and Corporal Tanner have been stanch friends since the great meeting in Cooper Union, New York, with Tanner as the principal speaker in behalf of a Confederate Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Va. At the remarkable gathering Gen. John B. Gordon was chairman and the Editor was secretary to the committee of arrangements.

THE SURRY COUNTY (VA.) MONUMENT.

The Surry County (Va.) Confederate monument will be unveiled on August 2, 1910. The committee having the erection of the monument in charge had made all arrangements for the unveiling to take place in August, 1908, the contractor having given them every assurance that the monument would be completed in ample time. About a month before the date set for the unveiling the contractor made an assignment, and the unveiling was indefinitely postponed. Although a payment had been made, the money was not lost, as the Memorial Association held a bill of sale on the stone of which the monument was to be built. It was finally completed and put in place in front of the county courthouse in December, 1909.



THE SURRY COUNTY (VA.) MONUMENT.

The pedestal is of Confederate gray granite, most of which was quarried near Petersburg; but the largest stone, the die, was quarried in South Carolina. It is surmounted by a white bronze figure of a Confederate cavalryman at parade rest with hands clasped on the hilt of his drawn saber.

The height of the monument is about twenty-one feet, and the base is eight and one-half feet square. A graceful Confederate battle flag is cut on the die on the front, or north, side of the monument, and below this are the words, "Our Heroes" and the years "1861-1865." On the west side is the inscription: "To the Confederate Soldiers of Surry County." On the south side are two lines from one of Armistead Gordon's beautiful poems:

"That we through life may not forget
To love the thin gray line."

On the east side we read: "Erected by the Confederate Memorial Association of Surry County A.D. 1909." A pile of twenty-eight-inch shells is being placed opposite each side of the monument.

Ex-Governor Swanson will be the orator of the occasion on the day of the unveiling, and the cord will be drawn by Miss Eloise Bohannan, who will represent Virginia. She will be attended by twelve young ladies as maids of honor, each representing a Southern State. At the conclusion of the unveiling exercises the Memorial Association will present the monument to the county.

WORK OF THE SURRY CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The Surry Chapter, U. D. C., Surry, Va., on June 3, 1910, bestowed eighteen crosses of honor upon Confederate veterans and two upon descendants.

An attractive and appropriate program was rendered, including songs by the Confederate Choir of Portsmouth, Va. The Chapter is doing splendid work in many ways, first, to confer crosses of honor upon all Confederate veterans in the county; then there is much interest in educational work, especially in trying to induce the public school children to make a more thorough study of Southern history. A subject of great interest also is the Confederate Women's Home in Richmond, Va.

TABLET NOW MARKS SITE OF NAVY YARD.

On June 3, 1910, the Stonewall Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Charlotte, N. C., unveiled a tablet in the freight warehouse of the Seaboard Air Line, which marks the place formerly occupied by the Confederate navy yard. The tablet is shield-shaped, mounted on anchors, entwined with a ship's cable, and bears the inscription:

"Confederate States Navy Yard,
Charlotte, North Carolina.
1862-1865."

When Captain Murdock and Captain Parker, of the Confederate navy, were seeking a spot to erect the navy yard which was sufficiently removed from navigable water to prevent attacks, this was offered by Captain Wilkes (whose son

designed the tablet); and as it was on the only railroad that connected Richmond with the Southern Confederacy, it was accepted. A large quantity of material was removed from Norfolk to Charlotte, and coke ovens, foundry, and machine shops erected, the coal used being brought from Egypt, N. C., in the Cumberland Mountains. All sorts of guns, gun carriages, and woodwork were made here; and when Bramm's Battery, a famous local one, was projected, the churches of Charlotte gave their bells, which were cast in two cannon, and four other cannon, which were captured on the coast, were fitted up for this battery under the supervision of Capt. H. Aston Ramsay, now living at Baltimore, who was commandant of the navy yard.

ARKANSAS PRESS FOR THEIR REUNION.

At the recent annual Convention of the Arkansas Press Association the retiring President, S. B. Baird, editor of the Hamburg (Ashley County) Eagle, delivered a splendid address on "The Power and Duty of the Press." Among other things he said: "The responsibilities resting upon the editorial directors of this grand power touch every phase of human activity on which the arm of progress leans, and you will pardon me for digressing just here to single out a coming event that lies near my heart and which has been mentioned in the published program for this meeting. I refer to the reunion of ex-Confederates now headed this way and which brings to Arkansas an opportunity that may never come again in the history of our commonwealth. To our capital city has been accorded the privilege of entertaining next spring the grandest army of home defenders the world has ever known. It is the province of the newspapers of Arkansas to lend a helping hand to this laudable undertaking. The good citizens of Little Rock will measure up to the full strength of their ability in meeting the demands of this important trust; but they have a large job on their hands, and every county in the State should be theirs to command in the performance of this labor of love and loyalty to the most hallowed and sacred memories of our beloved Southland. Whatever criticisms may have been passed upon us by the outside world, along other lines of conduct, from the day that the pioneer stranger set first foot on her soil up to this good hour, Arkansas has ever stood preeminent among the States of the Union as the originator and dispenser of that open-hearted Southern hospitality which knows no 'red tape' attachments. To sustain this reputation in the fullest sense of its original definition should be the highest aim of every loyal son of Arkansas on this auspicious occasion. * * * Other States of the South have performed their duty as best they could in entertaining these old survivors, and have done it well; but it remains for Arkansas, queen hostess of the sisterhood, to hang the latchstring on the outside and give them a taste of the real thing as the boys in gray and their angelic companions, the blood-washed and love-crowned Spartans of Southern prowess, come marching in."

Grave of a Confederate, "J. K. Polk."—At Manchester, Tenn., the grave of a forgotten Confederate soldier is reported, and the Manchester News has an interesting sketch of him in which it is stated that "J. K. Polk was a member of a scouting party which in the winter of '62-63 passed through Coffee County. Being ill, Polk was left in the care of a comrade named Roddy, who had been furloughed home with a broken arm. Polk died in a few days, and was buried at the old Cash place, near Hillsboro, now owned by J. G. Roddy. The grave is still kept in good condition, and is decorated with flowers on each Memorial Day."

MUNIFICENT GIFTS TO SEWANEE UNIVERSITY.

Two great men of money have made munificent gifts to the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn. Bishop Gailor, Chancellor of the University, received the promise from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan that he would give fifty thousand dollars for the use of the University, the promise being unconditional. Andrew Carnegie agreed to give sixty thousand dollars if the University was free from debt. To this end a canvass has been made among the alumni, with the result of a hundred thousand dollars, which was turned over to the trustees.

Two or three years ago a chapel was begun for the University; but for lack of funds the work was discontinued, and it is thought that the Morgan gift will complete the chapel.

D. A. Pelling, of Georgetown, Fla., desires to hear from any of the crew of the Confederate gunboat Neuse, stationed at Kinston, N. C., in 1864-65, and discharged at Halifax, N. C., in April, 1865.



MISS LUCY WHITE HAYES,
Sponsor to Commander-in-Chief, U. C. V., Mobile Reunion.



CHIEF SPONSOR AND MAIDS IN PARADE LINE AT MOBILE REUNION.

MONUMENT TO SURGEON GENERAL MOORE.

At the Confederate Reunion at Mobile it was resolved to erect in Richmond a monument to Samuel Preston Moore, the surgeon general of the Confederate army, and never was honor in bronze or marble more fittingly bestowed.

Moore was a South Carolina gentleman in the highest and widest acceptation of the term and a man of wonderful executive ability, as he quickly proved on his appointment by Mr. Davis. He had little or no money or materials from which to establish hospital service and equip surgeons. Yet he soon had as thorough a system as it was possible to perfect, and it was largely through his efforts that the drugs that saved many a soldier's life were obtained. Then when



DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

drugs and surgical instruments became an impossibility, he established factories in Richmond from which both medicines and instruments were manufactured. Moore was ably assisted in his work by Charles H. Smith, to whom much credit is due. At the Reunion a resolution was made by Judge Taylor Ellison, of R. E. Lee Camp, Richmond, as follows:

"*Resolved,* That this federation of the United Confederate Veterans hereby cordially indorses the action of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy in its resolution passed at their annual meeting at Memphis, Tenn., June 9, 1909, to erect a monument to Surgeon General Moore in the city of Richmond, Va., and recommends the support of all Confederate organizations in aid of its accomplishment."

An action of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association at its annual meeting at Mobile in April resolved that "the Association indorses the movement of the Association of Medical and Surgical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy in perpetuating the memory of Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, surgeon general of the Confederate States. The surgeons wish the accomplishment of this by erecting a statue to his memory at Richmond."

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., President of the Association, seeks earnest coöperation in this movement from all Confederates. This undertaking should have the most careful and prompt attention, as the suregons are now so scarce.

TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C., SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Texas Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, in Convention at Brownwood, declared against the idea of the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Texas Division accepting scholarships in any school, college, or university that admits negroes on equality with the white race, and rejects scholarships in any school, college, or university that allows such practices, and declares against making contributions to any such scholarship fund. Mrs. D. A. Nunn moved that the directors' meeting "indorse this act of the Convention and give expression to the belief that this action of the Convention was wisely taken, and that we cannot, after this action on the part of the Convention, accept scholarships in any school, college, or university that permits negroes to enter as students, and that we cannot under this ruling of the Convention make any contribution for such scholarships nor give support for any prize essay in colleges where negroes are admitted as students on an equality with the whites."

Miss Coral Ozment, Corresponding Secretary Texas Division, U. D. C., writes that "the resolution was unanimously adopted by the board and ordered to be published in our U. D. C. columns of the press."

WHERE CONFEDERATE GENERALS ARE BURIED.

Gen. Patton Anderson is buried in the cemetery at Memphis, just across the avenue from the Confederate plat where lie those he loved so much. He was born at Winchester, Tenn., in 1822; and died at Memphis September 20, 1872.

Maj. Gen. John A. Wharton is buried at Hempstead, Tex.

Gen. John H. Winder is buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

Lynchburg, Va., is the burial place of Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early, Maj. Gen. Robert E. Rodes, and Brig. Gens. James Dearing and Sam Garland.

Richmond, Va., is the last resting place of Lieut. Gens. J. E. B. Stuart and A. P. Hill, Maj. Gens. George E. Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee, and Brig Gen. Will Pegram.

Maj. Gen. William Mahone is buried at Petersburg, Va.

Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton is buried at Columbia, S. C.

Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson are buried at Lexington, Va.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston is buried at Austin, Tex.

Maj. Gen. Tom Green, killed at Blair's Landing, in Louisiana, April 12, 1864, and Brigadier General McCulloch, killed at Elk Horn, Ark., are also buried at Austin, Tex.

Brig. Gens. Thomas and James E. Harrison, brothers, are buried in Waco, Tex.; also Brig. Gens. J. B. Robertson and Sul Ross.

Brig. Gen. H. B. Granbury, killed at Franklin, Tenn., is buried at Granbury, Tex. He had been a resident of Waco, as were the other four there buried.

THE ADDRESS AND COMMAND OF L. O. B. BRANCH DRUM CORPS REPORTED.—The May VETERAN gave an account of the L. O. B. Branch Drum Corps, but failed to give commands and address of the men. They are James G. Lewis, Wiley T. Johnson, W. B. Royster, all of Raleigh, N. C., who served with the 14th, 51st, and 56th North Carolina Regiments, Army of Northern Virginia.

Correction is made in the name of Chester C. Godwin as it appeared in the notice on page 132 of the March VETERAN, as it should have been Goodwin, by which he would be recognized by surviving comrades.

GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

General Tilghman was born in Maryland in 1817. He was a graduate of West Point in 1836, a soldier in the Mexican War, a civil engineer upon the Panama Railroad in 1849 and subsequently upon the Baltimore and Ohio, Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania Central, East Tennessee and Virginia, and New Orleans and Ohio Railroads, and commander of the Kentucky State Guard in 1861, most of whom he took into the Confederate service. He was colonel of the 3d Kentucky Regiment and promoted to brigadier general. After a vigorous defense he surrendered Fort Henry February 6, 1862, to Admiral Foote and was sent a prisoner at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. On being exchanged he was placed in charge of exchanged prisoners at Jackson, where he reorganized and equipped them for the field. He led them against Grant's forces at Coffeyville, and signally defeated them on December 5, 1862. He served in the Vicksburg campaign to May 16, 1863, at Champion Hill, where he lost his life.

Extract from report of his division commander, Gen. W. W. Loring: "As soon as the enemy discovered that we were leaving the field he rallied and moved forward in heavy force. General Tilghman had been instructed to hold a point on the Edwards Depot and Raymond road at all hazards. Always ready to obey orders, he soon met the enemy, 6,000 to 8,000 strong, with a fine park of artillery; but, being advantageously posted, he not only held him in check, but repulsed him on several occasions, and thus kept open the only line of retreat left to the army. The bold stand of this brigade, less than 1,500 effective men, under the lamented hero, saved a large portion of the army. It is befitting that I should speak of the death of gallant and accomplished Lloyd Tilghman. Quick and bold in the execution of his plans, he fell in the midst of his brigade that loved him well, after repelling a powerful enemy in deadly fight, struck by a cannon shot. A brigade wept over the dying hero, alike beautiful as it was touching."

Extract from the report of Col. A. E. Reynolds, who succeeded Tilghman: "At 5:20 o'clock Brig. Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, who up to that time had commanded the brigade with marked ability, fell, killed by a shot from one of the enemy's guns. I cannot here refrain from paying a slight tribute to the memory of my late commander. As a man, a soldier, and a general, he had few if any superiors. Always at his post, he devoted himself day and night to the interests of his command. Upon the battlefield he was cool and collected and observant. He commanded the entire respect and confidence of every officer and soldier under him, and the only censure ever cast upon him was that he always exposed himself too recklessly. At the time he was struck down he was standing in the rear of a battery directing a change in the elevation of one of the guns. The tears shed by his men on the occasion and the grief felt by his entire brigade are the proudest tribute that can be given the gallant dead."

This Confederate monument has a statue of General Tilghman surmounting it. The Paducah Chapter, U. D. C., paid $5,000 for this monument, and the sons of General Tilghman paid about $10,000 for the statue. The unveiling took place on May 16, 1909, and the ceremony was fitting the event.

SENTIMENT INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT AT PADUCAH, KY.

Brig. Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, C. S. A.
Killed in the Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
May 16, 1863.

"To the faithful sons of the Confederate States of America who gave all to uphold the constitutional liberty and States rights."



PADUCAH MONUMENT TO GENERAL TILGHMAN.



ENLARGED VIEW OF THE STATUE.

General Tilghman was one of the most picturesque figures in the Confederate army. He was very handsome and a strict disciplinarian. Untrained soldiers winced at his discipline, but they realized under him that war was not a frolic. One particular day has often been recalled when the army at Vicksburg was reviewed by General Pemberton. At the inspection of General Tilghman's brigade his men were so thoroughly at duty that General Pemberton stopped at intervals to comment in complimentary terms. One instance is reported from the VETERAN for February, 1910: "General Pemberton was escorted by Gen. Lloyd Tilghman. When riding briskly along the line General Pemberton reigned his horse suddenly and stopped in front of the 41st Tennessee Regiment. He pointed to Fohrer and asked: 'What soldier is that?' He was informed as to the man,

whose position in line was that of a faultless soldier. His gun looked like burnished silver—doubtless the only one like it in the army. General Pemberton then looked along the line and said: 'I'll sw'ar, that is a fine-looking body of men.' Fohrer was tidy and neat of dress, but he would sleep with his boots on. In complaints concerning poor fare, etc., he emphasized his displeasure with 'Be dam;' but it was not like English-spoken profanity, and did not seem wicked as he would say it."

When General Tilghman offered his life in defense of the cause of the South as he heroically resisted the advance of Grant's victorious legions, he wrought with his own blood on the sluggish banks of Baker's Creek an epitaph which will not be forgotten as long as the bronze statue lasts to remind all who see it of his intrepid courage and gallantry.

Comrade W. G. Whitefield, who was first sergeant of Company D, 35th Alabama Regiment, Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division, and is now Adjutant of Camp 463, U. C. V., at Paducah, Ky., writes: "I was on the run passing out just behind General Tilghman when he was killed. In November, 1908, I went to Champion Hill and located the place."



MONUMENT WHERE GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN FELL.

The gallant commander and his brave men must be honored while patriotism has an advocate and self-sacrifice for others has a votary. Higher commendation from a higher source no citizen or soldier ever received.

What President Davis Said of General Tilghman.

The foregoing tribute to Gen. Lloyd Tilghman is tame. Evidence of his great merit to the homage of his people of the Southland may be had in an address delivered by Jefferson Davis at Mississippi City, Miss., in 1878, when he said: "Martyrdom has generally been considered, and with reason, a fruit of the sanctity of the cause in which the martyr died. You know how many examples your army furnished of men who piously served and piously died from wounds received in battle. The proofs of martyrdom, if I were to attempt to enumerate, would exceed your time and my strength on this occasion. Yet I am not willing to pass by as silent memory some of those examples of heroism, of patriotism, of devotion to country which the Army of Tennessee furnished. The Greek who held the pass, the Roman who for a time held the bridge have been immortalized in rhyme and story. But neither of those more heroically, more patriotically, more singly served his country than did Tilghman at Fort Henry, when approached by a large army, an army which rendered the permanent defense of the fort impossible, with with a handful of devoted followers went into the fort and continued the defense until his brigade could retire in safety to Fort Donelson; then when that work was finished, when it was impossible any longer to make a defense, when the wounded and dying lay all around him, he, with the surviving remnant of his little band, terminated the struggle and suffered in a manner thousands of you who have been prisoners of war know how to estimate. All peace and honor to his ashes, for he was among those, not the most unhappy, who went hence before our bitterest trials came upon us."

TIMELY INFORMATION TO GENERAL BRAGG.

BY REV. ROBERT DONNELL SHOOK, HOLLYWOOD, ALA.

When General Bragg retreated from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, that portion of Alabama north of the Tennessee River was as much exposed as Middle Tennessee to the ravages of the Federal army, and many of the people refugeed across the river. Among these was Mr. I. P. Russell, who then lived, as he now lives, in the vicinity of Stevenson, Ala., located at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroads, thirty-eight miles from Chattanooga and about three miles north of the Tennessee River.

With Mr. Russell were Rev. Bailey Bruce, of the Missionary Baptist Church, and Rev. James Cox, of the M. E. Church, South. These reverend gentlemen stopped on Sand Mountain, some two or three miles from the river, so that from the high bluffs along the brow of the mountain a clear view was had of the beautiful river; while Mr. Russell went on to the south of Lookout Mountain, near the Georgia line.

A few days before the Chickamauga battle Mr. Russell, leaving his family in their safe refuge, started back to his home to look after interests there. Upon his arrival at the bluffs from where he could look across the river toward his home he found the two friends he had left there gazing anxiously upon a large Federal force crossing the river to the south side at Caperton's Ferry, a few miles below. These intelligent men at once discerned that General Rosecrans was attempting to play the rôle of Stonewall Jackson. He evidently intended to cross Sand and Lookout Mountains with a large force and attempt to strike Bragg's left flank, and maybe get in the rear of his army. Mr. Russell decided that General Bragg must be notified as soon as possible; so he volunteered to go at once with all possible speed to General Bragg's headquarters, which were then at La Fayette, Ga. As soon as he could find friends to vouch for him he was conducted first to General Polk's headquarters, where he delivered his very important message, and General Polk hastened to send him to General Bragg. When at General Bragg's tent the General directed the guard of his headquarters to take precaution that no one be allowed near to hear what he had to say, and he listened with intense interest to Mr. Russell while he told in a straightforward way the story of what he had seen. General Bragg listened with great interest, knitting his brows and stroking his knee hard with his fist and said with very great earnestness: "I am going to strike Rosecrans, and I am going to beat him." And so he did, for soon he turned his army and met and defeated Rosecrans at Chickamauga in one of the hardest fought battles of the war.

WHAT AN ALABAMA WOMAN DID.

Sketch of Mrs. Dowdell.

Mrs. Elizabeth Caroline Dowdell was born at Lagrange, Ga., December 3, 1829. When a child she moved with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Thomas, to Chambers County, Ala. She was married in June, 1847, to Col. William Crawford Dowdell, and to this union were born eleven children, of whom there are seven surviving. In addition to these children, there survive a large family of grandchildren and great-grandchildren and a wide circle of relatives distributed over Alabama and other Southern States.

Col. W. C. Dowdell, the husband of Mrs. Dowdell, was one of the foremost and best-beloved men in East Alabama. He died a few years ago. He was a brother of Col. James Dowdell and an uncle of Hon. William J. Samford, former Governor of Alabama, and of Judge James R. Dowdell, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Dowdell during ante bellum days and since was associated with many of the greatest men and women of the South, both of Church and State, and by her superior qualities of mind and heart established herself as one of the greatest women in the South. She was the first woman in the nation who suggested the organization of the missionary society in connection with the Church, and by her efforts put in operation this great work which has grown to be such a wonderful factor in the religious movement of the age. She wrote Bishop James O. Andrew in 1861 making the suggestion, but failed to sign her name, probably because the suggestion was such an innovation in religious matters; but the idea so impressed the senior bishop of the Methodist Church that he advertised to know the author of the letter. This resulted in a correspondence which ultimately eventuated in the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, with which organization Mrs. Dowdell had since been in close and active connection as one of the Board of Managers. She organized the society in Alabama, and from its organization to the time of her death (thirty-one years) she was its honored president.

Mrs. Dowdell was a ready and eloquent speaker. She made no pretension as a platform speaker, never forgetting the modesty that is the crowning virtue of womanhood; but her duties frequently brought her before great congregations and religious bodies, and she was direct, earnest, and eloquent in presenting any cause, and more especially the one great cause that was her life work and closest to her heart.

Mrs. Dowdell was a frequent contributor with her pen to the religious journals and periodicals of the county, a fluent and forceful writer. She was most beloved in her home, and possessed rare conversational powers. She was renowned for her hospitality and culture. For nearly half a century the Dowdell home in Auburn has entertained many of the foremost men and women of the South. Her life during all these years had been a benediction to all who came within range of her influence, and especially in the community of Auburn, where she was greatly loved by every one of all classes without regard to race or condition.

In Mrs. Kirkpatrick's introduction of Mrs. B. B. Ross, President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., she pays a tribute to Mrs. E. C. Dowdell, Mrs. Ross's mother: "Soon after the war a young woman in her Alabama home dreamed a dream and saw a vision, and she wrote to the bishop of a great denomination: 'You men say you could never have borne the brunt of the battle if it had not been for the organized work of the women at home. Why not then organize the women of your Church to work for Christ as we worked for our soldiers?' And the great bishop pondered wisely and well, and ten years later the women of his denomination banded together to work for women in heathen lands. Is it not a matter of pride to us that this great thought originated in the brain of one of our own women, Mrs. Crawford Dowdell, of



MRS. ELIZABETH CAROLINE DOWDELL.

Auburn, who was placed at the head of the organization in her own State and was probably the first Alabama woman to preside over an assemblage of women? To-day I have the honor to introduce to you the worthy daughter of this worthy mother, your efficient State President, Mrs. B. B. Ross, who will now take charge of the Convention."

CONVENTION OF ALABAMA U. D. C.

In the hall of the House of Representatives in Montgomery, Ala., within a short distance of the Senate chamber which nearly fifty years ago witnessed the birth of the Confederacy, the United Daughters held their annual Convention May 12, 1910, which was presided over by Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, President of the Division. Mrs. J. A. Kirkpatrick, President of the Montgomery Chapter, presided over the welcoming ceremonies, which were very elaborate and beautiful. Fine addresses for State, city, veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy were made, which were ably responded to by Mrs. Ross. The President's report showed that fine work had been done by the Division during the year, many new Chapters organized, and gratifying advancement made in all departments.

The officers elected are: President, Mrs. B. B. Ross, Auburn; Vice Presidents, Mrs. A. W. Newsom, Huntsville, and Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, Tuscaloosa; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. M. Faulkner, Montgomery; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Bibb Graves, Montgomery; Treasurer, Mrs. L. H. Crenshaw, Montgomery; Historian Director, Mrs. Alberta Taylor, Huntsville; Registrar, Mrs. E. W. Christian, Mobile; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Birmingham; Chaplain, Mrs. J. Harvey Jones, Montgomery.

Reports of various functions are yet to be given in the Veteran. The meeting was in every way fine.

HIGHLY PRIZED RELIC AND ITS VALUE.

A. Hawkins, of Highlands, N. C., writes of a unique cane:

"During the later years of civil warfare a train of Confederate soldiers was being sent from Camp Douglas to Cairo, Ill., the men to be sent down the Mississippi for exchange. At Centralia the train stopped for a few minutes, and a little crowd gathered to look at the prisoners, when some good-natured chaffing was indulged in. A bright-looking, middle-aged man who was on a flat car stood up and, swinging a cane around his head, said: 'If any man in that crowd will say that he is a friend of State rights, I will give him this cane.' Promptly a fellow in the crowd of spectators said, 'I am the man,' and the prisoner threw him the cane. The fellow was a saloon bum and loafer. My brother, a railroad man, saw the incident and, stepping into the crowd, asked the fellow how much he would take for the cane. 'Twenty-five cents,' he answered. My brother gave it to him, and he started for the nearest grogshop. My brother kept the cane during his lifetime, and then his widow sent it to me.

"The cane is made from a stick of white oak with a rattlesnake, head up, carved around it. With the exception of the head of the snake, the work was most skillfully done. With the poor tools the prisoner had he must have spent weeks, perhaps months, in carving it. The letters 'M. I.' are cut on the head of the cane. I would not part with the cane now, but expect to place it with some museum of Confederate relics some day for preservation."

CAPTURED HIS CAPTOR.

Lieut. P. Fairley, of Company I, 7th Mississippi Regiment, now of Jackson, relates an amusing and thrilling incident:

"During the Civil War many laughable incidents occurred on the battlefield and in the very heat of action. On the second day's fighting in the battle of Murfreesboro Sharp's Brigade of Mississippians, constituting a part of Wither's Division, was removed from the old field, where they had been posted for two or three days, to a point far to the right, taking position along the banks of Stone's River. Pickets were thrown out in front of the brigade, the Federals doing likewise. The two picket lines were in close proximity, and the firing at each other was almost incessant.

"There was on this line a young man from the 9th or 10th Mississippi Regiment who was unpleasantly situated, as the Minie balls were hurled at him thick and fast. Seeing a large tree a short distance in his front, he decided to make for that protection. Drawing himself up into as small a compass as possible, he made for the tree; but upon reaching it found behind it a Yankee soldier, who readily placed the Confederate under arrest, disarmed him, and the two struck a bee line for the Federal line. On their way the batteries began a furious cannonade, with shot and shell.

"At this juncture of affairs the Mississippian suggested to 'Mr. Yank' that they lie down and wait for the cannonading to cease. This was readily consented to, and as soon as 'Mr. Yank' had stretched himself upon the ground 'Mr. Reb' jumped on him and disarmed him, and soon, regardless of shot and shell, the two were in double-quick back to the Confederate lines, which they reached in safety. I was present when they came in, and the account given by the Confederate of his capture and of capturing his captor caused no end of laughter, though it was not so amusing to the Yankee prisoner. The affair was reported to General Bragg, who gave the soldier a thirty-day furlough. I cannot recall the name."

MONUMENT AT GONZALES, TEX.

BY JOHN S. CONWAY (COMMANDER OF J. C. G. KEY CAMP, NO. 156, U. C. V.), GONZALES, TEX.

Gonzales, Tex., is an attractive town of about 5,000 inhabitants situated on the picturesque Guadalupe River, about one hundred and forty miles west of Houston. The town is named for the county, in a rich and fertile country. The town is historically known as the "Lexington of Texas," and is the smallest town in the State that has erected a Confederate monument.

From its vicinity the first gun was fired in the struggle between Texas and Mexico. Its people have always been noted for their courage and patriotism, and have never faltered in the discharge of their civic duties.

In the War between the States Gonzales County sent nine superb companies, composed of the flower of its youth and manhood, to the Army of Tennessee Department, while many of its citizens enlisted in Confederate commands that operated west of the Mississippi River.

In keeping with its historic past, a large and patriotic assemblage of citizens met in Gonzales on April 14, 1910, to witness the unveiling of a Confederate monument, it being the first public work of the kind ever erected in the county. The crowded streets, inspiring music, the bright bunting on the buildings, smiling faces, and joyful voices all proclaimed the advent of a day long to be remembered. The bandstand and that for the speakers, prominent visitors, and guests were beautifully decorated in Confederate colors, and the flags of the Gonzales Chapter, No. 545, U. D. C., and the J. C. G. Key Camp, No. 156, U. C. V., were conspicuous. Garlands of evergreens were gracefully twined around the iron fence surrounding the monument, and at its base there was a large wreath of laurel in lovely bluebonnets, our State flower.

On the speakers' stand were seated Mrs. A. R. Howard, President Texas Division, U. D. C.; Mrs. B. B. Hoskins, Sr.,



MONUMENT AT GONZALES, TEX.

President of Gonzales Chapter; Mrs. R. H. Walker, First Vice President; Mrs. W. M. Cole, Mrs. W. H. Boothe, Mrs. W. W. Glass, Miss Anna Nicholson, Misses Meda and Elizabeth Ramsey, Mary Harrell, and Mamie Tate, the latter representing the Gonzales Inquirer and State press; Hon. J. B. Polley, of Floresville, Tex., formerly Major General commanding Texas Division, U. C. V.; Judge S. F. Grimes, of Cuero, Tex., a veteran of Morgan's Cavalry; Hon. W. H. Blanton, of Gonzales; Mr. Frank Teich, of Llano, sculptor and designer of the monument; Messrs. W. F. Holcomb and Miles Smith, of Luling; Rev. Gaston Hartsfield, and the officers and members of Camp No. 156, U. C. V.

At 4 P.M. John S. Conway, Commander of J. C. G. Key Camp and master of ceremonies, called the audience to order, and the exercises were held, after introductory music by the Monthalia Band; invocation by Rev. G. Hartsfield.

Quartet, "Tenting To-Night," Misses Meda and Elizabeth Ramsey and Messrs. Claude and Ruston O'Neal.

The welcome address was by Hon. W. H. Blanton, and the unveiling of monument by Mrs. B. B. Hoskins, Sr., President Gonzales Chapter, U. D. C. Music, "Dixie," by the band.

Introduction of speakers by John S. Conway, and address by Gen. J. B. Polley. Music by the band.

Mr. Blanton's address was appropriate and eloquent. It was replete with lofty sentiments, and as a son of a Confederate veteran he made his hearers feel that he would ever be ready to defend the cause for which "the men in gray" fought so gallantly.



MRS. B. B. HOSKINS.

Before the unveiling Mrs. B. B. Hoskins, Sr., spoke with much fervor and pathos of the noble purpose for which the monument was erected. Her brief but most appropriate address was beautiful, and thrilled the audience. She concluded as follows: "Could our heart's wish have been gratified, this Confederate monument would have been made of burnished gold, studded with precious stones, and would reach as high as the heavens."

Gen. J. B. Polley, the orator of the day, invited by the Chapter, delivered a masterly address. As a soldier of the 4th Texas Regiment of Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, he was well qualified both by experience in war and in scholarly attainments to entertain his sympathetic audience. He spoke of the heroism displayed by the people of Gonzales in the struggle between Texas and Mexico, and with much force on the splendid record made by Gonzales County in our great Civil War. His presentation of facts and episodes in connection with the gigantic contest in which he participated was graphic and deeply interesting.

The audience was greatly pleased; and when Mrs. B. B. Hoskins, Sr., had pulled the cord and the beautiful statue looked radiant in the sunlight, the vast assembly spontaneously arose and cheered repeatedly, while the Rebel yell from about seventy Confederates was especially enjoyed. It was indeed a gala day for old Gonzales.

The pictures that accompany this sketch represent the Confederate monument and Mrs. B. B. Hoskins, Sr., President of the Gonzales Chapter, U. D. C. Mrs. Hoskins has been the executive head of the Chapter for over five years, and is an able, zealous officer. It was during her administration that the erection of the monument was conceived, and with her it has been a labor of love to carry the work to completion. About seventy devoted daughters of the South ably assisted her in the work. Mrs. Hoskins is of old colonial, Revolutionary, and Texas independence stock, and is a native of Texas. She is a descendant of the Raguet and Simpson families, early settlers, and through the Simpsons is remotely connected with President Davis. Her father, Conde Raguet, was a Confederate soldier, and chivalrous Maj. Henry Raguet, who fell "on the field of honor" while leading his regiment, the 4th Texas Cavalry, in battle at Glorietta, was her uncle.

The monument is situated on the main plaza of the town, and is an artistic memorial column. It was designed and completed according to contract by Mr. Frank Teich, of Llano, Tex., a subscriber to the VETERAN, at a cost of $3,700. It is forty feet high, including a statue of Carrara marble of a private soldier eight feet high on picket duty. The base is twelve feet square, in a circle thirty feet in diameter. A granite curbing and an iron fence are surrounded by a circular cement walk three feet wide.

On the north side of the base is carved: "Erected by Gonzales Chapter, No. 545, Daughters of the Confederacy, June 3, 1909." Above this is the inscription: "Our Confederate dead, 1861-1865." On the first section of the pedestal is a laurel wreath, and above this on the next section is a Confederate flag. On the south side of the monument is the significant inscription: "Lest We Forget."

BISHOP JOHN C. GRANBERY, A FIGHTING PARSON.

BY W. M. SEAY, LYNCHBURG, VA.

Among the number of "fighting chaplains" who have from time to time been mentioned and commented upon in the VETERAN, there is one whose name I have never seen in this connection. He has now passed over the river, loved and honored by all who knew him or of him. None of these noble Christian patriots deserves more of eulogy than Bishop John C. Granbery.

In 1861 at Manassas he (then a comparatively young minister) was appointed from the Conference of the M. E. Church, South, to the chaplaincy of the 11th Virginia Infantry, and, I think, served the entire four years of the war except when laid up by wounds. I saw him in the thickest of several battles—in the charges at Seven Pines and Frayser's Farm, in the Seven Days' fight around Richmond. I heard him urged to stay at the rear, and his invariable reply was: "I may be of assistance in caring for some who fall. I don't think he was always armed, but think on one or two occasions he carried a short Enfield rifle. In one of the charges mentioned he was wounded and lost an eye. I doubt that many who in after years heard him preach knew of this. I think he was wounded in the arm in a later engagement. He was a young minister, but had filled several pulpits before the war in the gift of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This chaplain should be mentioned among the veteran "immortals."

A TRIBUTE TO "JIM NANCE."

John C. Cooke in the Nashville Banner pays beautiful tribute to Jim Nance, who died suddenly in March, 1910. He says that "he was neither a scholar nor a statesman, but just Jim Nance, who feared God, but knew no other fear." He was among the first to take up his musket for the cause of the Confederacy and among the last to lay it down, and in the South's legions there were none more patriotic, none braver. Duty with him was as sacred as the word "Deity," and whatever he felt was his duty he did it with all his might. He was a friend and comrade in arms to be trusted and ever found true. He had the confidence of General Wheeler; and when that general made his daring trip to the Yankee lines disguised as a private, he was the first one selected by Colonel Anderson to go with him. General Wheeler asked for four brave men to accompany him; and when their names were given him, he asked if they were men of proved courage. Colonel Anderson replied: "If you want any one to ride right into hell, tell Jim Nance to do it, and it will be done."



J. B. NANCE AND HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, MRS. W. A. DANIEL.
(See sketch of Mr. Nance in May VETERAN, page 243.)

PERSONAL COURAGE AND GALLANTRY.

BY REV. E. A. SMITH, BREWTON, ALA.

While we were in Corinth, a few weeks after the battle of Shiloh, a detachment of our brigade, Walthall's (afterwards Brantley's), was sent out a few miles in front as skirmishers to remain two days. Very little fighting was done on the first day, but on the second about three o'clock the enemy advanced their line, and soon firing was hot. Our first lieutenant, R. L. Spencer, was in command of the company. Some one screamed out: "Lieutenant Spencer, why don't you get behind a tree? That Yankee down yonder behind the big white oak is shooting at you." Instantly his Irish blood rose; and seizing a Mississippi rifle and cartridge box that we had captured from a stray Yankee the day before, Spencer leaped out into an open place and yelled out: "You cowardly Yankee behind that oak tree in the road, come out from behind it and fight me like a man." "I can do it, sir," said the Federal, and out he stepped.

All others ceased firing. At first the Federal's shots went wide of the mark, but each one got closer to our man. We could not see the effect of Spencer's shots; but suppose he was not doing much, as he was a poor marksman. The last shot the Yankee fired almost grazed Spencer's head, when Marsh Murphy, of our company, a fine marksman, seeing Spencer's danger, raised his Enfield rifle and killed the Yankee. As Spencer saw him fall, he turned to Murphy and said: "That was a cowardly act, sir. You had no right to do it. It was my fight, not yours." Doubtless that shot saved Spencer's life. He was a fine Christian character and an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

THE CAPTURED UNDINE AND MAZEPPA.

BY J. F. ORR, SHELBYVILLE, KY.

I was interested in the short sketch of Lieut. Col. W. O. Dawson, of the 15th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, who was placed in charge of the gunboat Undine captured by Forrest's command at Paris Landing, on the Tennessee River, below Johnsonville. I want to correct an error. It was Captain Gracie who was placed in command of that gunboat, for he rolled a log into the river and swam over and took possession of the prize, some eight or ten men surrendering to him. Old Gen. Abe Buford was there, and so was General Lyon. After Gracie, my captain, took possession of the boat, he sent over some rowboats, and General Buford went over with enough men to take the boat to our side of the river. There were two barges, one on either side, laden with army blankets, hard-tack, etc. I was one of a detail to unload the boat. Never will I forget seeing General Buford as he stood in the top of the boat coming over with a jug lifted high in the air, and he said: "Boys, there are hats and caps and boots, and everything you want, but just enough whisky for the general."

While we were unloading the boat General Buford asked Captain Gracie whether what he saw was "dry goods or mules." While unloading we had covered our mules up with blankets for our comrades back in camp.

We also captured the steamboat Mazeppa. We burned the prize Undine. I was known as "Sample" Orr, and was No. 1 on the starboard bow gun.

HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTERS AT BRANDY STATION.—J. H. Young, of Charleston, S. C., writes: "During the battle of Brandy Station in one of the charges of June 9, 1863, John E. Thompson, of Col. E. V. White's battalion, W. E. Jones's brigade, while carrying the flag was attacked by a Federal with drawn saber. Thompson veered off to let him pass, wheeled back, and brought the flagstaff to a fierce point, gave his horse the spur, and struck the Federal just behind the ear, knocking him from his horse. About that time another large Yankee came up. General Jones called to Thompson: 'There, little one; do that —— Dutchman the way you did the other one.' However, Thompson thought there was too much size for him to tackle; so he told the General to shoot him, which he did. I was courier for General Stewart that day and saw the whole occurrence. I should be glad to get in communication with Thompson, who was one of the best friends I had during the rest of the war. He was very small then, but a nobler boy never lived."

A New Yorker, seeking information about a Confederate, writes: "Do you have any circulation in Alabama, Georgia, or South Carolina? Will you give me address of best advertising medium to reach the old Confederates in the three States herein named?"

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR.

BY G. C. GOODWIN, BROWNWOOD, TEX.

For the truth of history I wish to make a correction as to the last battle of the war, about which S. F. Power, of Natchez, Miss., writes in the VETERAN for January. He says that the last battle was fought at West Point, Ga., on April 15, 1865, when in fact the last battle of the War between the States was fought on May 13, 1865, in Cameron County, Tex., between Brownsville and Brazos Island, near the mouth of the Rio Grande River, between a part of the Federal forces under Gen. Lew Wallace and a part of the Confederate command under Gen. J. E. Slaughter.

Col. John S. Ford, commonly known as "Rip" Ford, commanded the Confederates, and was ably assisted by General Slaughter's adjutant general. The Federals advanced and opened fire, when Colonel Ford's cavalry charged and drove them back. The Federals fought and fell back, charge after charge, for over seven miles, when they came to the main body of the army, under General Wallace, which was protected by heavy artillery. Here, after a full line skirmish, the Confederates retired as soon as the firing ceased, and carried with them one hundred and thirteen prisoners. The Federals lost about thirty killed and wounded, while the Confederates lost three fatally and several slightly wounded.

This battle was fought on Palmetto Ranch, and is known by that name. This was the last battle of the war. By referring to Volume XI. of the "Confederate Military History," pages 125-9, will be found the report as written by Col. O. M. Roberts, 11th Texas Regiment, afterwards Governor of Texas. I was not there; but as I returned from Louisiana, where I served under Gen. Tom Green and Gen. Dick Taylor, in May, 1865, I talked of this battle with Colonel Ford and with two soldiers of Colonel Ford who participated in the battle, W. G. Miller and J. H. Moore, who will verify this statement. It is not known why this battle was fought.

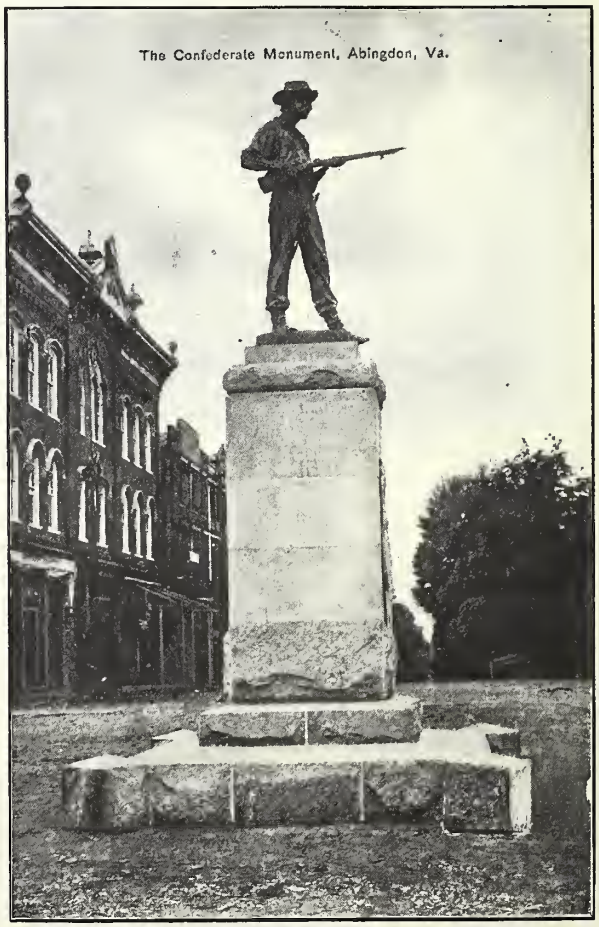
ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY CAPT. D. M. WILSON.

In his article in the VETERAN for January Mr. Powers, of Natchez, Miss., erroneously states that the battle of West Point, Ga., fought on the 15th of April, 1865, was the last battle of the war. The last battle fought in the great conflict between the North and the South took place on Texas soil, at Palmetto Ranch, fifteen miles below Brownsville, near the Rio Grande River, on May 13, 1865. The Confederates won a remarkable victory in "this last battle of the war."

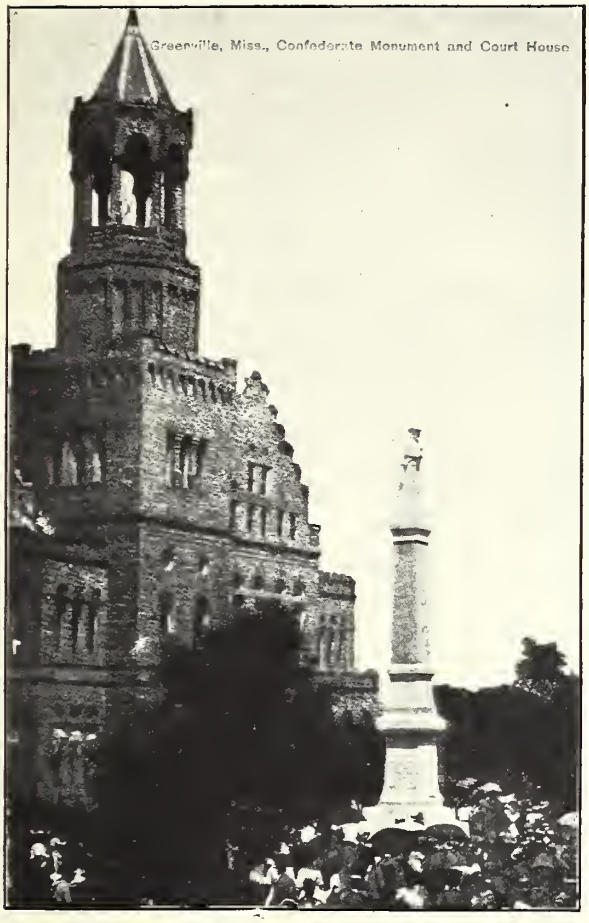
On that day (May 13, 1865) General Slaughter, in command of the Rio Grande Military District, ordered Colonel Ford, with Capt. D. M. Wilson's battalion and Captain Jones's battery, then stationed in Brownsville, to proceed to the front to the relief of Captain Robinson, who, with his company, was doing outpost duty, and who was being attacked by the advancing enemy, some sixteen hundred strong. On reaching the enemy a line of battle was at once formed, with Captain Wilson's battalion (composed of Wilson's, Cocke's, and Anderson's companies) on the right. Captain Jones and Robinson on the left, with some three hundred and twenty-five soldiers altogether. The charge was made on the enemy in line of battle ready to receive the Confederate boys, but the Yanks could not stand the charge and went all to pieces. It was then a running fight for several miles, until the camp and gunboats of the enemy were reached. About two hundred and fifty of the enemy were killed, wounded, and captured, while the Confederates lost not a man. The Confederates seldom got any mail in the Rio Grande country, and knew nothing of the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATION SHOWN A CONFEDERATE.—John F. Gratz, 926 Cherokee Drive, Louisville, Ky., seeks information through an interesting reminiscence: "Directly after the siege of Knoxville Maj. L. A. Gratz, my father, then on General Carter's staff, was stationed in that town. One day he was dispatched with some soldiers to arrest a man suspected of being a Confederate spy. The man must have had some knowledge that he was to be arrested, for upon my father's arrival he found him in his full gray uniform. On searching the room papers containing the drawings of the fortifications around Knoxville and other information concerning the Federals were found, proving him to be that of which he was suspected. As he was about to be taken away, the man's wife and little children fell upon their knees and pleaded for his life. This was too much for my father, who sent the escort out of the room and then threw the papers into the fire, thus destroying all evidence against him. Now I would like to know who that man was, and if he is still living. Any information upon the subject will be greatly appreciated."

There is much in the "War Records" of Major Gratz, all tending to show that he was a gallant and faithful officer. There is evidently some omission in the son's sketch, since the Major would hardly have taken the risk, if his men saw the captured papers, of destroying them. However, as the report evidently came from father to son, it must be correct.



The ceremony of dedicating the Abingdon (Va.) monument occurred on June 3, 1909, the principal address being made by Judge John A. Buchanan. (See VETERAN for October, 1909, page 493.)



(Sketch of monument in VETERAN for February, page 68.)

SENATOR GORDON'S LEAVE-TAKING.

Now, gentlemen, I did not get up here just to make you laugh, and I will tell you something that will not make you laugh. Down in Mississippi, where I live, when I go home and go to my bed and dream sweet dreams of the hours I have spent here in the Senate, I sleep with the sword of Damocles hanging over my head. We have a problem to settle there that I want you to help us settle. I do not ask you to agree with me, but I ask you to talk with me and listen to what I have to say; and, in kindness and friendship, I want to see Mason and Dixon's line obliterated from the map of the United States and on it the words: "Our country."

I am tired of sectionalism. God knows I got enough of it fighting. I do not want any more of it. I do not want to hear any speech in the Senate or anywhere else that stirs up strife between the old soldiers or citizens who were not in the army. I do want to bring about peace. I am an old Confederate; you are old veterans, perhaps. We disagreed, and you were the victors; but we still think our generals were good men and our people were good people, and we do not dispute that yours were just as good as ours. Our people down South are not quarreling about these things at all. We have a few blab-mouthed fellows that always want to make a fuss; but they are not even worth "cussing," so I will not use any invectives against them. We have them down South; but they are not my sort, and I have got more influence with the people than they have. I talk with them as I talk with you. I tell them the truth and the facts, and I tell them we have friends here, but they do not see things as we do.

We want you to think well of us, and there is no use of calling us traitors. They used to call George Washington a rebel and a traitor, but we do not think that of him; and I do not think any of us fellows were traitors, while we may have been rebels. I do not deny that. We thought we ought to fight for our States, and we disagreed just a little on a section in the Constitution—a very small thing to fight about, but we made an awful big fuss when we got at it.

Now, nobody can take away the glories of either side. A man had as well attempt to scale the ramparts of Jehovah and pluck from heaven's diadem God's brightest star as to snatch the laurel from the brow of the conqueror or the conquered that stood under the apple tree of Appomattox. They go together; they are all famous; and there were good men on all sides. They disagreed, and they fought for it; but when one side conquered and the other was conquered, we took our oaths of allegiance; and I can hold up my hand before high heaven and before this Senate to-day and say I have never violated the oath that I took to be a good citizen of the United States, and I never knew of a soldier of the Confederacy violating that obligation.

This is my father's house. I am proud to be in it. I am proud to be associated to-day with the men whom I see around me. I have read the papers, and I have heard you all abused and censured, but I find that this is the finest working body of men with whom I have ever been associated. I had no idea of the amount of work that was incumbent upon a man who occupies a seat in this Senate. If he does his duty, he has a great amount of labor to perform for the benefit of his country—of our country. I know no North, no South, no East, no West, but I love my country, every part the best.

I love Mississippi because it is my home. A man always loves his home a little more than any other place. I love the particular spot where I live better than any other spot, and you do the same. We have there ties of friendship and love and everything that we have not anywhere else.

I come to you to talk of friendship and of love for one another. My religion is the eleventh commandment of Christ, when he said: "A new commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another." That is what I want to bring about here; that is my object in standing here to-day to talk to you as I do. I want to implant in you, just as it is in my heart, a growing love for the country I live in and the people I live with. I live with you all; you are not divided from us by Mason and Dixon's line, isothermal lines, or any other plagued lines. I want to wipe out all lines. That is my desire.

THE TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE BY COLONEL WATTROUS.—Col. A. H. Brown, who served in Company B, 13th Tennessee Infantry, writes in grateful commendation of the paper by Colonel Wattrous—copied on page 106 March VETERAN—stating that such sentiments "can emanate only from a chivalrous and knightly soldier;" that he would like to extend to him an old-fashioned Southern welcome, and that we old "Johnnies" are ready to "meet him halfway."

J. E. Summerell, Box 522, Savannah, Ga., makes inquiry for the record of Capt. William D. Hamilton, who formed and equipped a company known as William D. Hamilton's Company, of which he was captain, and which formed a part of the 25th Georgia. Any survivors of his company or others will confer a favor by giving some information of his record.

HOW LEE'S CORPS CROSSED DUCK RIVER.

BY CAPT. GEORGE E. BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Of the fatal blunders committed by the Confederates in the War between the States, the worst was—unless we except the removal of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston—when Hood left Georgia open to Sherman and took his own army into Tennessee. I was so impressed at the incipiency, and became more and more strongly so as the movement progressed. I gave this opinion to Generals Pettus and Pillow near Florence at the table of Mr. Patton, afterwards Governor of Alabama. That opinion doubtless became almost universal after the slaughter at Franklin, Tenn.

Stevenson's and Clayton's Divisions of Lee's Corps were left to confront Schofield at Columbia, while Hood with the rest of the army crossed the river a few miles above Columbia and placed himself in Schofield's rear at Spring Hill. Duck River approaches Columbia from a northerly direction, and on striking the hill upon which the town is built turns westward. The Federals upon leaving Columbia intrenched themselves upon the rising ground across the river. Their main line was more than half a mile from the river, the land sloping downward through an open wood from their intrenchments to near the river. Not far from the river they had a strong picket line in rifle pits. The enemy's attention was intentionally held through the day by constant firing from both artillery and small arms.

About 3:30 P.M. on the 29th of November, 1864, the 23d, 31st, and 46th Alabama Regiments, under General Pettus, were run down the steep hillside in squads under a galling fire, sheltering under the river bluffs as they were put across the river in a pontoon boat. I went over the river with the first squad. As soon as the three regiments were over we were formed on the steep sides of the bluff. At the command of Pettus to forward we rushed up the bluff, and some of the prisoners taken said it looked to them like we came up out of the earth. With a Rebel yell we dashed upon them, not heeding their sharp fire, and soon had possession of their line of pits and many of them prisoners.

The pursuit continued some distance toward the main line. My regiment, the 46th, was on the right next to the river as it approached the city. My men were enthusiastic, cheering as they rushed forward. A command to "halt!" came from General Pettus, which I repeated, but ran immediately to him, as he was only a short distance away, and said to him: "General, if you will let us go on, we can take their works, for they are getting out and hitching their horses to their guns." He ordered me with some sharpness to go back and halt the regiment. This was the only time in all the war that he ever spoke to me other than with kindness. He told me afterwards that he was in sympathy with my feelings, and believed himself that we could have captured their works, but that he had positive orders, twice repeated, to go no farther than the picket line, and we were then considerably in advance of it. The result was that the enemy returned to their works and resumed fire with artillery and rifles, keeping it up till after night. It was impossible to obtain any shelter for my men; so I ordered them to lie as close to the ground as possible. While so lying, doing nothing effective, I lost several of my best men, more, I am sure, than if we had gone on in the charge. When the command came to halt and I repeated it, some of the men shouted back, while their eyes flashed, one I remember in particular, Richards, a black-haired boy in his teens: "Halt! let's go on and take those works."

As soon as we had cleared the way the pontoon was laid, and a little after night the troops were crossing. We remained in line till all were across and formed, and then moved on after the fleeing foe, expecting to strike him in the rear while Hood held him in front. We expected nothing else but to bag the whole of Schofield's army. There was no sleep for our two divisions that night, for it was all occupied in crossing the river, forming, and marching. When two or three hours had passed in marching, we were constantly expecting to hear the roar of battle; but no such sound greeted us. At last as it began to get light we came to Spring Hill, but there were neither Federals nor Confederates there. The camp fires of the Confederates still burned along the pike but a short distance from it, along which the foe had walked almost unmolested through the trap well set for him. Why this was so has never been explained. It is a shameful puzzle yet, and will never be explained till time ends, for all who could make it have gone "over the river," not to return.

The Confederates had followed on upon the heels of the escaped foe and rushed upon him through broad, open fields as he lay sheltered behind his strong works at Franklin. Never was greater bravery and daring shown by soldiers than that of the army of Hood as it hurled itself in charge after charge against those death-dealing lines. The ground was covered with the dead before, on, and over the works.

While the trenches were being prepared to bury the dead the next day (November 30) I walked along the line from the literally torn-up black locust thicket grove to beyond the pike road, and feel almost sure that I could have gone the distance by stepping each time upon the body of a dead soldier. I saw two, three, and in one instance four dead Confederates lying on or across each other. As many as thirty and even forty bullets had pierced some bodies. I counted seventeen dead Federals in the traverse across the turnpike. Our loss in killed was about three times that of the enemy. Six Confederate generals were killed, six wounded, and one captured. Nothing was gained except reputation for bravery. We reached the vicinity of Nashville later than if we had not fought. All this loss in men and loss of confidence in the commander depressed the spirits of our army, and perhaps accounts for some other things that took place afterwards. Fortunately for the two divisions of Lee's Corps, we were too late to take part in the blood-stained field of Franklin.

Of the movement on the part of the three regiments under General Pettus in opening the way for laying the pontoon bridge at Columbia on page 687 of Series 1, Volume XLV., Part I., "War Records," Gen. Stephen D. Lee says: "Pettus's Brigade made a most gallant charge on the rifle pits of the enemy, driving a much superior force and capturing the pits. The bridge was at once placed and the crossing commenced." General Stevenson says on pages 693 and 694: "A pontoon boat in charge of Captain Ramsey, engineer, was taken down to the river under a galling fire, launched, and could then under cover of our artillery and skirmish fire be used without much exposure in ferrying our troops. This was done with all practicable rapidity, the troops as they crossed forming under the cover of the steep bank to which I have alluded. * * * Everything being made ready, I directed General Pettus to advance, and his command dashed forward at the word, driving the enemy before them by a charge that elicited the warmest admiration of all who witnessed it."

[Captain Brewer commanded the 46th Alabama for a time.]

INCIDENTS OF THE RETREAT FROM NASHVILLE.

BY CAPT. GEORGE E. BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

General Whitaker, of the Federal army, Volume XLV., Part I., "War Records," writes of "routing Pettus's Brigade from their works and the confusion" following on December 16 at Nashville. He admits, however, that they had repelled several assaults. General Thomas in the same volume really makes it worse for us, if anything, yet he also credits us with gallantly repelling several assaults. I was in charge of my regiment, the 46th Alabama, and know that we were not driven out, nor do I believe we could have been. * * * We confidently awaited the onset. We were firing upon their advance line, expecting nothing but to see them leave our front, as they had before. They were in easy range of our arms, and showed no more dash than before, and in consequence awakened no more fear. * * *

While dealing with those in front I heard near-by shots to my left and rear, and upon turning in that direction, to my amazement, I saw the enemy in possession of the battery to the left of the 30th Regiment on my immediate left, the enemy mingling in a hand-to-hand conflict with that regiment as they moved on down its flank and rear. The lines had been broken to our left, and the enemy had flanked us unawares, and we had not time to prepare new alignments. Those of the 30th Regiment not captured were leaping to the rear for safety. I looked to the right and saw the 20th Alabama also getting out of their works. That left me no alternative but to order my regiment to about face and move out. Before all were out I saw General Pettus forcing the 20th back, and so I countermanded my order. Before getting fairly settled down to work the 20th again left for the rear. I repeated my command to about face and make to the rear. Part of both officers and men stayed, showing signs for surrender. I ran along the line begging them to follow me out, but most of those in the trenches staved. The few who had been persuaded to leave joined me.

The enemy being in front, flank, and rear, the retreat became a rout. It was the only rout of which I was ever a participant. The woods and pike were filled with stragglers making to the rear. I saw Generals Pettus, Stevenson, Lee, and other officers trying to rally the men, but without avail. I was among the very last, owing to the time lost in trying to get my men out. * * * By this time I had come up with a few of my own men that were known to be cool and determined. We reached the pike near the crest of a hill overlooking the battle ground. Two pieces of artillery were there, but seemed to have been abandoned. Looking back, the enemy pursuing seemed but little better organized than the Confederates, but were simply straggling along, firing upon the Confederates. I asked the handful of men with me to give the advance a few rounds. They did so readily, and others coming along joined us. Something like a dozen stood together shooting as fast as they could load. It resulted in a check to the enemy's advance, and we resumed marching to the rear. After going some distance, we found a line of some two or three hundred drawn up facing toward the foe. There were sixteen stands of colors in this short line. After waiting awhile, the enemy again came in view; but it took only a few rounds to make them drop back under cover of the hill. After waiting awhile, as they appeared no more, we continued our course back toward Franklin, our numbers constantly increasing. Several miles were put between us and the enemy, when about 10 or 11 P.M. we bivouacked. Lee, Stevenson, and Pettus were there.

Starting south before day, we were passed before night by a number of our cavalry, who twitted us about running away, stating that they were going back to show us how to whip Yankees, so we need not be afraid any more. A good many soldiers had come in through the night and early hours of the 17th, so that it looked more like an army again. As day dawned Pettus's Brigade was formed in line with the curving of the hill to the left of the pike as we faced at Hollow Tree Gap, Stovall to the right, and Bledsoe's Battery at the pike. After we had been in position something like an hour, firing was heard in the direction our cavalry had gone. The firing was not very heavy nor did it last long, and was followed by only an occasional shot coming nearer. In a short time a deafening clatter of galloping horses rung out on the morning air, and overcoats of blue were flying over the backs of horses as the cavalcade rushed down the pike, filling it as far back as we could see. It was our cavalry, who were going to show us how to fight Yankees. Immediately upon their heels and even mixed with the rear were the pursuing cavalry of the enemy; but one could not be told from the other, as the Confederates under Forrest had on blue overcoats recently captured. Some of the Federal cavalry had run behind our lines in the pursuit, and all might have done so and we none the wiser, for all the apparel looked alike.

The Federals who had passed in, seeing our colors and the ragged grays around them, halted, and would have turned back, but General Pettus gave orders to fire, and from both sides of the hills a volley was poured in at close range. They were ordered to surrender, and began speedily to dismount. A large number had dismounted, when some gallant officer rode rapidly up the line, ordering the men to remount and fall back. The larger part did so, receiving our fire as they left. Those who had entered our lines nearest the gap surrendered.

After waiting some time and the attack was not renewed, we continued our march toward Franklin. Some distance to the rear Clayton's Division was formed across the pike. After passing his line, we again formed and halted. It was not long till Clayton's line was charged; but the enemy was driven back, and Clayton then formed in our rear. The retreat was continued thus in alternate lines until Pettus took position on the banks of the Harpeth at Franklin. The rest of the army passed over the river. We were here again heavily assailed, but drove back the foe. The Federal report says they drove us across the river. This is not correct, nor could it be, for the river was too much swollen to allow crossing except by bridge. As soon as the enemy were driven off we fell back to the Franklin side as rapidly as could be done over the temporary bridge. While crossing a poor fellow who had fallen on the bridge was struggling to regain his footing and begging piteously; but every fellow was so anxious to get across that the last I saw of him he was still wallowing in the mud and the men were running over him.

After crossing the river, which was near midday, we had a short, much-needed breathing spell. The night of the 16th had been spent in moving to the new line and intrenching, the day following in fighting, most of the night in marching and reorganizing, and on the 17th we had been fighting and marching; so we were much worn with loss of sleep and active work. If it could be called rest, it was brief; for as soon as affairs could be put in shape Pettus's and Cummings's Brigades were again chosen for the rear guard, as we had been all the morning.

Within about two miles of Franklin on the Columbia Pike we formed line—Pettus on the right facing toward the enemy and Cummings on the left with two pieces of artillery on the

pike. It had been raining before, and that day a slow rain was falling, so that in the fields where the infantry was stationed it was very muddy. Clayton's Division was moving slowly toward Columbia, so as to be in reach of support to Stevenson if needed, but not supposed to be, as it was believed the swollen river would divide the opposing forces. Some of the same cavalry that were to show us how to fight Yankees were upon our flanks.

About two o'clock or later in the afternoon a large force of cavalry quietly formed in our front, to which numbers were being added until the line far overlapped our flanks. It was a question as to who they were, since Federal and Confederate cavalry could not be designated by apparel. Soon they revealed themselves by a bold and vigorous charge upon us. This was the first time we had encountered cavalry, and it must be confessed that they awakened admiration by their gallant and brave bearing. They swooped down upon us with pistols, carbines, and sabers, hewing, whacking, and shooting. Our cavalry flankers, desiring safety for themselves, left us to our fate. It was the most trying experience I had during the war. The enemy were so numerous as to envelop us, and withal they were brave fighters. Our infantry lines, seeing themselves abandoned by the cavalry and the enemy in close vigorous personal attack in both front and flank, after a few rounds, showed sign of wavering. This was manifest in both ours and Cummings's Brigades. I knew there was no chance of escape but by fighting; so I ran along my line entreating the men to stand as our only chance, for we would never get away in the large, open grounds around us, for there were enough of them to give three or four mounted men to chase down each fellow afoot.

I suppose the commanders of the other regiments did likewise, for in a little while the lines were steady, with a grim determination on every face, using shot or bayonet as needed. On looking around it was the same as far as could be seen on both sides of the pike. From the time the panicky feeling was quelled never were soldiers, nor can they ever be, more determined, more fearless, or more effective, and withal they were cheerful through the remainder of the day. It must have been the outcome of the desperate situation. My heart swells to this day with a justifiable pride in such a soldiery.

When at last after desperate fighting we had driven them off, we about faced and marched till we saw them approaching again, when we about faced and met them with renewed punishment; this was repeated several times. When the day was closing and they made their last advance, they halted when within close range without firing a gun or other hostile demonstration. The inquiry in our minds was: "Who are they? If friends, why do they not come to us? If foes, why this waiting to attack?" Generals Stevenson and Pettus with their staffs were quite near me, and some one of the staff asked who they were. Nobody knew. Major Reeves, of Stevenson's staff, said, "I will find out," and rode down the pike about halfway between the two lines, and soon after he started two or three from the other line came, meeting him. When they had neared each other, Reeves wheeled his horse and rode back rapidly. He hardly commenced his return when a few men from the other line broke down the pike with speed, and, reaching our two pieces of artillery, cut down the wheels, rendering them useless. As they dashed down upon the pieces we opened upon them with our whole force, and they replied spiritedly, but did not charge.

While the engagement was on we heard heavy firing in our rear which continued for some time. When night had fully set in those in our front withdrew. In due time we marched back a few miles and laid our weary bodies down for much-needed rest. But little preparation was made for a comfortable bed, as three days had passed with but little sleep, rest, or food, but a good deal of fighting, with much mental anxiety, much plodding through mud, and our clothing cold, weighted with rain.

It was known before we halted, however, why the enemy in their last approach had waited in bringing on the action. A heavy detachment had been sent around the precipitous range of hills bordering the Columbia Pike westward, so as to pass to our rear through a gap in the range, coming upon our rear, and so inclose us on both sides and force a surrender, securing thus a victory for less cost than by fighting. Clayton had heard our constant fighting through the evening, and had halted his division between us and the gap through which the flanking party came, so as to render assistance, assured that we must need it after such strenuous fighting. It was our salvation, for the flanking force had passed through the gap and were passing to our rear when they met Clayton's men, who at once assailed and beat them off. There was a peculiar feature to this retreat. The retreating party bore off the spoils—clothing, shoes, arms, horses, saddles, blankets, and other things.

I feel constrained to quote from the generals commanding to show that we did our duty well. General Stevenson says on page 696, Volume XLV.: "The enemy, perceiving the shortness of my line, at once threw a force around my left flank and opened fire upon its rear, and soon enveloped us in front, flank, and rear; but my gallant men under all their charges never faltered, never suffered their formation to be broken for an instant, and thus we moved, driving our way through them, fighting constantly until within a short distance of Spring Hill. * * * General Lee was pleased to acknowledge in grateful and complimentary terms the services of my command upon this occasion, and I make no vain boast when I too thank them for their conduct, and declare that never did a command in so perilous a position extricate itself by the force of more admirable coolness, determination, and unflinching gallantry." In addition, the commanders issued orders of thanks to the two brigades, but they are not on record.

It is remarkable how little appears in our published histories of the deeds of valor and endurance on the part of the soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee. All eyes seem centered on the defenses of Richmond, and in history we of the Western Army receive the indifferent notice of neglected step-children, as we largely shared that same fate in the campaigns of the war. I would not detract one iota from the praise given to the valor and deeds of the Army of Northern Virginia, for they deserve all the praise they get. But that is no reason we should be neglected, for I am sure soldiers never carried themselves better or did their duty more nobly than did ours throughout the ordeal narrated. Never did soldiers fight better, fare worse, and endure more uncomplainingly than did the defenders of Vicksburg. With a skirmish line of more than half-famished men for food and water they held in check an overwhelmingly well-fed army for months; and when at last they were ordered to march out of the trenches to stack surrendered arms, tears of humiliation ran down their dirty, pinched faces, for far rather had they risked all in cutting their way out than yield as defeated.

General Black while Commander of the G. A. R. said to me that Johnston's campaign from Dalton to Atlanta had no

parallel in the world's history for consummate skill and brave achievement, and he ought to know, for he was one of Sherman's generals in the campaign. Valley Forge bore but little comparison to the patient endurance of hardships of the Confederate soldiers who worked and fought their way from Nashville to Tupelo. Very many of them utterly barefooted and but few with shoes that would protect their feet, they left their tracks in blood cut from bare feet by frozen ground. Numbers had only the back of pant legs dangling behind, the front scorched off trying to dry and warm around the camp fires at night after plodding all day in rain and sleet and mud. The next morning the mud was frozen, gashing their feet, while their legs looked blue as the cold winds chafed them. Without a blanket, many of them coiled up by the fire on the ground to forget in sleep all this bitterness and to dream of wife and babies. These barefooted fellows when chance permitted would take parts of green hides from beeves and make moccasins; but these would soon be thrown away, for the hard wrinkles formed as the skins dried chafed continuously, and were worse than the occasional cut. With all the suffering and destitution seldom was a murmur heard, and often a jest made of what would have tried the stoicism of an Indian. Never was an army made of better stuff, and they ought to command the veneration of every lover of country.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT FREDERICK, MD.

Mr. John C. Watkins, of Anderson, S. C., was in Frederick, Md., in May and visited Mount Olivet Cemetery. There among the Confederate dead he found the grave of his father, Lieut. Col. Thomas C. Watkins, of the 22d South Carolina Infantry. He had not been heard from since the battle of South Mountain, in 1862, and his family had always supposed he was buried on the battlefield. Mr. John Watkins was only ten years old at the time of his father's death. He was very much touched and gratified, he said, to find his father's grave after all these years resting in that beautiful cemetery, guarded by the Confederate monument and cared for, together with those of his comrades, by the Daughters of the Confederacy. His mother had passed away without knowing her husband's resting place.

Col. G. N. Saussy, of Sylvester, Ga., was also in Frederick in May. In 1862 he was wounded in the streets of that city, and this was his first visit there since then. He located all the points the whole length of the street, and also visited the battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa.

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, No. 279, at Frederick, has repaired and relettered the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery. It is now making strenuous efforts to erect a marker to Confederates who fell on the battlefield of Monocacy, near the city. It is their intention to put up a modest memorial to the boys in gray and unveil it next summer. The battle of Monocacy was fought July 9, 1864, by Union forces under Gen. Lew Wallace and Confederates under Gen. John B. Gordon. The latter in his excellent account of it said that "old Monocacy stream ran red with blood for one hundred yards."

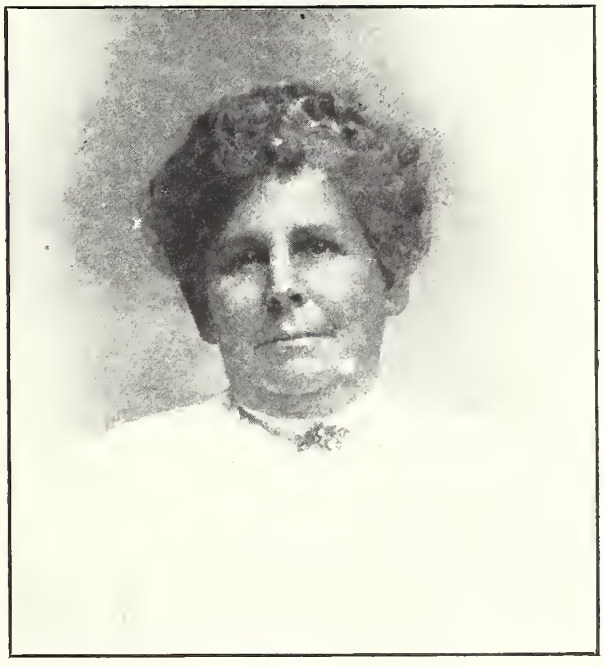
Soldiers from Georgia and elsewhere fought in this battle who may yet be living. The Chapter would be grateful for any contribution, however small, toward this object. Old soldiers or any sympathizers of the South wishing to contribute may do so by sending a mite to the Treasurer, Miss Emma R. Gittinger, 224 East Patrick Street, Frederick, Md.

A TRIBUTE TO A LOYAL WORKER.

From an "old vet" comes this tribute to the zeal and loyalty of a true daughter of the South:

"The Daughters of the Confederacy have not among their members one who works more earnestly to perpetuate the memories of those dear dead days when the Old South was in her bloom and glory than Mrs. M. E. Simons, daughter of Thomas W. Crawford, of New Orleans, La., and wife of W. U. Simons, of Del Rio, Tex. Coming from one of the aristocratic families of Virginia and close identified with Louisiana, trained in that school of hospitality and gallantry which seems, alas! to be passing away, it can be truly said that Mrs. Simons is a true type of Dixie womanhood.

"To me the sweetest memory of those days which tried men's souls was the devotion of the Southern women to the cause of the Confederacy; and when I look upon the withered faces of the dear old mothers of to-day who forty years cheered their husbands and sweethearts to the battle front, I understand why it was that we kept the stars and bars in the breeze for four years against such overwhelming odds.



MRS. M. E. SIMONS, DEL RIO, TEX.

They were the bravest, fairest, and sweetest women the world has ever known, and it is their daughters—the Daughters of the Confederacy—who are to-day perpetuating that splendid type of womanhood.

"Mrs. Simons is President of the Del Rio Chapter, U. D. C., and is a leader in the grand work in her community of preserving the history of those men who, in the bloom and glory of youth, heard the sweet notes of 'Dixie' and rallied from every hill and dale of our fair Southland to fight for country and home and loved ones. In addition to this, she is doing noble work among the poor of the city. The Daughters of the Confederacy have a charity fund, and most zealously does their President labor to keep money on hand for the relief of the needy, especially our Confederate veterans.

"This little testimonial of esteem is offered to the life and services of a Daughter of the Confederacy while she is still living and working among us."

EDWARD COOPER AND HIS WIFE MARY.

[The following pathetic story was related by Gen. Armistead L. Long, General Lee's chief of artillery, at the unveiling of the monument erected to General Lee in Richmond, Va.]

During the winter of 1863 it was my fortune to be president of one of the court-martials of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground, I left my bivouac to attend the session of the court. Winding for many miles along uncertain paths, I at last arrived at the court at Round Oak Church. Day by day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with the violation of military law; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by so large and anxious a crowd of spectators as on that morning awaiting the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of until at length the case of "The Confederate States of America vs. Edward Cooper," charge, "desertion," was called. A low murmur arose from the battle-scarred prisoners as a young artilleryman stepped from the prisoners' bench, and in response to the query, "Guilty or not guilty?" replied: "Not guilty." The judge advocate was about to open the case, when the court, observing that the accused was unattended by counsel, inquired: "Who is your counsel?" He replied: "I have no counsel." Supposing it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification was maintained. He was told to introduce his witnesses, but he replied: "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable destruction, I said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it true that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors without a reason therefor?" "There is a reason," he replied; "but it will not avail me before a military court." "Perhaps you are mistaken," I said. "You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it becomes your duty to make known the cause which influenced your action."

For the first time his manly form trembled; his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, saying as he did so: "There, General, is what did it." I opened the letter. Immediately my eyes were filled with tears. It passed from one to another of the court, until all had seen it, and those stern, battle-scarred warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred different battles wept like children. As soon as I recovered my self-possession I read the letter aloud in defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

"*My Dear Edward:* I have always been proud of you, but since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before; but unless you come home at once we must die. Last night I was awakened by little Eddie's crying. I called and said to him: 'Eddie, what is the matter?' He replied: 'O, mamma, I am so hungry.' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains; but day by day she is growing thinner and thinner; and before God, Edward, unless you come at once we will die. Your MARY."

"What did you do when you received this letter?" I inquired of the accused. He replied: "I made application for a furlough; it was rejected. Again I made application for a furlough; it was rejected. The third time I made application for a furlough it was rejected, and that night as I wandered back and forth at camp, thinking of my home with the wild, blue eyes of Lucy looking up at me and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but the husband of Mary and the father of Lucy, and I would have passed those lines that night had every gun in the battery been turned upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran to meet me; her angel arms embraced me, and she said: 'O, Edward, I am so glad you have come; I am so glad you got your furlough.' She must have felt me shudder; for, turning pale as death and catching her breath at every word, she said: 'Edward, did you come without your furlough? Go back; let me and my children go down with sorrow to the grave, but for heaven's sake preserve the honor of our name.' Here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by any military power, but by the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of the court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's statement. Before them stood in beautiful vision the eloquent pleader for husbands' and fathers' wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning flashed and scorched their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict, "Guilty." Fortunately for humanity the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner pardoned and will report to his company.

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

During the battle of Cold Harbor, while shot and shell were falling like torrents from the mountain cloud, my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. On reaching the spot I found that every gun in the battery had been dismantled except one, by the side of which stood a lone Confederate with blood streaming from his side. As soon as he saw me he raised his voice above the roar and din of battle and said: "General, I have one more shell left. Tell me, have I preserved the honor of Mary and Lucy?"

I lifted my hat, and one more Confederate shell went crashing through the enemy's lines, and the brave hero sank beside his gun, to rise no more.

The substance of the foregoing has been given before now, but this authentic statement deserves a place in the records. Mr. R. G. Stegall wrote at the request of the VETERAN for specifications to Rev. Arthur M. Lewis at St. Albans, W. Va., and he referred to Harry Lee Tansill, who wrote: "My friend Mr. Stegall has referred to me Rev. Mr. Lewis's letter of March 1 with your notation thereon relative to the story of the Edward Cooper court-martial. General Long recited this story at the laying of the corner stone of one of the monuments erected in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., about 1880. It was published at the time in many of the Virginia papers, and I committed it to memory. The sketch which I furnished Mr. Stegall was written from memory, and is just about as General Long delivered it. Gen. A. L. Long was one of the chiefs of artillery under General Lee."

MONUMENT AT CLINTON, LA.

A monument to Confederate soldiers has recently been erected at Clinton, La., at a cost of $1,600. It is of granite, eighteen feet from base to the top of the statue, and is a beautiful piece of work. The monument is the result of the untiring efforts of the Clinton Chapter, U. D. C., assisted by a donation of five hundred dollars given by the Police Jury, which was obtained by Messrs. W. E. Hatcher and A. White, two members of Camp S. E. Houston.

CAPTURE OF GRANT'S HORSE AT BELMONT, MO.

BY A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

In the May VETERAN, page 202, appears an interesting account of the battle of Belmont, Mo., written by Gov. James D. Porter, chief of staff to Gen. B. F. Cheatham, who commanded on the Confederate side in that fight. From the closing scene I quote as follows: "It soon became a race between the two belligerents as to who would reach Grant's transports first; but he beat Cheatham to the boats and hurriedly took his departure. Cheatham was so close to his heels that Grant, just before he went on board the boat (and he was the last man to go aboard), abandoned his horse, which was appropriated by one of Cheatham's staff officers, who used the horse until he was shot in the battle of Shiloh."

General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," Volume I., page 278, gives the following account of the same incident: "I was the only man of the national army between the Rebels and our transports. The captain of a boat that had just pushed out but had not started recognized me and ordered the engineer not to start the engines. He then had a plank run out for me. My horse seemed to take in the situation. There was no path down the bank, and every one acquainted with the Mississippi River knows that its banks in a natural state do not vary at any great angle from the perpendicular. My horse put his fore feet over the bank without hesitation or urging, and with his hind feet well under him slid down the bank and trotted aboard the boat, twelve or fifteen feet away, over a single gang plank. I dismounted and went at once to the upper deck."

The discrepancy between the two accounts in reference to that horse is a little amusing. This little incident serves to show how very inaccurate are the details of history. We can never be sure of the truthfulness of more than the outlines of important events.

TWO BIRMINGHAM SONS OF VETERANS.

BY ADJT. JAMES B. CABLE, GULFPORT, MISS.

One very pleasant feature of the Mobile Reunion I bring to the attention of VETERAN readers. As you know, many veterans attend the Reunions with scant purses, hoping to meet old comrades and march with them in memory of other days. Many of these men are from the farms or small towns, who become confused in cities, and do not know how to find the needed accommodations of food and lodging, and go back to their homes sadly disappointed.

At Mobile two members of Camp Henry D. Clayton, No. 433, U. S. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala., Sam E. Clarke and W. E. Hay, knowing of these unfortunate conditions at previous Reunions, took to Mobile six large tents and all the blankets obtainable in Birmingham and Mobile. These tents they pitched at the corner of St. Joseph and St. Anthony Streets, only three blocks from Bienville Square and convenient to the city's center. Being unable to procure cots or mattresses, they laid a most acceptable bed of fine shavings in each tent and provided an unceasing supply of ice water. All of these comforts and conveniences were placed at the free use of any veteran wishing to accept them, and thus fully one hundred men were saved from walking the streets and sleeping on benches in the parks.

My good friend Clarke had invited me to be with him, and I accepted. I would rather have been with them than at the Battle House. Maybe we didn't have fun!

All this comfort and joy was at the personal expense of these two young men, who gave the credit to their Camp.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

BY DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX.

"Our dangers and delights are near allies;
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise."

During the great war in midwinter of 1862 the 4th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry was encamped at Oakland Station, twelve miles above Bowling Green, on the L. & N. Railroad, as a camp of observation, Col. R. P. Trabue commanding. It was known that the Federal General Rousseau with twenty thousand men was coming down through Kentucky to attack Bowling Green, and reports had been circulating through the regiment for several days that Rousseau would attack us at night.

I was on duty as officer of the day, and at one o'clock all was as still and quiet as a cathedral graveyard. The wind had ceased to blow, and everything seemed wrapped in a quiet siesta. Lights had long since all been snuffed, and the entire regiment, save the night guard, were enjoying midnight slumbers.

At this juncture of the silent night the whole earth seemed to tremble and quiver, and there was the great roar of an explosion as if a forty-pound Columbiad had sounded over the sleeping camp. In a second all was confusion and uproar in the camp, the company sergeants shouting out for Company A, B, C, and so on to fall in and double-quick; also shouts went up from various parts of the regiment: "Rousseau is on us!" Men fell into line with all kinds of costumes, some not costumed at all; but all had their guns and cartridge boxes, in apparel outrivaling Falstaff's recruits.

According to custom, I had turned the guard over to the sergeant and went to my marquee for half a night's sleep. At the great upheaval we broke like a quarter horse for the guardhouse, where we heard Colonel Trabue shout out in the great confusion: "Where is Lieutenant Cunningham?" "Here," I answered. "Where have you been?" "To my marquee." "Asleep?" "Yes, sir." "Then I put you under arrest for sleeping on duty and for court-martial." Then I thought: "Shot to-morrow at sunrise." I wanted to explain, so I shouted back to the Colonel that my action that night had been the custom of all officers of the guard since the formation of the regiment, and for verification I referred him to Lieut. John H. Weller (now an honored citizen of Louisville, Ky.), who spoke up hurriedly with vehemence that I was correct. I then told the Colonel that I did not see why he should make an example of me when all others had done the same. "Well," responded the Colonel, "such being the case, I have no desire to have you shot; so I release you from arrest." But I still love Lieutenant Weller. Then the Colonel issued a verbal order that the next officer of the day caught asleep on duty would be shot at sunrise.

The cause of the great midnight alarm was the explosion of an old flouring mill that had been pressed into service and run by an army crew, making flour for the army. The boys had gotten hold of a gallon jug of spirits frumenti, hence the result. I am now seventy-four years old, and have never wanted to sleep on duty since. We caught a reprimand on dress parade next day.

Mrs. L. Zibbeon Duke, of New York, a Kentuckian, is leading a movement to raise a fund for a monument to Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer. It is presumed that this fund will be expended for a monument to be erected where he was killed, near Millsprings, Ky.

PALMER'S BRIGADE IN THE CAROLINAS.

BY G. W. HILL, EFFA, ARK.

The brigade left Tupelo, Miss., about January 28, 1865, and went by rail and steamer via Mobile and Augusta to Branchville, S. C., and was the first brigade to front Sherman at the bridge on the Edisto River, near Branchville. We fought his advance about three days, during which time the writer and three comrades were detailed as scouts for General Palmer. He sent us with a guide across the river near the enemy's lines in a small canoe. After landing we decided that their main force had gone away, although their sharpshooters were still firing. We reported this to General Palmer. He then ordered us on a forced march to Shilling Bridge, where we again fronted Sherman. After skirmishing with them for a few hours, at a bugle sound they charged against us with their superior forces; but General Palmer skillfully withdrew his brigade with the loss of a few men. We next fronted them at Congaree Creek, near Columbia, where we built breastworks and witnessed General Butler's cavalry make a gallant charge on Sherman's advance column which prevented further advance on our infantry till darkness intervened. Then we retreated to Columbia during the night of February 15, 1865.

On February 16 a part of our brigade was in position near the depot in Columbia, where the enemy shelled us from the west side of the Congaree River, and severely wounded one of our men. The next day a part of our brigade was deployed as sharpshooters on the bank of the Congaree River near the city where the enemy had obtained possession of a small island in the river. Although our men fought them stubbornly, they finally waded the slough, and our sharpshooters had to retreat. The city was then surrendered by its Mayor to the enemy. The world knows the result.

Our brigade was in the last great battle of the war at Bentonville, where Gen. D. H. Hill rode in front of the brigade as they were starting in their last charge and requested them to drive the enemy from their front, as his corps was pressing on them and awaited their movements. This we did successfully with the loss of many brave men, but the enemy finally succeeded in re-forming their lines. Our gallant Colonel Searcy was in their rear with about forty men. They were completely cut off, but they escaped and made their way around the enemy and returned to us in about twenty days with several Federal prisoners which they captured after the battle.

During the time we were in the Carolinas we were consolidated with some other Tennessee brigades till General Palmer commanded much of the Tennessee infantry when we surrendered near Greensboro. I was a private in Company E, 4th Tennessee Infantry. If what I have written is not absolutely correct, I would be glad to hear from any who know better.

VIRGINIA MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT GETTYSBURG.—The monument to be erected at Gettysburg to the Virginia troops who fell in that battle will stand, if the Secretary of War approves, on West Confederate Avenue, where the extreme right of the lines rested and from which General Lee watched the charge of Pickett's Division. This place was chosen by the commission appointed by the Virginia Assembly.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, told the President when he referred to his wooden leg that it was a good thing to run on in Virginia.

THE TRUE AND THE TRAITORS.

"CONFEDERATES SHOULD APPLY THE CHEMISTRY OF CHIVALRY."

[Address by Col. W. H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., at the Mobile Reunion to the ladies and gentlemen of the United Confederate Choirs of America.]

As I am the oldest member of this organization and denominated its chief counselor, it may be proper that I should say something in a general way about the soldiers whom I have asked you of the younger generations to approve. I want to express to you my great love for the true Confederates and tell you how our spirit nation was murdered.

I want the United Confederate Veterans to define who is a veteran soldier of the Confederate States, and there should be a distinct line drawn between those who risked life and those who were in a place of safety while the battle raged. They should apply the chemistry of chivalry to reveal the qualities of patriotism. And this calls to mind that some who were false to their colors now wish to pose as honorable veterans of our armies. The philosopher allows a license for age to speak of self in a manner which might be unbecoming in younger generations. It is now proper that veterans, nearly all of whom are over three-score years, should speak of those in our ranks who were true and tell of those who were traitors to our flag.

It is not with vanity that I speak of my comrades-in-arms of the firing line when I say they deserve the highest title of knighthood in the roster of ages. I proclaim this with burning pride. The armies of the South have never been surpassed in chivalry and splendid achievements. Their deeds are founded on enduring realizations for the good and glory of mankind, notwithstanding the loss of their nation. Their deeds stand for the white race which has given civilization to the world, for States rights, the most precious jewel of our government.

I am proud of the South; I am proud of her flag which is folded; I am proud of her silent statesmen under the sodded earth; I am proud of her soldiers who are dead; I am proud of the veterans of her disbanded armies; I am proud of Mason and Dixon's line, and want it marked in the hearts of her people as long as the blood of chivalry courses in the veins of generations; I am proud of Robert E. Lee, as I believe the South will always be, notwithstanding the opinion of one United States Senator and the protests of many Grand Army Posts against his effigy in the Statuary Hall of Congress at the national Capitol. They are wails from the dark caverns of uncharitableness. Pity the minds which harbor such hate! Have mercy upon them, O Lord, thou giver of all good, in whose presence is the fullness of joy!

Let the truth of the fight between the North and South be known; let the abiding love of the cause in the land of Davis, Lee, and Jackson be fearlessly proclaimed, and the songs of the Confederate Choirs shall tell the story of its glory from the Gulf of Mexico to the confines of Canada.

In Peru five hundred years ago bards and minstrels were appointed to chronicle the achievements of the departed Incas, and their songs continued to be rehearsed every year at high festivals in the presence of the reigning monarch to stimulate the living by the glorious example of the dead. The United Confederate Choirs of America are now chroniclers of the achievements of the true and faithful men who wore the gray, and the Confederated Memorial Associations and the Daughters of the Confederacy declare that the landmarks of our battles must be made of everlasting granite and that the mem-

ory of the true soldiers shall be cherished in the ever-blazing altar fires of patriotism.

What caused the failure of such splendid armies in consummating the independence of their country? Was it that implied power in the Constitution which satisfied the conscience of such noble Northmen as Charles Francis Adams to enter the ranks of invasion? Was it the power of the frowning fortifications which the Federals held in the South? Was it the great navy which blockaded our ports and forced starvation in our armies? Was it the 494,900 foreigners who enlisted in the armies of the North, of whom 144,200 of the best soldiers were Irishmen from the Green Isle, which has cried aloud for independence and bewailed the oppression of Britain for seven hundred years? Was it the 83,372 deserters who, after enlisting and swearing allegiance to the Confederate States, turned traitors with their backs upon the flag of the South? No. It was the unification of these events that caused the downfall of our nation and the furling forever of its stainless flag. Although the enemies of the South with fanatical intensity were gathering their clans for years in the North and West, she did not believe that war would come when she demanded separation.

All the great statesmen who advocated the adoption of the Federal Constitution denied that it contained power either by direction or by implication to coerce a State. Alexander Hamilton, advocating its adoption by the New York State Convention, said: "It has been well observed that to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised." He could not believe that one State would ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion. So, agreed upon by Washington, Hamilton, and most of the ablest men of that day as without the remotest intent of any implied power to coerce a State, it was adopted. Had such a construction as the Federal government put upon it in 1861 been possible at that time, it would never have been adopted and there would have been no fight between the sections.

Patrick Henry was the wisest of all when he warned the Virginia Convention of the great powers the State was surrendering to the Federal government by the adoption of the Constitution without a bill of rights. "Their garrisons, magazines, and forts would be situated in the strongest places within the States; their ten-mile square, with all the fine ornaments of human life added to their powers and taken from the States, would reduce the powers of the latter to nothing." He insisted that a bill of rights was indispensably necessary; that a general positive provision should be inserted in the new system securing to the States and the people every right which was not conceded to the general government, and that every implication should be done away with.

Had this been done, the War between the States would have been avoided and the blood and suffering of millions of human beings saved. When Virginia ceded the site of Fortress Monroe, when South Carolina gave Moultrie and Sumter to the general government, they planted a death germ of State sovereignty. Had these forts been manned by Virginians and Carolinians, the Southern cross would be flying from their ramparts to-day. Had the navy been distributed between the sections, as rightful ownership would have dictated, Father Ryan's banner would be on the halyards of the battle ships of a nation. Had Europe made her hireling hordes, which swelled the ranks of invasion, cultivate the earth for honest bread, a Confederate soldier would be President of the Confederate States at this hour.

Alas! in shame do I speak it: had the deserters from our ranks stood true to the flag, our spirit nation would now be the proudest republic on the face of the globe. Had these false soldiers stood firm, ten thousand of them in support of the men who charged at Gettysburg would have driven Meade from Cemetery Ridge, and the Army of Northern Virginia would have entered Washington in triumph. Had twenty thousand of them fought with Lee in the Wilderness, Grant would never have reached Appomattox. Had fifty thousand of them stood bravely in the ranks of the army of Joseph E. Johnston, Sherman's march to the sea would be unknown to history. Had these cowards and perjurers been brave enough to fight with the true hearts of patriotism, the South would be independent, notwithstanding all of the other drawbacks I have mentioned. All of the enemy's ships of war, all of his millions of soldiers, both native and foreign, and all of his bristling fortifications at the gateways of our ports would not have conquered the Confederate States if the deserters had been faithful to their flag. Let the names of these infamous men be published and their tainted blood be a scorn forever in the Southland. The deserters were the assassins of the Confederate States—foremost enemies in evil and infamy—the most abhorrent in the eyes of decency as the scum of degradation; the meanest men on the calendar of crime murdered our nation. As the true soldiers of the Confederacy are highest on the lists of praise, so are the traitors deepest in shame.

Children of the South, I am glad of your recognition of your father's heroism in touching melody. I glory in your reverence of the memory of our battle dead—of the 200,000 soldiers who sacrificed their lives for the Confederate cause! I love your love for their faithful comrades who survive. I invoke God's blessings for you and them. I pray that they shall hereafter live in the companionship of innocence and virtue beautiful as the blooming lilies, and when the hour comes death will be sweet, the parting of the body and soul like the perfume of the fading flowers floating out on boundless space as the spirit of universal love.

"CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIRGINNY."

[As rendered by the Rexall Quartet of Virginia darkies.]

Carry me back to Ole Virginny—
Dar's whar de cotton, corn, an' sweet pertaters grow;
Dar's whar de birds warble sweetly in de springtime;
Dar's whar dis good ole darky's heart does long to go.
Long time I labored so hard for ole Marsa
Day after day in de fiel's ob yellow corn.
Dar's no place on earth dat I lubs so sincerely
As dear Ole Virginny, de place whar I was born.

Chorus.

Carry me back to Ole Virginny—
Dar's whar de cotton, corn, an' sweet pertaters grow;
Dar's whar de birds warble sweetly in de springtime;
Dar's whar dis good ole darky's heart does long to go.

Carry me back to Ole Virginny—
Dar let me live till I wither and decay.
Down by de ole Dismal Swamp I have wandered;
Dar's whar dis good ole darky's life must pass away.
Ole Marsa an' ole Missis have long gone befo' me;
Soon we shall meet on dat bright an' happy sho';
Dar we'll be happy an' free from all sorrow;
Dar we shall meet and neber part no mo'.

Chorus.

A FORT DONELSON PRISONER OF WAR.

BY J. T. LOWRY, LYNNVILLE, TENN.

It is seldom we have a greater contrast in weather conditions than was felt at Fort Donelson during the strife at that place. Although it was midwinter (February 11, 1862), at the beginning of the battle and for two days following it was like springtime; but on the 13th dark clouds came rolling up from the northwest, bringing zero temperature, and snow commenced falling, which soon lay on the ground several inches in depth. Yet this had no effect on the hostile forces arrayed against each other. The enemy attacked the works at different points along the line, and were always repulsed with heavy loss.

While we were jubilant over our success in repelling their attacks, they were being largely reënforced; and in consideration of this fact a council of war was held in which it was unanimously determined to make an attack on the right wing of the enemy to open a way for the garrison to move out toward Nashville.

On the morning of the 15th General Pillow led the attacking column so gallantly that the enemy was forced to give way and fall back about one and a half miles; it was little short of a rout. Instead of marching away by the road that had been held by the Federal force, General Pillow ordered the commands to return to their former position in the intrenchments. The writer was near General Buckner when this order was given him. He seemed astonished and asked: "Did General Pillow send such an order?" When assured that he had, General Buckner unhesitatingly obeyed the order, and by night all the commands were occupying their former positions in the intrenchments.

During the night of the 15th another council of war was held, and immediate preparations were made for communicating with General Grant preparatory to a surrender. The gallant General Forrest refused to accede to the terms, asserting that the road was still open for the garrison to march out, and he marched his command away without firing a gun. This move was made as late as the morning of the 16th. At the dawn of that day (Sunday, the 16th) white flags waved along the lines. This was the first intimation the soldiers in the ranks had that they were prisoners of war.

The 3d Tennessee Regiment, to which the writer belonged, and other commands were crowded on a boat that should have been consigned to the junk pile years before. We were in as much danger on its decks as we had been in facing the Yankee bullets. I mention one great danger that faced us every day. In the engine room was an old-time wood stove, and it was the only place that the thousand men aboard had to broil their meat. The old thing had a depression on top that would hold at least half a gallon, and would not be long in filling from the dripping meat. After becoming heated it would get into a blaze, and many who could not even see the stove would have sticks from six to seven feet long with pieces of meat fastened on the ends. When stuck into the blaze, it would increase the flame until it would reach the under side of the upper deck. Had it done so, but few, if any, of us would have survived.

After spending a week on the rickety old craft, we were landed at Alton, Ill., where we were transferred to trains for Chicago. After an all-day run through a blizzard, we arrived there and were marched about two miles to the Camp Douglas prison. Every step of the way was made through ice-cold mud that came up over our shoe tops. We were followed by hundreds of citizens from the city, the high and the low. Barnum in his palmiest days never had a better drawing card than we made. After passing through the large gate at the entrance of the prison, we were soon in comparatively comfortable quarters. About one hundred men were put in each barrack, which were single-story buildings. Bunks were arranged on each side of the building in tiers of three, each tier accommodating six men. We were so completely worn out that we did nothing but sleep and rest for some time, taking no interest in anything going on around us. Rest restored us.

The grounds of the prison were a barren waste. Even after the spring sunshine came to revive vegetation, it failed to bring out a single sprig of grass. By getting on our barrack roofs we could get glimpses of the outside world that made a delightful picture. Lake Michigan was a few hundred yards away, and many sail vessels could always be seen on its waters. In another direction a part of the city lay before us, and the noise of busy traffic was heard. We never tired of gazing at these views; but we were soon deprived of this little pleasure, as guards were ordered to fire on any one seen on a roof.

Only two events brought large crowds to the main square of the prison. One was a visit made by Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, and Governor Morton, of Indiana. Their purpose was to induce the prisoners to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government. Brownlow said: "The negro is the cause of the war, and I make the assertion that not a man before me owns a negro or is related to one who does." They did not succeed in getting a man to take the oath. The other event alluded to was caused by the breaking of the rope to the flag. The rope worked through a ring at the top of the pole one hundred and twenty-five feet high. The colonel in command first offered any prisoner his liberty to take a new rope to the top of the pole; but no one would attempt it, not even for his freedom. One of his own men, who had been a sailor, consented to try the dangerous feat; and after a laborious effort, he succeeded in putting the rope through the ring and came down safely. A thirty days' furlough was his reward.

Citizens never seemed to tire of gazing at a Confederate prisoner; but after a short time they were greatly restricted in getting into the prison. To gratify their curiosity, a thrifty Yankee built an observatory near the prison wall. It was about twenty-five feet high, would hold twenty-five people, and was generally filled during the day. Many citizens thought we were degraded beings and not entitled to any consideration.

The few negroes who had been reared in the North taunted us more than the whites, if possible. One of this class who had some duty to perform at headquarters would insult a prisoner at every opportunity. He was dwarfed and all out of shape. One day he met Felix Martin, of the 3d Tennessee Regiment, of noted strength and activity. The black rascal had a fresh supply of insults, and Martin allowed him to get through with his venom. Then, not seeing a guard near, he rushed at his tormenter, his right foot striking the rascal in the pit of the stomach. The kick was like a sledge-hammer blow, and the negro fell, with the breath knocked out of him. As he slowly regained consciousness, Martin got away and hid his coonskin coat. The punishment was a benefit to the negro.

Almost every prisoner was trying to devise some plan to get away from the hated place. The first thing necessary was to obtain a citizen's suit, which was secured always with great difficulty. After Fitzpatrick and the writer had secured citizens' suits we approached a guard, who readily consented to

allow us to cross his beat for four dollars, and directed us to be near his post on a dark June night. When he went on duty, he called to us to make the start. When we reached the ten-foot plank fence in the rear of the guard line, the guard on the next beat saw us trying to climb the fence and commanded us to halt. When we failed to do so, he commenced firing; but as his aim was bad, his bullets did not check us. We got away from the city without further trouble, and reached Dixie in safety.

Our friends who were left in prison informed us after their release that the guard who let us pass over his beat was court-martialed for the offense, and the sentence of the court was that one side of his head be shaved and he be drummed out of service, and the sentence was carried out.

DEDICATION OF THE GEN. ZOLLICOFFER TABLET.

A handsome marble tablet dedicated on May 19, 1910, the ninety-eighth anniversary of the birth of one of the South's noblest heroes, Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, was placed in the wall of the house in which he lived while a resident of Nashville, Tenn. The tablet bears the inscription: "Born in Maury County, Tenn., May 19, 1812. Killed in the battle of Mill Springs, Ky., Wayne County, January 19, 1862." There is also a stanza from Henry Lynden Flash's poem:

"First in the fight and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story."

Misses Susie Gentry and Will Allen Dromgoole were instrumental in making possible this tribute, and their efforts were ably advanced by Mr. M. B. Morton, Managing Editor of the Nashville Banner. At the dedicatory exercises addresses were made by Robert L. Burch, M. B. Morton, and the Editor of the VETERAN, the latter giving a succinct sketch of General Zollicoffer. Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, Nashville's gifted poet, said she could find no words great or noble enough to blend into poetic tribute, and gave instead a beautiful prose expression of the soldier, statesman, and editor. Miss Susie Gentry read very impressively the poem of Harry L. Flash which was dedicated to General Zollicoffer:

"First in the fight and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story;

And the blood that flowed from his hero heart
On the spot where he nobly perished
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blessed,
And for his soul's sustaining
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ—
And nothing on earth remaining

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story,
And Fame to shout with her braven voice:
'Died on the field of glory!'"

Many beautiful flowers were sent, one wreath of immortelles bearing a card saying that the donor had made his life count for something in his native city through the example of General Zollicoffer. Four daughters of General Zollicoffer—Mrs. Virginia Wilson, Mrs. Octavia Bond, Mrs. Felicia Metcalf, and Mrs. Loulie Sansom—were present at the exercises with many relatives.

A BOY'S STORY OF THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS.

BY JOHN W. SIMPSON, BRONSTON, KY.

Late in 1861 Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer came to Mill Springs, Wayne County, Ky., with an army of about five thousand men, and encamped on the south side of the Cumberland River, twelve miles by land above Mill Springs. Across the river, opposite Stigall's Ferry, was encamped the 12th Kentucky Federal Infantry, under Col. W. A. Hoskins.

The Confederate cavalry would come up to the ferry nearly every day and have a picket fight across the river with the Federals. A week or ten days after the picket fighting began a considerable body of cavalry and infantry came up. I was a boy of fourteen years, and with a neighbor boy was watching the troops pass. About noon a tall, fine-looking officer (General Zollicoffer) with his escort company passed up. He looked rather old to be in the army. A soldier had informed my parents who it was. The army came back that evening with General Zollicoffer at its head. He was the only Confederate general I ever saw, and I think still he was the finest man that ever commanded troops in this section of Kentucky. He did not allow his troops to rob citizens. One of his soldiers stole a goose at Mill Springs, and he had him pay $50 for it.

The next morning General Zollicoffer's army—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—began passing back by my home before daylight, and about sunup the cannon began to roar at Stigall's Ferry. I had gone to drive up the cattle, and my, my, how the cannon did roar! I thought at the time that the shots going through the air over my head were fired by the Federals from the other side of the river, and was glad that they went over the heads of the Confederates also; but I afterwards learned that the Federals never fired a shot that day, and what I heard was only the noise made by the Confederate cannon. The Federals fell back to Somerset, six miles away, and the Confederates returned to Mill Springs. In a few days a steamboat arrived from Nashville, and General Zollicoffer crossed the river at Mill Springs with most of his army and fortified on both sides of the river.

The two armies were now seventeen miles apart, with Fishing Creek between them. On January 18, 1862, General Thomas arrived with an army from Bowling Green, Ky., and was joined at Logansfield, ten miles from Mill Springs, by the Federal army from Somerset. General Zollicoffer with most of his army marched that night to Logansfield to attack Thomas before the army from Somerset, under General Schofield, crossed Fishing Creek to join Thomas. Thomas and Schofield had consolidated at Logansfield before General Zollicoffer reached there; but the latter attacked the combined forces early Sunday morning, the 19th. His army was composed of Tennesseeans and Alabamians, with one regiment of Mississippians, who called themselves the "Mississippi Tigers," and right well did they defend their title while in Kentucky (it was the 15th Mississippi, I believe). They were in front in making the attack, and I understand they suffered most.

It was a smoky, rainy morning; and after the battle had raged for some time, the two armies became confused and ceased firing, with the exception of one Tennessee regiment. General Zollicoffer rode to the colonel of this regiment and told him that he thought he was firing on Confederates, but the colonel replied that he thought not. The General told him to hold up and he would go and see. With his aid, B. Peyton, and a Major Ewing General Zollicoffer rode close to the Federal lines before realizing it. Some Federal called

out: "That is the Rebel General Zollicoffer." Several shots were fired, and he fell dead. Colonel Fry, of the 4th Kentucky Federal, claimed that he killed Zollicoffer, and with his sword Peyton tried to behead Fry, who said he would have succeeded had some Federals not killed Peyton as he was in the act of striking. Major Ewing got back into the Confederate lines with a wound in his foot. The Federals took possession of General Zollicoffer's body. Fighting was resumed, and lasted for some time; and when the Confederates fell back to their intrenchments at Mill Springs, the Federals followed and cannonaded those intrenchments that evening without doing any serious damage.

The Confederates crossed back to the south side of the river that night, burned their steamboat, and left the next morning, the 20th, for Dixie. That was the saddest day I had ever seen. The report came to the south side of the river that Colonel Hoskins intended to turn a squad of his worst troops loose in our settlement to kill all Southern citizens. Several neighbors came to our home to advise with my father about giving up their homes and going South with the army; but he advised all to stay at home and risk the consequences. My little sister and I had taken measles. One of our near neighbors, a widow, brought her afflicted son to our home "to be killed" with our family. My little sister said she wished she could die with measles to keep the Yankees from killing her. The Yankees did not cross over into our settlement for several days.

A good many of the Confederate wounded crossed the Cumberland River at the mouth of Fishing Creek, and several of them stayed that night at John Weaver's, five miles above Mill Springs. One of the Mississippians who had been shot on the side of the head was led by two of his brothers from the battlefield to Mr. Weaver's, and they went on that evening to Mill Springs. On Monday morning Mr. Weaver hauled the wounded who stayed at his house to Mill Springs, and they went on with the army, I suppose, except one Mississippian named Cox, who died there nine days afterwards.

On Monday after the battle a Confederate soldier who had been cut off from his command reached the river four miles above Mill Springs. He took off his clothing and, leaving it on the north bank of the river, swam to the southern shore. There he climbed a long bluff and went near a house and hailed a little boy, who told him that there was no one in the house except his mother and sister. The soldier explained his situation and asked the boy to get him some clothes. The sister sent him a gown and a blanket, with an invitation to come to the fire, which he accepted. While he was eating breakfast the girl went to a Southern citizen and got him a suit of clothes, and they then directed him how to go through the woods south of Mill Springs; but they never knew whether he succeeded in reaching his command.

Three days after the battle my uncle, W. L. Simpson, who lived four miles above Mill Springs, was down on the river and saw three men dressed in Confederate clothes standing under the bank on the north side of the river. They motioned him to come to them, and he went over in a canoe. They informed him that they were Confederate soldiers from Mississippi, and one of them was severely wounded. They had been hiding under the bank all that time, watching for an opportunity to cross, and had had nothing to eat except corn. Uncle brought them over and took them to his home; and after they got supper, the two well ones left for the South. The wounded soldier, whose name was Jesse Armstrong, remained with my uncle for several weeks; and after he began to mend, Union citizens would go every few days to see if Mr. Armstrong could be taken to prison. However, when these citizens would call, Tommie Simpson, my uncle's only son, would give Mr. Armstrong a sign, and he would be dreadfully bad while these citizens remained. But as springtime came on and the Federal army had gone on to Nashville by way of Bowling Green, Ky., Mr. Armstrong improved, and one night a man named John Mercer, who had a son in the Confederate army, took two horses to my uncle's and rode off with Mr. Armstrong for Dixie.

I hope some one who belonged to the gallant 15th Mississippi Regiment may tell what became of Jesse Armstrong.

How General Zollicoffer Was Killed.

F. M. Stafford, of Fitzgerald, Ga., criticised the sketch of Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer in the April Veteran in its account of how the General was killed, page 163. It reports that he was close to the enemy, evidently by accident, and that seeing his predicament he saluted coolly, checked his horse, turned, and rode away. Gen. George H. Thomas reports that he was killed by a pistol ball fired by Col. S. S. Fry, of the 4th Kentucky (Federal) Regiment. There is an inconsistency in the report, but such things always happen under excitement and without intentional misrepresentation. Different persons equally honest give totally different accounts.

There is a reference to the killing of General Zollicoffer in the article, "A Boy's Story of the Battle of Mill Springs, Ky.," by John W. Simpson, of Bronston, Ky., given elsewhere in this number, which explains the seeming inconsistency of the first account referred to.

About the Fight at Aiken, S. C.—W. H. Morris, of Sunbury, Ohio: "In the Veteran for April, page 158, John C. Baird says he does not believe there were over five hundred men in that fight at Aiken, S. C. While we were facing Aiken, about a quarter of a mile east of the town, and the regiment in our front gave way, the comrade to my right said: 'My God, look at them graybacks!' I looked to our right, and about six hundred yards away was a column of Confederates charging around our right flank to get in our rear, and that scared me worse, if possible, than the front attack. It seemed to me that there were a thousand in the column, as I could not see the front or rear, the column was so long. It was an open woods where the column was charging. The comrade who told me to look, poor fellow! was killed by that same column. You may allow some for my being scared. I was like a wit in our company who wished he was home with his mother. If my friend Baird doesn't like this, let him write to me."

Mr. Ed W. McNeill, of Morgantown, W. Va., writes of four graves found in the woods on the battlefield of Bull Run, which are marked by rough slate or sandstones. Thinking there might be friends or relatives who would like to know of the resting places of these soldiers, he gives the names on the tombstones, and says he will be glad to furnish all information he can about them. The graves are located near the Corduroy Road, where the "Louisiana Tigers" camped, and now known as "Tiger Hill." The names given are as follows: M. J. Albritton, Company B, 11th Georgia Regiment, died August 15, 1861; W. T. (or W. L.) Albritton, Company B, 11th Georgia Regiment, died August 11, 1861: G. W. Shumate, Kentucky Volunteers; W. E. Allen, 11th Georgia Regiment, died August 8, 1861, aged twenty-one years.

THE BIG BATTLE SHIP FLORIDA.

The Florida, the biggest battle ship of the United States navy, was launched from the Brooklyn Navy Yard May 12, 1910. The ship is five hundred and twenty-one feet long and has twenty-two thousand tons displacement, with an estimated speed when fully loaded of twenty and three-quarter knots per hour, which is the highest speed limit attained so far by an armored ship. She carries enough coal to make the round trip of the Atlantic, the steam being supplied from sectional boilers by Parsons turbine engines of twenty-eight horse power. The armor is about twelve inches in thickness, and extends over a much larger surface than usual, so as to protect the bottom of the boat as it rolls in heavy seas. It will take a thousand sailors, nine hundred and fifty-four enlisted men, and sixty officers to manage the great ship.

The main battery of the ship consists of ten twelve-inch guns arranged in pairs in turret; two large guns are in each of the five turrets; the second turret in the fore part of the ship is so elevated as to fire freely over the foremost turret. A secondary battery is composed of sixteen five-inch rapid-fire guns, four three-pounders, two one-pounder, and a number of machine guns. There are also twenty-one submerged tubes for torpedoes.

The Vice President, Secretary of the Navy, naval attaches from all the powers, and fifty thousand people, who were too enthusiastic to be kept at home by a steady rain, witnessed the launching of the great ship, which was gay with flags and bunting. Miss Elizabeth Flemming, the daughter of Florida's loved Governor, Francis P. Flemming (who died last year), christened the ship. She dashed a bottle of champagne against the prow as she cried in a clear voice: "Go, brave ship! I christen thee 'Florida.'"

The beginning of the great navy of the United States of which the Florida is the apotheosis was the gunboat Dolphin, which was built a few decades ago. At that time our navy consisted of a score or more of wooden vessels armed with smoothbore guns. After the Dolphin came three steel-built cruisers, Chicago, Boston, and Atlanta, of which the United States was so proud that she sent them abroad for exhibition under the title of the White Squadron, Rear Admiral James G. Walker being in command. There was a wide improvement in the types of the San Francisco, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the next output from the shipbuilders. But even yet we were so illy advanced in knowledge that an Englishman won the prize of fifteen thousand dollars offered by the naval commission for the best plans for second-class armored cruisers of certain dimensions, the ship thus built being the Texas, the ill-fated Maine being also built from the plan.

Next in rapid sequence came the Indiana, Massachusetts, and Oregon, the superb trio that rendered such service in the Spanish-American War. These were designed by Lewis Nixon, and are still regarded as models of ships that can give and take the hardest hitting. Once fired with the ambition to build great boats, our navy yards began giving to the world ships that feared no rivalry even in England, the greatest of all maritime nations. The Iowa stood in a class by itself, but was closely followed by the sister ships, Kentucky and Kearsarge, and the fine triplets, Alabama, Illinois, and Wisconsin, each marking some wonderful development of the shipbuilder's art. Several ships of this date appeared, among them the Connecticut, the flagship of the Atlantic fleet, the Ohio, Missouri, then the Tennessee, and later the Mississippi. And next in line the pioneer Dreadnaughts Delaware, North Dakota, and Utah; the near Dreadnaughts South Carolina and Michigan, and now the apex of the builder's art, the Florida.

THE BATTLE SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

Rear Admiral G. F. F. Wilde, who commanded the ram Katahdin in the Spanish war, says the semisubmarine will be the battle ship most used in the future. This ship has many advantages over the old style, the telling feature being the ease with which she can be handled, a ship built on this model being able to turn around in her own length, and she can maintain a speed of sixteen knots an hour, in spite of being awash in high seas. The boat swims like a fish; the waves don't break on her, but slur against her.



A SCORE OF FAITHFUL CONFEDERATES WHO WERE OR WILL BE TRUE TO "MASTER" AND "MISTIS" UNTO DEATH.



"We eare not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their eause and eountry still the same;
They died and wore the gray."

PAGE MERCER BAKER.

Page M. Baker, for twenty-one years the publisher of the New Orleans Times-Demoerat, died in that city May 28, 1910, after a life well spent in noble deeds that eount in the world.

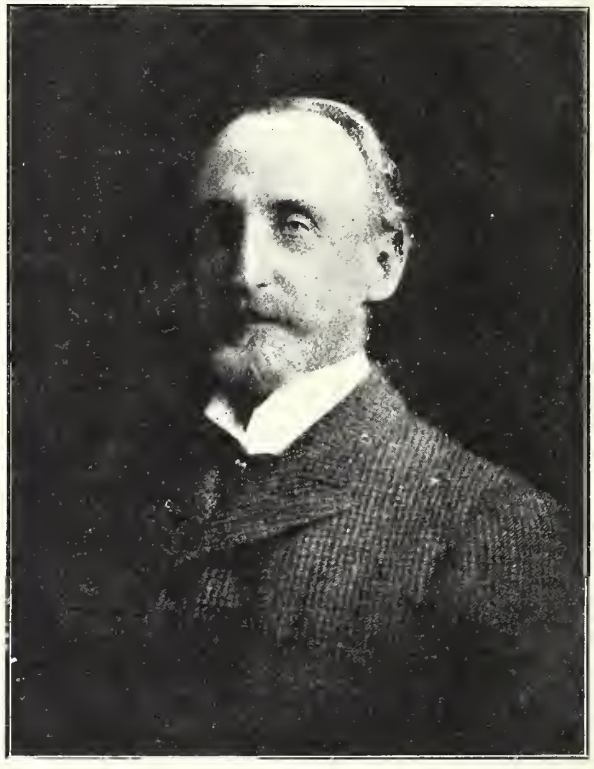
Mr. Baker was born in Pensaeola, Fla., in 1840, his father, James M. C. Baker, being from Philadelphia. Page Baker received his earlier edueation in the Pensacola schools, where he was an enthusiastie athlete, and held the oarsman ehampionship for the Gulf Coast. At eighteen he went to New Orleans and beeame a salesman for a big hardware house. As he traveled mueh at this time on horseback, he became an ardent horse lover, and always owned many fine horses.

At the beginning of the war Page Baker volunteered in the Louisiana Rifles and went with the first battalion that left New Orleans to Virginia, serving a year on the Peninsula. Henry M. Baker was seriously wounded while a member of the Washington Artillery, and Page Baker seeured a transfer to that battery to be with his brother. He fought gallantly in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, and the Seven Days' fighting around Riehmond. He was in the Maryland campaign at Rappahannock, Second Manassas, Leesburg, Frederieksburg, and through the Gettysburg eampaign, and was very ill from exposure after Antietam. The last year of the war he was transferred to the Confederate war vessel, where he did good serviee as a midshipman.

Marion Baker was conneeted with the Pieayune, and at the end of the war Page Baker joined this oldest brother and began his apprenticeship to journalism, of which he was destined to beeome so shining a light. He was aetive in the work of redemption from the Reeonstruction period, and was one of the hundred men sent to Washington to protest against the military policy of President Grant in Louisiana. In 1872 he was one of the founders of the Herald, whieh supported the eause of the white supremaey, and later he bought the Picayune, and with Dan Byerly established the Bulletin, whieh was devoted to the cause of the "White League," an organization which ultimately led to the ending of carpetbag rule in Louisiana.

In 1880 Mr. Baker became managing editor of the Times; and when that paper united with the Democrat, in 1881, becoming the Times-Demoerat, he retained his position, whieh he kept to his death, retaining his eapable management even when ill health required him to keep his room and to use a telephone for business purposes. He never subsidized his journalistie power to personal feeling or aggrandizement, but wielded it always for the advancement of journalism or humanity. In every period of suffering for the people in famine, pestilence, drought, or hurricane the Times-Democrat was first to organize a relief fund, to which Mr. Baker was always a large contributor, though it was usually anonymous.

He was a man of unusual ability, unswerving integrity, and fully possessed of the eourage of his convictions. A strict diseiplinarian, he held himself subjeet to all the rules he required others to observe. A man of high purpose, he was never satisfied exeept with the best work, and it was largely through his efforts that the Times-Democrat won its fame.



PAGE M. BAKER.

He was Brigadier General on the staff of Commander in Chief George W. Gordon, and offieial notice was given the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of his death. Speeial orders for the funeral were issued by William E. Miekle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the U. C. V.

Mr. Baker is survived by his wife and daughter and one brother, Henry M. Baker, all of whom reside in New Orleans.

LOUIS HENRY RUSSELL.

Another of the "Old Guard" has passed over the river. Louis H. Russell died at his home, in Abbeville, S. C., on April 19, at the age of seventy-three. He was a son of John and Sarah Evans Russell and a grandson of James Evans, one of General Greene's most trusted seouts, and of Maj. Charles Russell, of the Revolution, also. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Capt. James M. Perrin's company, whieh, leaving Abbeville on January 9, 1861, was the first to enter the Confederate army. Later he was seeond lieutenant in Company A, 1st South Carolina Cavalry. Reeeiving a wound wiiich incapacitated him for further aetive serviee and from which he suffered throughout his life, he then served in the enrollment department to the end. While stationed at Lexington, S. C., he met, and subsequently married, Miss Antoinette Boozer, daughter of the late Judge Lemuel Boozer, of that plaee. His widow and four children—three daughters and a son—survive him.

Capt Solomon Jones.

Capt. Sol Jones was born in Benton County, Tenn.; and after along and painful illness, died on March 9, 1910, at his home, near Paris, Tenn. He enlisted in Company C, 5th Tennessee Infantry, May 20, 1861. He was soon transferred to the 55th Tennessee Infantry (commanded by his brother, Col. William Jones), and was elected captain of a company in this regiment, with which he served faithfully to the end.

The regiment was surrendered at Island No. 10 before it was armed. After being exchanged in October, 1862, the regiment was reorganized with the 46th Tennessee Infantry. After the consolidation it was assigned to Gen. W. B. Quarles's brigade. Early in 1864 Quarles's Brigade was placed in Walthall's Division, and served in all the maneuvers and battles of the remarkable Dalton-Atlanta Campaign. In front of Atlanta on July 28, 1864, the regiment lost in a single charge sixty per cent of its numbers engaged. At Franklin the regiment went over the enemy's works at a cost of eighty per cent of its numbers in killed, wounded, and captured. Captain



CAPT. SOL JONES.

Jones was in many severe battles. He was always to the forefront, ready for battle; yet, strange to say, he was never wounded until at Bentonville, N. C., the last battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. Because of the casualties of war, Captain Jones was the senior officer of his brigade on that occasion, and while leading the little brigade over Sherman's breastworks he was desperately wounded.

In 1866 he moved to Henry County, and in 1867 married Miss Mary Atkins, a sister of Gen. J. D. C. Atkins, and settled on a fine farm two and one-half miles west of Paris. His wife lived less than twelve months after their marriage.

He was a successful farmer, and had the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He was enthusiastic for all enterprises that tended to upbuild his community. He was generous to a fault, and never failed to aid liberally the helpless and indigent. Captain Jones was President of the First National Bank of Paris at the time of his death. He was a member of Fitzgerald Camp, U. C. V.

Prof. George W. Walker.

Prof. George W. Walker was born at Martinsburg, Va., in 1843. He was educated at Martinsburg Academy and at Hampden-Sidney College. He enlisted in October, 1861, after his eighteenth birthday, in the famous Wise Artillery, and served with distinction to the close of the war. He refused on several occasions commissions, always declaring that the army needed more privates than officers. He married Miss Emma Wysor, of Pulaski, Va., and to them were born eleven children, all of whom are now living. He died in Asheville, N. C., on March 17, and was buried in Blacksburg, Va., March 18. The Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, the Masons, and Confederate veterans attended the funeral and participated in the burial exercises.

Professor Walker spent nearly half a century in the work of teaching. For many years he taught in private and public schools of Southwest Virginia, and since 1898 was professor of Latin in the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Blacksburg. During the last two years of his life he was also head master of the apprentice school there. In his long experience as teacher he prepared hundreds of young men for professional work and exemplary living. The educational world recognizes in his death the loss of a disciplinarian of the first rank.

Professor Walker was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was a man of strong faith, very earnest always in his moral and spiritual nature. Faithfulness to duty was the ruling passion of his life. Consecrated to a noble calling, always industrious and optimistic, and filled with Christian ideals, he was a most useful man in the community. To help, uplift, and inspire his fellow-man was his great mission in life. The beneficent influence of such a man will be felt long after the temporal things of this life shall have passed away.

Ex-Governor Montague, of Virginia, said of him: "His life was wholly for good, and even in politics, candid as he was, he was nobly patriotic and brave against wrong. He did a great service for his country not only as a soldier and as a teacher in the schools, but as a teacher of the people in an appreciation of their public responsibilities."

Capt. Charles H. Woodson.

Captain Woodson died at his home, in Salisbury, Mo., in October, 1909. He was a native of Missouri. He volunteered for service in the Confederate army in 1861, and was captured with his company in the fall of that year. He was sent to Richmond for exchange in the spring of 1862. After being exchanged, the company offered their services to Virginia, and became Company D, 7th Virginia Cavalry. Comrade Woodson was elected captain of the company. No better or braver soldier ever drew a sword. His invariable command to his men was: "Come on, boys!" Captain Woodson made a splendid citizen, a devoted husband, and a kind father.

James J. Long.

Maj. James Long was born in Chattanooga, Tenn.; and died at a sanitarium in Chicago in May, 1910, aged seventy years. Major Long was a midshipman on the Confederate gunboat Virginia in the battle of Hampton Roads, in which the Cumberland and Congress were sunk and the Minnesota disabled. Major Long leaves five children to share the heritage of his honored name.

Oglesby.—W. A. Oglesby, aged eighty-one, died in Rome, Ga., in May, 1910. He served during the war in Curry's company of the 1st Georgia Regiment, and was an honored member of Floyd County Camp of Veterans.

M. A. Cooper.

M. A. Cooper was born in Pike County, Ala., December 29, 1840. He enlisted in the Confederate army early in the war with Company E, 4th Alabama Infantry, and served as a private until the surrender at Appomattox C. H. He then returned to his home, in Alabama. In 1870 he moved to Texas and located at Breckenridge, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died on April 27, 1910. He became a member of the Baptist Church in 1874, after which time he lived a consistent Christian life. He is survived by his wife and a son. He was a member of Frank Cheatham Camp in good standing, and his survivors deeply mourn their loss.

[From sketch by J. B. Ault and Newton Russell.]

James Alfred Taylor.

The "thin gray line" lost one of its best soldiers in the death of James Alfred Taylor on the 24th of March, 1910, at Aiken, S. C. He served with Company F, 7th South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. One who fought and suffered with him through those four long years tells of his brave and loyal service, his kindly thought for others, his cheerfulness under the most trying circumstances—his sacrifice of self. An instance of this was shown in the battle of Savage Station, near Richmond, in the spring of 1862. James Taylor and his brother Benjamin were both in this battle, Benjamin in the front rank and James in the rear rank. A Minie ball passed through the brain of Benjamin and fell at the feet of his brother. The captain stepped up to James and said: "I cannot say anything to comfort you; but there is your dead brother and there is the enemy." He replied: "Captain, I can fight now." And he did fight gallantly, unflinchingly in this and all the other battles in which his company took part. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga.

When the war ended, he took up the duties of life as a citizen, all of which he performed faithfully and well till the time came to lay down his burdens and join the comrades who had gone before.

W. C. Dorion.

After long and faithful public service, W. C. Dorion died at his home, in Bolivar, Tenn., on May 16, 1910. He was born in 1838, and after his seventh year had been a resident of Bolivar, and for more than half a century had given his services most faithfully to public life, beginning as deputy postmaster under his father in 1852. He was also Deputy County Court Clerk under Gen. R. P. Neely, whom he followed to the war in 1861 as a member of the Pillow Guards, 4th Tennessee Regiment. He was wounded at Shiloh while serving as second lieutenant, and received honorable discharge from the service. From 1870 to 1888 he served as County Court Clerk and as Clerk and Master of Chancery until he became cashier of the Bank of Bolivar, with which he remained until retirement from active business in 1908, having helped to make that bank one of the safest institutions of the State. His influence for good was excellent in his community. He was always ready to help his old Confederate comrades, and treasured highly his relics of the conflict. He was a loyal member of the Free and Accepted Masons, and the last services in Memphis were conducted by that organization, religious services being first held at the residence in Bolivar.

William J. Williams.

William J. Williams was born in Pickens County, Ala., in September, 1827; and died April 21, 1910. He served as a private in Company D, 41st Alabama Infantry, under Col. M. L. Stansel. He was slightly wounded in the mouth by a Minie ball. He was married in 1851 to Miss Elizabeth Archer, and after the war he removed his family to Pontotoc, Okla., and engaged in mercantile pursuits. After the death of his wife, in 1909, his home was with his son in Pontotoc, where he died, survived by three sons and a daughter.

Rev. Martin B. Havner.

Rev. M. B. Havner, member of Camp McIntosh, of Walnut Tree, Ark., died on April 9, 1910. He was born in Marion County, Tenn., on December 29, 1837, and early in 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Camp Joe Bostick's company (A), 4th Tennessee Infantry. He served in East Tennessee and Kentucky in 1861 and 1862 under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, was afterwards with Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, to the close of the war. He participated in all the battles from Murfreesboro to Atlanta, and was dangerously wounded in the fighting near Atlanta. He surrendered with two other comrades, William Hall and J. C. Beene, who



REV. M. B. HAVNER AND WIFE.

had stood side by side through all the deadly conflicts for four long years, to Captain Baldwin, of Battery B, 1st Ohio Light Artillery, at Bridgeport, Ala., and were paroled. One of their neighbors, Joe Lancaster, was a lieutenant in that battery, and showed them courtesies that have ever been pleasantly remembered. He returned to his home and family, and made a true and faithful citizen. In 1869 he removed with several other families to Walnut Tree, Ark., where he was afterwards known and loved as a true friend and neighbor, a devout Christian, and minister of the gospel. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity and a faithful Odd Fellow. He is survived by a noble Christian wife, two sons, and a daughter. Surely a good man has fallen on sleep.

[From sketch by his friend and neighbor, J. J. Jackson.]

Gen. E. P. Alexander.

On April 28, 1910, Gen. E. P. Alexander died in Savannah, Ga. Born in Georgia in 1835, he was graduated at West Point in 1857, being third in his class. He was assigned to the engineer corps of the army, and served as instructor at the Military Academy, with the Utah expedition, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and on the Pacific Coast.

He resigned from the United States army on May 1, 1861, and was appointed captain in the engineer corps of the Confederate army. He was assigned as chief signal officer to the army under Beauregard at Manassas, and discovered the turning movement of McDowell, and his prompt report of it resulted in the adoption of the measures taken to meet it.

When Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took command of the army, Alexander was appointed chief ordnance officer, and as such served in the Seven Days' battles before Richmond, Second Manassas, and at Sharpsburg. He was then appointed to the command of a battalion of artillery, six batteries with twenty-six guns, which had been commanded by Col. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) Stephen D. Lee, and which was thereafter known as "Alexander's Battalion," and attained much renown in the army. This battalion with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans constituted the reserve (unattached) artillery, Longstreet's Corps.

In the battle of Chanceliorsville he performed conspicuous service. In addition to the command of his battalion in various places, he was selected by General Stuart, who commanded his corps after the death of Jackson, to find a place to "get the enemy." After a night spent in reconnoitering, he found the position at Hazel Grove, where the fire of a concentration of guns the next morning, in the words of a historian of the battle, "determined the fate of the campaign."

At Gettysburg Alexander was selected by General Longstreet to command the artillery of eighty guns on his front, and he had charge of the artillery battle which preceded Pickett's charge.

When the army returned to Virginia, Longstreet's Corps was sent to Chickamauga, and it was understood that he required that Alexander with his battalion should go with him. It was the only artillery sent to that distant field from Virginia. After Chickamauga the battalion went with Longstreet's army through the East Tennessee campaign, with Alexander as the senior artillery officer.

When the corps returned to Virginia, Alexander was made Brigadier general and chief of artillery of the corps. He served in that capacity through the campaign of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Richmond and Petersburg, and to Appomattox. His service was distinguished, and he was consulted often by General Lee. He was wounded in front of Petersburg in 1864 while engaged in the defense of the city.

After the war General Alexander was a professor at the University of South Carolina, President of the Central Railroad of Georgia, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad. He was also appointed as an arbitrator in the boundary survey between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. In 1892 he was selected to survey and report on a Chesapeake and Delaware Bay canal.

In 1902 he delivered the address on alumni day at the centennial celebration of the West Point Military Academy, and his theme was "The Confederate Veteran."

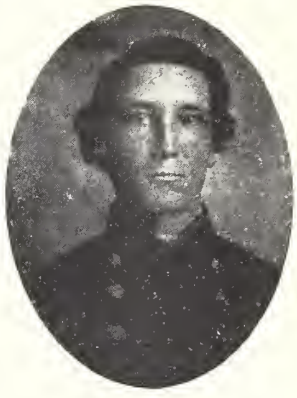
He had retired from all public service, and lived on his plantation, South Island, at Georgetown, S. C., where President Cleveland, Admiral Evans, and other friends were appreciative guests.

He had decided literary talents, and wrote the "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," published in 1907, which is regarded as one of the best critical histories of the Civil War. Personally General Alexander was a charming man, genial and companionable, and endeared himself to those under him and associated with him. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mason, of Kings County, Va., and his second the daughter of Dr. A. S. Mason, of Hagerstown, Md.

[The foregoing data is taken from the Baltimore Sun, supplied by Capt. F. M. Colston, a gallant comrade yet in active business in Baltimore. While General Alexander was President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company the writer—now Editor of the Veteran—traveled with him while *en route* from a visit to Jefferson Davis, and he requested the writer to write Mr. Davis that he would send him an annual pass, and he did it promptly.]

James J. Martin.

James J. Martin, son of John and Rebecca Caldwell Martin, was born near Jackson, Mo., in August, 1840; and died in Little Rock, Ark., February 18, 1910. His parents moved to Arkansas when he was small and settled on a farm on Polk Bayou, near Batesville, where he lived until grown. He served in the Confederate army as lieutenant in Company K, 21st Arkansas Regiment, A. N. V. Some of his comrades may recognize him from the accompanying picture, which was taken by a fellow-prisoner at Johnson's Island. He was in many hard-fought battles and on long, hard marches, and was badly wounded and captured. Upon recovery he was paroled, and returned home for a little visit. Upon being exchanged he returned to his command. He was in the siege of Vicksburg, and was captured at Big Black River, Miss., in May, 1863, and sent to Johnson's Island, where he stayed eighteen months, returning to his relatives in Texas in the spring of 1865. He and his brothers, John W. and Thomas J. Martin, settled near Little Rock, Ark., and engaged in farming continually until his death. He is survived by his wife and five sons.



J. J. MARTIN.

Mrs. Martin sends the following list of prisoners as of interest to his surviving comrades: "In looking over a little book that my husband had while in prison at Johnson's Island I found a list of the prisoners on the island January 1, 1864: Major general, 1; brigadier generals, 5; colonels, 57; lieutenant colonels, 44; majors, 57; captains, 628; lieutenants, 1,712; chaplains, 2; privates, 45; citizens, 72; negroes, 4. Total, 2,627."

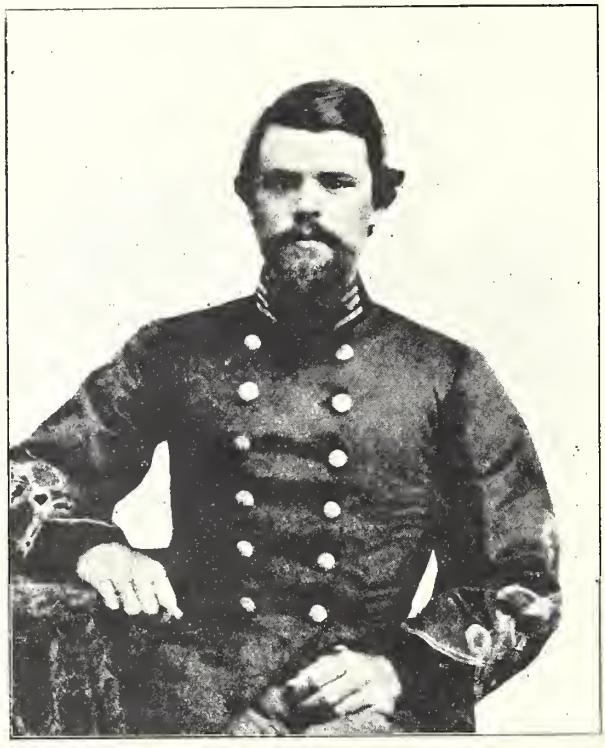
Capt. John Pembroke Jones.

Capt. J. P. Jones, the oldest graduate of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis and a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars, died at Pasadena, Cal., May 25, 1910.

He was born at Hampton, Va., in 1825, and graduated in 1847. He was a midshipman in the siege of Buena Vista. He joined the Confederacy at the beginning of the war, and was the executive officer of the Merrimac in the great fight of that vessel with the Monitor. He was in command of the ironclad ram Raleigh, with which he attacked and put to flight the whole blockading squadron off Cape Fear in 1864.

Dr. George H. Bailey.

George Henry Bailey, son of George Charlesworth Bailey, a native of London, England, and Lutetia Cecilia Edwards, of Greensboro, N. C., was born in Augusta, Ga., on April 7, 1837. His father died when he was about four years old, and his mother afterwards married I. J. Brookshire, and the family removed to Fort Bend County, Tex., where he grew to manhood. He took the medical course at Tulane University, graduating in 1860. At the beginning of the war, in 1861, he enlisted as a private in Col. B. Frank Terry's 8th Texas Regiment, known as "Terry's Texas Rangers," and was ordered north into Kentucky. The severe weather gave him bronchial trouble, which kept him in the hospital several months. His health became so bad that he was discharged and went back to Texas. His health improving, he made application and received commission as assistant surgeon C. S. A., and was assigned to duty in Texas. He was post surgeon at Beaumont, Tex., at the time of the battle of Sabine Pass.



DR. GEORGE H. BAILEY.

He went to the Pass in the face of a heavy cannonade from the fleet, feeling sure that his services would be needed. As a reward for this action a sword was presented to him "for gallant conduct in action" by order of Gen. J. B. Magruder, commanding the Department of Texas. General Magruder's order was that the finest sword on the captured ships be given him. He was also presented with a silver medal, one of those given to each of the Davis Guards, and with a Maltese cross, which is still attached to a piece of faded green silk, embroidered with shamrocks.

Dr. Bailey participated in the battle of Bowling Green, Ky., and while stationed there he obtained leave to go to Winchester, Tenn., to take his sister and cousin home from Mary Sharp College, which was near the enemy's lines. With the two girls he crossed the Mississippi River, then overflowed, in a small skiff. The Yankee vessels in the river shelled them, some of the shells striking so near as to soak the little party with spray. He kept the frightened girls quiet by his courage, landing safely on the other side.

At the close of the war Dr. Bailey settled in Milheim, Austin County, Tex., and began the practice of medicine. In 1870 he was married to Miss Sophie Ansler, a daughter of Marcus Ansler, one of the pioneers of Austin County. In 1873 he went to California for the benefit of his health, having contracted bronchitis and asthma during the war. He resided in San Diego and Los Angeles Counties until 1882, when he returned to Texas and resumed the practice of medicine; but in 1889 he was compelled by failing health to return to California. He lived at Anaheim, Orange County, until 1900, and from that time to 1909 he was at Phœnix, Ariz., where he obtained some relief from his malady. In the hope of prolonging his life, his family took him then to Southern California, where he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Kuchel, in Anaheim, on August 4, 1909. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and three daughters.

Gen. W. P. Roberts.

Gen. W. P. Roberts, a distinguished Confederate officer, died in a hospital at Norfolk in March, 1910, from a fall received at his home, in Gatesville, N. C. At the news of his death the flags on the Capitol were all half-masted.

He was born in Gates County, S. C., in July, 1841, and was teaching school when the war began. He immediately enlisted in Company C, 19th North Carolina Cavalry, under Col. S. B. Spruill; and though not yet twenty, his military genius was quickly recognized, and won him rapid promotion. In August, 1861, he was made third lieutenant, and a year later was first lieutenant, which was quickly followed by a captaincy. He was made major, and in August, 1864, was colonel of his regiment. He served with his regiment during the operations in North Carolina. He was transferred to Virginia, and was distinguished by his bravery and military skill on the Rappahannock, in Fredericksburg, and the Suffolk Campaign. He took part in the spring campaign of 1864 with the division of Col. W. H. F. Lee, and at Reams Station, with his regiment dismounted, Roberts made a valiant charge on the enemy's rifle pits and captured a large number of prisoners. In February, 1865, he (who was then twenty-three) was made a brigadier general, and as a personal recognition of his bravery General Lee presented the young hero with his own gauntlet.

After the war General Roberts displayed the same energy and skill in the restoration of Gates County to prosperity. He took a prominent part in all the events of the Reconstruction period, and was in the Constitutional Convention, was a member of the State Legislature, was elected auditor by the largest majority ever given in the State, and was appointed by President Cleveland as Consul General to Victoria, B. C.

Clarence Bell.

Clarence Bell, who was born in West Feliciana Parish in 1842, was the son of Dr. John M. Bell, who moved to Clinton, La., in the latter part of 1853, and there the son had lived the greater part of his life, and there died on January 14, 1910. Clarence Bell was a member of the first company to leave that parish for the war and which became a part of the 4th Louisiana Infantry, and he served with it to the end of the war. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss. Returning home, he again entered mercantile pursuits, which became his life work. He was known for his kind and jovial disposition, a friend to all. In his death S. E. Hunter Camp, U. C. V., of Clinton, loses a valued member. Six children survive him.

Capt. Samuel Mays.

Samuel T. Mays was born in Davidson County, Tenn., August 12, 1837; died at Baton Rouge, La., October 2, 1909.

Samuel Mays was reared on a farm and was educated at private local schools, finishing at Chapel Hill College, in Williamson County, Tenn. In the fall of 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army at Nashville, Tenn., and became a lieutenant of Company G, 5th Tennessee, Wills Gould being the captain. His regiment was in the battle of Fort Donelson, in 1862, and in the surrender of General Buckner to General Grant. The privates and noncommissioned officers were sent to Camp Douglass and Alton, Ill., while all officers above the rank of captain were sent to Fort Delaware. The line officers were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and later on were removed to Johnson's Island. They were exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862, and from there went by rail to Jackson, Miss., where the companies and regiments reorganized, when Samuel Mays was made captain of Company G and C. A. Sugg was made colonel of the regiment. The regiment served in Gen. Lloyd Tilghman's brigade and later in Gregg's Brigade. Captain Mays continued with his command to the end, participating in many battles—with Van Dorn at Holly Springs, at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Chickamauga, where nearly all the officers of the regiment were killed or wounded. Another reorganization took place after this battle, and Gregg's Brigade was assigned to different commands, the 50th, 41st, and 1st Tennessee going to Gen. George Maney's Tennessee brigade. Later his regiment was in the battle of Missionary Ridge, under General Cleburne, Maney's Brigade supporting Granbury's Texans on Sherman Heights. The regiment was almost exterminated here, and this battle ended Captain Mays's career as a soldier. He was the last man shot down, quite in the enemy's line, receiving four shots, three of them severe, which disabled him for further service. He returned home in May, 1865, a cripple, after having been paroled with Forrest's forces at Gainesville, Ala.



CAPTAIN MAYS.

After the war Captain Mays rebuilt Riverside to something of its former beauty and bounty. In 1866 he was married to Miss Carrie Taliaferro Hill, of an old Tennessee family, and to this union were born two sons and a daughter, the second son only surviving. After the loss of his wife, in 1874, he spent many years in Nashville, and married a second time in 1882. He removed finally to Ennis, Tex., and thence to Baton Rouge, La., where he died at the home of his son Robert.

Captain Mays kept up his interest in Confederate matters, and was an honored member of Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville. In 1895 he was elected captain of Company B, a Confederate organization, and commissioned as such by Gov. Peter Turney in the National Guards.

Augustus W. Lake.

The brave, intrepid soul of A. W. Lake has returned to God who gave it. He was born in Grenada, Miss., August 26, 1837; and died at Wynne, Ark., on February 27, 1910. Early in 1861, when Mississippi called on her brave sons to rally to her defense, A. W. Lake was among the first to respond and enlisted in the Grenada Rifles, commanded by Capt. W. S. Statham, which afterwards became Company G, 15th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry. Comrade Lake, or "Little Picket," as he was familiarly known in the regiment, served with conspicuous gallantry in the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., where the regiment lost over half the men engaged, and again at Shiloh, where the regiment lost two hundred and thirty-four out of five hundred engaged, and in which battle he was severely wounded. As a soldier he was ready to respond to every call, and by his generous and joyous disposition he made many true friends among his comrades. As a private citizen afterwards he was equally loyal and true.

"Dust to dust was not written of the soul." So now, when the green sod covers all that is mortal and the sweet Southern songsters are chanting a requiem over his grave, his pure soul is resting beneath the shades on the eternal shore, ready to welcome the old comrades left behind.

Peace to thy ashes and eternal peace and joy to thy soul, my old friend of boyhood days, and my brave, true, and loyal comrade in arms!

[From sketch by Col. James R. Binford, of Duck Hill, Miss., the commander of the 15th Mississippi Infantry.]

Lowe.—From Lebanon, Tenn., is reported the death of Nero Lowe on March 16, 1910. He was born in December, 1842. He joined the Confederate army as a member of the 18th Tennessee Regiment in May, 1861, was captured in the battle of Fort Donelson, and imprisoned at Camp Morton. He made his escape and joined John Morgan's command, in which he served to the end of the war. He was married in 1866 to Miss Elmira J. Winter, of Wilson County, Tenn., whose death occurred recently. Four sons and a daughter survive.

Mitchell.—J. C. Mitchell was born in Lincoln County, Ga., in April, 1848; and died at his home, near Fox Mountain Church, Tex., on February 11, 1910. He joined the Confederate army when a mere boy, and did efficient service in the 1st Regiment of State Troops of Georgia. He was a member of Camp Erath, of Gordon, Tex., where he was esteemed as an active member and Christian gentleman. He is survived by his wife and several children.

T. Jeff Bates.

From resolutions adopted by Benning Camp, U. C. V., of Columbus, Ga., the following tribute is given:

"Comrade T. Jeff Bates departed this life on March 12, 1910. He was born near Columbus, Ga., November 18, 1835. He enlisted early in the Civil War in the 6th Alabama Regiment, and was soon thereafter wounded and captured by the Federals while scouting in Virginia. After several months in prison in Washington, he was exchanged. He returned home and assisted in organizing Waddell's Artillery, in which he served as lieutenant and afterwards as captain until the close of the war, making his last fight against Wilson's raiders on the Alabama hills opposite Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865. Just before the breaking out of the war he graduated from the Georgia Military Academy at Marietta, and he took delight in active service. He was mainly with the Western Army, and was in Vicksburg during the siege.

"From the organization of Camp Benning, U. C. V., he was one of its most active members, and was repeatedly elected Vice Commander, which office he held at the time of his death.

"The record of a long and useful life has been closed. His uprightness of character commanded the respect of all who knew him. Kind and indulgent as a husband and father, true and loyal to his friends, he will be missed in his family and social life as one in whom their interest had centered. His Camp passed resolutions setting forth the loss sustained by the Camp, the community, his family, and friends."

Committee: M. M. Moore, Wm. Redd, Jr., J. S. Matthews.]

Henry Wilbur Pearce.

Henry Wilbur Pearce, son of Levi and Maria Henderson Pearce, was born in Woodville, Miss., August 9, 1845; and died at his home, in Toledo Settlement, British Honduras, Central America, on January 11, 1910. In every relation of life—as son, husband, and father—he was exemplary. He was a brave Confederate soldier and a Christian gentleman.

When the Civil War began, though not sixteen years of age, he joined the Confederate army; but as his parents would not consent to his joining the army while he was so young, he began the arduous task of knitting socks for the soldiers. This he continued to do until a short while before his eighteenth birthday, when, obtaining the consent of his parents, who were then residing in Yazoo County, Miss., he joined Armstrong's Brigade near Brandon, Miss. Though General Armstrong offered him a place on his staff, he declined the offer, desiring rather to do active service as a private. He did good service in the army in Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, and at the close of the war returned home to begin hard, manual labor for a mere living.

In 1867 he emigrated with his father, Rev. Levi Pearce, to British Honduras, and was, with a few others, foremost in founding the American settlement of Toledo. At first these settlers suffered many hardships and privations; but he lived long enough to see the result of his labors blossom forth into a prosperous settlement.

Though living in a foreign land, he was a loyal Southern patriot, and up to the time of his death loved to recount his war experiences. He read with great pleasure the Confederate Veteran, which came to him regularly.

He was married to Miss Katherine J. Magruder, of Madison County, Miss., October 26, 1876. His wife, three sons, and one daughter survive him to mourn the loss of a husband and father of rare virtues.

Capt. W. A. Alexander.

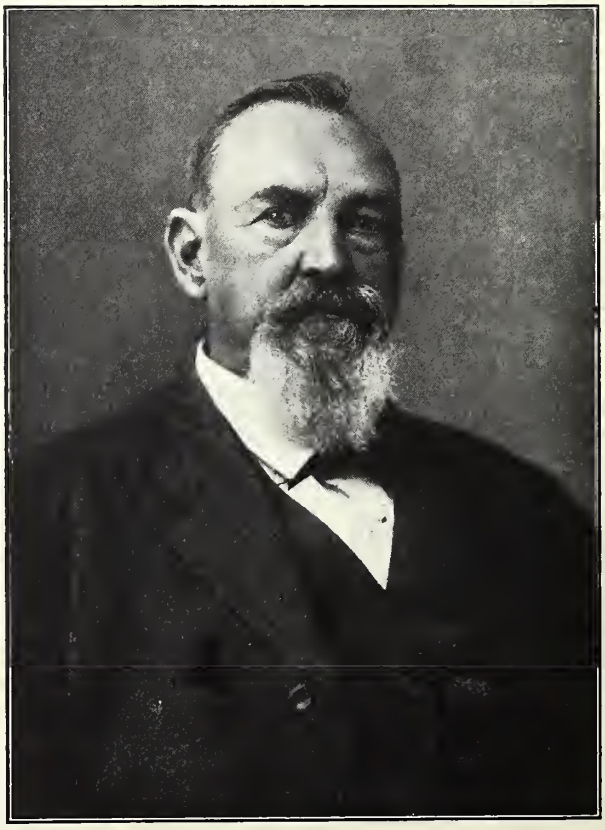
At Dierks, Howard County, Ark., on January 8, 1910, there passed out of this life the brave spirit of Capt. W. A. Alexander, the embodiment of chivalry, courtesy, and high ideals. Captain Alexander was born in Hempstead County, Ark., in January, 1837, and in his twenty-fourth year he volunteered for service to his beloved Southland. He was made captain of Company C, Monroe's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, in which he served faithfully and bravely. All who knew him were glad to be thrown in his company, for with his ever-ready Irish wit he entertained them. He was always cheerful, looking on the bright side of life. He was a stanch Church member. He leaves a widow and two sons.

Achilles Puryear.

Achilles Puryear was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., on April 17, 1835; and died on June 27, 1909, at the sanatorium in Jackson, Miss., as the result of an operation.

He enlisted in the Confederate service in July, 1861, at Luckahooma, De Soto County, Miss., and was mustered into service at Memphis. Thomas Lewers was captain of the company. He served in Gen. A. S. Johnston's army until after the battle of Shiloh. He surrendered to General Canby at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

Mr. Puryear was twice married—first to Mrs. S. O. Peyton. Two children survive this union. His second wife, who survives him, was Margaret P. Wise, widow of Mr. Green. The only issue of this marriage is Lamar Puryear, who lives in Raymond with his mother. Mr. Puryear was held in high honor by those who knew him. He had been chosen as representative from his county in the State Legislature, and was a member of the Board of Supervisors at the time of his death. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church.



ACHILLES PURYEAR.

John B. Howard.

John B. Howard died very suddenly at his home, in Holly Springs, Miss. He was born in February, 1843, and received his education at Eumenean Hall, one of the excellent schools for which Holly Springs was noted prior to the war. He enlisted early in the war as a Confederate soldier in Company B, 34th Mississippi Infantry, and made a gallant soldier. He lost his left arm in the battle of Nashville. After the war he was sheriff of Marshall County three terms, Chancery Clerk one term, and was serving his second term as Mayor of Holly Springs when his untimely death occurred. His comrades of Camp Kit Mott, U. C. V., has lost a valuable member.

Mrs. Julia Peete Bate.

Mrs. Bate was born in Huntsville, Ala., in 1834; and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas F. Mastin, at Grandview, Tex., April 13, 1910, and was buried at Nashville, Tenn., a city in which the greater part of her married life was passed.

While very young she was married to Gen. William B. Bate, who was afterwards major general in the Confederate army, twice Governor of Tennessee, and for eighteen years represented that State at Washington as its Senator.

Mrs. Bate was a woman of unusually fine mental endowment and a spiritual character that made the old-fashioned term "gentlewoman" peculiarly applicable to her. She was gifted with a personal charm that won all who met her, and her gracious courtesy made all so won into lifelong friends.

It would be difficult to exaggerate Mrs. Bate's virtues to those who heard the beautiful address at her funeral and who knew that it was all true, and it would take excessive space to copy the half that has been written by gifted friends who knew her intimately. "M. M. S." in a tribute wrote: "It is often said that affection is apt to exaggerate the virtues of our friends and minimize their faults; but the highest tribute we can pay Mrs. Bate was to speak of her accurately as we knew her. All who came within her gentle Christian influence felt its power, and were awakened to purer thoughts, higher aspirations, better lives, and nobler purposes." One of her last acts was to send for two of her friends who had been estranged. They answered her summons, knelt and prayed in her death chamber, and upon rising shook hands. This was one of the last things to occur before she fell on sleep.



MRS. JULIA P. AND GEN. W. B. BATE.

John J. Felps.

John J. Felps was Commander of the James J. A. Barker Camp, U. C. V., No. 1555, Jacksonville, Tex. He died September 1, 1909. He was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., December 11, 1841. He was a member of Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, and was steadily at his post as a soldier, except when temporarily disabled by wounds, to the end. A sketch by S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex., appeared in the Veteran for November, 1909, in which it is stated that he was mustered into service in June, 1861, and "was a valiant soldier to the end, ever loved and trusted by his officers and comrades for his bravery and his patriotism. He was in all the battles of his regiment, from Wilson's Creek, in Missouri, August 10, 1861, to the last fight on Hood's retreat, except while disabled by wounds." As a citizen after the war, he was one of the best in his section of Texas. Four sons and four daughters survive him.



CAPT. JOHN J. FELPS.

David Ward Sanders.

Maj. David Ward Sanders, one of the most noted lawyers of Kentucky, died at the Galt House, Louisville, in November, 1909, of Bright's disease. He was seventy-three years old on October 14.

He was the son of Dr. David Sanders and a daughter of Benjamin Dulaney, of Maryland, and was born on Richland Plantations, Holmes County, Miss. He served on the staff of General French, and was in many battles in the War between the States, including those between Cumberland Gap and the Mississippi River. He was also at Shiloh, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, and Missionary Ridge. He graduated at Chapel Hill, N. C., and afterwards read law in the office of Walter Brooks, one of the most able jurists of his generation. Later Major Sanders established his practice of law in Lexington, Ky., coming into prominence through his service as chief counsel for the Kentucky Lottery Company, which he defended with the assistance of John G. Carlisle. Major Sanders had been counsel in some of the largest law cases of Kentucky. His daughter only survives him. Governor Noel, of Mississippi, is a nephew of Major Sanders, and received his legal education in his office.

He was from the beginning an ardent friend of the Veteran, and his marvelous memory of detail in the war caused his counsel to be sought on many occasions. He was devoted to his Mississippi associations of years gone by, and he had planned to visit there again.

A biographic sketch will appear herein next month.

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY.

A Library of Confederate States History, in twelve volumes, written by distinguished men of the South, and edited by Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia.

The extensive Confederate publication in twelve volumes, bearing the title of "Confederate Military History," has been commended by reports of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The purpose of the undertaking was to present a library of general information on the issues involved in the great contest between the Northern and the Southern States, and also the military history of the Confederacy by separate States.

In the first volume Hon. J. L. M. Curry clearly and ably discusses the constitutional questions involved in the secession of States from the Federal Union as those questions appeared in the political status of 1860. To Prof. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, was assigned the task of portraying the policy and the action of the South in territorial extension, with all the benefits which the Union derived from the policy of American expansion advocated by the South. Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, follows in the same volume with a full presentation of the civil and political events which brought on the Confederate movement, and he adds to his contribution sketches of President Davis and his Cabinet, Vice President Stephens, the generals and the lieutenant generals of the Confederate armies.

The next ten volumes contain military history of the States engaged in defending the Confederate States against the military forces of the United States: Maryland, by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; Virginia, Maj. Jed Hotchkiss; North Carolina, Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr.; South Carolina, Gen. Ellison Capers; Alabama, Gen Joe Wheeler; Mississippi, Col. Charles E. Hooker; Tennessee, Ex-Governor Porter; Kentucky, Col. J. Stoddard Johnston; Missouri, Colonel Moore; Arkansas, General Harrell; Louisiana, Professor Dimitry; Texas, Governor Roberts; West Virginia, Gen. Robert White.

The twelfth volume has a most admirable history of the course of the Southern States during the odious Reconstruction period and the material progress of the South since the war. This production is from the fair mind and good heart of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee. Captain Parker writes of the wonderful Southern navy. Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., describes graphically the morale of the Confederate armies; and in the same volume General Evans outlines the military history taken as a whole. Other important features appear in all these volumes, especially the sketches of very nearly all the generals of the Confederacy.

This truly great contribution to Confederate literature, written by devoted Confederates and edited by General Evans, surpasses anything yet undertaken or that ever may be expected on behalf of the Southern cause, and will be received and preserved as an invaluable compendium of the records of the most momentous period in American history.

The foregoing review of the "Confederate Military History" was given in substance in the Veteran more than ten years ago; but its continued commendation was abandoned because of the price, which was $48 for the cloth and $60 for the half-leather sets. Since that period opportunities for closer examination of the great work have been utilized, and conditions have occurred whereby the price is reduced to one-half the original, and the Veteran controls the entire edition, which it offers, as stated above, at half price. Every Southerner who can afford the expense of half price for these twelve volumes, which contain engravings of all the Confederate generals but thirteen and their biographies in brief, should secure sets at once, and every library, North as well as South, should be diligent to secure this great history. Those who desire it and can't spare the money at present are requested to give notice. The Veteran procured the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, so as to sell it at half price. Many who desired the work were so slow to order that the edition had been exhausted, and the Veteran has much care to procure the work for urgent demands, paying the full price to some who had bought and read it. One serious misfortune in Confederate matters and with the Veteran is tardiness of action. This notice will be read by more people who would like this "Confederate Military History" than can be supplied; but so many will wait that much advertising will be necessary to successfully persuade them that they ought to have it, since the price is reduced to half and while it can be had.

The Veteran has become able to supply all Confederate literature on the best possible terms. It has sought all the years of its history to secure such literature to its patrons, and buys large editions of standard histories, so as to supply much under list prices. Apply to the Veteran for any of this class of books and get prices.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

It is certainly time that a thorough and impartial history of that war should be written, and we are glad to learn that the work is under way. Dr. Justin H. Smith, the author of several historical works of recognized value, resigned the professorship of modern history in Dartmouth College several years ago in order to devote his entire time to the subject. He has examined all the records of our government, many of which have not been seen by any other historian, and has spent more than a year at work in Mexico, where President Diaz gave him access to all the papers he desired to see. He has also visited England and France on the same mission, examined the State records, the collections of the historical societies and the libraries in all parts of this country, and many thousands of papers in private hands. To complete his material, he desires to read as many as possible of the diaries kept by men in the field and the letters which they wrote home. Such documents not only throw light on many points, but enable the historian to do justice to those who distinguished themselves. We recommend that those who have such papers send them by registered mail to Dr. Smith at the University Club, Boston, Mass. We understand that he would return them in a few days and refund the cost of mailing them.

CUSTODIAN FOR BATTLE ABBEY.

C. A. Richardson Commended by Gen. W. R. Hamby.

Austin, Tex., May 2, 1910.

Gen. Robert White, Wheeling, W. Va.—My Dear General: Having just learned that the name of my old comrade and friend, C. A. Richardson, of the 15th Virginia Infantry, has been suggested as Custodian or Commandant of the Battle Abbey, and knowing that you are a member of the Board of Trustees who will make the appointment, I write to say that I do not believe a better appointment could possibly be made. With his record as a soldier, his integrity, his dignity as a gentleman, and his acquirements as a man of learning, it seems to me that his appointment would be especially appropriate, when you take into consideration his love and his reverence for the holy cause, the memories of which it is intended that the Battle Abbey shall foster and preserve. For your information about myself, I will say that I was a member of the 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Texas Brigade, A. N. V., and am now the President of the Brigade Association.

Sincerely your comrade, William R. Hamby.

The selection of such a custodian as indicated for the position is of much importance.

REMINISCENCES OF CONFEDERATE TOWNS.

This is a very attractive pamphlet compiled by Mrs. Harriet Powe Lynch from papers and sketches left by her father, James Harrington Powe, who was born in Cheraw, S. C., in April, 1835. Mr. Powe was just beginning his practice as a physician when the war began, and he at once raised and drilled a company, uniforming it at his own expense, his previous training at West Point serving him in good stead. As lieutenant of this company he was present at the first fight of the war, the taking of Fort Sumter, and his story of that battle and those that followed is very vivid and possesses the power that comes from telling of scenes actually participated in. The reminiscences of the happenings of those early war days are very interestingly told, and he draws attractive pictures of the girls in their dress of homespun and wreaths of cotton bolls, who were as charming in the eyes of the heroes in jeans as they were in the silks and satins of ante-bellum days.

Lieutenant Powe in very picturesque language tells many stirring incidents of the great struggle, and the entire pamphlet is well worth reading; not only for its historical accuracy, but on account of the close insight it gives in the real life of camp. It is priced at sixty cents, and can be obtained only by addressing Mrs. Harriet P. Lynch, Cheraw, S. C.

AN EMINENT SOUTHERN SCULPTOR.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, the Southern sculptor residing in Rome, Italy, who, as is well known, has been knighted many times and received medals and distinctions from various art institutions, exhibitions, and academies, has been again honored by having conferred on him by the King of Italy the title of "Officer of the Crown of Italy."

This action was taken after the completion of his masterly production, the statue of Napoleon, which he has been modeling several years. It is now finished in the clay and ready to be cast and put into marble, after which it will be exhibited at the Paris Salon. Those who have seen the work pronounce it the most wonderful plastic creation of the age, and far superior to any statue of Napoleon extant.

Sir Ezekiel has recently finished in marble a portrait bust of the lately deceased Prof. Alfonso Sella, a member of the Faculty of Science of the University of Rome. The bust has been placed in the rotunda of the university, and was unveiled in the presence of a distinguished body of professional men from all parts of Italy, who came to Rome in honor of the event. Professor Sella was a scientist of great distinction, and had published about fifty works on scientific literature.

Ezekiel has recently received a commission from Charleston, W. Va., to make a heroic bronze statue of Gen. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, which he is now modeling. During the war Ezekiel was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, where Jackson had been professor; and when the institute was plundered and burned by the Union General Hunter, he went into the Confederate army with the Corps of Cadets, where as mere boys they distinguished themselves valorously in the battle of Newmarket, which has been so beautifully and graphically described by various writers, and especially by the pen of Hon. John Wise, of New York.

As a sculptor of especial capability and a military man and student of the war period, Ezekiel has within him the spirit and the power to produce a statue of this famous, fearless, and capable Confederate soldier, Stonewall Jackson, equal if not superior to anything of the kind that the world has yet seen.

It is a well-known fact, especially among the United Daughters of the Confederacy, that Sir Moses Ezekiel has finished the heroic bronze statue of a Confederate soldier and pedestal, which is to serve as a monument to the memory of those who died in prison on Johnson's Island, Ohio, and arrangements are being perfected for the dedication and unveiling of the work, which will no doubt take place next summer, when it is expected that the sculptor will visit this country.

Sir Moses Ezekiel was born in Richmond, Va., received there his primary education, and graduated with honors at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington. Going to Europe several years after the War between the States, he entered the Royal Art Academy at Berlin, Germany, where he took the prize of Rome, which sent him to the "Eternal City" for five years with a stipendium of fifteen hundred thalers a year for three years. He has lived in Rome ever since, having established in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian in the Piazza della Terme the most unique and interesting studio in the whole of Europe.

Sir Ezekiel has had patrons for his works from among the most noted collectors and art institutions in the world. His statue of "Eve after the Fall" is in Emperor William's palace at Sans Souci, Potsdam; his "Religious Liberty," colossal marble group, and bronze statue of Anthony J. Drexel are in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Strange to say, none of the monument commissions of the South have engaged him to make memorials to the heroes of the war excepting that for Stonewall Jackson, herewith mentioned.

Return of the Sculptor to America.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, who has made his home in Rome, where his studio is one of the most interesting places in the city, returned to America recently, rich in honors won in the Old World. He comes back to attend the unveiling of three statues of his own work—a figure of Jefferson which he presents to the University of Virginia, a statue of Jackson carved for Charlestown, W. Va., and a monument to the Confederate prisoners of war who died at Johnson's Island. These figures are only three of the long line that have made the name of the sculptor famous in two continents.

HOW ARLINGTON BECAME U. S. PROPERTY.

Gen. R. E. Lee married in the drawing-room at Arlington the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, a grandson of Mrs. Martha Washington by her first marriage. At this time all the magnificent Arlington estate was owned by Mr. Custis, and on his death it devolved upon Mrs. Lee, and here all the happiest years of General Lee's life were spent and here his children were born.

When General Lee went to the front in the cause of the Confederacy, he left his family at Arlington; and possibly they could have remained in undisturbed possession of the place, but Mrs. Lee, alarmed by the rumors that the Federals were coming and would take possession of her home, abandoned Arlington, and with her children went well within the Southern line. Some time after this the abandoned home was taken as a hospital, and the first person buried here was a Confederate soldier who died at this hospital. About this time breastworks were thrown up to prevent the Confederates occupying such a vantage point, as from these heights Washington was practically at the mercy of a heavy battery and a bomb-throwing mortar.

Neither General Lee nor his wife made any attempt to recover Arlington; but in 1877 George Washington Custis Lee, their son, brought suit for this purpose; and his claim being so clear, the United States settled with him for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the Arlington grounds were turned into a national cemetery. Of the sixteen thousand who sleep in the beautiful grounds, many are Confederates, and there are some women also. Any officer in the regular army or who served as a volunteer in either war may have a lot assigned to him by application to the quartermaster general, and his family may be interred in it.

A GOOD WISH FOR A GOOD WORK.

Dr. John R. Deering has carefully preserved every issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—210! Mindful of their great historic value and deeply interesting contents and of the certain perishability of all private collections of books, he is anxious to see these precious numbers put into some city or college library for safekeeping and wider and more influential use and benefit. He therefore offers them for sale at the low price of $35. They are well preserved, clean and entire, and but slightly marked here and there. They are filled with the personal and official records and contributions of the great actors in the greatest of civil wars. No historian can learn all the truth without such sources, and no living men can give the world what the noble and mighty dead have written and done. And the coming years will increase the people's interest in these records.

Address Dr. John R. Deering, Lexington, Ky.

PICTURE OF THE JOHN B. GORDON MONUMENT.—The McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga., have a beautiful halftone engraving of the John B. Gordon monument, erected by the Gordon Monument Association of Atlanta, Ga., which they are sending out to members of the U. D. C. Chapters who will forward them information regarding their local Chapters, whether they have monument erected or contemplate erecting one in the future, with the name and address of the President and Corresponding Secretary. Any Chapter member desiring one of these pictures can secure same by complying with the above request.

MEMOIRS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beautiful and Just Tribute by His Wife

No one was so well prepared to write of the exalted character of this grand man as his wife, who in the close comradeship of over a quarter of a century had seen that character develop through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, in shadow and sunlight.

Mrs. Davis had kept her finger upon the pulse of the exciting times of war, and thoroughly understood the bearing of events upon the life of Mr. Davis; and her book portrays these scenes in a masterly manner, leaving out no side lights that are needed for a thorough comprehension of things as they were.

The VETERAN has the sole agency for these books, only a limited number of which can be had, as they are out of print. While the edition lasts they will be sold at a bargain. They are in two volumes, octavo, richly illustrated.

PRICES, WITH BINDINGS, PER SET

Best English Cloth	$ 5 00
English Grained Cloth	6 50
Half Morocco, Marbled Edges	7 50
Half Russia, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges	8 00
Half Calf, Marbled Edges	10 00
Full Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt	12 00

The VETERAN will supply them at 20 per cent off, paying the postage or express.

MT. CLEMENS

Mineral Water Baths

Cure or materially help ninety-five per cent of the thousands of cases of **Rheumatism** and Nervous and Skin Diseases treated here yearly.

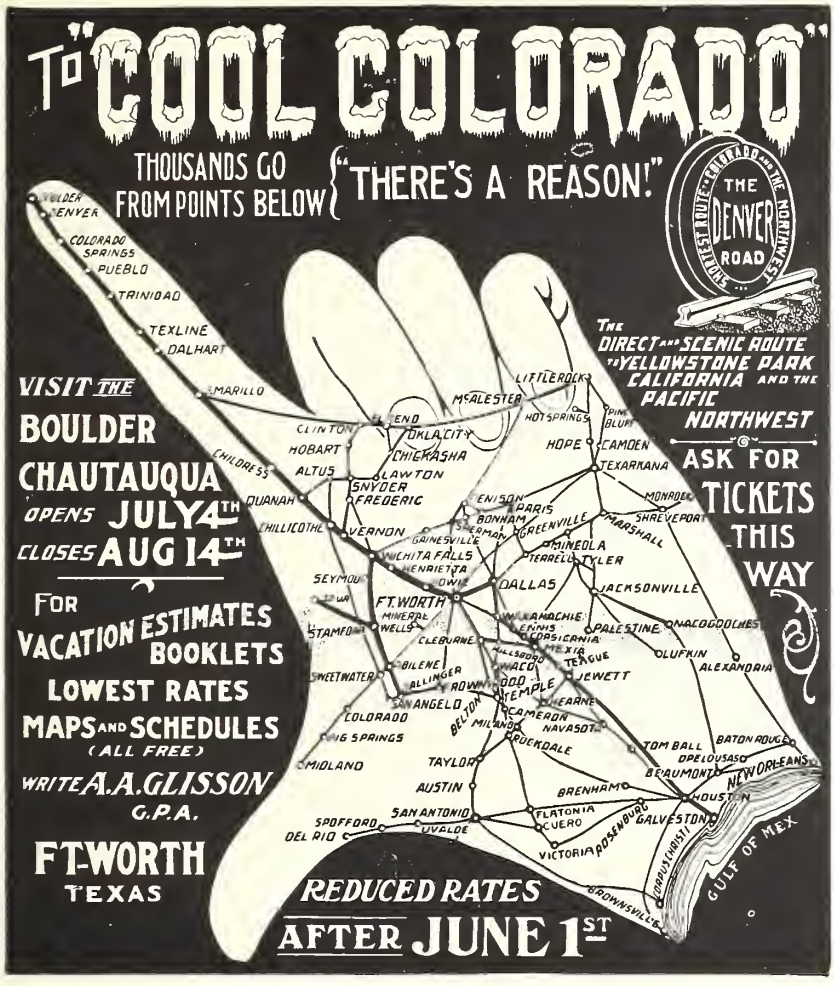
Twenty miles from Detroit.

For descriptive booklet, free, write

F. R. EASTMAN

Chamber of Commerce

Mt. Clemens, Mich.



Branham & Hughes School for Boys

SPRING HILL, MAURY COUNTY, TENN.

Country Life—Thorough Preparation for College—Expenses Moderate. Five Founder's Medals in Oratory won at Vanderbilt University by our students in recent years, including last year and this year. Also three entrance prizes of $50.00 each, and three Freshman Debate Medals.

19th year begins Sept. 7, 1910. Write for catalogue.

BUFORD COLLEGE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A Limited, Select Home College for the Higher Culture of Women. Ideal Location. Excellent Equipment. Splendid Opportunities. Enrollment Strictly One Hundred. Thorough College Course. Conservatory Advantages in Art, Music, Expression. University Bible Course. Domestic Science. Non-Sectarian. Term Opens September 15, 1910.

MR. E. G. BUFORD, REGENT MRS. E. G. BUFORD, PRESIDENT

Rev. W. Oscar W. Reynolds, of Milford, Nebr., is seeking information of the war record of his uncle, William Brown Moore, who enlisted in Company E, 29th Virginia, in 1863, and was later transferred to Company H, 45th Virginia, and was killed on July 18, 1864, near Berryville, Va. He also asks for some information of this battle.

Mrs. A. J. Woodward, of Good Springs, Tenn., is in need of a pension, and asks that surviving comrades of her husband will help to establish his record as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Capt. D. W. Alexander's company, from Marshall County, and served under General Wheeler and also in General Smith's cavalry, A. N. V.

A. B. Wilkes, of Beaumont, Tex., wishes to hear from any comrades of Company F, 21st Texas Cavalry. Capt. M. W. Kinney commanded the company, which was with Carter's Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Giddings and Major Chenowith as officers.

"DIXIE'S LAND MAGAZINE."—A creditable publication is being gotten out at Athens, Ga., under this title, designed to be the literary magazine of the South. The subscription is one dollar per year. Club rate with the VETERAN, $1.25. Orders can be sent to this office.

Gen. J. M. Arnold, 334 Garrard Street, Covington, Ky., wishes to procure some Confederate bills of the following denominations: $500, $100, $50, $20, $10, and $1. He will want nice, clean bills, as he wishes to frame them. Write him as to price, etc.

On the night following the battle of Franklin the colonel of a Mississippi regiment of infantry, lying on the field wounded, heard near him the groan of a soldier, also seriously wounded. Upon being informed that it was a Confederate, the colonel asked that he be placed beside him. The soldier, M. V. DeVault, of Jonesboro, Tenn., R. R. No. 10, would like to find out the name of the colonel, if still living.

Mrs. S. E. Wilson, 530 West Wilson Street, Cleburne, Tex., asks that surviving comrades of the 17th Alabama Regiment will kindly write to her what they know of the war record of her husband, W. R. Wilson. She wishes to secure a pension, of which she is in much need. This regiment was raised at or near Gadsden, Ala. If Miles Devine or others knowing her husband as "Dink" Wilson are living, they will confer a favor by writing her at once.

William Gay Harris was aid-de-camp to Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, who was in command of the 1st Georgia Reserves. Dr. William F. Holt was surgeon. They were in the battles of Griswoldsville and Lake City. The daughter of William Gay Harris (who went from Macon, Bibb County, Ga.) is anxious to hear from any comrade of her father's who can give her any additional information as to the company and regiment in which he served. Address Mrs. C. J. O'Farrel, 178 Childs Street, Athens, Ga.

MILITARY BELTING

WHITE WASHABLE DUCK
ALL WIDTHS
15c per Belt, Postpaid

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 PENN. AVE., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.



I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster General, United Confederate Veterans

The Veterans' Corner

Is the name of a department in The Jeffersonian, a weekly magazine edited by Tom Watson, the eminent Southern historian. It contains stories, reminiscences and letters from the old soldiers of the Confederate Cause, their sons and daughters.

Mr. Watson writes from 12 to 20 columns of editorials each week, and there are also Home and Farm Departments, a Children's Page, Letters from the People, and "Summary of Events as They Happen," besides poetry, fiction, jokes, and prize contests.

In order to introduce you to THE VETERANS' CORNER we will send you the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and THE JEFFERSONIAN both one year for $1.25.

THE JEFFERSONIAN, THOMSON, GA.

FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX

A Book That Should Be in Every Library

Price, $1.10, Including Postage

LUTHER W. HOPKINS
of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry, Lee's Army
Author and Publisher
833 Calvert Bldg. Baltimore, Md.

S. B. Anderson, of Grand Saline, Tex., has in his possession a pistol which belonged to Lieut. I. H. Smith, Company E, 34th New York Volunteers, which he would be glad to return to any member of his family desiring it. The pistol was "presented by Lieut. Jeffry Smith, of Woodhull, July 4, 1861."

J. D. Dilbeck, of Porter, Okla., makes inquiry for any surviving comrades of Company B, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, from whom he would be pleased to hear.

J. H. Gordon, of Ryan, Va., would like to know if his bunkmate, Will Bunch, is still alive; and if so, he wants to hear from him. Comrade Gordon was a member of Company G, 1st Maryland Regiment. He is now a cripple.

Many replies have been received to the inquiry for the book, "Was Davis a Traitor?" and it is learned that it was reprinted some years ago by the Hermitage Press of Richmond, Va., for Mrs. Virginius Newton, of that city, as a memorial to her husband, and the edition was for private distribution. It may be that some copies are still procurable from her.

J. M. Lynn, of Breckenridge, Tex., makes inquiry for any survivors of R. E. Graves's six-inch battery which was in the battle of Fort Donelson. He was one of those who surrendered there under General Buckner, was sent to Camp Morton Prison, escaped from there and made his way to Corinth, Miss., and joined Forrest's command after his victory at Murfreesboro. He joined Morgan's command later on, and served to the end of the war.

N. P. Perrin, Jr., of Idabel, Okla., wishes to learn something of the record of his uncle, Gen. Albert Perrin, who was killed at Spartanburg C. H. He thinks perhaps some of Wilcox's old brigade can give him some information, as his uncle was in charge of that brigade when killed. He would also like to hear from some of his father's old comrades of Hampton's Cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart. His father was Napoleon Perrin, and died two years ago, aged seventy-one years.

A NEW SONG.

A song especially designed for use in the celebration of General Lee's birthday has been composed by Miss Cordie Nutt, of Sanibel, Fla., with music composed and arranged by Carlo Mora. This beautiful composition will be furnished in lots at special rates, and schools and societies should write to the composer for what they want. The title of the song is "Robert E. Lee," and is dedicated to the memory of that noble man.

Life and Times of C. G. Memminger

Secretary Confederate Treasury Department

By Henry D. Capers, A.M., Ph.D.

Royal Octavo, 690 Pages, Cloth, Sheep, and Morocco

EVERETT, WADDY & CO., Publishers, Richmond, Va.

SECOND EDITION

"A standard work of reference."—American Historical Society.

"Entertaining and instructive."—Grover Cleveland.

"One of the few historical works that will long survive."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

"A noble biography elegantly expressed. A study for the statesman; an encouragement for our youth."—Chancellor Pope, University of South Carolina.

"The South has produced a few works of high literary merit. 'The Life and Times of C. G. Memminger' is among the best of them."—N. Y. Post.

"It is a monument preserving the virtues of a truly great man, more enduring than bronze or marble."—Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

"Permit me to express my grateful acknowledgment of a copy of your admirable biography of Mr. Memminger. It is remarkably accurate in detail, a deserved tribute to manly worth, and an enduring record."—Judah P. Benjamin, The Temple, London, England.

"I commend the 'Life of Mr. Memminger' to our youth as a study, and his character as worthy of emulation. The author, in elegant diction, has preserved for posterity an imperishable record."—Jefferson Davis.

And many others.

1793-1911



THE 30 ROBERT BINGHAM NOW LIVING OF THE 5TH GENERATION SINCE 1793

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

has prepared Boys for College and for Life, and to be Men,

For 117 Years.

3 miles from the City. Military for discipline, control and carriage. Boys expelled from other schools not received. Vicious boys removed as soon as discovered. We undertake to Form, but not to Reform, boys. Hazing and causing fagging excluded by our inviolable pledge of honor. Very complete catalogue sent on application.

1793 COL. R. BINGHAM, R.F.D. 4, Asheville, N.C. 1911

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

Dan C. Whitney, of Morristown, Tenn., who belonged to Capt. Alex White's company, Wheat's Battalion of Louisiana "Tigers," seeks to prove his services for the Confederacy that he may secure a much-needed pension. He will appreciate hearing from old comrades.

If afflicted with SORE EYES USE Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

WANTED

I desire to purchase volumes I. to VIII., or any one or more of these volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Also volume XIII. (1905). I have the other volumes, and desire to fill out my set. Address, stating price,

R. P. REESE, Pensacola, Fla.

CENTRAL BUREAU OF EDUCATION
PARIS, KY.
MISS KATE EDGAR, Paris, Ky., Proprietor and Manager
This efficient agency is again prepared to serve principals of schools and presidents of colleges with well-equipped teachers.
Send for circulars.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

John T. Buford, of Nashville, Tenn., is anxious to locate the gun which he surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., on which he thinks his initials, "J. T. B.," were cut, and asks about the "museum" to which they were sent. He was in Capt. Jake Martin's company, Holman's Regiment, Bell's Brigade, under Forrest.

Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn. (New York Life Building), is most anxious to secure the numbers of the VETERAN for January, February, March, April, September, and November, 1893, in order to complete a file of the VETERAN which he has recently gotten up. Those having any of these copies will do well to write him at once.

Mrs. W. H. Nance, of Clover Hill, Miss., wishes to secure the war record of her husband, William Henry Nance, who served the last year of the war under General Forrest as courier. He was the son of James Nance, who lived near Cornersville, Tenn., and she thinks he had relatives in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Colonel McLemore. Any surviving comrades will confer a favor by giving her all the information they can of her husband.

Hon. Alfred Caldwell, Attorney-General, Wheeling, W. Va., has in his possession a sword picked up from the battlefield of Cedar Creek, Va., and which belonged to Lieutenant Kemp, of the 13th Alabama Regiment. With some other boys, General Caldwell witnessed this battle, and saw Lieutenant Kemp killed while leading his company. with sword aloft; and after the battle, he secured the sword, which he now desires to return to some member of Lieutenant Kemp's family. He will take pleasure in replying to any inquiries.

W. E. Peck, 177 W. Mechanic Street. Shelbyville, Ind., makes inquiry for some information of two uncles who were Confederate soldiers and survived the war, but of whom nothing has been heard since shortly after the war. They were John W. Moore and his brother, William Henry Moore (called "Cap" Moore), born in Estill County, Ky. Their companies and regiments are not known. The first named was in Missouri shortly after the war, and later went to Texas or California. Any information of them will be appreciated.



Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

GUNSTON HALL
1906 Florida Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

The McNeel Marble Co.

General Office, Marietta, Ga. Atlanta Office, 615 Empire Bldg.

The Largest Monumental Works in the South

We Design and Manufacture Art Memorials in Marble, Stone, or Granite.

Vaults, Tombs, Crosses, Altars, Founts, etc., of Every Description for Every Occasion.

Our Facilities Are Unequaled.

We Assume All Liabilities on Receipt of Order Until Erected.

Confederate Monuments a Specialty.

We Furnish You Plans to Secure Donations Free of Charge.

We Can Beautify Your Lot. We Design Inclosure, Coping, Curbing, Vases, Urns, Markers, Settees, Iron Fences, etc.

Write Us for Testimonials of Your Friends.

Indisputable Evidence as to Highest Character of Our Work.

If You Want Something Artistic, Unique, and Original, Write Us.

No Order Too Small or Too Large for Our Careful Consideration.

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVIII. AUGUST, 1910. NO. 8.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Appeal from U. C. V. Headquarters	355
Gratifying Testimonials to the Veteran	356
Arlington Monument Subscriptions	357
Shiloh Monument Subscriptions	358
The Sons at Mobile Convention	358
Editorial	360
The Sacrifice of the South—Southerners in Seattle	361
Monument on Johnson's Island	362
General Lee and Statuary Hall—Poem	364
Memorial Day at Covington, Ky	365
Monument at Danville, Ky	368
A Charming Dixie Girl at Mobile Reunion	365
Autobiography of Maj. D. W. Sanders	370
Address to the West Point Class of 1910	374
Monuments at Columbus, Miss.—Career of Col. J. H. Holman	377
Comment on the Reunion by President General U. D. C	379
How Maj. Wolf's Life Was Saved	380
Secession Convention of South Carolina	382
Monument to Robt. M. DuBose at Sewanee	383
The Last Roll	384
Jefferson Davis Home Fund	393-394
Book Notices, Etc	395

WAITING

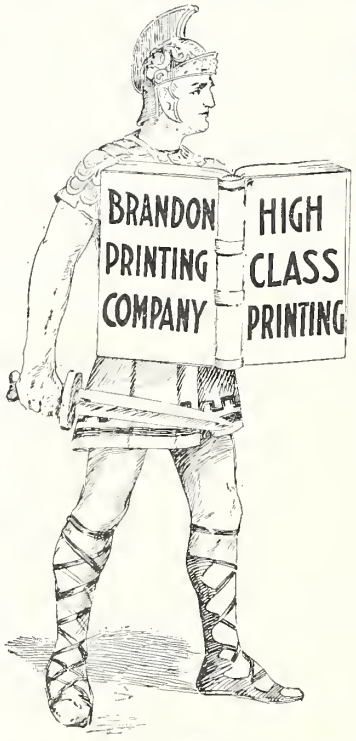
There are some things which can be obtained by simply waiting for the right opportunity.

There are more possessions, however, that may be procured only by immediate and diligent action.

Wealth is one of the things which is seldom obtained by waiting. It requires systematic saving and wise investment.

Don't wait if you wish to be independent. Begin at once to save, and deposit your savings in this bank, where they will earn 3 per cent compound interest. One dollar opens a savings account.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"
Savings Department Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster General, United Confederate Veterans

CONFEDERATE MAT
A MAT FOR FRAMING
THE CONFEDERATE NOTE

Has the Confederate flags crossed at the top and the famous "Lines on the Confederate Note" grouped about a space for the note. Makes an interesting and attractive addition to any collection of Confederate pictures. Can be had for 15c. apiece, or $12.50 per hundred, by applying to

MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN SIMMONS
Martinsville, Va.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

A. J. Baker, of Paradise, Tex., makes inquiry as to who has the honor of having captured Dr. Mary Walker during the war and at what place. She was confined in Libby Prison, and remained there until the close of the war.

Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., wishes to procure the first volume of the Veteran for 1893 and the first six numbers of 1894. Write him as to condition and price asked.

During the Reunion at Mobile a cross of honor was found by J. C. Glass, of Union City, Tenn., who wishes to return it to the owner. The name of J. E. Campbell is on the cross.

A correspondent asks that some one will write a sketch of Colonel Grenfel, a foreigner in the Confederate cavalry. During the latter part of the war he was sent to Dry Tortugas, and disappeared from the island mysteriously.

D. B. Davis, of Farmer, Tex., wishes to hear from Charley McBride, Sam Stover, and John Stinson, if living. They belonged to the 11th Texas Cavalry. John Stover was wounded near Huntsville, Ala., and was nursed and cared for by Mr. Davis.

Lewis Cole, of Paris, Tenn., Route No. 5, wants information of Noah Wimberley Thompson, wounded and captured at Harrisburg, Miss., July 21, 1864. He was in Captain Wilson's Company (I), under command of Captain Fields, Colonel Russell's regiment, Bell's Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. He has never been heard from since.

Jesse P. Loving, of Sherman, Tex., is very anxious to find a saber which was taken from him when captured at Newtonia, Mo., by the 8th Missouri Cavalry October 4, 1862. The saber was brass-mounted and had his full name on the blade; had been made at Sherman, Tex., and presented to him by his brother-in-law when he enlisted in Colonel Alexander's regiment of Texas cavalry, May 25, 1862. He will appreciate very much getting his sword again.

Inquiry is made for some surviving comrades of George H. Kent, who served in Company F, 12th Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Escort. He was under Captain Bell. Mr. Kent was from Somerville, Tenn., and recalls two comrades, Hawkins Herndon and ——— Matthews, who could furnish proof of his service if they could be located. Address him in care of Mrs. Lewis Harnan, Chairman Benevolent Committee U. D. C., 3301 Powelton Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mailing list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1910. No. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR

APPEALS FROM U. C. V. HEADQUARTERS.

ABOUT THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME.

General Orders, No. 5, U. C. V., state in substance: "The General commanding (G. W. Gordon, by Adjt. Gen. W. E. Mickle) cannot but feel that if the attention of officers of Camps of the order were properly directed to the needs of the Jefferson Davis Home Association the small indebtedness remaining would be paid in a very brief period. The cost of the Davis home farm was $7,050. It would have been impossible for the Association to pay this had not Gen. Bennett H. Young, with his usual patriotism and liberality, advanced the amount. Through contributions subsequently made to the fund the amount advanced has been reduced to $2,200, which it is most earnestly desired to settle speedily. This should be done, that the money may be repaid to the generous comrade who advanced it. * * * It should be the pleasure of every member of this patriotic federation to be one of the contributors to this noble object, even though the amount given be small, and the General commanding indulges the hope that the simple announcement that there is a debt will result in a timely and generous response."

RESOLUTIONS ABOUT THE WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

General Orders, No. 3, are revived with earnestness:

"Whereas at the Memphis Reunion, 1909, there was held, under authority of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans and of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, a joint meeting with reference to the monuments to the Women of the Confederacy; and whereas at that meeting a new committee for the work, composed of the old committee enlarged by one member from each State of the Confederacy, was directed and duly appointed by the chairman of the meeting; and whereas the said committee assembled at Atlanta December 28, 1909, organized on a thorough and efficient basis to prosecute the work and selected an appropriate design; therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That this convention recognizes said committee as in charge of the grand work, and will now and hereafter give it all the support in its power to carry to a speedy and successful end the work it has undertaken of erecting in each State of the South at least one monument to our glorious Women of the Confederacy.

"2. The said committee shall at each annual convention of the U. C. V. make a full report of its proceedings and of all moneys received and expended by States.

"3. That the said committee shall have no authority to contract any debt or obligation which may be binding upon the general organization of the United Confederate Veterans."

The General commanding earnestly urges the Camps of this great federation to use every effort to create an interest in this most worthy object and to labor constantly to have these monuments erected in every State to the true and devoted women of the Confederacy, so that future generations may have some evidence of the love and veneration with which the soldiers of the Southern armies regarded the noble women of the sixties.

MONUMENT TO FORMER SLAVES.

General Orders, No. 6, under date July 30, 1910, state:

"The General commanding deeply regrets that greater interest has not been manifested in the movement to erect a monument to the former slaves of the South. That all comrades may be fully advised of what is designed he republishes the resolutions adopted at the Birmingham Reunion, held June 9-11, 1908—viz.:

"'Whereas there has been and still is a ready recognition throughout the Southern States of the faithful and praiseworthy, the peaceful and lawful course and conduct of the slaves toward their owners and their many unprotected families during our interstate war, 1861 to 1865; and whereas we deem it just and due to the good faith and good name of said slaves, as also to their former owners, and to history, that this highly instructive and most significant fact be formally promulgated and perpetuated; therefore be it

"'*Resolved,* That it is the sense of the delegates and representatives of the United Confederate Veterans that a stately and durable monument should be erected at some central and appropriate site in the South to the quietude and praiseworthiness and to the fidelity and allegiance of the slaves to their masters and their families during the great interstate war of 1861 to 1865.'

"Only those familiar with the beautiful patriarchal life on the Southern plantations previous to 1865 know of the devotion of the slaves to their owners and the children of the family. They were reared like members of a large household. The children of the owners and of the slaves associated most intimately together, and enjoyed alike the pleasures of the home, all receiving the care and attention of the heads of the family, who had a tender feeling for these dependents.

"When during the war the men of the South were at the front and no others at home but women and children, these slaves attended with the usual care to the duties of the planta-

tion and looked after the comfort and well-being of the defenseless family with fidelity and devotion. Then, too, the negro boys were with the young men in the army. They accompanied them on their hazardous expeditions, shared their dangers, cared for them when sick or wounded, and occasionally bore their bodies from the field of battle, and finally carried the precious remains to the sorrowing ones at home.

"Can any man or woman at the South think of these things and not feel the deepest interest and the highest pride in the behavior of these loyal slaves? The men and women of the South—the U. C. V., the U. D. C., the U. S. C. V., and the C. S. M. A.—owe it to themselves to see that some evidence is given to the world of their appreciation of the faithfulness and affection of this devoted people. The General commanding hopes that steps will at once be taken to remedy the neglect that has existed so long."

THE PRIZE FROM TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Through the President General of the U. D. C., Mrs. McSherry, Mrs. Leonora Rogers Schuyler sends the following by Harriet Hawley, Secretary to the Dean of Columbia University:

"The prize of one hundred dollars offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to a student of Teachers' College, Columbia University, for the best essay written on the South's part in the War between the States was awarded to Harvey M. Morrow. He attended the State Normal College at Troy, Ala., from 1900 to 1904, and took there the degree of B.Ph. He attended two sessions at Columbia (1905-06), and was a student at Teachers' College during 1909-10. He was principal of the public school in Letohatchee, Ala., and in Banks, Ala., and principal of the high school in Troy, Ala.

"Miss Ruth B. Hawes is from Charlottesville, Va. She has taken a six-year course in the Normal College, New York City, has attended one Columbia University summer session, and has been a student of Teachers' College during this current year. She has taught about three years in North Carolina, Virginia, and New York City.

"The subject was selected from a list which was furnished by Dr. S. C Mitchell, President of the University of South Carolina. It has been the aim of the committee to present the historical facts which were causes leading up to the war, and for that reason slavery as a historical institution in the State of Mississippi was chosen for the subject. The judges comprising the committee making the award are: Edwin B. Craighead, LL.D. (chairman), President Tulane University, New Orleans, La.; Prof. Marshall S. Brown, head of the Department of History New York University, New York City; and Dunbar Rowland, Ph.D., Director of Archives and History, Jackson, Miss."

[Something is not clear in above. It will be corrected.—Ed.]

Sixth Georgia Regiment at Aiken, S. C.—Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex., wishes to add a little something to the accounts given in the Veteran for December and February about the battle at Aiken, S. C. He states that the 6th Georgia Regiment was there and did a large share of the fighting. It was on the right of the Alabamians and commanded by Capt. J. R. Lay, who ordered them to charge, which they did, in defiance of orders to fall back. This order to fall back was given by a Major Messick, who had charge of the 6th Georgia when on provost duty; but Captain Lay took matters into his own hands and led his men in a brilliant charge after sending a defiant message to Major Messick.

GRATIFYING VETERAN TESTIMONIALS.

It was intended to make extracts from many letters for this issue; but after making a few, it became evident that to do the subject justice would be impracticable. In addition to those copied herein, there are some others to appear later. One man wrote that a year or so ago he and his wife happened to be with the Editor, who, learning that it was his birthday, sent a year's subscription in compliment. In return this gentleman sends four new subscriptions. Another who owed forty cents sent five dollars, the remainder to go toward supplying old comrades who can't pay. Gratitude profound is expressed to many who have shown zeal for the cause and good will for the Editor's work.

Edward S. Corser, President of the Corser Investment Company, Minneapolis, Minn., writes the following:

"My friend and former army comrade, Col. Ell Torrance, of this city, called my attention to-day to a copy of the Confederate Veteran, and added, 'This is the birthday of its editor,' assuring me that, although it shall come to you from a stranger, congratulations upon the day and a year's subscription to your magazine from a soldier whose three years' service in the Federal Army of the Potomac gave to him a much-prized opportunity to appreciate our Southern brethren, their valor in the field, and their magnanimity since the contest ended, will not be unwelcome to you.

"My personal experience is not a matter of interest to you except that as I add that at the Bloody Angle, Spottsylvania C. H., Va., I was wounded in the early morning and left on the field among Confederates, where I was treated with entire kindness and courtesy from early on the morning of May 12 to the dawn of the next morning, when soldiers of my own company took me up and carried me inside the Union lines.

"My comment relative to those days is this, that nothing except the overpowering disparity in the strength and resources of the North, both as to men and money, gave us our final victory, and constantly during those three years I congratulated myself upon the fact that we had this overwhelming advantage. Otherwise we should all have been sent home in pine boxes or left unburied on the fields of the South.

"The action of Virginia in sending to Washington and placing in the Capitol the statue of your great leader, Robert E. Lee, has my profoundest sympathy and approval. The meeting of Lee and Grant at Appomattox under the circumstances is one of the finest and most dramatic instances in the world's history, where two truly great men met and honored each other after unprecedented battles, wherein many thousands of their patriotic soldiers went down in death."

Comrade S. V. McManus, of Sparta, Tenn., sends another year's subscription, and adds: "I am now eighty-one years old, health poor and eyesight bad, so I will have to drop out after another year."

Comrade G. W. Abert writes from Columbus, Miss., when sending his subscription: "For eighteen months I have been an invalid, carrying the weight of eighty-one years. I have preserved my files since the receipt of the first number."

Scholarships Offered by Alabama Daughters.—The Alabama Division, U. D. C., announces that six scholarships will be given, one each to the following schools: Marion Institute for boys, Judson College for girls, Southern University for girls and boys, Howard College, Birmingham, for boys, and one to the Winnie Davis Memorial School for girls, at Athens, Ga.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JUNE 30, 1910.

Receipts.

Amount on hand last report, $15,735.08.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, $5. Contributed by Mrs. Randolph Miller, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $20. Contributed by Apalachicola Chapter, No. 826, U. D. C., Apalachicola, Fla., $3; Margaret Davis Chapter, C. of C., Apalachicola, Fla., $2; A. P. Sebring Chapter, No. 1136, U. D. C. Jacksonville, Fla., $10; Mrs. Estelle T. Ostrogge, Jacksonville, Fla., $5.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, $32.75. Contributed by Anguilla, Miss., $2.75; al fresco entertainment, Rolling Fork, Miss., $30.

Col. S. B. Thomas Chapter, No. 1123, U. D. C., Utica, Miss., $2.50.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $5. Contributed by Abbeville Chapter, No. 62, U. D. C., Abbeville.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, $22. Contributed by Forrest Chapter, No. 206, U. D. C., Brownsville, Tenn., $5; John Morton Chapter, No. 1171, U. D. C., Camden, Tenn., $5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 926, U. D. C., Humboldt, Tenn., $2; Forty-Sixth Tennessee Chapter, No. 1049, U. D. C., Paris, Tenn., $5; Mrs. H. B. Shanks, Memphis, Tenn., $5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Tennessee, $66. Contributed by William R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., Bedford City, Va., $51; Randolph Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., $5; Mrs. Cora Williams, Woodstock, Va., $10.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, $2.50. Contributed by Mrs. J. D. Roberdean, Chairman State Committee, Bell County Chapter, No. 101, U. D. C., Belton, Tex.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, $1,000.

Total receipts—all on hand, $16,890.83.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A GEORGIA MONUMENT.—Mr. McMahon, of Clarke County, introduced a bill in the Georgia Legislature appropriating one hundred thousand dollars for erecting a monument to the men who bore the brunt of battle and the heroic women who gave them courage by their noble endurance of the horrors and sacrifices of war. Capt. W. H. Harrison appeared before the House of Representatives and made a fine appeal for the appropriation, and the members seemed much moved by his eloquence. When the appropriation bill was put to the vote, it was carried unanimously. The funds are to be available as follows: Ten thousand to be in hand in 1911, forty thousand in 1912, and fifty thousand in 1913. The Governor appointed a commissioner to have charge of the funds and superintend the erection of the monument. Another bill before the Legislature for consideration is that introduced by Mr. Calbeck, of Gordon County, which is for an appropriation of fifteen hundred dollars for the Confederate cemetery at Resaca. The grounds for this cemetery were donated by Major Green, and are kept in order by his daughter, Mrs. Simmons, at her own expense.

MASSACHUSETTS MONUMENT COMMITTEE WILL MEET IN PETERSBURG IN OCTOBER.—Commander of Wilcox Post, James Anderson, C. H. Porter, of Quincy, and Gustave Magnipsky, of Boston, have been appointed by the government as a commission to erect a monument to the soldiers who fell in the fighting around Petersburg. A site has been offered for the monument if it be acceptable. The government has appropriated five thousand dollars to the monument.

SOUTH LEADS IN PERCENTAGE OF INCREASED POPULATION.

From the report of the census of 1910 it is shown that the Southern States, including Missouri and Oklahoma, have made a gain of twenty per cent increase in population since 1900. The Northern States' increase was eighteen and a half per cent gain. Oklahoma alone, including the Indian Territory, has had one million two hundred and fifty thousand added to her number, and the States that follow closest as to gain are Texas, Missouri, Georgia, and Alabama.

JUDGE LURTON MET AN UNKNOWN COUSIN.—Associate Justice Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court, met in Chicago recently a cousin whom he had never consciously met before, but whom he found he had faced and fought in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Lycurgus Patterson, the cousin in question, was a member of the 101st Illinois, while the distinguished Judge served gallantly under Morgan.

INCREASED CONFEDERATE PENSION ROLL FOR GEORGIA.—The pension bill as amended by the Senate of Georgia was passed by both Houses of the General Assembly. The bill provides that every Confederate veteran or widow of a veteran shall receive an annual pension of sixty dollars, provided they are not in possession of more than fifteen hundred dollars' worth of property. This bill increases the pensions in Georgia more than two hundred thousand dollars.

A UNIQUE WAY OF TEACHING HISTORY ON THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.—A trip on horseback over the route of march taken by General Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta was made by a class of twenty commissioned officers from the United States Service School in Fort Leavenworth, Kans. They had with them five instructors and a number of enlisted men, and were under the charge of Maj. J. F. Morrison, of the United States army, a recognized instructor in military tactics. The party visited all the places of the fighting *en route.*

LEWIS TILLMAN'S CANDIDACY FOR REGISTER.

The VETERAN is not in politics; but after reading "a campaign circular presenting Lewis Tillman, of Knoxville, Tenn., for County Register," the impulse controls to commend the candidate. An intimacy that has never waned began between the Editor of the VETERAN and Lewis Tillman nearly half a century ago. The two have hardly ever been on the same side in politics or religious issues, and yet a faith in that man has been so implicit, a knowledge of his integrity of character is so absolute that the VETERAN would congratulate any community upon any trust whatever they could bestow upon him. To be one's most intimate friend among men for half a century, with a devotion so steadfast that, were the other to become so offended that he would not speak to him, he would love him still, represents the fixed esteem the Editor has for Lewis Tillman.

This half century of friendship of the closest kind has been a blessing to all who approve the spirit of the VETERAN—association influences our sentiments in matters of principle.

Mr. Tillman is able as well as honest. Years ago he was as special judge called to New York to sit upon a railroad case involving a large sum of money, and the deference shown him by millionaires of both sides was witnessed by the writer; and again when he was sitting on important cases in Tennessee, on courts as special commissioner, and one of his own brothers was attorney in the case the opposition would insist that that made no difference. Any court or any people may be congratulated on securing his services in any capacity.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

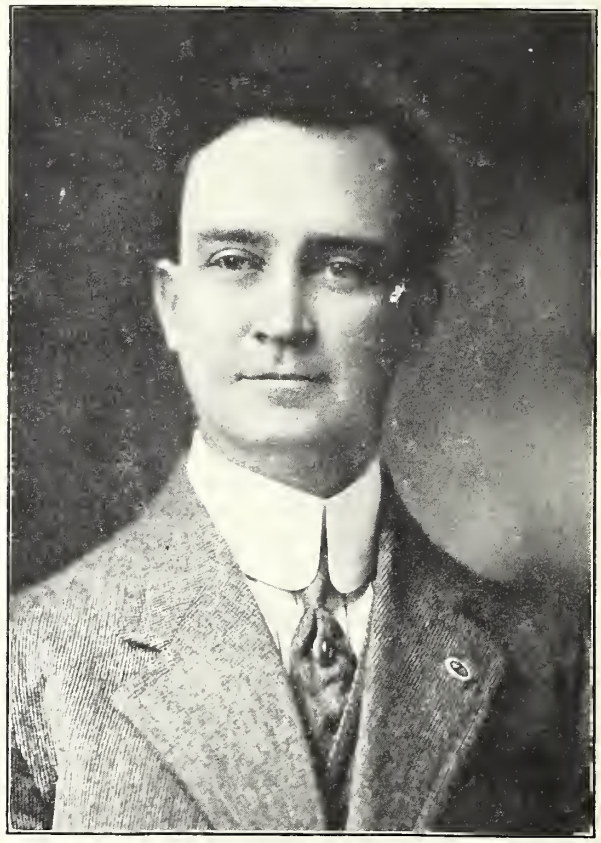
RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 6 TO JULY 11, 1910.

Mobile Chapter, Mobile, Ala.	$ 5 00
Alabama Charter Chapter, Camden, Ala.	1 00
James D. Webb, Greensboro, Ala.	2 00
Mrs. Elliott Berry, President J. H. Berry Chapter, Bentonville, Ark.	2 50
Sparks-Walton Camp, U. S. C. V., Fort Smith, Ark.	5 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal.	5 00
John D. Brooks Chapter, Sacramento Cal.	10 00
Los Angeles Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal.	10 00
Margaret H. Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, Colo.	5 00
Mrs. J. N. Hazelhurst, Atlanta, Ga. (personal)	2 50
Sidney Lanier Chapter, Macon, Ga.	25 00
Ladies' Confederated Mem. Association, Atlanta, Ga.	5 00
Monticello Chapter, Monticello, Ga.	5 00
Vienna Chapter, Vienna, Ga.	2 00
Rome Chapter, Rome, Ga.	5 00
Margaret Jones Chapter, Waynesboro, Ga.	5 00
Mrs. John K. Ottley, Atlanta, Ga. (bank exchange)	50 10
J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, Ky.	10 00
Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, Md.	50 00
Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, S. C.	5 00
Lottie Green Chapter, Bishopville, S. C.	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, Yorkville, S. C.	5 00
Chester Chapter, Chester, S. C.	3 00
Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, S. C.	10 00
Moffatt Green Chapter, Due West, S. C.	5 00
Dick Alderson Chapter, Sumter, S. C.	5 00
Ridge Spring Chapter, Ridge Spring, S. C.	1 00
Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken, S. C.	2 00
Charleston Chapter, Charleston, S. C.	15 00
St. George Chapter, St. George, S. C.	2 00
Mary Anne Bine Chapter, Johnston, S. C.	2 00
Robert A. Waller Chapter, Greenwood, S. C.	5 00
John K. McIver Chapter, Darlington, S. C.	2 50
Pendleton Chapter, Pendleton, S. C.	1 00
Abbeville Chapter, Abbeville, S. C.	2 00
Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, S. C. (personal)	10 00
Mrs. J. Ottey Reed, St. George, S. C. (personal)	1 00
Col. J. R. Neal Chapter, Spring City, Tenn.	5 00
Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, Tenn.	10 00
John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, Tenn.	25 00
Joe Wheeler Chapter, Sweetton, Tenn.	5 00
Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn.	10 00
Rossie Hawkins White Chapter, Cottage Grove, Tenn.	5 00
George W. Gordon Chapter, Waverly, Tenn.	5 00
John W. Norton Chapter, Camden, Tenn.	10 00
Maury County Chapter, Columbia, Tenn.	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, Tenn.	5 00
Clark Chapter, Gallatin, Tenn.	5 00
Russell-Hill Chapter, Trenton, Tenn.	14 00
N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, Tenn.	12 00
Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson, Tenn.	5 00
Mrs. H. A. Chambers, Chattanooga, Tenn. (personal)	5 00
Dixie Auxiliary Crocket Chapter, Alamo, Tenn.	5 00
Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, Tenn.	10 00
Francis M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, Tenn.	5 00
Crockett Chapter, Alamo, Tenn.	7 00
Mrs. Lettie Breedbore, Paris, Tenn. (personal)	5 00
Lee Pictures, Navarro Chapter, Corsicana, Tex.	2 50
R. E. Lee Chapter, Houston, Tex.	5 00
Morgantown Chapter, Morgantown, W. Va.	2 00
General organization U. D. C.	1,000 00

THE SONS AT MOBILE COSVENTION.

Past Commanders in Chief Richard B. Haughton, of St. Louis, and Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, attended the Convention, and were well pleased by the fine work done during the last year. Both of the gentlemen submitted splendid reports of their work, as both continue in active service, the former being Chairman of the Monument Committee and the latter Historian General.

All the members of the Executive Board were present except Chairman Fontaine W. Mahood, who was detained in Washington by illness. He was reëlected chairman. Dr. Clarence J. Owen, Commander in Chief, outlined the policy and work of the Sons, and made a stirring appeal to them to be worthy of their noble sires. Several progressive plans have been carried out successfully. The establishment of splendid permanent headquarters, the increase of the *per capita* tax, and the employment of a salaried Adjutant General indicate the practical character of advancement.



NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST, ADJUTANT GENERAL.

N. B. Forrest, the Adjutant General, is devoting his entire time to the advancement of the interests of the organization. He hopes to organize Camps in every town in the South, and is zealous in all the work of his office. His address is Courthouse, Memphis, Tenn.

Most commendable loyalty and comradeship prevail among the Sons generally. All the proceedings were given earnest attention, and all motions were given careful consideration, each delegate seeming to realize his personal responsibility. An earnest appeal for the five thousand dollars which it is agreed is necessary for the "Guarantee Fund" was made, and one thousand dollars of the requisite money was subscribed at the Convention. A rising vote of thanks was given the

N. B. Forrest Camp, of Memphis, for securing the handsome rooms to be used as permanent headquarters. All the officers of the Confederation were reëlected except Clinton M. Felder, of the Army of Northern Virginia, who withdrew his name and nominated W. D. Smith, of Fayetteville, W. Va.



N. B. FORREST, THIRD SON OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL,
Named by the VETERAN as the Mascot for the S. C. V.

All the sponsors and maids of honor took part in the grand parade, some of them marching on foot in the line that conveyances might be the more liberally supplied to the veterans, the "old boys." Splendid tribute was paid the VETERAN, but many of the Sons do not realize its great importance to the organization and the cause.

NEW ORLEANS SONS ARE TRUE PATRIOTS.

SUBSTANCE OF RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY CAMP BEAUREGARD, U. S. C. V.

At a meeting of Camp Beauregard, Sons of Veterans, new Orleans, Mr. W. O. Hart offered resolutions which were unanimously adopted in which the Camp heartily indorsed the application made by the Beauregard Monument Association to the Legislature of Louisiana for an appropriation of five thousand dollars to complete the monument to Louisiana's great Confederate general, which is to be erected in City Park, New Orleans, and that "this amount, with the funds now in the hands of the Association, raised through private sources, will be sufficient to finish the work."

The Camp also heartily indorsed the application made by the Jefferson Davis Monument Association to the Legislature of Louisiana for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to complete a monument to the only President of the Confederate States, which is to be erected in Audubon Park, New Orleans. This amount, with the funds now in the hands of the Association, raised through private sources, will be sufficient, it is asserted, to finish the work.

The Camp requests, moreover, that if a less sum be appropriated such amount be given to the two Associations in proportion to the amounts asked.

In addition, the Camp was unanimous in the plea that, as "the State of Louisiana owes a debt of gratitude to its sons who defended, fought, and died for its rights from 1861 to 1865, and as there are still remaining with us a number of these worthy sons whose declining years should be made as easy as possible by a grateful people," they request that the Governor of the State, the Senate, and House of Representatives, individually and collectively, lend their efforts in the proposal to increase the appropriation for pensions and the Soldiers' Home, so ably presented to the above respective bodies by Maj. Gen. T. J. Shaffer and other veterans.

J. J. Powell is Commandant and G. K. Renaud Adjutant of the Camp.

SPANISH WAR VETERANS.

The souvenir edition of the National Review gives an interesting account of the seventh reunion of Spanish War veterans which was held in Elyria, Ohio, July 3-5, 1910. The meeting was attended by hundreds who went through their baptism of fire on Malvern Hill, and the veterans were not alone, for the auxiliaries of women who came as sponsors, delegates, and guests were almost equal in number to the men. Patriotic speeches, parades, presentation of colors, and much fine music from the choral society, assisted by the school children of Elyria, made the occasion one long to be remembered. "The boys of '61" paraded with the veterans of the Spanish War; and though the infirmities of age prevented their marching with the gay and unfaltering step of the younger soldiers, perfect comradery marked the occasion.

This organization of Spanish War veterans is spreading rapidly, and promises soon to embrace all who responded to the call in the war with Spain. Two thousand of these veterans met their old comrade, Roosevelt, on his return from abroad and marched in the procession of people who gave him so royal a welcome.

VIRGINIA PRESENTS FRANCE A STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.—The authorities have selected August 8 for the ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue of Washington, recently presented to France by the State of Virginia. It is a copy of Houdon's bronze of the great general, and will be placed in one of the parks of Paris.

"ON TO DIXIE."—The speech of Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell entitled "On to Dixie," which was delivered before Congress June 14, 1910, has been printed and will be used for general distribution. The speech is filled with facts, supplemented with valuable appendixes, and was prepared to show why the tide of emigration should flow Southward; it is also to meet the activity of the Canadian efforts to influence the settling of newcomers in that country. Mr. Ransdell is President of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, and has been accustomed to consider national questions, so that his statistics of the advantages and resources of the South are accepted authority.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.



This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.

YOUR COURTEOUS REPLY.

During July many, many cordial responses to "statements" or "reminders" that were sent out in its earlier days were received, as also many birthday greetings. A few referred to the reminder as a "dun," and they had "notified" somebody to "stop it," while a few delivered free counsel about the impropriety of sending a publication on after expiration.

A larger proportion still have not responded in any way. Those of the latter class who see this notice should know that it will cost at least $200 and much time to investigate still more closely and find how many are dead and how many still neglect to attend to this patriotic duty. Many men presume that some credit agency may be consulted, and that their standing is too high for question. Indeed, there seems to be a sentiment that a subscription account should be treated as any commercial account, or that the small amount is not worth attention except incidentally.

It is presumed that every name on the list represents some one who is in sympathy with the principles of the VETERAN; and if it were not "so small a matter," they would be restless to give it attention. Such honorable patriots are unavoidably classed with those who happen to be unappreciative, yet are placed on the list and who take advantage of these conditions, causing much loss in the end. Largely over half who renew with arrears express gratitude for the continuation, or apologize for the neglect. A small proportion are narrow in their views and are unwilling to take advantage of liberal offers for advance payment of three or four years. The manner of address indicates often before opening a letter whether the sender is liberal-minded. Some will pay two dollars, for instance, who have run behind rather than remit fifty cents or one dollar more for two or three years ahead. Arrangements have been made by the owner to perpetuate the VETERAN longer than any of these periods if he should die suddenly. Please don't be stingy or suspicious with the VETERAN. It has not been so with you, nor will it be.

There is no such thing with the VETERAN as considering the solvency of patrons. It would be like examining the sands on the shores of the seas. If the date by your name is before "August 10," you ought to know that this article is addressed to you, and you ought to respond, by explanation at least, at once. If there be error, please let it be known immediately.

Please give this subject attention now. If the person to whom it is addressed is dead, a brief sketch should be sent to this office. However humble the soldier, the VETERAN owes him a tribute; and if his family be poor, the subscription may be extended for a time complimentarily. It is due the VETERAN, however, that notice be given without waiting for another reminder—and maybe another.

If any who observe the zeal in the foregoing imagine it is from a mercenary motive, they should consider the importance of building up the VETERAN with new material. Recently a comrade sent a list and $25 from Oklahoma and assurances that he would work on zealously. A package of samples was sent and a stranger wrote that the comrade had died.

BIRTHDAY TRIBUTES AND COMMENTS.

Lloyd T. Everrett, of Lemmon, S. Dak., writes as follows: "In response to your editorial invitation in the July issue, here goes for one of the twenty thousand birthday letters. You are particularly fortunate in having as your natal day the 21st of July, a date always to be held in glorious memory by Southrons. First Manassas, if followed up as (then) Brig. Gen. Stonewall Jackson wished it followed up, might easily have proved one of the decisive battles of the world's history and marked a forward milepost in the march of human liberty and the right of self-government. [It is an interesting coincidence that it is the birthday of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. —ED.] It would at least have liberated Maryland and added another star to the Southern cross instead of leaving Maryland's star a lost pleiad to the Southern banner while thousands of her sons yet fought beneath its folds. But Jackson was only a subordinate, and so Manassas marks instead only a glorious protest against world-old, un-American imperialism.

"But why apologize for 'sectionalism,' Mr. Editor—rather, why disclaim it? Since the South may not be our own independent nation, then it remains our loved section, and it is the very *raison d'etre* of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to defend and perpetuate the history of that section.

"More power to your pen and your elbow, and many happy returns of your birthday as that of First Manassas!

"Thank you for the article on Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, my namesake and distant relative. I am the son of a Maryland blockade runner."

Ell Torrance, Esq., of Minneapolis, Minn., a former Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, wrote on July 16: "I notice in the last issue of the VETERAN that the 21st of July will mark another anniversary in your pilgrimage, and, desiring to be one of the twenty thousand to congratulate you and also to encourage you in the continued publication of the journal, I will renew my subscription to January 1, 1912, and will also send you the names of two new subscribers for three years each. I inclose my check to your order for $6 and append names and addresses of the new subscribers."

Walter D. Taylor writes from Imboden, Ark.: "I see by the VETERAN that your birthday is July 21. You possibly have forgotten that on June 10, 1909, you gave me a year's subscription to the VETERAN as a birthday present. One good turn deserves another, so I inclose herewith my check for four yearly subscriptions, all at Imboden, Ark."

Comrade J. T. Walker writes from Bass Station, Ala., while renewing his subscription for four years: "I was a private in the N. B. Forrest 1st Cavalry Brigade, Colonel Russell's 4th Alabama. I am nearing the sunset of life, and hope to meet you on that beautiful shore where parting will be no more."

W. G. Ward, of Caddo, Okla., sends $4 on subscription account, and writes: "I don't see why more people don't take the VETERAN, so that their children may become more interested as to the truths that are being trampled under foot in an effort to make us traitors while we contended for our rights."

Subscriptions for the Shiloh monument are not all published. Some mishap occurred through correspondence by Mrs. Roy McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., the Treasurer. The multitude of Daughters of the Confederacy who know this zealous member will not doubt but that she has done her full duty faithfully. There was a lapse in her reports some months ago when she was very ill; but the apparent omission which may be real will be corrected as soon as practicable.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTRIBUTED BY VICTOR MONTGOMERY, OF SANTA ANA, CAL.

South Carolina contributed to the sacrifice in the death of the heroic Gen. Barnard E. Bee, who at First Manassas exclaimed with his dying breath, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall," thus bestowing a soubriquet that will last while the name and deeds of Jackson ring through the corridors of fame.

Mississippi offered as a sacrifice upon the altar of the Southern cause Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States, who, after the downfall of the Confederacy, lived and died "a man without a country."

Virginia gave her noble son, Stonewall Jackson, of the Army of Northern Virginia, who at Chancellorsville "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" at the moment when his victorious army was sweeping the discomfited enemy from the field.

Kentucky parted with heroic Sidney Johnston "on Shiloh's dark and bloody ground," and in him the Confederacy lost a tower of strength. No country ever had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion, no people a bolder defender, no principle a purer victim. In honor the great captain rests.

Tennessee gave Leonidas Polk, a son of whom she was justly proud. At Pine Mountain, Ga., he laid down his life for his beloved country—Churchman, soldier, patriot.

North Carolina mourned the noble Pender, who died gloriously leading his brave men up the cannon-crowned heights of Gettysburg.

Georgia sealed her faith in the sanctity of the Southern cause with the lifeblood of the daring patriot, Bartow, who fell upon the field of Manassas with his face to the foe, and whose dying ears were greeted with the victorious shouts of his men.

Florida gave her military hero, Gen. James McIntosh, a veteran of the Mexican and Indian Wars, who lost his valuable life at Pea Ridge while contesting the further advance of the invading foe upon the soil of the Sunny South.

Alabama sacrificed her "gallant Pelham," the Murat of Lee's army, the only line officer mentioned in the official reports of the battle of Fredericksburg by Generals Lee and Jackson. His exploit of holding at bay Franklin's army corps with a single Napoleon gun evoked from General Lee the exclamation: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young."

Missouri lost her worthy son, General Green, the hero of Corinth, who fell bravely defending our works at Vicksburg, the last fortified post on the "Father of Waters," to furl the stars and bars.

Texas suffered the great loss of Ben McCulloch in the battle of Pea Ridge on March 7, 1862, who, after having routed Osterhaus's Division, fell while gallantly leading his division against the three divisions of Seigel, Asboth, and Davis.

Louisiana gave the incomparable Bob Wheat, the white-plumed Knight of Navarre of the Army of Virginia, who fell in the battle of Gaines's Mill while bravely cheering on his "Louisiana Tigers," waving aloft the sword presented to him by his State and clasping to his bosom the Bible given him by his Christian mother.

Arkansas offered as a sacrifice upon the altar of her fidelity to the cause of the South gallant Pat Cleburne, the knight without fear and without reproach, the Bayard of the Army of Tennessee, who died for the cause that was dearer to him than life itself while leading his command through a storm of shot and shell upon the breastworks at Franklin.

SOUTHERNERS IN FAR-AWAY SEATTLE.

Away up in the northwest corner of the United States, in the rapidly growing city of Seattle, are gathered thousands of Southerners from every State south of Mason and Dixon's line, and they are still pouring in by the thousands as they learn more and more of that wonderful climate on Puget Sound, which is never too hot nor too cold, where there are no mosquitoes or malaria; where the mountain scenery, presenting a gorgeous panorama from the serrated Olympics to the snowy Cascades, cannot be equaled even in Europe; where lakes, rivers, and ocean offer every variety of outdoor enjoyment that heart could wish; where some of the greatest opportunities in America are offered for making money.

But in the mad rush of money-getting the beloved Southland has not been forgotten. The true and genuine Southerners are doing everything in their power to cherish Southern ideals and to promote Southern institutions. And they are "doing things," too. Adding the "Seattle spirit," which they all get on their arrival, to the "Southern spirit," which they all had before they came, the combination has become invincible. Already there is a large Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Robert E. Lee Camp, which, though but a year old, has given to the order a brand-new idea in the installation of its officers—an idea which might well be adopted by every Camp of Sons throughout the country. This beautiful and impressive installation ceremony is given in outline: Music, march in, remain standing; Aid steps forward, presenting the Commandery elect to installing officer; invocation; all be seated; arise, Commandery, to take oath; oath administered to Commandery in a body; Commandery, be seated, presiding officer; present the Commander, presiding officer; other officers in their respective order; address by installing officer; address by Commander.

The idea of this order of installation originated with Dr. Arthur Jordon, formerly of Richmond, Va., now Commander of the Seattle Camp of Sons.

The oath of office proposed by James B. Dowd, a Seattle attorney, who is a member of the Camp, is as follows: "I solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and of the State of Washington, that of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans; that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office to which I have been elected, using at all times my best efforts to promote the interests of the Camp and to create and cement that cordial relation which should also exist between the Camps of the Confederacy as near as it is in my power; so help me God."

This cermony was first used on March 9, 1910. Other Camps have written for the plan.

This young Camp of Sons is setting an example that even older Camps may copy. Through them other Southern organizations have been interested, and committees have been appointed to investigate the school histories as taught in Seattle and to make such recommendations for change in justice to the South as may be deemed proper.

The Sons have also established a Joint Entertainment Committee which enables all the Southern organizations in the city to work more effectively, more harmoniously, and for the increased enjoyment of all concerned. It is excellent.

The John B. Gordon Camp of Seattle Veterans, of which Judge J. H. Allen is Commander, is having its innings also; for they have just procured a Confederate Choir through the efforts of Miss Lucy Byrd Mock, of Fayetteville, Ark., who is temporarily in Seattle writing stories of that Western country. She has written a most comprehensive and beautifully

illustrated story on Seattle which appeared in the June issue of Progress Magazine. The editor of Progress states that Miss Mock's story of Seattle was "one of the most wonderful stories of accomplishment yet printed, and that it should be read by every man and woman in the country."

Miss Mock was the first to establish a Confederate Choir west of the Mississippi and the first to carry the idea west of the Rockies. With the establishment of the Seattle Choir, the United Confederate Choirs of America now spread from coast to coast, its first Choir having originated three years ago in Portsmouth, Va. The rapid spread of this noble band of Dixie singers is its excellent commendation, and the Seattle Choir, though last, is the largest in the United States, the membership roll showing forty singers, including some of the best musical talent in the city. Mrs. G. A. C. Rochester, the well-known singer, who was honored with a gold medal at the Chicago World's Fair, is Captain of the Seattle Choir; while Mr. Montgomery Lynch, formerly of Richmond, Va., is the efficient Director. Mr. Bently Nicholson, a noted tenor singer from New Orleans, is an enthusiastic member. Many other members could be mentioned whose voices have attracted attention, but space will not permit. Suffice it to say that this fine new Choir made its formal debut on June 3, the one hundred and second anniversary of Jefferson Davis, and the enthusiastic reception accorded the Choir augurs well for its future. It will be a great pleasure and benefit to the Southerners of Seattle; for, though belonging primarily to the Camp of Veterans, the Confederate Choir willingly serves also the Sons and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. A. Jeff Nelson, of Richmond, Va., is the newly elected President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters in Seattle. Her intense Southern enthusiasm is already making itself felt. Through her efforts the first regular memorial service for the Confederate dead in Seattle was held on May 30 at Lake View Cemetery, where lie five or six Confederate soldiers; but they were honored the same as if there had been hundreds. The Daughters are now planning to raise money for a beautiful Confederate monument in Seattle. For this purpose a boat will be chartered and a big excursion will be given on Puget Sound the second Saturday in July. It will be known as "Dixie Day."

The Confederate Choir in their naval uniforms of white shirt waist suits, navy caps, and red military sashes will furnish a feast of old Southern songs on this excursion, which will last all day. "Dixie Day" will become an annual festival for Seattle Southerners. It is probable that the Seattle Choir will be engaged for an evening's entertainment at the Portland Chautauqua in July. Col. L. D. McMeekin, of Kentucky, who was with Gen. Basil Duke's brigade of Morgan's Cavalry, is Guard of Honor to the Confederate Choir, and he will accompany them on all trips. Colonel McMeekin is also Adjutant of the Camp of Veterans. He is widely known throughout the South, and stands firmly for the glorious principles and ideals of the South. He has held a position on the staff of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans since its organization.

TWO MORE NEW BATTLE SHIPS.

The committee in charge of the naval appropriation bill submitted their report to the House Committee of Naval Affairs. It makes provision for the construction of two new battle ships, which are to cost, exclusive of the armor and armament, "not to exceed six million dollars each." They will also have four new torpedo boats at a cost of five hundren thousand dollars each. Provision was also made for the building of six torpedo boat destroyers of the highest possible speed, each to cost not exceeding seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Another Senate provision is to appropriate four hundred and forty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of torpedo boats with their vitals below the water line. The Secretary of the Navy is given discretion to use this sum in purchasing small boats of this type having a speed exceeding nineteen knots an hour. An appropriation was also made to purchase one fleet collier on the Pacific Coast. Secretary Meyer was given authority to abolish the Bureau of Equipment in the Navy Department and to distribute the work of that bureau among other departments already existing.

MONUMENT ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

In the fall of 1861 Lieut. Col. William Hoffman, Federal Commissary General of Prisons, leased from L. B. Johnson forty acres of an island that lay in Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, known as Johnson's Island. This was intended as a prison for Confederate officers, and was used almost entirely for this purpose, though at times small companies of soldiers were confined there. It is estimated that about ten thousand prisoners were confined on this island during the war times, three thousand, however, being the largest number imprisoned there at any one time. Of these, upward of two hundred died and, with the permission of Mr. Johnson, were buried near the prison. At the end of the war Mr. Johnson had a light iron



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

fence put around the burial place, and he kept the weeds and undergrowth cleared away. Later an officer from the Columbus Federal barracks had this fence removed and a more substantial one put in its place. For several successive Memorial Days the McMeen's G. A. R. Post, of Sandusky, visited the island and decorated the graves; but gradually the custom died out, and the cemetery grew up in weeds. An effort was made toward its redemption when a party of editors and State officials from Georgia visited Johnson's Island, and later had headstones of Georgia marble placed on every grave where the name could be found; but of the two hundred and six graves, fifty were filled by unknown dead.

The Robert Patton Chapter, of Cincinnati, assisted by other U. D. C. Chapters, purchased the cemetery and had it put in good order, and then undertook to erect a monument to the heroic dead. They received encouragement and contributions from the entire South, and a considerable sum of money was raised for them in the North as well. Sir Moses Ezekiel was engaged to design the monument, which was done at his studio in Rome, and the figure brought to America and placed in position for unveiling June 8, 1910. The figure is a young Confederate soldier in uniform; one hand clutches his gun, the butt of which rests upon the ground. The other hand shades his eyes as he peers into the distant Southland.

Johnson's Island has an interest aside from the number of famous prisoners confined there, for it was the scene of many dramatic and unsuccesful attempts at rescue. Johnson's Island was chiefly guarded by the gunboat Michigan, which was the finest steel vessel ever built on the Great Lakes. The boat, under the name of the Wolverine, is still doing faithful duty in the United States service.

The ceremonies of unveiling the monument on Johnson's Island were solemn and appropriate. The dedicatory address was made by Commander in Chief George W. Gordon, who was followed by Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina., Joseph A. Mangus, of Cincinnati, and the sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, of Rome, who had served under General Lee.

DEAD CONFEDERATES ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

[A poem to the dead on Johnson's Island written by Virginia Frazer Boyle, daughter of the late Col. C. W. Frazer, who was at one time a prisoner of war there. Mrs. Boyle is poet laureate of the United Confederate Veterans.]

Run out the guns and beat the long roll, haste!
  Ye Michigan, train every mouth that gapes!
Strengthen the guard that walks the parapet!
  Somewhere a Rebel prisoner escapes!

But still ye passed, unchallenged, one by one,
  Wan captives in Lake Erie, by that key
Death gives to birth, to leave behind the bars
  That still white thing all life must pay—to be;

Passed by parole, writ by the hand of Fate,
  Without the longed exchange that never came;
Passed upward, outward, through the gathering mist
  Upon the ramparts of a living fame.

Ye learned to watch the silences for signs,
  To look upon the watery waste—and wait!
To know, that as the stormy petrel flies,
  That only anguish fluttered through the gate.

Sweet mother's boy, with dimples on your cheek,
  They could not tell her how you passed away!
O, prison-weary gray beard, as you died
  Your stalwart sons fought for your South that day!

Ye could not know; starvation dwelt with you
  And sorrow hugged you close, when pain was not;
While these low-lapping waves beat through the sleet,
  So cold and chill you thought that God forgot.

God! how ye fought your fight, penned in like sheep,
  Your bony hands, your scurvied lips could tell;
Your unquenched valor in its brave appeal
  That heard unawed the answer: "War is hell!"

Ye kept the faith. 'Twas glorious to die
  When honor spurned the boon that might would give.
Ye could not barter with your Southland's love
  Nor play the traitor to her trust and live.

And so ye passed, and in your low, green tents
  You did not see your tattered banner furled,
Nor feel the curse of Reconstruction fall
  When flames of frenzy round your homes had curled.

But now, brave hearts, so long ye have slept here,
  Ye know not that the night is gone away,
And from the storm clouds of the bitter past
  Is born the white peace of the newer day;

That woman's love has raised a spotless stone
  To tell your tale of courage o'er again;
And by the hostage that the present pays
  The past has proved ye did not die in vain.

Beloved, above the ashes of your hope
  There lives undimmed that truth ye died to keep,
And in the rebirth of this golden land
  The star of glory guards you while you sleep.

LETTER FROM MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER MCSHERRY, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

To the Confederate Veteran: It gives me pleasure to congratulate the Robert Patten Society upon their great achievement of erecting a monument to the Confederate soldiers and prisoners dying at Johnson's Island; but as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I must disclaim any honor given to our organization. The society, as designated, is no longer a Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, having severed its connection with the organization some years ago. We appreciate the noble work they are doing, but it cannot be known as a Chapter of the U. D. C. or carry on any work under that name; neither has the U. D. C. any right to claim any share of the credit in this noble undertaking. We do not wish to sail under false colors.

AT GRAVES OF ADMIRAL SEMMES AND FATHER RYAN.—Gen. John B. Stone, of Kansas City, was one of the most enthusiastic patriots at the Mobile Reunion. He took a party of Missourians to the cemetery and decorated the graves of Admiral Semmes and Father Ryan. In the group were George M. Jones, of Springfield; A. Atkinson and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Woods, of Fayette; W. H. Woodson, of Liberty; Miss Lou McCormick, of Waldron; and Miss Ruby Ingram, of Kansas City. Dr. S. H. Ragan, of Kansas City, made kodak pictures. Comrade Walter A. Bass, of Mobile, was voluntary escort for the party. Every member was grateful and delighted.

An old veteran who did valiant service and was in prison until June, 1865, and who was shown a copy of the VETERAN recently writes: "I may take the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, but I am now taking about all the journals that I can digest at present." This illustrates the lack of knowledge and interest in it by those who do not know its importance. Have you a neighbor who would appreciate it, but does not get it?

GENERAL LEE AND STATUARY HALL.

BY W. A. CLARKE, AUGUSTA, GA.

He calmly sleeps, the noblest knight
Of all the centuries,
And petty flings of envious spite
Grieve not his dear dead eyes.

He needs no shining Hall of Fame
To canonize his worth,
For chiseled by the Eternal Hand
His cherished face and form will stand
In loving hearts in every land,
Peerless in all the earth.

And when these little souls have died,
And died eternally,
And fame rings out its last acclaim
In æons yet to be,
With heaven's own plaudit all aflame,
Its hallowed wreath will shrine the name
Of Robert Edward Lee.

GEORGIA ROOM RICHMOND MUSEUM.

FROM REPORT OF MRS. KATHERINE C. STILES.

Last spring we received through Mrs. Park, of Atlanta, $81 and later $34.40. I paid to the museum out of each sum $10 for current expenses and purchased three chairs, which were much needed. I had another large glass case made, for which $65 was paid. It was to add to the memorial of the navy. In it is the gun and its history, which was marked, "Athens, Ga.; sent from the Philippine Islands;" also the flag of the Shenandoah, which steamer worked on in Northern seas for some months after the surrender, until some passing vessel gave them the information, when Captain Waddell sailed to England and disbanded there. He gave his unsurrendered flag to a daughter of Commodore Maury; it was not brought back to this country for ten years. A few years ago it was donated to the Georgia Room, where there was already a most interesting and valuable memorial to Commodore Maury telling the wonders he achieved during his beautiful life. * * * His daughter has placed there the book of his life.

Mrs. Irvine S. Bulloch contributed through Mrs. E. C. Howard, of Atlanta, five interesting pictures of the Alabama, also that of the Shenandoah, the crew of the former being saved by the English yacht Deerhound. Irvine S. Bulloch, whose likeness was also sent, was sailing master of both of these vessels, and with these came letters of Captains Bulloch and Semmes and Secretary Mallory. Some years before she had sent his sword, epaulets, etc.; so as time goes on more and more the details of our history come in. [The Bullochs were uncles of Colonel Roosevelt.—ED.]

Some time ago Mrs. Raines gave us the large flag that floated over the power works in Augusta during the war, and Mr. Yonge sent a large outline picture of the building, which has been framed and placed near the flag, so as to make the story complete.

This makes the fourth case in the Georgia Room, and there are besides a long glass-covered table filled with papers, books, and memorials. On the chimney piece has been placed the bust of Vice President Stephens, made by the sculptor, L. Q. A. Ward, who died recently. * * * Each year the contents of this museum become more known and appreciated, for it is true history.

WHAT A CONFEDERATE IS GRATEFUL FOR.

In reporting what he is thankful for, T. G. Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss., chief engineer of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta Levee District, writes: "Chiefly and briefly for this: that I was a Confederate soldier for a little over four years, covering the ages of sixteen to twenty years, and that I fought through many battles without discrediting myself. That is the heritage I leave to my children and grandchildren."

This expression of Comrade Dabney recalls one by a gentleman of Nashville, now dead, who said a few years ago: "I regret more than anything else of my life that I was not a Confederate soldier." The father of this gentleman was wealthy; and desiring to spare his son the hardships of soldier life, he kept him at school in Europe. It was certainly not a very bad cause whereby even in its failure a high order of man would regret not having had a share in its privations for conscience' sake.

A YANKEE IS GRATEFUL ALSO—WHAT HE WRITES.

W. H. Harris, Secretary Board of Trustees Minnesota Soldiers' Home, writes: "I am thankful I live up here in Minnesota, where the wheat, the oats, and the barley grow, where the women are the fairest and sweetest and the men the bravest and handsomest. Yes. I am thankful that the most renowned and honored captains of any age—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan—wore the blue. I am thankful I live in a land where a 'Johnnie' is as welcome as a 'Yankee,' where all records made south of Mason and Dixon's line in the days of '61-'65 are barred, where the birds sing in summer their sweetest songs of praise to God, and where the bells in winter jingle their merriest melody. Yes, I am thankful that I can send a dollar to be placed where it can make a 'Johnnie' happy."

What can the comrade mean by barring merit to his soldier heroes from what they merited in 1861-65?

SENTIMENT WITH SACRED ASSOCIATIONS.

"Believe me, if all these endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to vanish to-morrow and fleet in my arms
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
For among the dear ruins each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
Or thy cheek unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make it more dear.
No; the heart that has truly loved ne'er forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
Like the sunflower turns on its God when he sets
The same look that it gave when he rose."

[These lines are among the papers of P. D. Cunningham, with those of "the spirits immortal not far away."]

JOURNALS OF CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

The VETERAN acknowledges with pleasure and pride the great favor rendered it by United States Senator J. B. Frazier in the procurement of "The Journal of the Congress of the Confederate States of America 1861-65" from the Government Printing Office. The favor is prized all the more since the book, seven volumes, is out of print and he had to procure it through an exchange. "Uncle Sam" was good to print them.

This work was republished by order of the Fifty-Eighth United States Congress in 1904.

MEMORIAL DAY AT COVINGTON, KY.

BY MISS PEARL RESPESS.

Southern Memorial Day was celebrated in Covington and Newport June 3, 1910, in by far the most memorable way it has ever been observed in Northern Kentucky. The Southern soldiers who rest in the great cities of the dead, and Southern veterans who are to-day numbered among America's greatest living patriots, were the heroes of the hour who were showered with tributes of honor and love. Both morning and afternoon the Daughters of the Confederacy, with baskets laden with flowers, were seen wending their way to the cemeteries, the beautiful havens of rest that crown the picturesque hills surrounding the twin cities, huddled in the Licking River Valley, with the quiet little river as the only dividing line, and to Linden Grove Cemetery, that nestles in the heart of Covington and whose sacred ground is privileged to have numbered among its inhabitants many of the South's most loyal and bravest warriors.

The members of the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, of which Mrs. James Layne is President, gathered at Evergreen Cemetery, back of Newport, to place the Confederate flag over each gallant soldier that fought under the bars and stars, to strew their graves with roses and to dedicate with fitting services the graves of Confederate soldiers whose names had been looked up by Mrs. Kate Perry Mosher and marked with granite markers.

In the afternoon members of the E. M. Bruce Chapter and the Aston Madeira Chapter held appropriate services at Linden Grove, marking the graves with flags and flowers. At the same hour a number of the Daughters were honoring the Southern heroes who were placed at rest in Highland by the same tribute and mark of distinction, red and white roses, and floating over their graves their beloved flag. But all this demonstration of love and honor for the day was but a minor feature compared to the brilliant celebration and bestowing of crosses on the veterans that followed in the evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Madison Arnold, on Garrard Street. The Arnold home, which is the old historic mansion of Governor Stevenson, never appeared more resplendent in the ante bellum days than on this occasion, when Colonel Arnold, who will never grow old, in honor of Gen. Basil Duke, of Louisville, banqueted in true Kentucky style sixteen of the grizzled old boys, who were boys again. They were Gen. Basil Duke, Capt. C. H. Lee, Col. R. M. Lockhart, N. H. Roberts, Charles H. Fulkerson, James H. Nevel, J. A. Magnus, J. J. Nigman, J. R. Ellis, M. T. Brown, Col. Taylor Williams, Major Bigstaff, J. J. Perry, A. C. Dicken, Rev. James M. Magruder, and Colonel Arnold. They clustered around the festal board and related reminiscences, both humorous and pathetic, that brought tears and laughter in turn to the eyes of the young girls who served them with loving admiration and who donned the Confederate color, white frock and red ribbons, in their honor.

While Colonel Arnold was entertaining his comrades, Mrs. Arnold, an ardent Daughter of the Confederacy, who organized the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, banqueted the officers of that Chapter, who later in the evening conferred the crosses of honor, for which excellent preparations had been made. The spacious rooms were decorated in red and white bunting and Confederate flags, with pictures of President Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and P. R. Cleburne. Colonel Arnold wore his full Confederate uniform, and Mrs. Arnold was handsomely gowned in black lace over white silk. They presented General Duke to over a hundred and fifty guests. Their daughters, Misses Lucy and Sophia, Mrs. Eleanor Daniels, their little granddaughter, Miss Eleanor Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Zeke Arnold, and Talbot Arnold, all coöperated in making the reception all that could be desired. Mrs. Thomas Pearce sang a group of Southern songs. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. Magruder, when Mrs. Kate Perry Mosher, custodian of crosses for the Chapter, delivered a touching tribute to the veterans and confered six crosses of honor. Gen. Basil Duke made an eloquent address. He said the Confederate soldier, the flower of Southern manhood, has left to posterity a glorious heritage of bravery, of honor, loyalty of State and love of country unequaled by any people. All honor was due and should be shown the memory of the gallant heroes, whose graves are unknown, who fell fighting for what they knew were their rights, who faced the enemy and stood on the firing line with undaunted courage and went down with the cry: "On to victory!" Theirs was a glorious death, for they knew not the sting of defeat; but it proclaimed what the patriotism of a soldier was. Then to the grizzled veterans who survived the dangers of the war and bore the defeat with the same bravery they had borne arms for their States, who withstood the dreadnaughts of the Reconstruction period, who again took up the battle of life, triumphed over all the cruelties and desecrations of war, and are the stanchest and most patriotic of American citizens to-day, never conceding that they were wrong, for they know that was right, but loving their Southland and the cause for which they fought with all loyalty and zeal, make them none the less patriotic Americans, ready to answer the battle call of their country. He said: "It is difficult for the generation of to-day to realize the changes which have taken place since the war; but the man who cannot see now that the two million boys of the North and South who fought in that war were justified in their belief that they were right will see it when the true history of the South is written, as it will be some day by an impartial American patriot."

General Duke complimented the Daughters of the Confederacy by saying that they have done more to preserve the true history of the South than all Southern organizations. And he felt that a request from the three Chapters there represented was a command to him which he joyously filled. In commenting upon them he said that the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter is named for Mrs. John Morgan, the woman he loved next to his wife and mother; the Aston Madeira Chapter is named for a comrade and soldier noted for his gallantry; the E. M. Bruce Chapter bore the name of a man who was the most generous Kentuckian for the Confederate cause that the South ever knew.

At the conclusion of General Duke's address Rev. Mr. Magruder gave a short eulogy upon President Davis, whose birthday is observed as the Memorial Day of the Southland.

LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The following officers were elected in convention at Donaldsonville May 3-5, 1910, for the ensuing year: Mrs. Edward Gottschalk, New Orleans, President; Mrs. W. D. Parks, Donaldsonville, Miss Sara V. Ellis, Amite, Mrs. M. M. Bannerman, Grand Cane, and Miss Lilly Jones, Jackson, Vice Presidents; Miss Mattie B. McGrath, Baton Rouge, Recording Secretary; Mrs. E. T. Longmire, New Orleans, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. May Robinson, St. Francisville, Treasurer; Mrs. A. R. Taylor, Monroe, Financial Secretary; Mrs. J. S. Allison, Benton, Historian; Miss Lise Allain, New Orleans, Custodian; Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge, Recorder Cross of Honor; Mrs. A. B. Babin, Baton Rouge, State Organizer.

FAITHFUL TO VIVID MEMORIES.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR VISITS NASHVILLE.

Judge J. M. Dickinson, the Secretary of War, has done much for the people of his State. A tournament was held in Nashville the latter part of June, and he made an official visit while *en route* to the Philippines and a journey around the world. He made an address at the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, upon the receipt of a loving cup, in which he said:

"This evidence of your esteem is especially gratifying to me on the eve of my departure upon a long journey, the event of which no one knows. I could not have gone away with content unless I had come to the home of my youth and early manhood to bid farewell to old friends and look upon scenes that recall so many sacred and tender memories. [He was born in Columbus, Miss, but his mother had gone from Nashville.—ED.]

"I came to Nashville just after the war, when I was fourteen years of age, in company with my mother and a party who were among the first to reach here from the South after the final catastrophe put an end to all of our hopes. It was a sad pilgrimage. While many members of families long separated were reunited, the meetings had more of tears than of smiles, for uppermost in the minds of all were the thoughts of those who never would return. A few days after I came I was walking on Church Street with my grandfather, Jacob McGavock, then nearly eighty years of age. He met an old friend, an aged lady, whom he had not seen since the first year of the war. They stopped, grasped hands, looked into each other's eyes, which filled with tears, and passed on without a word. Both were too full for utterance, for each had lost an eldest son in that war. That scene was typical of the general grief.

"A witness of those sad times, I have been a witness of the energy, courage, and resourcefulness that were put in action, of the slow but constant recuperation, of the steady progress in business, education, art, science, and social progress, leading up to this era of splendid development which has made Nashville the home of so many enlightened and prosperous people, worthy of its setting in the most beautiful part of the United States, a source of pride to its citizens and admiration on the part of all strangers who experience its generous hospitality. Though much of my life in recent years has been passed in communities where I have been most generously treated, yet no time nor separation has dulled the keen interest I have always cherished for this people nor changed my purpose to close my life here."

LIKENS DEATH TO THE SETTING SUN.

At a memorial service in St. Louis the Commander of Ransom Post, C. K. Reifsnider, said: "Dissolution is a dream that wakes us. Death is an appearance, as is the setting sun. The sun never sets and life never ceases. Death is a dream that wakes us at the end of a brief night. The exterior body, no longer useful, falls off like a worn-out garment, while the real man rises and lives forever. As our Saviour rose from his tomb within three days, so rise all. The coexistence of these bodies in this life is the key to the relation between mind and matter, between the spiritual and the natural worlds. The sadness of some earth memories is lightened by a sweet sense of the proximity of the spiritual world and its inhabitants."

Addressing specially members and friends of Ransom Post, Commander Reifsnider continued: "Memorial Day is a day of ennobling and exaltation. Our thoughts mold our fate because thought and life are one. If we give all we have and do all we can do and yet think unkindly, it profits us nothing. But loving thoughts of those who live and loving memories of those passed on unite and hold us in one brave army here and one more glorious army 'over there.' John the beloved, the celestial, displaying his apocalyptic scroll, overwhelms us with gorgeous visions of the Holy City, with its golden streets and gates of pearl and its river of life; but we cannot always see our loved ones in that great multitude which no man can number, neither can we detect the salutations of our comrades amid the sound of many waters and never-ending allelulas; but from the valley of humiliation we sometimes catch glimpses of them there, shining in the light of faith and hope. Believing these things, we part on this Memorial Day to meet again with surety; and whether we march next with the seen or the 'unseen army,' we shall be united always upon memorial days, for they are days of loving memories."

ROME, GA., DEDICATES CORRECT MONUMENT.

The Memorial Association of Georgia have for years worked toward the erecting of a monument to Confederate dead in Rome, which monument was to crown the hill sacred to the resting place of heroes. The Association gave an order for the statue to cap the shaft, and made all arrangements for fitting ceremonies; but when the soldier statue arrived, it was found that through some grave mistake the figure was that of a Spanish war soldier in a khaki suit, leggins, and a rough rider hat.

It was too late to change or delay the unveiling ceremonies, which took place with great beauty; but the empty shaft alone was revealed when the veil fell. In March, 1910, the figure of a young Confederate soldier was placed upon the pedestal of gray granite. It stands at parade rest, and seems to keep perpetual sentinel watch over the "barrack of the dead" at his feet.

Rome has cause to be proud of her monuments. Besides this one, there is one to Gen. N. B. Forrest on Broad Street, topped by a fine figure of Forrest done on Carrara marble, and to this city is the honor given for the first monument to Confederate women.

COPIES OF THE CONFEDERATE SEAL.

The original seal of the Confederacy was adopted on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1862, the center of the seal being a copy of Washington's statue in Richmond, Va. When the seal was first made, E. A. Tyler, a well-known jeweler of New Orleans, got a copy of it; and after he had made several copies, he destroyed the die. When Butler went to New Orleans, Tyler had these copies of the seal, knowing that he would have to pay the penalty if they were found in his possession. A great many years after the war these were brought out and distributed, one being given to the Washington Artillery. Several years ago the Junior Memorial Association placed in Memorial Hall a beautiful stained glass window which is a copy of the great seal. By special permission Camp Beauregard lights this window at every meeting. The fate of the original seal of the Confederacy is not known.

FLAGS FOR MEMORIAL HOME IN RICHMOND.—Every year the U. D. C. from each Southern State have sent wreaths of flowers to the Memorial Hall to commemorate the birth of President Davis. This year they have given their State flags instead, which will ornament their State room in the Davis mansion. Most of the flags are very handsome, and make beautiful as well as appropriate additions to the rooms.

FELLOW-PRISONERS AT MOBILE REUNION.

Four Rock Island prisoners had a good time at the last general U. C. V. Reunion. They are grouped in a picture.

Septimus W. Abbay, of Nashville, Tenn., is sixty-seven years old. He volunteered in 1861, and served in the commissary department of the 10th Tennessee Infantry. Afterwards he joined Company I, Ward's 9th Tennessee Cavalry. Two companies of that regiment were known as Dick McCann's Squadron. He was captured on December 11, 1863, and sent to Rock Island, Ill., and was kept there until March 23, 1865. He was sent to Richmond for exchange, arriving there but a few days before the evacuation. He was re-paroled at Memphis by the order of Dick Taylor and General Canby, and reached home the latter part of May. Mrs. Abbay is in the picture.



GROUP OF ROCK ISLAND ASSOCIATES AND MRS. ABBAY.

John B. Foster, of Enzor, Miss., was born at Liberty, Tenn., April 28, 1839, and was educated at Fulton Academy and Irving College, Tennessee. He went from Smithville, Tenn., to Duck Hill, Miss., just before that State seceded. He joined the McClung Rifles at Duck Hill (now in Montgomery County) in January, 1861. This company was mustered into State service in April, 1861, and in May was ordered to Corinth, where it was mustered into the Confederate service as Company E, 15th Mississippi Infantry. Comrade Foster was captured near Cowan, Tenn., in December, 1863, while on furlough. He was sent to prisons in Nashville and Louisville, thence to Rock Island. At the latter place he was held in Barrack 47 till June 18, 1865. He was roommate with Sep W. Abbay and B. J. Coopwood, and located very near W. W. Durham, whose pictures are included in this group. Dr. Foster has practiced medicine at Enzor for thirty years.

B. F. Arthur, who belonged to Cleburne's Brigade, Company E, 23d Tennessee Regiment, writes from Rockdale, Tex.: "Referring to the request of J. A. Hamby, of Livingston, Tenn., for some one to explain about a certain Federal prisoner captured at Shiloh, I will say that we captured a man by the name of Rowland, who had formerly belonged to the Confederate army and was captured by the Federals at Fort Donelson. He then joined the Federal army. Some of his old company recognized him as soon as he was captured, and he was singled out and put under a separate guard and shot at Corinth."

Seeing the notice of "Macaria," by Augusta Evans Wilson, in the VETERAN for June, a comrade of the 3d Missouri gives amusing recollections of the popularity of this book with the soldiers of the sixties. "This was, as far as I recollect," he writes, "the only novel published in the Confederacy. A copy got into my regiment and was read 'time about,' every fellow waiting impatiently for his turn. How the big words and sentences were enjoyed! It soon got the name—how I never knew—of 'Mackariar' to one and all. While in line of battle on Kennesaw Mountain, in the Georgia campaign, one of the boys was sitting by a tree reading it. Suddenly the enemy's batteries opened on us, and a piece of shell knocked the book out of the soldier's hand and several yards away. Without changing his position or batting his eyes, the soldier yelled out: 'O, h—l! There goes "Mackariar!"'"

Capt. W. Gordon McCabe writes from Richmond, Va.: "Knowing that you like to be accurate, I call your attention to the fact that Miss Ansel Lee, an actress, whose marriage was mentioned on page 285 of the June VETERAN, is not a granddaughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, nor is she in any way related to the Lee family of Virginia. As to the Barbara Frietchie myth, mentioned on page 286 of the same number, the Atlanta Consitution is all off. I published ten years ago in the New York Sun the affidavit of Barbara Frietchie's nephew and executor stating that Dame Barbara was ninety-six years old when Jackson passed through Frederick, was bedridden, never waved a flag or even a dishcloth, because she couldn't wave anything, and never saw a Confederate soldier from start to finish, as Jackson's columns didn't pass near her home. The whole story is mythical."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

TRIBUTE BY A. F. OMERMAN, HOUSTON, TEX.

The devotion that conceived the idea of the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was one of the noblest sentiments that ever emanated from the brain or heart of devoted, loving womanhood. It covers the past, the present, and the future; it reaches from earth to heaven. The mission of the U. D. C. is limitless. One object is to correct present history. By obtaining and compiling facts that will produce history the correctness of which cannot be questioned unborn generations will therein find the events leading up to, through, and after that great struggle, so it may be seen that our course was right and just and that it was not the South that revolted against the constitutional law; it will show that no soldier ever bore more hardships and privations to duty or showed more courage for his cause than did those who defended the starry cross. While that flag floated the emblem of a nation it was clean, and when it was furled forever it was without dishonor.

Another mission is to erect monuments to those who fell during those bloody years; another to present every worthy survivor of that worn-out army a cross of honor; another to each year bedeck with flowers the graves of the Southland's dead—our dead. Another still is to teach Southern children to love and respect the memories of those men and their deeds in defense of their homes in those days without showing any disrespect to their present positions in this our country.

ENTERED AND ESCAPED FROM FORT MAHONE.

BY F. E. CULVER, INGLESIDE, ILL.

I was the only one who entered and left Fort Mahone in April, 1865, during the assault by the 9th Corps, Army of the Potomac. The attack on our opponents' fortified line at Petersburg, Va., on the night of April 1, and continuing to the early morning of April 3, 1865, according to my recollection of the locality and actions of each side, is as follows:

On Saturday evening, April 1, 1865, about nine o'clock I was in command of Company E, 179th New York Infantry, 9th Corps (General Park), and received orders to march with the regiment to our picket line, half a mile in our front, and await further orders. On our arrival there the company officers were called before the general commanding the brigade and told that we were to charge the opponents' picket line over an open field (firing line at night), capture it, and follow it to Fort Hill, or Sedgewick, which we accomplished, taking some hundred or so pickets as prisoners. This resulted in the regiment's being located on the left of Fort Hill, on Jerusalem Plank Road, or, rather, with our right resting across the road. We were lying down from the time of our arrival to let the enemy's cannon and gunshots pass more safely. We were soon ordered to go forward and assault the enemy's fortifications, which we at once started to do with a yell (too early). We passed their pickets' earthworks quickly, then on toward a high fortification with a wide, deep ditch to get over under a terrible fire from these works. Our men swayed right and left to find a more convenient place to cross the ditch. I was on the right of the line and took to the right. All men and officers seemed to spread out to escape the balls, also crawled toward the fortifications. I found my way with only a few men to the side of a fort, or earthwork, climbed up its steep mud side, over and down a few feet, and in front of me I saw a large piece of paper. I picked it up and looked first for my men and then to the dusky inside of the place, no one being near me but a hurtling noise. A few bullets passed rather too close; so I jumped back, rolled down, and ran back to the enemy's line before I came to any of my men.

This all happened before Sunday morning, April 2. Now, I submit other evidence as to the place where I picked up these papers which, on examination in daylight, proved to be two sheets of foolscap writing paper and the company, E, 53d North Carolina Troops, muster roll, dated December 31, 1863, to February 29, 1864, Capt. R. D. Hill and W. A. Owens colonel. The writing is faded and grows fainter, like the brave men who are left.

By reply from W. E. Patterson, of Greensboro, N. C., the first sergeant of Company E, I am informed that he had previously been in our Fort Steadman at its capture, March 28, 1865, but was captured there and taken to Maryland; hence was not with Company E at Fort Mahone, but says he has been told that Company E and the regiment were at Fort Mahone in the assault on April 1 and 2, 1865. Another letter from James P. Mills, of Ararat, N. C., says he was there, but was driven out on April 2, and retreated with Lee's army to Appomattox and surrendered on April 9, 1865. Gabriel Denny writes from Pilot Mountain, or Pinnacle, N. C., that he had left the company before on account of poor health, but had heard the boys speak of being in Fort Mahone at that time.

These are all I have succeeded in hearing from out of eight names the County Clerk, W. W. Hamilton, of Dobson, N. C., gave me.

Several have made claim to the capture of Fort Mahone, but I assert that no capture was made.

G. F. Smithson, of Decherd, Tenn., seeks information in regard to his father's service in the C. S. A. His father's name was J. M. F. Smithson. He thinks he may have served in Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He contracted smallpox in the army, and from its effects he became totally blind. He has been dead about twenty-eight years. During his later years he was a minister of the Christian Church. Information from any surviving comrade will be appreciated.



MONUMENT UNVEILED IN DANVILLE, KY.

Danville, Ky., unveiled a handsome monument to the soldiers of the Confederacy on May 20, 1910. This was the loving offering of the Kate Morrison Breckinridge Chapter, U. D. C., and is a fine piece of work. The ceremonies were both appropriate and well attended, and the addresses were excellent. Ex-Senator J. B. McCreary spoke from the inscription on the monument: "What They Were the Whole World Knows." Gen. John B. Castleman took for his text, "A Soldier under Both Flags." Col. John H. Leathers handled his theme of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry" splendidly, and Col. Bennett H. Young made a splendid address on "This Historic Spot." The monument was unveiled by Miss Sara Logan, of Danville, a true Daughter of the Confederacy. The shaft stands in McDowell Park.

DIXIE GIRL'S CHARM AT MOBILE REUNION.

One of the most delightful sensations at the Mobile Reunion occurred in the recitations of Miss Ruth Taber Porter, a daughter of Lewis W. Porter and granddaughter of George Porter, of Richmond, Va., who served in the Richmond Howitzers, and of Wilson B. Joseph, Co. H, Pickett's Division.



RUTH TABER PORTER.

Ruth was born in Richmond, Va. When seven years old, her parents moved to Shelby, N. C. Two years later Charlotte, N. C., was her home. In 1908 she was chosen mascot of Mecklenburg Camp, No. 382. She has attended with the Camp two State reunions and two general Reunions.

While in Mobile Miss Ruth recited "Lee to the Rear" and "My Suit of Confederate Gray" to charmed audiences. She wins the hearts of all the veterans wherever she goes, and is dearly beloved by every member of the Mecklenburg Camp.

One of Harvey's Scouts.—Wiley H. Nash says in a letter to the New Orleans Times-Democrat from Starkville, Miss.: "I desire to speak a good word for our former comrade, now Judge Alfred D. Land, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. Judge Land was born in Holmes County, Miss., and in 1862 enlisted in Company A, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, commanded by his cousin, Capt. Joshua McBee, afterwards colonel of the same regiment. In 1863 Alf Land volunteered to serve with Harvey's Scouts. I, a lad, was also a volunteer from Company E, Wirt Adams's regiment of cavalry. We joined Harvey's Scouts about the same time. During the summer and fall of 1863 Harvey's Scouts were employed in protecting the country from pillaging expeditions from Vicksburg, Natchez, and intermediate points on the Mississippi River. In November, 1863, near Natchez, Miss., we came upon a foraging party of the enemy under escort of a body of United States (colored) infantry. We charged them in a deep, narrow lane, bordered by a Cherokee hedge, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued—six-shooters vs. rifles and bayonets. In the first onset Alf Land's horse was fatally bayoneted, but carried his rider into the midst of the enemy. Before we could come to Alf Land's rescue he was shot through and through and bayoneted in the right breast. After the rout of the enemy, I and two other comrades carried him from the battlefield. He was afterwards placed in a house near the town of Washington; none of us ever expected to see him alive again. His recovery was slow, and for years he suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs. When next I met Alf Land, he was Mr. Justice Land, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. He told me that for some five or six years after he was wounded he coughed up pieces of bone, but had ever since been in the best of health. The people of Louisiana know Judge Land as a judge, and should also know and appreciate his record as a Confederate soldier."

Col. Tom W. Neale to Tennessee Bankers.—I am glad you named your organization for Tennessee. Grand, beautiful Tennessee, the proud old Volunteer State, the home of three Presidents, Jackson, Polk, and Johnson, the brightest star that glitters in the constellation of the American union; the home of peace, plenty, and happiness, whose matchless women are as beautiful and fascinating as Cleopatra and as lovely and pure as Anne Boleyn; the home of brave men, whose gallantry and chivalry on battlefields at home and in foreign lands have written our country's fame in heroes' blood and made the star-spangled banner your flag and my flag, loved and revered at home, honored and respected abroad, from King's Mountain to New Orleans, from Mexico to Cuba, from Bull Run to Appomattox, where the bonnie blue flag became the winding sheet of a nation's hopes, leaving Lee and Grant embalmed in history as the knightliest and greatest military chieftains of the age, whose names will be honored in every clime as long as patriotism finds lodgment in the human breast, garlands for the blue, garlands for the gray. But Tennessee must quit fighting herself, or her glory will all be in the past.

Mississippi Urges Erecting a Woman's Monument.—W. H. Griffin, of Houlka, Charles Humphries, of Jackson, W. T. Coleman, of West Point, and Charles Scott, of Rosedale, are the committee for the erection of a monument to Confederate women in Mississippi. Wishing their State to be in the vanguard of this movement, they have issued a circular urging every loyal Mississippian to help raise the required twenty-five thousand dollars. They feel that the patriotism of the people of this chosen State of President Davis's residence will promptly answer the call, those to whom much is given giving much and those to whom little has fallen giving in proportion, and that the monument will be a freewill offering.

A Pleasant Side Trip from Mobile to West Point, Ga.—J. F. Bolton, of Bennettsville, S. C., writes the Pee Dee Advocate of "side trips" from the Mobile Reunion, one of which was to West Point, Ga., of a visit to the spot in Fort Tyler where he lost an arm and to the George Winston home in which he was cared for. He enjoyed specially the greeting and welcome of "Mollie," then a twelve-year-old girl, who volunteered to be the special nurse. That little girl, a patriot then and a patriot still, is Mrs. W. B. Higginbothem, President of the Fort Tyler Chapter, U. D. C., of West Point.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MAJ. D. W. SANDERS.

[Dictated by Maj. David Ward Sanders on April 12, 1906.]

David Ward Sanders was born October 14, 1836, at Franklin, Miss. His first schooling was there in the church built by his grandfather, Col. Daniel M. Dulaney, which, with five acres of ground, was dedicated to the public for church and school purposes, with the right and privilege to any minister of a Protestant Church at any time to hold services therein; and many of the most noted ministers in the history of Holmes County preached in this church, which still stands.

On November 30, 1846, with his sister Margaret, he left for North Carolina by the way of Yazoo City, New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, and by steamship from Charleston to his destination, Wilmington, N. C. This trip consumed about twelve days.

He prepared for a university course in the academies of Eastern North Carolina, and completed the course of the University of North Carolina and returned to Holmes County, Miss., in 1855. He read law at Lexington, Miss., in the office of Hon. Walker Brooke, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. He was elected to the Legislature from his native county in 1859, and served one regular session and four called sessions. He voted for the call of the secession of Mississippi on January 9, 1861. He was married to Miss Anne Stephens at Yazoo City January 9, 1861.

Major Sanders served with General French in North Carolina and Virginia, and was with General French when he fortified the lines around Petersburg and at Wilmington, N. C. General French built Fort Fisher, the first sand fort ever constructed, at the mouth of Cape Fear River. Major Sanders was with General French in the night attack on McClellan's camp October 31, 1862, on the James River opposite Harrison's Landing, and was with him at Goldsboro and different points in Eastern North Carolina in the winter of 1862-63. In April, 1863, Major Sanders was with General French, Longstreet's Corps, in front of Suffolk, between the Black Water and the Nansemond Rivers, when General Longstreet, with his command, was ordered by General Lee to reënforce him to fight the battle of Chancellorsville. French's Division reached Petersburg, Va., when he was relieved and ordered to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss.

At General French's request, the War Department ordered most of his staff, including Major Sanders, to accompany him to Jackson. They arrived there June 10, 1863, and gathered together troops, and with other troops that General Johnston had collected organized a division and marched to Birdsong's Ferry, on the Big Black River, with the view of attacking Grant's line in the rear to relieve General Pemberton at Vicksburg. Upon arrival at Birdsong's Ferry all preparations were made to cross the Big Black River, when it was ascertained that General Pemberton had surrendered the garrison at Vicksburg to General Grant. General Johnston's column then fell back on Jackson, Miss., where he made a stand for a number of days, defending that city from the assaults of General Sherman's army, which had marched from Vicksburg.

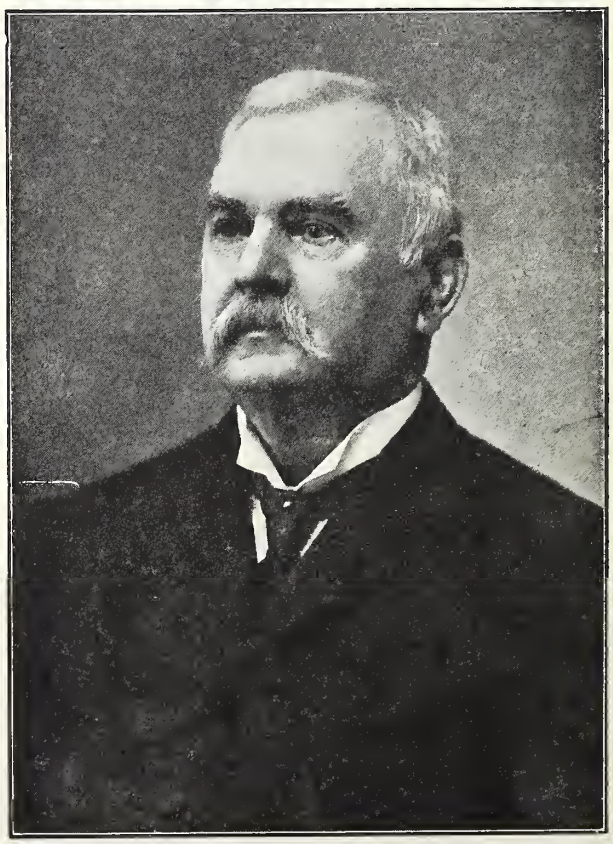
General Johnston's army evacuated Jackson, crossed Pearl River, marched through Brandon, and encamped on Strong River, in Scott County, remaining there for the most of the summer, with Gen. Leonidas Polk in command. In the early fall a part of this command reënforced General Bragg to fight the battle of Chickamauga. Only a small part of French's Division reached Chickamauga in time to engage in that battle, the rest of the division being distributed along the railroad from Enterprise, Miss., to Atlanta, Ga., because of the inability of railroads to transport the troops. The winter of 1863-64 was spent at Meridian and Brandon, Miss.

When General Sherman marched from Vicksburg due east to Meridian, Miss., French's Division occupied Jackson, and crossed Pearl River under retreat, falling back to Demopolis, Ala. Sherman marched his column paralleling the road from Jackson to Meridian, occupied that town, and shortly thereafter fell back on Vicksburg by way of Canton, Miss.

In the spring of 1864 French's Division marched to Lauderdale Springs, Miss., by way of Tuscaloosa, Ala., to Cave Spring and to Rome, Ga., and joined General Johnston's retreating army in the battle of Resaca. French's Division, Polk's Corps, or the "Army of Mississippi in the field," as General Polk styled it, consisted of only the three corps of the Army of Tennessee, commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in the campaign through North Georgia to Atlanta. French's Division covered much of the rear on the retreat of General Johnston's army as it fell back to Atlanta, and was almost constantly engaged with the Federal troops under the command of General Sherman.

In all the battles and combats between the armies of Johnston and Sherman on this line of march to Jonesboro, below Atlanta, French's Division was engaged; and this division was the last of the Confederate troops to leave Atlanta on the night of its evacuation, and marched to Lovejoy Station, on the railroad to Macon, south of Atlanta.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was relieved of the command of the Army of Tennessee on the 18th of July, 1864, and Gen. John B. Hood succeeded him in command. Hood fought the battle of Peach Tree Creek on July 20, 1864, the battle im-



MAJ. D. W. SANDERS.

mediately west of Atlanta on the 22d of July, 1864, in which General McPherson, of the Federal army, was killed, and the battle on the left of Hood's lines at Atlanta on the 28th of July, 1864. He evacuated Atlanta the last of August, 1864, burning his supplies and munitions of war, railroad cars, etc., on the line of road from Atlanta to West Point.

On the 3d of July General French captured Big Shanty Station, and by direction of Lieutenant General Stewart, under orders from General Hood, marched up the railroad to Acworth and delivered battle at Allatoona Pass the day afterwards. It will be remembered that Lieutenant General Polk was killed on June 14, 1864, at Pine Mountain, and Maj. Gen. A. P. Stewart was promoted to lieutenant general and placed in command of Polk's Corps, which was thereafter known as Stewart's Corps.

On the 18th of September, 1864, French's Division marched with Hood's army on the flank movement west of Atlanta to Nashville, Tenn.

Major Sanders carried the flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the Federal garrison at Allatoona, which was refused, and a fierce engagement followed, being one of the bloodiest combats of the war.

Gen. John M. Corse was in command of the Federal troops at Allatoona, and General French had carried all of the outer works, had driven the garrison on the west side of the railroad out to the Star Fort on the east side, and the Federal garrison was in great distress; but as fast as the white flag would be run up Corse or Lieutenant Colonel Turtelock, of a Wisconsin regiment, would pull it down, and from the signal station on the top of a tree on a high mountain within the fortified inclosure signaled to Sherman, then south on Kennesaw Mountain, the distress of the Federal troops. Sherman signaled back, "Hold the fort; I am coming," and this signal furnished the refrain of the great gospel hymn of Moody in his evangelistic work in later years.

French's Division was in a most critical condition. It stood in midair at Allatoona, with the rest of Hood's Corps at Pumpkin Vine Creek, by the old battlefield of New Hope Church, on May 28, 1864, Sherman's army being nearer French than Hood and with a division of light infantry (as General Armstrong with his cavalry reported) marching to thrust its column between Hood and French. Such was the condition when French was advised of the peril of his position, and he withdrew to rejoin Hood by marching all night to New Hope Church.

The Army of Tennessee marched to Cedartown, Ga., rested a couple of days, and all superfluous baggage and disabled men and horses were sent to the rear, and Hood commenced his flanking movement across the Coosa River, reappeared on the line of railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and captured garrisons on that line up to Dalton, capturing blockhouses with garrisons at various points. Hood then swung his army across the mountains to Gadsden, Ala., rested there, and marched to Decatur. From Decatur he proceeded to Tuscumbia, where the army bivouacked for three weeks for the purpose of gathering supplies, reëquipping, in a measure, the army, and gathering together the cavalry under General Forrest.

Hood crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., and moved in the direction of Middle Tennessee, capturing Columbia. He rested at Columbia one day, crossed the river, marched to Spring Hill, Tenn., engaged the 4th Army Corps of Federal troops at that point, and bivouacked for the night. Schofield's troops marched by on the pike from Columbia to Franklin unmolested, and, as General French wittily observed to Hood the next morning, "lighted their pipes at his bivouac fires on the side of the pike," and safely reached Franklin the next morning.

The battle of Franklin was fought the next day, which was the 30th of November, 1864; and considering the duration of the engagement and the number of troops engaged, it was the bloodiest and most disastrous battle during the entire war. The night of the 30th Schofield's army retired from Franklin to Nashville in good condition and with little injury inflicted upon it.

Hood followed the day after the battle, invested Nashville, and remained in that position until the morning of the 15th of December, 1864, when General Thomas moved out on Hood's left and fought the battle of Nashville, driving Hood that day, capturing all the artillery on the left wing of his army, doubling it back on the center, and driving Hood's lines in the direction of Columbia, when night came on. Hood undertook to hold these lines on the following day, the 16th, and was badly defeated, his army routed and driven back in great confusion on Franklin and Columbia.

When Hood's army reached Columbia, Tenn., it was in a most disastrous plight. Hood sent for General Walthall, who, on the way to his headquarters, accompanied by Major Sanders, met General Hood in company with Lieutenant Hampton and Dr. Darby, his medical director, at which time Hood said to Walthall that he must take command of the rear and enable him (Hood) and his army to escape across the Tennessee River; and, if necessary for the safety of his army, the rear guard must perish in the attempt to save it. Major Sanders is now the only survivor of that interview; but this statement was published by him in 1881 and again in 1885, when General Walthall and Dr. Darby were both living. It is absolutely true and correct.

When General Walthall was ordered to take charge of the rear guard, General Hood gave him the authority to select such commands as he chose, to consist of eight brigades of infantry, and to select his staff officers. He selected Major Sanders for his adjutant general, Maj. George S. Storrs for his chief of artillery, and Lieut. E. T. Freeman as inspector general, and for the remainder continued his old division staff.

Hood's army was protected by the infantry rear guard under the command of General Walthall, and the cavalry under the command of General Forrest, General Forrest, by virtue of his superior rank, being in command of the entire column. This rear guard was in daily contact with the Federal troops, which pursued relentlessly, and crossed the Tennessee River near Tuscumbia, Ala., December 28, 1864.

The Army of Tennessee after it reached Tuscumbia moved west, followed the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to Corinth, Miss. At Corinth Stewart's Corps moved down the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Verona, Miss., where it encamped. Most of the Army of Tennessee was thereafter sent to North Carolina, and French's Division, without transportation from Meridian, was sent to Mobile. This was the position of this old corps—two-thirds of it in North Carolina and one-third of it at Mobile, and the latter, French's Division, was captured at Spanish Fort, near Mobile, and sent to Ship Island as prisoners of war.

Major Sanders wrote a history of "Hood's Tennessee Campaign," which contained the first vindication that Gen. Frank Cheatham, of Tennessee, received, and for the first time the true facts were stated as to the movement of Confederate troops at Spring Hill on the afternoon and night of the 29th

of November, 1864. Hood blamed Cheatham for his failure to bring on a general engagement with the column of Federal troops retreating from Columbia to Franklin, Tenn., under the command of General Schofield. For sixteen years General Cheatham labored under the obloquy of having utterly failed to do his duty as commanding officer of that corps at Spring Hill. When this publication was made, General Cheatham left his farm in Coffee County, Tenn., to make a call on Major Sanders at Louisville, Ky., with whom he spent several days. General Cheatham said that he had no military documents, all of his papers having been put in the stove and burned by his niece, who was keeping house for him on his farm in Coffee County, because of the apprehension that Brownlow, the military Governor of Tennessee, would arrest and imprison him in the penitentiary at Nashville (rumors to this effect having reached Coffee County), and therefore without his knowledge his papers were all destroyed. General Cheatham paid Major Sanders this visit to thank him for giving a correct history of the movement of the Confederate troops at Spring Hill, Tenn., and during this visit he said that he had never read but two books in his life, one being the Bible, and the other Dick Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction."

The history of Hood's Tennessee Campaign, as written by Major Sanders, appeared in the Southern Bivouac, and has been before the public for many years—since 1885-86. Prior to this he delivered an address before the Southern Historical Society of Kentucky at Louisville on "Hood's Tennessee Campaign," which was published in the supplement of the Weekly Courier-Journal in two issues; and Mr. Walter Haldeman, the proprietor of the Courier-Journal, stated that he had sold over six hundred and fifty thousand copies of these supplements containing Major Sanders's correction of the report of the movement at Spring Hill to Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, the State of Tennessee alone taking two hundred thousand copies. Since the publication of this address in the Courier-Journal supplement and the publication more elaborately written in the Southern Bivouac a new generation has grown up in the South, and these facts are largely unknown to many of them; but the old soldiers of the Army of Tennessee, wherever they may be, remember those deeds in the history of Hood's Tennessee Campaign.

Since the war, with the exception of the years 1865-67, Major Sanders had lived in Louisville, Ky., where he practiced law, beginning in March, 1868. His death occurred on November 1, 1909, after a brief illness.

Major Sanders related as an interesting anecdote of the battle of Allatoona and the demand made on the Federals to surrender the garrison, which was followed by the famous signal of General Sherman, that the flag of truce which he bore in making the demand consisted of a handkerchief fastened to the butt end of a musket. The division had been so constantly in the field that when a search was made for some white material with which to fabricate the flag of truce none could be found until a negro servant of Major Sanders produced a white handkerchief, bearing the name stenciled thereon "A. Coward," which had belonged to a Colonel Coward, whose regiment had been with French's Division in North Carolina during the winter of 1862-63, and which the negro had evidently appropriated. With the permission of Colonel Coward, afterwards obtained, Major Sanders kept this handkerchief for many years; but having loaned it to one of the Louisville Expositions, somebody abstracted it, and it was never restored to him.

ALTAR AND REREDOS TO MRS. HAYES.

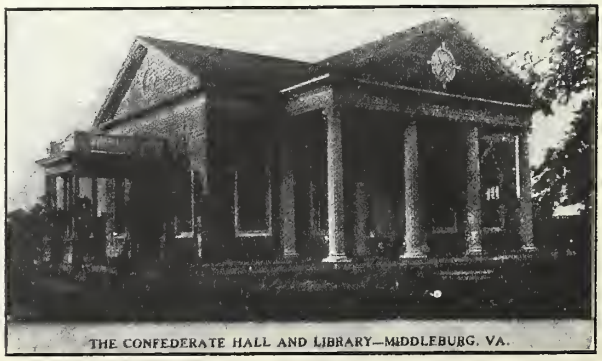
At the last General Convention of the U. D. C. five hundred dollars was voted for erecting a memorial to Mrs. Hayes, oldest daughter of President Davis, who died at Colorado Springs last August. This will take the form of an altar and reredos in the Church of the Redeemer in Biloxi, Miss., which is under the charge of Rev. C. B. Crawford. At this church Mr. Davis and his family worshiped during the years of his residence at Beauvoir, and here there are already many memorials to the family—a window to Mr. Davis, one to Winnie, one for Mrs. Davis, and one to the Davis children and the little grandchild who died in early infancy, besides the silver communion set which was given in memory of Mr. Davis and his family.

The committee in charge of placing the altar and reredos are Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, Mrs. Roselle C. Cooley, and Mrs. C. J. Deatherby, and all the taste and loving thought of these ladies will be exhibited in the design and workmanship. It is hoped that the work will be completed and the altar and reredos in place before the next general meeting.

"Child of the Confederacy" Suggested.

At the Confederate Reunion in Mobile Miss Lucy White Hayes, the youngest granddaughter of President Davis, was sponsor for the South, and in the parade she rode with her fair maids of honor in the first carriage. As she passed down the crowded street, the slender girl standing erect and holding in her hand the beloved flag of the South, she was everywhere greeted with cheers and ringing huzzahs. From one of the old veterans came a shout: "Here she is! Here is our girl, our child of the South!" The name of "Child of the South" was repeated with much delight. It must have originated in the spontaneous way indicated. It seems appropriate that, as Winnie Davis was so fondly known as "The Daughter of the Confederacy," a granddaughter, and the only single one, may appropriately and happily be called "The Child of the South."

U. S. Soldier Entertained at Nashville Tournament.—A big military tournament was held in Nashville, Tenn., June 19-26, during which Capt. Poston Brown, of Company E, 17th Infantry, entertained forty of the old veterans with an elegant dinner which was served in camp. Captain Brown's father had fought throughout the war in one of Tennessee's Confederate regiments, and at the after-dinner speeches many glowing tributes were paid the men of the sixties by the soldiers who were clad in blue. General Mills, who was in command of the Tournament, was among the speakers. A section of the grand stand was reserved for the old Confederates to see the progress made in the arts of war in the last fifty years.



THE CONFEDERATE HALL AND LIBRARY—MIDDLEBURG, VA.

WASHINGTON AND LEE INSEPARABLE.

BY ALBERT W. GAINES, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

When generations yet unborn
Shall turn the historic page
And read the names which it adorn,
As age succeeds to age,
Wherever Washington's name appears,
The name of Lee shall bide
"With that great rebel's down the years,
Twin rebels side by side."

When youth in whom Ambition's fire
With purpose high doth burn
Shall unto lofty deeds aspire,
The base and low to spurn,
True as the needle to the pole
Their purpose and aim shall be
To write their names high on the scroll
With Washington and Lee.

The soldier on the tented field
Of grim and gory Mars,
With right emblazoned on his shield,
The cause for which he wars—
As he for home and country bleeds,
Determined he will be
To emulate the noble deeds
Of Washington and Lee.

When at last the scroll of Time's unrolled,
Revealing the mighty throng,
Whose deeds heroic have been told
In story and in song,
Upon the pages which are Fame's
Forever linked will be
Those two immortal rebel names
Of Washington and Lee.

First President Virginia Society in Tennessee.—Mrs. R. S. Hollins was the first President of the Virginia Society in Tennessee. She was a native of Christiansburg, Va., a daughter of an eminent physician, Dr. J. G. Edie, and married R. S. Hollins, Sr., of Nashville, Tenn., in 1879. She lived in Nashville until the time of her death, which occurred in March, 1890. From early childhood the endowments of her mind and person attracted attention, and, aided by the highest education and culture, she developed into splendid womanhood. At the close of the Civil War, which had devastated her mountain town, as she was a gifted musician, she was importuned by the mothers of the community to instruct their daughters in music. Thus began her career as a teacher. For many years with soul and spirit she entered into her work, enabling her to educate two younger brothers, one of whom ranks high in the United States army. In her new home it was not long before she endeared every one to her with whom she came in contact, especially all Virginians who had settled the greater part of Nashville. For some years she was at Shelbyville, Tenn., where she was a social delight to the community. Knowing the officers of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, she determined to form a branch here in order to keep fresh in their minds what their mother State had done. She, with Mrs. Farrar as Treasurer, Mrs. J. D. Blanton as Secretary, and Mrs. C. B. Wallace as Recording Secretary, gathered a few others with them and formed the nucleus of the Virginia Society. Her enthusiasm was contagious. All recognized that she was a "Virginian of Virginians." What intense love she had for her State! She would say: "Has Virginia ever done anything that she has to be ashamed of? Are not her sons and daughters an honor to her in every State? Let us do all we can to assist in restoring the sacred places that are now going to destruction." On a bed of lingering illness she saw that she could soon do no more, and, recognizing Mrs. William Hume's abilities, she wrote to Mrs. Bryan, President of the Virginia Association, telling her of the magnetism of Mrs. Hume and the love which the people had for her, and asking that she have Mrs. Hume appointed President of the Tennessee branch. Her request was complied with, and the Tennessee branch of the A. O. V. A. has flourished under Mrs. William Hume's fine management.

OFFICIAL SIGNATURES OF CONFEDERATES.

Mr. C. W. Murphy, of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, is giving with compliments of the Southern Pacific Company pamphlets published and copyrighted by his road entitled "Autographs of Prominent Men of the Southern Confederacy and Historical Documents."

The signature of President Davis is followed by Vice President Stevens, members of the Cabinet; then the members of the Confederate Congress, including those from Kentucky and Missouri. The Cherokee, Creek, and Seminole Indian nations had representatives in the Confederate Congress, and two of the signatures of their representatives appear in the book.

Then there appear signatures of many Confederate generals, including Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Gen. J. B. Gordon, and Admiral Raphael Semmes.

There are copies of historic documents in the book, including a facsimile copy of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's order of surrender to his troops, dated April 27, 1865 (the original of which is in the possession of Mrs. Rosine Ryan, of Houston, Tex.). This is altogether complimentary. Send a stamp to Mr. Murphy for a copy.

CARROLLTON UNVEILS BEAUTIFUL SHAFT.

Carrollton, Ga., unveiled on May 28, 1910, a beautiful shaft crowned with a young Confederate soldier. The local Chapter, U. D. C., had worked hard to this end, and were well repaid by the handsome monument that stands as a token alike of their love for their heroes and of the Chapter's unremitting work. Col. Hewlett A. Hall, of Newman, Ga., made the address presenting the statue to Carrollton in the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and in the name of a grateful city H. W. Long accepted the handsome gift, and Hon. W. J. Millcab followed in a forceful speech accepting for the county. Veterans and citizens then united in decorating the graves of the soldiers, after which a fine dinner was served to the veterans, who later were carried on an automobile ride.

Harvard Bars Confederate Heroes.—Harvard University has abandoned the idea of having a tablet in "Memorial Hall" to those of her sons who died in the Confederate service. The Harvard Memorial Society held a special meeting on this subject, and decided that, on account of the sympathies of its founders and its subsequent traditions, the tablet had best not be put up now, though the majority of those present agreed that time will surely bring a demand for some Confederate memorial to be erected. Pending this time, the society has undertaken the task of collecting and indexing the names of Harvard men who died in the Confederate cause.

ADDRESS TO THE WEST POINT CLASS OF 1910.

BY HON. J. M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR.

The histories of countries deal largely with the record of their wars. Like a self-registering thermometer, they seem to record the highest and lowest stages of excellence of the elements that constitute vigorous national life. All that is good and all that is bad are revealed in the crucial test of a war that taxes to their limit the resources of a people.

It is not unjust to estimate a people by the qualities displayed by their military chieftains not merely in war but within the sphere of influence occupied by them in consequence of military leadership. Judged by this standard, the American people have experienced exceptional felicity. Every great war in which we were engaged revealed generals of extraordinary ability and character. Each has been followed by the immediate elevation of a military hero to the highest office. It is the unparalleled glory of our country that, unseduced by the temptations afforded by their military renown, their hold upon the popular affections and the blinding incense offered up by flatterers, they held the military in subjection to civil authority, and returned to the people, their high trust unsullied by any public or private act that could alarm them for the safety of their institutions or bring them national shame.

The War of the Revolution elevated to the presidency Washington, that of 1812 Jackson, that with Mexico Taylor, that between the States Grant, and that with Spain Roosevelt. Although their accession to the presidency did not follow immediately upon their military services, there can be no doubt that reputations gained in arms by the two Harrisons and Hayes were potent factors in raising them to that high office. The navy is behind in its quota. Doubtless the Secretary of the Navy can satisfactorily explain. But it is young. It may follow the army, yet, like Iulus, *non passibus æquis.*

Where will you find in the history of any people such a record of private and public virtue as has been shown by our military men who have held the chief magistracy? Their fortune was exceptional, but not their qualities, among the soldiers of whom they were exponents. There must be an apex to every pyramid, but because it is highest it does not necessarily differ in essentials from that by which it is sustained. There were many others in all of those wars who discharged great trusts with exceptional abilities, who had the highest qualities of manhood, who, though less conspicuously, acted their part during and after hostilities just as patriotically, and bore with honor high civic trusts to which confidence largely inspired by their military services raised them. Hero worship, founded on the noblest feelings in our nature, always has and, unless the history of the world since it began shall be reversed and the profession of arms shall lose its prestige, always will, especially in great crises, make our soldiers potential in our national life, not merely for defense, but in the administration of government.

In our early history there was no regular education of officers. Washington, Jackson, Harrison, and Taylor became successful soldiers by force of their genius and only the traning obtained in the school of hard and costly experience. We had trained officers when our Civil War began, and they made a wonderful fame for this institution; but the war was so stupendous that many with no previous knowledge of war were forced into leadership. Forrest, one of the greatest generals developed by our Civil War, which endured long enough to make as good soldiers as the world ever saw, had at the beginning no soldierly training and was ignorant of military history. One of his officers told me that when he first saw his artillery come into action, the guns whirled into position, unlimbered, and the caissons started to the rear, the distance fixed by the tactics, conceiving the idea that the drivers were panic-stricken and were running away with the ammunition, he drew his pistols, charged down upon the leaders, and halted them with a terrible imprecation upon their cowardice. A long-drawn-out war and splendid genius made good all such deficiencies in him and in many others who won immortal fame in that great contest.

Our wars, as compared with what war would be now, were crudely waged. Specialization and technique are demanded in military affairs as inexorably as in art, manufacture, commerce, transportation, education, medicine, law, and, indeed, in every department of human activity. If the ablest lawyer who went out of the practice twenty years ago were resurrected, equipped with all of his experience and learning, and put at once in the office of the Attorney-General of the United States or at the head of a great law business and should proceed on his previous knowledge, he would ruin his clients with the utmost expedition.

We have come into the international lime light and have assumed the responsibilities of a first-class power. If we should engage in hostilities with any nation of respectable strength, the clash would be quick and stupendous. Our commanders, unless the war shall endure long enough to forge out of crude metal thunderbolts of war, must already have been trained in a way that surpasses all conceptions of military education entertained a quarter of a century back. From these conditions we may expect, if we shall have wars, that men trained in the school of the soldier will be in the future, and perhaps even more than they have in the past, potential both in our military and civil administration. What, therefore, should more profoundly engage our care than the education of those who, more certainly than any other class of our citizens of equal number, will affect our national life?

This day, that makes such an eventful period in the careers of so many who will be in line for leadership of our armies and perhaps high civic office, does not pass unheeded by the American people. Our army and navy schools are looked to with pride and inspire hope. These sentiments are fully justified by what these great institutions have done for the nation. With them are linked the names of many whose fame is a priceless heritage to our people.

Though you have not, like Hannibal, been taken to an altar and made to swear eternal hatred to an enemy of your country, yet, like him, you have in early youth been dedicated to her military service.

Your country has every right to expect much of you. You were selected in competitions for your proficiency; you have withstood winnowing process of four arduous years. You have been in an atmosphere of high ideals and surrounded by ennobling inspirations. But your military education has only begun. You have done well if you have laid a sound foundation for the development of high and strong character and have learned how to think. You will continue your studies according to your assignment, either in the garrison or the artillery school. The school of the line at Fort Leavenworth, the staff college, the war college, and detail on the general staff are open to you. You have opportunities never afforded to Grant and Lee. The system of military education which we now have is unsurpassed in any country.

Some men reserve their efforts for great occasions; and when they come, they find them far beyond their capacity. All occasions are great which furnish material to make up

the architecture of the growing mind and formative character. The Almighty sent a great light to Saul to call him to his new career. Saul was a great man and worthy of a great event. Lesser men must see lights in the ordinary duties of life and be led by them day by day to accomplishment. Those who meet all demands as they come acquire the power and confidence for great emergencies. Your opportunities are progressive and must be taken advantage of as they arise by those who seek prominence.

When the crucial time shall come, when your country shall need her best, the call will be not on those who may have latent powers, but on those who have achieved the premiership in their branches of the service. By this I do not mean mere intellectual achievement, but that superiority that is compounded of mental accomplishments and those moral forces which adorned the characters of our great commanders. What is mere brilliancy for enduring fame? Who would place Marlborough beside the men whose names we cherish?

To be truly great, soldiers must be not only great in deeds but great in all high qualities. Courage they should have, of course. Physical bravery, though most lauded, is the quality which soldiers generally possess. There never was a time when more than enough did not volunteer for any hazardous enterprise. When Hobson went in to sink the Merrimac, many times the number needed freely offered up their lives.

During our Civil War volunteers were called for to man a Confederate submarine, an untried venture. They promptly came to the front, the boat sank, and all perished. It was raised and a new call was made, with a like result. It was again recovered. Nothing daunted, a third crew went cheerfully to what seemed and proved to be certain death. Only the final loss terminated this heroic tragedy.

Sometimes even a bodily infirmity is dominated by a courageous soul. Condé, when about to lead his first charge, was twitted about his trembling legs. "Yes," he replied, mounting his horse; "and if they knew into what danger I am now going to carry them, they would tremble more than that."

The highest courage of a soldier, as of any man, is to stand up boldly and firmly for the right. Carl Schurz said: "Among a people like ours it will be easy to find a hundred men to storm a hostile battery or to lead a forlorn hope, when they will meet only one with moral courage to stand up alone against the world for his conception of truth, right, and justice. It is the moral hero most needed in a republic."

General Scott, referring to an exploit of Robert E. Lee in the Mexican War, said it was the greatest feat of courage performed by any individual during the campaign; and yet this courage was not comparable with that which inspired him to say to Wilcox after the repulse of Pickett at Gettysburg: "All this has been my fault."

Phocion said: "You may compel me to act against my wishes, but you shall never force me to speak against my judgment."

On another occasion, when interrupted by a demagogue who asked if he dared to persuade the Athenians to peace, he said: "Yes, though I know that if there be war, I shall be in office over you; and if peace, you over me."

Freedom from self-aggrandizement is an attribute of great souls. While their patriotism did not permit them to decline great offices, yet neither Washington, Lee, nor Grant sought preferment. They would lay down rather than voluntarily take up new honors, and nothing more became them than their unaffected modesty. General Lee tendered his resignation to Mr. Davis, commending "a younger and abler man."

Integrity irreproachable, as "pure as the icicle that hangs from Dian's temple," has been the unchallenged and unchallengable possession of all of our great generals. There seems—I trust that it is but a semblance—to be a breaking down in many directions of the high standards of personal honesty. I do not believe that any class of our citizens has more generally and consistently kept their honor unimpeached than the officers of our army and navy. Yet in these days when all men's motives are questioned things without intrinsic wrong must be shunned if they furnish room for evil interpretation. While this state of the public mind is an eruption of our times, neither it nor the safeguards are new in human affairs. When the bearers of the munificence of Alexander to a friend told him that he alone of all the Athenians was esteemed worthy of his bounty, he declined the gifts, saying: "Let him, then, permit me to continue so and be still so reputed."

Duty was said by General Lee to be "the sublimest word in our language." It comprehends all of our relations to God and man. Neglect of duty by subordinates almost invariably was the cause of failures of great commanders. It is a controlling passion with all men truly great; and while its performance in small things as well as large was necessary to satisfy the demands of their consciences, it was the keystone of the arm of their success.

"He that, ever following her commands
On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Through the long gorge to the far light, has won
His path upward and prevail'd
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun."

Time will not permit a reference to all the characteristics of high and successful military leadership; but I cannot pretermit truth, for nothing is higher, nothing enters more constantly into our daily life, and nothing is of itself so much an exponent of other qualities. It is the effect of the coefficients of honesty and courage. Cowards are constitutional liars, and dishonesty is unmasked by truth. There is nothing about which there is so much sophistry. The conscience of the morally weak is trained to adopt the spurious for the legitimate, and their intellectual integrity is debauched to mold a lie into vraisemblance. Some people persuade themselves that they speak the truth when they say they do not remember or that they did not recognize a person. I once heard of an elder person in a position of potential though not lawful authority asking with significant look a junior whom he knew would be questioned under oath whether or not he recognized those who did something in his presence. When he answered that he did not, his interrogator said: "You have good eyes." This being translated doubtless meant: "You are wise to appear not to have seen what you did see; and if questioned, you will know how to answer."

Is such instruction defensible? Does it illustrate a just estimate of truth? Are such lessons to be taught to those who look up to us? Can they be justified under any morals that men of honor sanction?

I only give it as an illustration. It has many congeners familiar to those who dally with the truth. Upon all such shams the brand of contempt should be placed. I trust that no such code of ethics will ever be sanctioned by the older cadets, who by traditional right exercise such powerful influence in forming the character of their juniors. It is a self-assumed trust that imposes great responsibilities.

All citizens, especially those of a republic, should know and respect the fundamental principles of their organic law, and none more so than soldiers, who in sudden crises may have to exercise great power. They should be imbued with a reverence for constitutional limitations and a firm resolve to maintain in their integrity the institutions of their country. Jackson, the laurel-crowned victor of Chalmette, did not surpass in grandeur Jackson the citizen, who bowed his head in submission to the majesty of the law and paid the fine imposed upon him by an arrogant judge whom he the while protected in the administration of his office from an indignant populace who resented what they believed to be an outrage put upon a hero.

No man is so great or so good in a republic that he can be permitted to govern outside of the law and the constitution. No public good, however attractive, is worth gaining at the price of setting aside a fundamental principle of government. This is substituting a government of men for a government of law, and this is the beginning of the end of the republic.

I exhort you to keep ever in your minds as exemplars the noble men who have preceded you and to maintain in your time the imperishable renown which they achieved for their country.

THE BURNING OF GENERAL BLAIR'S HOUSE.

BY W. W. LEE, MONTEVALLO, ALA.

Knowing that you are endeavoring to correct all the false statements as to the history of the Civil War, I have for a long time expected to write you of what I have often heard my father relate as to the burning of General Blair's house when General Early threatened Washington. I have not recently read the history of the events connected with the incident; but my father's indignant denial often repeated that the Confederates did not burn General Blair's house is thoroughly familiar.

My father, Joshua Lee, was lieutenant of Company I, 53d North Carolina. In the approach to the city of Washington, Company I was sheltered during the fight by General Blair's house, and three times the house was fired (as told by my father) by the shells from the guns of the Federal troops, and each time my father extinguished the flames; and when the Confederates were driven back, they had not gone far before the house was seen to be on fire. The Confederates did not fire it, but put out the fire.

Since some Northern writers state that General Early burned General Blair's house and give it as the reason for General Sheridan's devastating Shenandoah Valley and General Sherman destroying property in his march to the sea, I think the incident worth notice. Perhaps the Monroe Inquirer, Monroe, N. C., would help you find living witnesses to prove what my father so often told while living.

THE VETERAN FINDS A FRIEND.—R. V. Acker writes from Williamsboro, S. C.: "Through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the assistance of Capt. Randolph Barton, of Baltimore, I have located a comrade after forty-nine years. I met this comrade on the battlefield of First Manassas. Each of us was there to bury a comrade. We assisted each other and buried a South Carolinian and a Virginian in the same grave. Each one thought the other to be burying his brother, but each of us was burying a comrade who was near and dear to us. I was under the impression that his name was Blue, but have learned from him that Blue was the name of his comrade. That long-lost comrade is John O. Caslin, of Oklahoma City, Okla., originally of the Stonewall Brigade."

MONUMENTS AT COLUMBUS, MISS.

BY MRS. E. T. SYKES, OF THE STEPHEN D. LEE CHAPTER.

Having read with much interest the description of monuments recorded in the VETERAN, I will add to the list one in our cemetery, which is the oldest in the State.

In the Columbus Cemetery are buried fifteen hundred soldiers. The grounds lying apart are connected by a magnolia



TWO MONUMENTS AT COLUMBUS, MISS.

avenue, midway on which is situated a monument erected in 1873. At the farther end stands a soldier carved in stone, elevated on a grass-covered mound of earth, arms at rest. The large monument consists of an ornamental stone shaft, slightly decreasing in size toward the top, placed on a pedestal or die which stands on two stone bases, elevated upon a grass-covered mound of earth. The shaft is ornamented by a chapeta, on which stands a pyramidal finial, the whole monument being thirty-five feet in height.

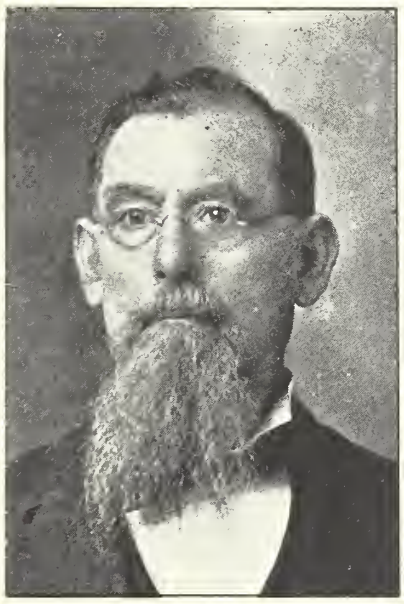
The die is ornamented at its corners by four reversed cannons, and under its cornice are carved two crossed-sheathed swords. On the east face is the inscription, "In memory of our honored dead," on the east side of the second base are the letters, "C. S. A.," and on the west face of the die, "Erected by Ladies of the Columbus Monument Association, 1873." Its cost was $2,700, and the cost of the soldier was $500.

MEMBERS OF THE L. O. BRANCH CAMP DRUM CORPS.—James J. Lewis, Wiley T. Johnson, and W. B. Royster are the members of the L. O. Branch Camp Drum Corps in the May VETERAN. They all reside in Raleigh, N. C., and served the C. S. A. in the 14th, 51st, and 56th North Carolina Regiments.

CAREER OF COL. J. H. HOLMAN.

[From sketch by his nephew, James H. Tolley.]

Col. James H. Holman was a prominent lawyer and citizen of Tennessee. He died at his home, in Fayetteville, Tenn., March 27, 1910. Colonel Holman was born March 7, 1836. As a youth he evinced a spirit of daring and adventure that gave him prestige among his companions and playmates. While at school in the early fifties at Chattanooga he, with only one companion, undertook to explore a cave under a mountain. Their preparation and equipment consisted of two tallow candles and a few matches. In their enthusiasm they failed to notice that their candles were about exhausted after having gone far into the cave. When, however, they realized their situation, one candle was immediately put out and the other held in reserve as they turned back seeking the daylight. After exhausting both candles and their supply of matches, they were yet far from the outlet of the cave. In the darkness they crawled, it being too hazardous to walk, for hours and hours, when at last, very late in the evening (just about sundown), they emerged from the cave, quite exhausted but very happy. Many such experiences did not satiate the spirit of adventure in young Holman.



COL. JAMES H. HOLMAN.

He was commissioned as a second lieutenant by President Pierce in the United States army February 27, 1857. Jefferson Davis was then Secretary of War. He signed it with the President. He was assigned to duty on the frontier of Texas until January, 1861. In June, 1860, he was sent out from San Antonio at the head of a topographical expedition. He took ten men, twenty camels, and forty-five mules. Colonel Holman had on this expedition the only herd of camels ever brought to this country by the United States government. They were brought over from Arabia to be tested in this country for exploration purposes in arid and semiarid climates. The diary that he kept on this expedition (from which he made his report to the War Department at Washington) states that he and his men and beasts came near famishing for want of water several times.

His diary on July 2, 1860, says: "As soon as the sun was up it became very warm, and by noon the heat was intense. Some of the men complained of sore feet, some of being sick, others of exhaustion, and all begging for water. We have been disappointed thus far in not finding any water." July 3: "The men and mules were so near exhausted that our progress was very slow. * * * The water was too far gone and the uncertainty of finding more soon was so great that I determined to issue only enough to sustain life, and at that rate for footmen it was evident that it could hold out only one day longer. Things now presented a very serious aspect." July 4: "I issued half of the water that was left to the men, which amounted to less than a quart to the man. On July 4 we found water. If it had been one day later, all certainly would have perished, for the heat was very intense."

This expedition lasted from June 11 until August 29, 1860. The diary is in possession of and prized by his wife.

Lieutenant Holman, obtaining a furlough, left the frontier January 1, 1861, and went to Washington City. While there Fort Sumter was bombarded, and the War between the States was inevitable. Seeing this, he deposited his resignation in the Washington post office and hastened South to join the Confederate States army. He was soon commissioned first lieutenant in the Confederate regulars by the authorities at Montgomery; but on reaching Tennessee he was elected lieutenant colonel of Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment. He held this office from May 1, 1861, to May 1, 1862, during which time he was in the campaign of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the Valley of Virginia. He reached Manassas July 21, 1861, just as the rout of the Federal troops took place. Through the year 1862 he saw service with Gen. E. Kirby Smith in his campaign in East Tennessee and Kentucky. After this he was ordered to General Bragg's army as instructor of tactics, and it is said that he drilled more men than any other officer in the Confederate service For a short time, about July 1, 1863, he was assigned to duty as inspector general of cavalry with Gen. Joe Wheeler with the rank of colonel.

On the retreat of Bragg's army a large number of soldiers and small commands were cut off and left north of the Tennessee River, and Colonel Holman was sent to collect them, with such other volunteers as he could get into provisional commands, and operate with them until further instructions.

On September 23, 1863, in a fight near Winchester, Tenn., with infantry and cavalry he was captured, being slightly wounded and his horse disabled. He was taken to Decherd, where the Federal commander professed to have received orders that Colonel Holman should be tried by a drumhead court-martial and shot. Afterwards the officer professed to have gotten a commutation of that sentence and orders to turn the prisoner over to Andy Johnson, Military Governor at Nashville, as Holman was a Tennesseean. Johnson directed the officers to give the prisoner choice of rope or allegiance to the United States government. Colonel Holman facetiously remarked to the officer, General Payne, that he would "try the rope for a day or two; and if he couldn't stand it, he would give him an answer as to whether or not he would take the oath." He finally told the Federal officers that he was a prisoner of war in the hands of the United States, and demanded treatment as such.

After being detained in Nashville three weeks, he was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he remained three weeks, and was transferred to Johnson's Island, where he remained until October, 1864, when he was put upon the sick exchange list and sent through to Richmond, being paroled until January 1, 1865. At the expiration of this parole he was assigned to duty with Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, and attached to the army of General Magruder, of the Department of Texas. Here he remained on duty until the terms of surrender were made by Gens. Kirby Smith and Canby. Not being certain what would be the policy of the United States government toward officers who had resigned from the United States army at the beginning of the

war, he declined to surrender, and went to the western border of Texas, where he remained until assured that the government would not deal severely with him. He then went to Houston, Tex., and surrendered to General Canby July 18, 1865.

He returned to the home of his father, at Mulberry, Lincoln County, Tenn. He was admitted to the bar in March, 1867, and commenced immediately the practice of law in Fayetteville, forming a partnership with his brother, Col. D. W. Holman. He was recognized throughout the State as one of its leading lawyers. While attorney-general he was a terror to evildoers and violators of the law.

During his practice of law he was chief counsel in a case defending Andrew Patrick, charged by the United States government with the killing of four revenue officers near Flintville, Tenn. This case was tried before President Taft, then a Federal circuit judge. Judge Taft, after listening very closely to Colonel Holman's argument in the case, remarked that it was the most masterful speech he ever heard. As a public speaker his powers and abilities to comprehend his subject and then give a clear and lucid explanation of it were remarkable.

He was twice married—first to Miss Elizabeth C. Kimbrough, November 23, 1865. His second union was on September 3, 1902, to Mrs. Elizabeth H. Anderson, who survives him and deeply mourns her great loss. He took an active interest in the cause of the Confederate veterans.

W. T. ELLIS CAMP, U. S. C. V.

The Sons of Veterans in Owensboro have changed the name of their Camp from W. T. Aull to that of W. T. Ellis. It is a most appropriate thing to honor the veteran who has been such an inspiration to the Camp. When the change of name was proposed, according to the Owensboro Messenger, there was a remonstrance from Captain Ellis, who paid a glowing tribute to W. T. Aull, saying that "he was one of the bravest soldiers that ever heard the beat of the drum, and that he would feel as if he had plucked a flower from the grave of his dead comrade to permit the change to be made."

Amid strains of "Dixie" the Camp assembled in the dining room of the hotel, and before the arrival of Captain Ellis passed resolutions changing the name of the Camp. Messrs. S. W. Bedford, Lee Hart, and H. A. Birkhead were appointed a committee to notify Captain Ellis of the change and to escort him to the dining room. Messrs. Bedford and Birkhead made addresses in which they paid glowing tributes to the memory of W. T. Aull, but stated that they wished to place a flower on the lapel of the living, and that they did not forget the bravery of the dead in doing so.

A resolution was introduced for the changing of the time of Decoration Day from June 3 to Sunday, June 5, and the appointment of a committee to wait upon the Daughters of the Confederacy in regard to it. Arrangements for the Reunion to be held in Little Rock, Ark., next year were inaugurated by the formation of a Little Rock Club.

After transacting the business of the evening, the members surrounded the banquet board and enjoyed an elaborate spread. While partaking of the excellent menu Capt. W. T. Ellis and S. W. Bedford delivered addresses, in which they pictured the stirring times of the war and paid tributes to our soldiers.

The resolution adopted to change the name of the Camp:

"Whereas one of our most distinguished citizens was a brave Confederate soldier, ever ready to face the dangers of any trying moment during the war from 1861 to 1865, and has always been active in the affairs of the United Confederate Veterans generally and Rice E. Graves Camp especially, and loves these organizations better and more devotedly than any other organization of men; and whereas the United Sons of Confederate Veterans are proud of his loyalty to the Southern Confederacy and appreciate his interest in this Camp, and to show him our appreciation and as a tribute to his sterling qualities as a soldier and his honorable life among us as citizen and lawyer; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That the name of this Camp be changed in the striking out of the word 'Aull' and substituting the word 'Ellis,' so that from now on this Camp shall be known and named 'The W. T. Ellis Camp, 182, United Sons of Confederate Veterans.'"

HUMOROUS REMINISCENCE OF GRANT.

The chaplain of the regiment of which Ulysses Grant was colonel tells some interesting things of him. He was utterly indifferent to dress, and would not wear his gold-laced uniform save when the exigencies of dress parade required it. He had a countenance that showed indomitable will and purpose, but he was always cheerful, no fatigue nor stress of circumstance having any influence upon his appearance, and he was a strict disciplinarian, and sternly prohibited any whisky being used by his men. Once on a long march several of the soldiers stole from the line and filled their canteens at a nearby grocery, and in consequence soon were all very drunk. When Grant saw the condition of his men, he rode down the line, and with his own hand took the canteen from every soldier he suspected of carrying whisky and emptied it on the ground, and he then had the drunken men tied like bales of hay on the wagons for them to sober up.

The chaplain tells a funny story of Grant's sense of humor. While he was campaigning in Arkansas Lieutenant Wickerfield and an advance guard of eight men went to a farmhouse and, representing themselves as General Grant and his staff, had the farmer's wife cook and serve a meal to them. Later General Grant came to the same house and asked for food. The woman, whose name was Selvidge, replied that she had only one pumpkin pie left in the house, as General Grant and his staff had eaten everything else. General Grant gave her fifty cents and asked her to keep that pie for him. That evening at grand parade in the presence of the whole army the following order was read: "Lieutenant Wickerfield, of the — Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickerfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also."

Grant's orders were supreme, and the discomfited lieutenant filed out with his hundred men, to the amusement of all the soldiers. Later he reported that the pie was devoured, and from that time till the end of the war that lieutenant was especially sensitive to the topic of "pumpkin pies."

PROPOSED TO BUILD A WAR BALLOON IN THE SIXTIES.—An old veteran, W. G. Jackson, of Yuleville, S. C., writes that he wonders if any of the survivors of the war remember that an attache of the War Department begged, through the Richmond papers, that money should be given him to build a big balloon. He said that with it he could fly over Grant's army, and by dropping explosives annihilate them. This man was regarded as a crank, and no attention was paid to him. Now, many years later, the same idea has been taken up, and is rapidly being pushed to a successful completion.

COMMENT BY MRS. C. B. STONE ON THE REUNION.

The great parade of the hosts in gray at Mobile on April 28 has passed into the land of shadows and memories, to appear again in glorious panorama at Little Rock a year hence. Who could look unmoved upon that splendid pageant in line of march of the survivors of the most courageous army that the world has ever seen? for none ever won more brilliant victories or rallied again and again under such desperate conditions with as great disparity of forces and resources—half-starved and footsore—yet ever daring and valiant. Each year they meet in loving fellowship, proudly recalling their service and sacrifice, with no bitterness in their hearts for the final defeat after so much of privation and suffering, for it was all so freely laid on their country's altar. Nor was it in vain, for a struggle that developed such a character as that of Robert E. Lee, to say nothing of the galaxy of other heroic names, has done a service to all future generations which cannot be estimated. But more than this. These "boys of the sixties" stood in the forefront for the South. Her men and women united in one great effort for the maintenance of individual rights under the Constitution of our Revolutionary forefathers, and in this supreme loyalty crowned the Southland with immortal fame. When outnumbered and overpowered, they accepted the conditions in good faith, giving to the world an example of lofty citizenship in the restoration of their stricken and desolated homes. It is little wonder, then, that the women of the old régime, their comrades in days of yore, and beautiful girls of a later generation, rally to their call at each annual Reunion and proudly follow their banners on parade.

Mobile honored herself in honoring these dauntless veteran heroes, and right royally did she receive and entertain them within her gates, and all agreed that this was one of the most successful of their conventions.

It was gratifying, too, to note the increased strength and enthusiasm of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and a renewed interest in building up their organization that they may the more fully coöperate with the Daughters of the Confederacy in their efforts to preserve the true history of the people of the South, to protect the name and fame of their fathers, and to cultivate that quality of true patriotism which will raise the standard of citizenship to that which prevailed in ante-bellum days, when men regarded official position as a sacred trust to be administered for the benefit of the people who had so honored them, and not for selfish greed and gain.

There were many distinguished men and women of the South at the Mobile Reunion. Chief among the latter stood the peerless Mrs. Clay-Clopton, "the belle of the fifties, the rose of Alabama." In the presence of her many attractions and charms of mind and heart even old Father Time stands aghast and touches her so lightly that she is still the queen of the annual grand ball.

Mrs. McSherry, the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, President of the Mobile Chapter, U. D. C., daughter of Admiral Semmes, of the Confederate States navy, shared the honors of the veterans on all occasions. It was a special privilege to have with us Lucy White Hayes, the granddaughter of President Jefferson Davis and fair daughter of the lamented and beloved Margaret Howell Davis Hayes.

It was my great privilege to visit the graves of Admiral Semmes, and the poet, priest, and patriot, Father Ryan, and it made me happy to see that the memory of both had been treasured and greatly honored in this city of the Gulf.

A notable visit was made to Mr. T. C. DeLeon, journalist, author, and lecturer, whose "Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the Sixties," "Cray Nest," and "John Holden, Unionist" have furnished valuable material to all students of history with the touch of romance that gives added interest. He has a new work in readiness for publication, "The Davis-Lee Popular History," which will make a valuable text-book for collateral reading in all history classes. All of this work has been done under the difficulty of the loss of sight, in spite of which calamity he is bright, cheery, and charming in conversation, with a heart and soul full of sympathy for the sorrows of others and a mind ready to pour out its rich treasury in behalf of the interests of his Southland whenever there is need and withal broad enough to embrace our whole country in loving loyalty. In his presence one is constrained to feel that it is well at times to turn our vision inward and look into the soul in communion and counsel.

Our dear Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, would not consent to serve longer in command, as his health will not permit the demands of active official life. This was a great grief to his comrades; and after many pleadings with him, when he was nominated it was determined to make him Honorary Commander in Chief for life. Gen. W. L. Cabell declined to accept the pleadings of his ardent friends, and he personally nominated Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Tennessee, to that high office. Upon General Cabell was also conferred a like honor to that of General Evans.

It was the saddest note of this great meeting to see these two venerable Commanders and warriors voluntarily resign the active command of the Veterans. The promotion of Gen. Bennett Young, of Kentucky, and General VanZandt, of Texas, was very gratifying to their comrades and to

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

NEW YORK CHAPTER KEEPS DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY.—The New York Chapter, U. D. C., kept the birthday of President Davis by giving a very interesting historical program to the three hundred or more who had assembled in memory of the great chieftain. Many of the prominent people of New York were in the audience, and Miss Alice Baxter, President of the Georgia Division, was the guest of honor. Mrs. J. D. Beale, the Chapter Historian, had the affair in charge, and was ably assisted by Mr. Bruce Rice, who made a fine address on the life of President Davis, and by Mr. Parsons and Mrs. A. G. Dickenson with music and recitations.

SUGGESTIONS TO CONFEDERATES WHO DON'T KNOW THE VETERAN.—Col. D. C. Pavey, of West Somerville, Mass., writes to the VETERAN: "A few days ago a friend kindly sent me the April and May numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I beg to assure you, as a Civil War veteran, Army of the Potomac, that I became so profoundly interested in the contents of each copy that I was quite willing to forego the delights of a 'square feed' for the time being, quite willing also to provide for the assimilation of something to me more substantial than even the allurements of 'raw pork and hard-tack.' While a Northern veteran may not be willing to indorse everything in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, there is enough in its beautifully printed pages to command his unqualified commendation, and much that he could not find in any other publication. With best wishes and the hope that your efforts to provide good 'soldier reading' will be fully appreciated by your patrons, I am, faithfully yours."

HOW MAJOR WOLF'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

BY E. K. WOLF, MYRON, ARK.

Come, all you old soldiers, sons, and daughters of the Confederacy, and listen to the experience of a Confederate major and six privates who were sentenced to be shot in retaliation for the killing of a Federal major and six privates in St. Louis the last year of the war. On Price's raid through Missouri before getting to Ironton Major Wilson with — companies of cavalry acted as advance guard. After a desperate fight, and when the smoke had blown away, Major Wilson and six privates were prisoners. The dead and wounded of both sides were proof of a desperate struggle. As soon as Col. Tim Reeves, a Confederate colonel, learned that Major Wilson was a prisoner he took a file of men and went to the guard tent and demanded Major Wilson and the six privates. As soon as Major Wilson saw Colonel Reeves he exclaimed: "I am a dead man; Colonel Reeves will kill me." And in his day book he wrote a few lines to his wife, and give it, money, and a pocket knife to a Federal prisoner. Colonel Reeves took Major Wilson and the six privates out a short distance and executed them.

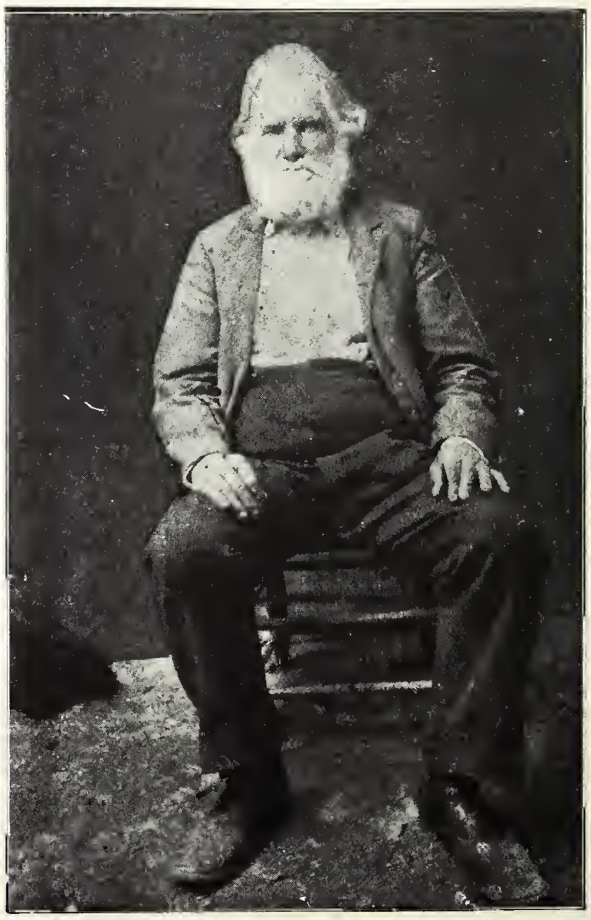
As soon as Major General Rosecrans learned the facts in the case he ordered a Confederate major and six Confederate privates executed in retaliation for the killing of Major Wilson and the six privates. As the Federals had no major on hand, they took out six privates and executed them on six hours' notice. Four of them were Blackburn, Bunch, Ladd, and Minigan. They lived in Batesville, Ark. The names of the other two are not recalled.

In the battle of Mine Creek, some twenty-five miles from Fort Scott, where General Cabell and General Marmaduke were captured, the Federals captured seven majors; two of them were field officers and the five others were staff officers. Major Carlton, of Pine Bluff, Ark., and Maj. E. O. Wolf, of Franklin, Ark., were the two field officers. The guards told Major Wolf that they drew straws to see which one should pay the debt, and the guard said that Major Wolf was the unlucky one; but neither Major Carlton nor Major Wolf had any hand in the drawing of straws.

The next morning after Major Wolf got to St. Louis before breakfast the guard went to his room, took him out, and put a thirty-two-pound ball with chain to his leg. The chain was one of the short link leg chains used about sawmills as binding chains. The cuff that went around his leg had hinges on one side bent to fit the leg close, with three rivets on the other side well hammered down on an anvil with a rivet hammer. Then they took him to a large room set apart and read this sentence to him: "By orders of Major General Roseerans, Major Wolf, you are to be shot to death with musketry in retaliation for the murder of Major Wilson and the six privates that Colonel Reeves executed." It was very early in the morning, and several Federal officers were present. On first reading Major Wolf did not fully understand, and called for a second reading, and when the adjutant had finished the second reading, Major Wolf explained that he knew nothing about the killing of Major Wilson; but as they were looking for an ardent Southern man to execute in retaliation, he supposed that they had made a fair selection. Major Wolf was born in Ohio, but reared in the Lone Star State.

After the reading of the sentence they escorted Major Wolf to a cell, where he was closely guarded to await execution. They gave him four days. Captain Allen commanded the prison, and rendered Major Wolf much kindness. General Cabell, of Dallas, Tex., and Major Carlton, of Pine Bluff, Ark., wrote several letters to the officers in authority at St. Louis in the interest of Major Wolf while he was under sentence of death. Major Wolf belonged to General Cabell's command. Colonel Reeves's excuse for executing Major Wilson was cruelty to prisoners. Colonel Reeves was proved to be severely cruel. Captain Allen went to Major Wolf's cell soon after he was locked in and made a sign which Major Wolf caught at once, but soon Captain Allen told Major Wolf that he could stop, as he had only taken the fellow-craft degree. Captain Allen furnished Major Wolf with pen, ink, and paper, and he wrote a letter to his wife telling her the sad news and that it had fallen to his lot to be executed for the wrongs of other men. He told her how to rear his dear children and to take care of what he had left her. He hoped she would have no trouble rearing his children with the assistance of his Masonic friends. When Major Wolf had finished his letter, Captain Allen asked him if he wanted a preacher, and Major Wolf told him he reckoned he had better have one. Captain Allen told him the government had two employed—Catholic and Episcopalian—and he could have either. Major Wolf told him he did not want either; if he had a preacher, he wanted a Missionary Baptist.

Captain Allen sent out and got Rev. A. C. Osborn, who told Major Wolf the order was positive and when the time came they would execute him; they had already executed the privates; and if he had any relics he wanted his wife to have, he would take charge of them and see that she got them. The



MAJ. E. O. WOLF.

minister told Major Wolf if there was anything in the letter that was contraband he wouldn't be allowed to take it. He read down to where the Major told his wife to take care of what he had left her and with the assistance of his Masonic friends, etc. The preacher turned his face toward the Major and briefly asked: "Major, are you a Mason?" The Major replied: "I am." He then dropped the letter and hurried out and called the lodge together and telegraphed Abraham Lincoln, who telegraphed back: "Shoot no more men." The dispatch was read just in time to save Major Wolf. The guns were loaded and the guards were detailed to do the shooting. The men afterwards guarding Major Wolf told him how bad they hated the job, but could not refuse.

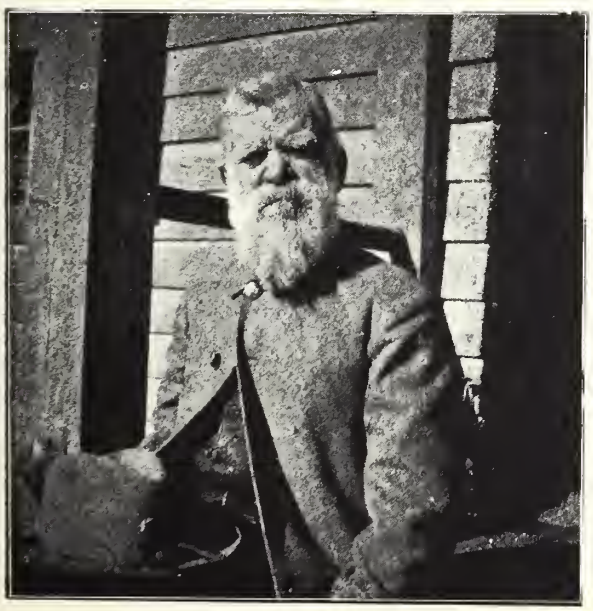
Major Wolf is still living on the same farm where he lived in time of the war—near Franklin, Ark. Major Wolf is preparing a book for publication and seeks aid in it.

In Series II., Volume VII., "War Records," appears a communication from Gen. W. S. Rosecrans to President Lincoln from St. Louis November 11, 1864, in which, after explaining the case in detail, he writes: "With the foregoing statement I leave the matter in your hands. It is hardly necessary to say that no man repudiates more absolutely than I the savage principle of doing acts of barbarism because our enemies perpetrate them."

JOSEPH L. CARTER, VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, IRON GATE, VA.

The accompanying photograph is that of Mr. Joseph L. Carter, of Petersburg, Va. He was born in Virginia in the year 1827, and is accordingly in his eighty-fourth year. Mr. Carter,



JOSEPH L. CARTER.

in spite of the many winters he has seen and the varying fortunes he has experienced, still has elasticity in his step, a merry twinkle in his eyes, the fire of the born soldier in his nature, and the dew of perpetual youth in his heart.

Mr. Carter has seen his part of soldiering. During the Mexican War he was a volunteer in the 1st Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. Fletcher H. Archer. In 1846 he boarded the Mayflower at Old Point, Va., and sailed away to the Mexican borders, and never returned until after the victorious flag of our country had floated proudly over the halls of the Montezumas.

In the War between the States Mr. Carter belonged to the independent battery of artillery, commanded by James Branch. He was in the baptism of blood at Malvern Hill, Chickahominy, and other places where the gory tide of battle surged fiercely and human valor reached highest heights. The old gentleman's recollections of both wars are varied and rich. His mind is not clouded at all by the mist of years, and it is a delight to hear him talk of the associations of other days.

He has five living children, all honored citizens. He is in comfortable circumstances and dispenses a cordial hospitality. He is an enthusiastic member of the A. P. Hill Camp, No. 6, U. C. V., of Petersburg, and has attended many Confederate gatherings.

A prosperous voyage through the remnant of his days to this honored citizen and soldier!

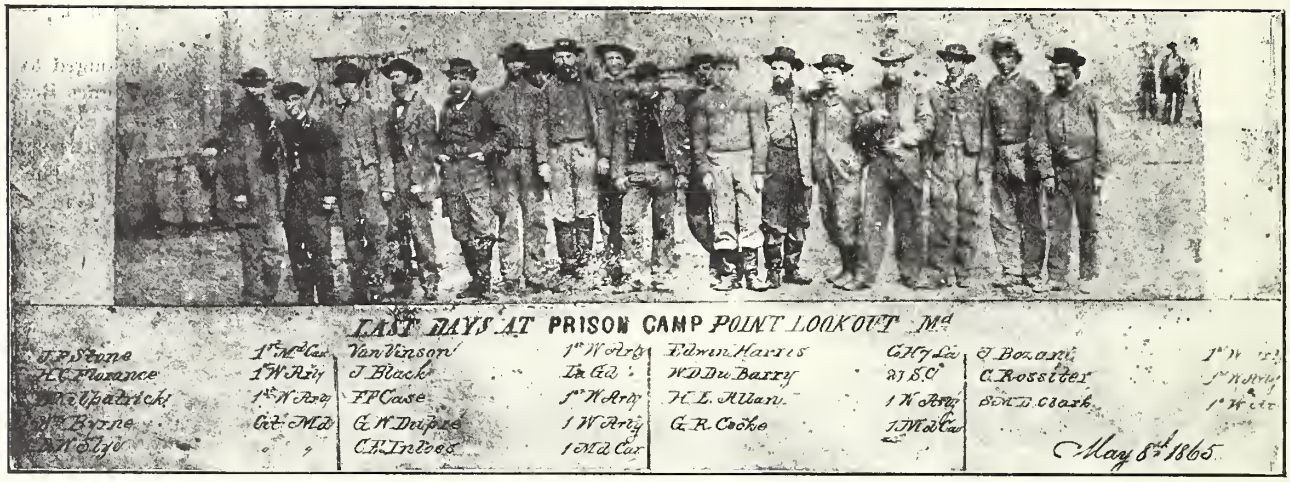
SPECULATION AS TO M'CLELLAN'S ELECTION.

BY J. C. HARTMAN, SHIPPINGPORT, PA.

Reading in the October VETERAN the comment on "Suppose the South Had Succeeded," it brought to my mind Mr. Davis's speech while on a visit to the Army of Tennessee just before its start under General Hood into Tennessee. Our division, Clayton's, Lee's Corps, was drawn up in a square around the platform on which the President and Gen. Howell Cobb addressed the division. Mr. Davis's speech was a masterful effort to enthuse the soldiers for future deeds of valor. What he said that particularly struck me and has stayed in my memory to this day was: "They are going to have an election up North. It lies between McClellan and Lincoln. You would naturally think that General McClellan as a Democrat would suit us very well if he could be elected; but I think, however, that if McClellan should be elected there will be a division or another secession between the East and the West. There would be an Eastern and Western as well as Southern Confederacy. The West, on account of the Western rivers which would flow to the sea through our land and those by the highway of commerce, might think it advisable to join hands with us; but we would not accept their offer of a union with them. We would tell them it was impossible; that there had been too much blood spilled between us, but that the rivers would and shall be free for our common commerce."

These words left an impression on my mind that I have not forgotten. They were the very words our President spoke; therefore if the South had succeeded by the secession of the West from the East through McClellan's election, one of the things that would have happened, according to Mr. Davis, would have been the free Mississippi River. The other question, States' rights, would also have been settled for good in the way we believe it was intended it should. The third, slavery and slaveholding aristocracy, would certainly have continued for a time; but Russia's first abolishing the slavery of the serfs, Brazil emancipating slavery, the West India Islands following suit, an anti-slavery movement in the South would have become an immense lever against them, to which they would have had to yield or have the world against them.

There were too many nonslaveholding soldiers (called "white trash" by the slaves) that fought for State rights bravely, but not for the perpetuation of slavery. It was supposed in early days that no white labor could raise cotton, sugar, rice, etc., on extreme Southern plantations; but this idea has long since been exploded by actual facts, which further make the South generally more prosperous than in olden times.



SECESSION CONVENTION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Governor Pickens convened the assembly in extraordinary session at Columbia, S. C., to handle the burning questions of the day. In the early days of this session a mass meeting was held in Charleston, at which Judge McGrath, of the Federal court, rather than hold office under the existing condition of the Federal government, resigned, and his resignation was quickly followed by that of the district attorney, the marshal, and the collector of customs. A committee was then appointed, with McGrath as chairman, to go to Columbia and strongly urge the Legislature to call a constitutional convention for the purpose of seceding from the Union. The newspapers everywhere upheld this movement.

The Legislature passed on the 13th of November, 1860, this act: "That a convention of the State of South Carolina is hereby ordained to assemble in the city of Columbia on Monday, the 17th of December, 1860, for the purpose of taking into consideration the dangers incident to the position of the State in the Federal Union, established by the Constitution of the United States, and the measures which may be necessary and proper for providing against the same, and whereupon to take care that the commonwealth of South Carolina shall suffer no detriment." By another provision of the same Legislature it was ordered that delegates to this convention were to be elected on the 6th of December. The election of these delegates required little or no canvassing, as the opinion for secession in the State seemed unanimous, but few men of any note opposing it. Of these few, ex-Governor Perry, J. L. Pettigrew, and Judge O'Neall were the most conspicuous.

The personnel of the convention which assembled in Columbia on the 17th of December was most remarkable; the very flower of the chivalry of South Carolina was represented. Senators, Representatives in Congress, judges, and many distinguished in every avocation were its members, and a remarkable spirit of unanimity prevailed. Unfortunately an epidemic of smallpox was declared, and the convention as well as the members of the Legislature had to leave Columbia for Charleston, where the sessions were held. The ordinance of secession was put to a "yea" and "nay" vote, and carried unanimously, the hundred and seventy members voting in the affirmative, thus making the 20th of December, 1860, one of the most noted in the history of the State of South Carolina.

At seven o'clock that evening the Legislature, the Governor and staff, the delegates to the convention, and as many people as could crowd in assembled at Institute Hall, on Meeting Street, to see the ordinance of secession signed. The ordinance was written and presented by Chancellor Ingliss. The election districts and parishes were called alphabetically, and their delegates came forward, one by one, and signed, amid the wildest excitement and cheers. After all had signed, the president of the convention rose and said: "The ordinance of secession has been signed and ratified, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina an independent sovereignty."

The city of Charleston was a scene of turbulent joy, bands playing, people shouting, bonfires, and firecrackers, and everywhere the spirit of wildest excitement.

The convention authorized the appointment by the president of Messrs. John A. Calhoun, W. P. Finley, J. D. Wilson, W. F. De Saussure, Langdon Cheves, and M. E. Cane to prepare an address to the Southern States, urging them to follow the lead of South Carolina.

Dispatches were received from prominent men of many States applauding the action of South Carolina and declaring that their States would ultimately follow this lead of secession, and on the 21st of December it was announced in the convention that Mississippi had voted for secession four to one; and on the 24th of the month Governor Perry, of Florida, who was on a visit to his native city, Charleston, announced that his State was for secession.

The 27th of December was one of intense excitement. Major Anderson abandoned Fort Moultrie and occupied Fort Sumter, and Governor Pickens called out the State militia and took possession of all the forts around the city, the Governor having been authorized by the convention to call out two regiments of men to garrison the forts in the harbor. The Convention adopted a scheme for the formation of a Southern Confederacy, which was formally ratified on its reconvening March 26 by a vote of one hundred and forty-six to sixteen, Florida in the meantime having seceded.

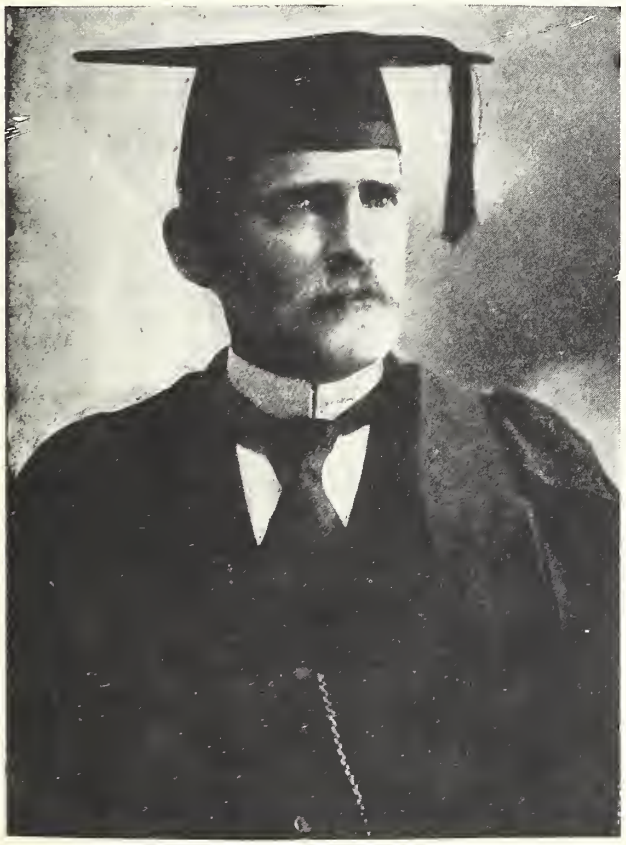
The battle of Fort Sumter, the opening of the four bloody years of strife, took place on April 12, 1862.

Monument at Lakeland, Fla.—The Lakeland Chapter, U. D. C., observed the 3d of June with beautiful and appropriate ceremonies, and unveiled the handsome shaft erected at Munn Park through their earnest efforts. A large portion of the Third Brigade of Confederate Veterans was present, and warmly received the eloquent address of Hon. Park M. Tammel, the Attorney-General for Florida. The shaft is twenty-six feet high, and is capped with a figure of a Confederate soldier in uniform. The base is ornamented with crossed flags, and bears suitable inscriptions.

MONUMENT TO ROBERT M. DUBOSE.

Robert Marion DuBose, to whose memory a monument was recently unveiled at Sewanee under the auspices of the local Camp of Confederate Veterans, was born in Fairfield County, S. C., in 1841. He was of Huguenot stock, his paternal grandmother being Marion, closely related to Gen. Francis Marion. Robert's education was almost entirely military—first at the King's Mountain Military Academy under Gen. Micah Jenkins and Col. Asbury Coward, and afterwards at the Citadel, Charleston. From childhood his career was impaired by long ill health.

He enlisted early in the war as a private, and with the 6th South Carolina Regiment joined the Army of Northern Virginia soon after the battle of First Manassas. In the first year ill health compelled his discharge from the service; but as soon as his health permitted he reënlisted in the cavalry of the Hampton Legion, and saw much active and daring service with the gallant Col. A. C. Haskell. Discharged again from ill health, he performed valuable volunteer service in he Holcombe Legion, filling a temporary vacancy as acting adjutant.



ROBERT M. DUBOSE.

He was then commissioned lieutenant in the 1st South Carolina Regiment of Regular Infantry, in which he served until severely wounded in its last battle under Gen. Joseph Johnston at Bentonville, N. C. Bob DuBose, as he was known and is remembered among his old comrades, was always personally beloved. Ready at all times for daring adventure, he was generally by the side of his brave commander in critical and dangerous service.

Before the end of the war Robert DuBose married Minnie, daughter of Hon. W. W. Boyce, long-time member of Congress from South Carolina. Losing about the close of the war his wife and his baby, and again being in wretched health, he went upon a farm of his father-in-law in Virginia, near Washington, and for two years lived the life of a farm hand.

Taking thus a new lease upon life, he returned to his old home. Removing soon after to Sewanee, Tenn., for many years of service in connection with the University of the South, he gained in that excellent climate fairly good health. Here he married his cousin, Elizabeth DuBose Eggleston, who, with sons and daughters, survives him.

It has been the fate of few among us to live so beloved and to die so mourned and missed as Robert DuBose. For many years the treasurer of the university, the business of the whole community passed through his hands, and he lived in constant touch with all of its members. At the largely attended funeral nearly every one was there on his own account to mourn the loss of a personal friend, counselor, or helper.

The monument was erected by the Kirby-Smith Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The cords of the veiling were drawn by two youthful bearers of heroic names, Masters Edmund Kirby-Smith and Francis Shoup. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Tidball, himself a veteran of the Civil War; and the official presence of the association of veterans at the grave added solemn dignity to the rites.

BIBLE FROM THE CONFEDERATE VESSEL CURTIS PECK.—Mr. J. N. Potts, of Huntington, W. Va., writes that the son of a Confederate veteran who once lived in Richmond, Va., left an old leather-bound Bible in his office recently. The book is in fairly good condition, but has no distinguishing marks except the words, "Steamboat Curtis Peck," which are stamped on the cover in gilt letters, showing that it was the property of that boat. It is understood that the Curtis Peck had some reputation as a blockade runner and was sunk during the war. Without thorough investigation as to the Curtis Peck, on August 11, 1861, Captain Hull, of the United States steamship Savannah, reported that the Curtis Peck moved down the James River under full steam with the Confederate flag flying. She came within five or six miles, and then returned up the river. He reported: "She was a large side-wheel boat, painted white, with high wheelhouses painted yellow." On May 8, 1862, George W. Randolph, Secretary of War, wrote a letter to Gen. John H. Winder to send certain prisoners "on the steamers West Point and Curtis Peck or Northampton." On September 13, 1864, a letter from the office of the Provost Marshal General, Armies of Operation against Richmond, refers to obstructions of cribs and stones and between them a line of sunken vessels, including the Curtis Peck.

MEMENTO OF SHELBY GRAYS, MEMPHIS.

In order to preserve copies of the beautiful painting of the "Shelby Grays," by Fred T. Anderson, members of that noted company of the 4th Tennessee Infantry have had it reproduced in lithographs, which can be sold to those interested in such mementoes of the Civil War at a nominal cost. The original is one of the best pieces of work ever done by Mr. Anderson, and is painted in water colors on a picture of the Confederate flag, showing the colors in a most distinct manner. On this flag are the names and history of the company. In one corner is the small picture of the Confederate battle flag, which is riddled with bullets. The beautiful colors are reproduced in the lithographs. The original was painted for James E. Beasley, who is interested in making copies for other members. Write Mr. Beasley, at Memphis, for particulars.

[The foregoing is from the Memphis Appeal, July 23, 1909.]

THE LAST ROLL

He is not dead
Whose good life's labor liveth evermore;
He is but sped
To join the noble spirits gone before;
He is not dead.

What man calls death
Is but a passing sleep in man's great life.
Man's spirit saith:
"It is the sleep of peace at close of strife;
There is no death."

Lost is no soul
That nobly suffered, labored, loved, and lived,
That made its goal
The great mysterious light its heart perceived;
Not lost that soul.

There is no death.
The mind and body but a span endure.
Man's spirit saith:
"My living spirit's highest thought is sure;
There is no death."

William P. Jeanes.

With the death of William P. Jeanes, McGregor, Tex., lost one of her most esteemed citizens and his wife and his sons who survive him a loving companion and father.

Mr. Jeanes was born November 23, 1846, at Pinkneysville, Ala., and at the age of seventeen years responded to his country's call. He enlisted as a recruit in Company C, 10th Confederate Cavalry, Anderson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps of the Tennessee Army. His first engagement was in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863. The next maneuvers of the army were in the spring of 1864, when the Georgia campaign was started and the fighting at Tunnel Hill and Dalton was begun. In the battle of Resaca he was slightly wounded in the left hand. He was then in the battle of New Hope Church and of Pickett's Mills, where the Federal wagon train was captured above Big Shanty.

He engaged in the battles about Kennesaw Mountain and those around Atlanta, and in all the movements from that on through Georgia and in the Savannah campaign. His next engagement was in the battle of Aiken, S. C., and from there to Columbia, S. C., and on with all the movements of the army to Jonesboro, N. C., where the surrender was made. Being cut off from his command before reaching Columbia, he was among the enemy, but made his escape and reached Columbia in the evening of the same day.

Not only in battle did Mr. Jeanes prove a valiant soldier, but in all the walks of life.

"Soon his comrades will be coming
For their last joyous reunion;
No more battles, no more roaming—
Just with God in sweet communion."

[From sketch by Mrs. T. E. Streight, of McGregor, Tex.]

Col. Joseph Adolph Chalaron.

Col. J. A. Chalaron was born in New Orleans in 1836; and died in that city in July, 1909. He was among the first to volunteer in the Washington Artillery, and went as its second lieutenant to General Beauregard at Shiloh. To this company he always clung, refusing promotion in order to remain with them. He served his country gallantly, and was several times mentioned in the dispatches for conspicuous bravery. He engaged in cotton-planting at the end of the war, and later became President of the Hope Insurance Company, New Orleans.

Colonel Chalaron will be long remembered for his constructive leadership in solidifying and perfecting the organization of the United Confederate Veterans. He was elected secretary of a called meeting in New Orleans in 1889, and was largely instrumental in perfecting plans for the great organization of Southerners. He was one of the founders of the Louisiana Division of the Army of Tennessee, was its President for four years, and was the leading spirit in the establishment of the Soldiers' Home. He was President of the Confederate Board of Pensions, Secretary of the Louisiana Historical Association, and his last work was supervising the important arrangements at Memorial Hall, of which he was custodian. He was taken ill while in the hall, and was carried to his home, where he lingered a few days, and passed away one of the most honored sons of his State.

Colonel Chalaron was a man of unusually vigorous and forceful character, and made his mark upon the generation in which he lived. He was active in all the interests of his native city, and in every way typified the conception of a Southern gentleman of the old régime, being of distinguished lineage, personal charm, lofty ideals, and polished manners. His funeral was attended by all the Confederate organizations under the charge of Gen. W. J. Behan, the Washington Artillery, of which he was one of the oldest members, acting as the guard of honor. The bugler of his well-loved battery sounded taps over his grave, and a picked delegation fired the volley which marked the funeral as that of a brave soldier He is survived by five children.

Rev. Albert Allison James.

A. A. James was born at Yorkville, S. C., in July, 1824; and died at Pacolet, S. C., June 3, 1910, from the effects of a fall from his buggy when returning from a Church service, his horse having become frightened by a passing automobile.

He graduated from Davidson College, South Carolina, in 1849, and immediately began his theological course. Being licensed to preach in 1851, he was made pastor of Fair Forest Presbyterian Church, and for fifty odd years gave them his best service, being called in tender reverence "Father" James. During this time he solemnized six hundred marriages and baptized several hundred babies. He officiated at many funerals, regardless of Church connection.

He volunteered in the Confederate service in January, 1862, and was made chaplain in the 18th South Carolina Regiment, Evans's Brigade, and remained with them till the close of the war, winning many to a religious life by his bravery and cheerful acceptance of all the discomforts incident to war times and his tenderness and sympathy for the wounded and dying among his comrades.

He was Commissioner from his Presbytery to the General Assembly five times, Moderator of the Synod of South Carolina eighteen times, and Moderator of Enoree Presbytery even oftener. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sara M. Collins, and four children.

Maj. Addison Craft.

Maj. Addison Craft was born in Macon, Ga., March 15, 1835. When a child his parents removed to Holly Springs, Miss. He graduated from Center College, Ky., in 1856, and in 1857 was married to Miss Frances Young, daughter of the president of the college.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, serving as sergeant of Company B, 9th Mississippi Regiment, at Pensacola until made captain on the staff of General Chalmers. Next he was assigned to the military family of Gen. E. C. Walthall. He nobly served his beloved Southland with General Walthall to the end. His death occurred on November 8, 1909, after some weeks of suffering, which he bore with the fortitude of a soldier. He was a cultured, courteous gentleman.

Charles Wilson Patrick Walker.

C. W. P. Walker was born in Georgia March 3, 1842; and died at his home in Surrey, Hagerstown, Md., December 7, 1909. In his early life he moved to Alabama, where he resided for many years. In 1884 he moved to Milton, Fla., and in 1904 moved to Hagerstown.

Comrade Walker served throughout the Civil War as a member of Company I, 3d Alabama Regiment. He enlisted in the beginning as a member of the Wetumpka Light Infantry. His first battle was Antietam in General Rhodes's brigade. He served around Winchester, Front Royal, and Strasburg in Stonewall Jackson's division. He was in the second battle of Manassas and Chancellorsville. He served in the Peninsular campaign, where his three brothers were fatally wounded. He was also in the battle of Gettysburg; there he was wounded, captured, and was in prison twenty-three weeks. He was sent to Baltimore, to Fort McHenry. He escaped from there and swam across the Potomac near Washington with a friend named Morton. He was afterwards in battles around Richmond and Petersburg. He never tired of telling his boys things that happened between '61 and '65, and no greater consideration was cherished by him than that he was a Confederate.



COL. JOHN G. M. MONTGOMERY.

In the March (1910) Veteran, page 121, there is a fine sketch of Colonel Montgomery. His death occurred too long ago (1904) for place in Last Roll, but it is desirable to use his picture in the department.

John C. Rye.

The death of John C. Rye, at Fort Smith, Ark., on December 19, 1907, marked the passing of one who had been unfaltering in his devotion to the Southern cause and who was most active in the four years of strife. In January, 1861, he enlisted with Company A, 1st Battalion Arkansas Cavalry, organized and commanded by Capt. John R. H. Scott, in which he served as second sergeant the first year of the war. In the spring of 1862, when the army was reorganized, he became a private soldier, and later on was made a member of the band, with which he remained until the siege of Vicksburg. After passing through that terrible siege from April 17 to July 4, he was paroled with the army that surrendered at that place. He and a few companions then crossed the Mississippi River and returned to their homes, in Pope County, until exchanged. The first battle in which he participated after that was at Prairie DeHand, Ark., and the last at Dardanelle, and the surrender at Hempstead, Ark.



JOHN C. RYE.

Of this family, two brothers had been killed in the war. Capt. Dave Rye was killed in a skirmish in Arkansas in the latter part of the war, and Jimmy Rye was wounded in the siege of Vicksburg, and died from the effects of amputation of leg.

In December, 1869, Comrade Rye was married to Miss Nannie Dunbar, of Graves County, Ky. Because of her activity in giving aid and information to the Confederate forces, Miss Dunbar was banished from her home in 1864, and remained away until the final surrender. She is left with a daughter and son to cheer her declining years.

As evidence of his strict regard for his word, however lightly given, the picture shows Comrade Rye with long hair, it having been left unshorn during the four years of war—a wager between him and his colonel. Appreciating the situation, his sisters curled his hair and persuaded him to have his picture taken, as here given.

Col. Minor Meriwether.

In the death of Col. Minor Meriwether, of St. Louis, formerly of Memphis, we are called on to mourn the loss of a conspicuous Confederate veteran, one who was intensely loyal to the Confederacy and to its memories.

In ante bellum days he was a civil engineer of high repute, and was chief engineer of General Polk's command, Army of Tennessee Department. After that he occupied other offices of honor in the service of the Confederacy and in civil life. He was most modest and retiring, but a Colossus in his profession. He was a most amiable, generous, and great-hearted gentleman. Having had the pleasure of rooming with him during the occupation of Columbus, Ky., I knew him intimately, and therefore knew his splendid characteristics. He was loved by every one with whom he came in contact, and most by those who knew him best.

[Brief tribute by M. R. Tunno, Savannah, Ga.]

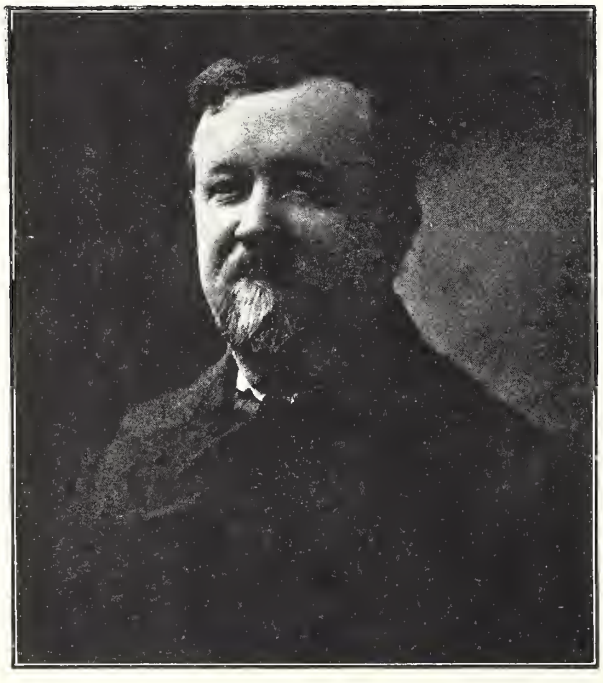
Awtry.—I. J. Awtry, who served during the war under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, died in Rome, Ga., in February, 1910, aged seventy-four years.

William King Poston.

"Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the road
Which to discover we must travel too?"

Perhaps no more lovable character than William King Poston has left the Memphis bar. He was born in Memphis, Shelby County, Tenn., October 2, 1844; and died April 18, 1910. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the Civil War, in 1861, in Company A, 4th Tennessee Regiment, served in the same command as a private throughout the war except when in prison at Johnson's Island (a persecution worse than war), and was wounded at Shiloh and Missionary Ridge. As a soldier—a mere youth—he made a record of which his comrades were proud and which his family cherishes as a precious memory.

At the close of the war (in 1866) he entered upon the practice of law at Memphis. He was the senior member of the well-known firm of Poston, Hume & Scott, afterwards Poston & Poston. When the dark days of war were over and had ended in the sunlight of peace, he was not only a true citizen, but the true counsel of his clients and an able, conservative lawyer. None knew him so well as the brethren of his profession, and none admired him more. Cool, clear-headed, fearless, able, honest, and faithful, he was a power before the courts. An extraordinary memory of cases made him not only strong with the bench, but a dangerous antagonist at the bar. A battle with him was a fight to the finish.



WILLIAM K. POSTON.

Thoughtful, kind, and cultured, he was true to those he loved. He was an optimist, and his charity for humanity was broad and limitless. His sufferings were of long duration, but he bore them patiently, without murmur.

A friend adds these lines in tribute:

"His noble soul has winged its flight to where
No longer sickness, suffering, or despair
Beclouds the sky; but God's eternal ray
Of love and mercy beautifies the way
And glorifies the light of endless day.

'Tis not to die when in the hearts of men
Come trooping thoughts of love; when now and then
Old comrades gather and recall the days
Of bitter conflict, and in terms of praise
Recount his noble acts and kindly ways;

When children bend their whispering heads and show
A sorrow that the arrow's left the bow.
'Tis not to die when hearts we love will keep
Forever green our memory while we sleep,
And through long years of sorrow wait and weep.

'Tis not to die when, brushing clouds away,
We stretch our hand to Him and humbly pray
That he will guide us up the slippery road
Till we shall reach in safety his abode,
And at his feet forever lay our load.

'Tis only to exchange our earthly place
To where we meet our Maker 'face to face;'
To leave the tumult and the care and strife
Forever for a better, truer life."

Capt. Albert Hornbeck.

After many months of weary illness, Capt. Albert Hornbeck, one of the most prominent citizens of his community, died at his home, in Bunceton, Mo., on the 14th of February, 1910. His body was buried in Masonic Cemetery at Tipton with religious and Masonic services, and the large attendance at the funeral was an expression of the high esteem in which he was held. He was born and reared in Cooper County, Mo., and died in his seventieth year. He volunteered in the Confederate army as a captain in June, 1861; later he raised a company in Colonel Lowther's regiment, and served in it as captain till the close of the war. He was in the battles of Pea Ridge, Corinth, Tupelo, Holly Springs, Prairie Grove, Boonville, and with General Price on his raid through Missouri in the fall of 1864 in two months of daily fighting. In a hand-to-hand conflict at Mine Creek, Kans., he was wounded in the left shoulder, and had five other bullet holes in his clothes. He had served as Assessor of Cooper County for two years and as sheriff four years.

Captain Hornbeck was a man of unusually fine character, possessing the highest of ideals and principles, and his whole life was filled with kindness and tenderness. He had led a very active life, and in all the duties of life he had served to the best of his ability. To-day it is well with the Captain, for he has been promoted from the ranks.

H. T. Grant.

Comrade H. T. Grant, who died at Youngton, Warren County, Miss., on May 6, 1910, was born in Northampton County, N. C. In 1846 he removed with his father to Mississippi, where he lived on a farm and received a common school education. In June, 1861, he enlisted in the Warren Volunteers, commanded by Capt. T. V. Nolan, and was attached to the 21st Mississippi Infantry (Col. B. H. Humphries), Barksdale's Brigade, and served with distinction in every battle in which his brigade was engaged except Gettysburg, when he was in the hospital. Though only slightly wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill, Comrade Grant had a very narrow escape at the bombardment of Fredericksburg. A shell exploded near where he and three comrades were

lying at the foot of a tree, killing all except himself, though one of the men was lying with his head on Comrade Grant's knee. He surrendered with Lee at Appomattox, and walked all the way to his home in Mississippi, where he resumed his occupation as a farmer, and made as good a citizen as he had a soldier. In 1866 he married Mrs. Virginia Hill, of Warren County, who survives him, with their six children—three sons and three daughters.

MAJ. B. R. MASON.

By the death on Friday, April 22, 1910, of Mr. Beverley Randolph Mason, Principal of Gunston Hall School, Washington, D. C., the national capital has lost one of its most competent and successful educators and St. Margaret's parish one of its most useful members and vestrymen. Mr. Mason was the great-grandson of George Mason, author of the Virginia "Bill of Rights," and was born in Fairfax County, Va., in 1834.

In the Civil War Mr. Mason did a good soldier's part in his native State; and as a civilian since those soul-trying days he has done a work which entitles him to the "well done" of honor from his fellow-citizens.

It would be difficult too conceive Mr. Mason in any other light than that of a "whole-souled" Confederate. At the first bugle note he volunteered in the celebrated Black Horse Cavalry of Fauquier County, Va., as a private in the ranks. His energy, his broad views, his fine manners, and his business qualities made his recognition easy, and he was detailed to act as commissary sergeant. Mr. Mason's knowledge of men made him acceptable. He was a volunteer and a gentleman of the old school who could approach all classes; he was ready for any duty and always in a pleasant way. His brave spirit often chafed when his comrades were reported killed or wounded; but his office was the "mainspring," and he was most efficient in supplying food to the command. He won a captain's commission in the 4th Virginia Regiment, and later a major's rank as assistant commissary in Fitz Lee's division, where he was universally beloved and respected. In that capacity he served with great distinction. Occasionally he secured opportunity to go to the front, which was a source of gratification to him, and his courage as a soldier made his friends often suggest to him that "discretion was the better part of valor." He never let an opportunity pass to go to the front.

He told me: "Of course I will serve in any capacity, but my desire is to be in a more active field." And he gave up a position greatly sought by others because it was not on the fighting line.

He was a gentleman, and he could not be a gentleman without being a Christian; they are synonymous. What was born in him could not be taken from him.

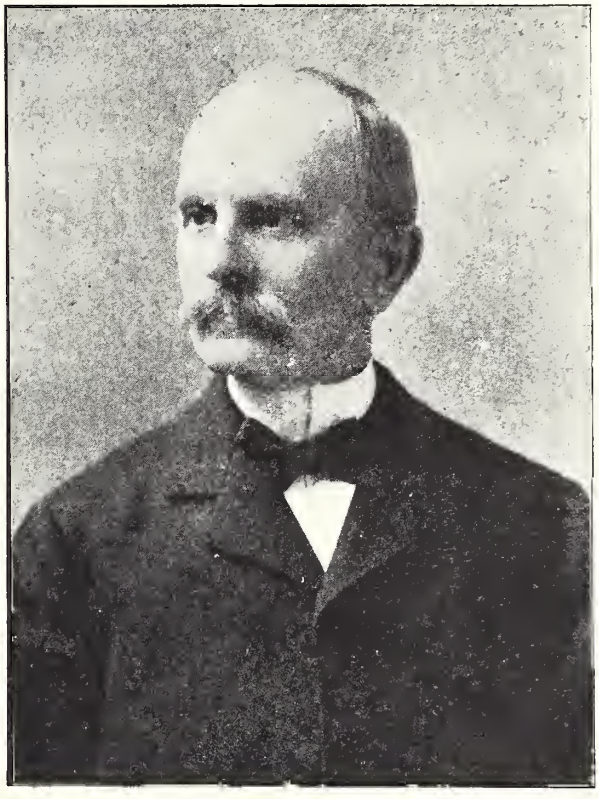
At the close of the war Major Mason engaged in business, and as soon as opportunity offered he took up the work of teaching. For a time he was an instructor in a military academy on the Hudson. Later on he returned to Virginia, where in 1875 he married Miss Bettie Nelson, of Albemarle County. After a few years Mr. and Mrs. Mason removed to Washington, where they engaged in the important work of teaching, founding the school known as Gunston Hall from the name of the old Mason homestead on the Potomac. In this school of young ladies Mr. Mason's character impressed itself upon all who were under his care, and his influence is widely felt and acknowledged by the students of successive years. A student of ten years ago writes: "I am reaping every day the benefits of the happy years spent in your home. Mr. Mason once told me that it seemed hopeless sometimes to be always sowing good seed and to see the harvest so seldom. 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.'"

Mr. Mason's funeral, which took place Sunday afternoon, April 24, at St. Margaret's Church, was largely attended by his friends and pupils. He was buried at Ivy Hill Cemetery, near Alexandria, Va., and in honor of their eminent comrade the Robert E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans of Alexandria in uniform attended his burial. The Rev. Herbert Scott Smith and the Rev. Samuel A. Wallis conducted the services.

[From sketch by Gen. T. T. Munford, of Lynchburg.]

In a tribute by his Camp at Alexandria, Va., the committee (W. A. Smoot, G. W. Ramsay, and E. C. Graham) says:

"Whereas an all-wise Providence has called from each our comrade, Beverly R. Mason; and while sorrowing for our loss, we bow in submission to the divine will; therefore be it



MAJ. BEVERLEY R. MASON.

"*Resolved,* That, having been a member of this Camp for several years, we wish to bear testimony to his unblemished and high record not only as a citizen, but as a brave soldier and loyal adherent of the cause for which we stand. In every walk of life he may be said to have come up to those high standards which mark the ideal man and the Virginia gentleman, and our loss will long be felt both by his comrades and all who knew him well."

GLASCOCK.—Leman P. Glascock was born December 23, 1841, in Travis County, Tex.; and died in October, 1909, near Portales, N. Mex. He was a private of the 6th Texas Regiment Volunteer Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, and was a faithful and efficient soldier, serving to the end of the war. His life was that of a consistent Christian gentleman.

Capt. William T. Smith.

Capt. "Billy" Smith, of Montgomery County, Va., whose death occurred suddenly at his home, the Meadows, February 7, 1910, was a prominent and popular farmer and one of the most gallant officers of the Confederate army. His father, William T. Smith, Sr., was high sheriff of Montgomery County when the war broke out, and this son was his deputy.

Resigning his commission, "Billy" Smith, Jr., volunteered as a private, but was soon made captain of Company F, 14th Virginia Cavalry, under General McCausland. For gallant service he was promoted later to colonel, receiving his commission shortly before the surrender. He was twice wounded, but each time hastened back to his command as early as practicable, and served till the close of the war.

Captain Smith had charge of all the cavalry at General Jackson's funeral, and gave the command for the salute fired across the great general's grave. He is said to have been in action more than a hundred times, and his company was ever at or close to the front. His men often said that if Captain Smith, Captain Bouldin, and Lieutenant Teamster were the field officers of the 14th Regiment there would not have been a member left alive. Captain Smith had three horses shot under him at Droop's Mountain, where he received an ugly wound. Another severe wound was received in September, 1864, shortly after the disaster at Winchester. A stampede seemed almost inevitable, and Captain Smith, foreseeing a crisis, without waiting for orders, hastened to the aid of Lieutenant Teamster. He was accompanied by a mutual friend, and the three, wounded by a heavy volley from the same guns, were borne from the field together, each believing his comrade's wounds fatal; yet all recovered.

Captain Smith led his men in a hopeless charge at Appomattox on the morning of April 9, 1865, after General Lee had surrendered. He could not brook surrender, and with Lieutenant Teamster he made his way through the enemy's lines and returned to Montgomery County.

Colonel Moffett, of Augusta County, wrote a few years ago to Captain Bouldin, of Danville, the following account of the incident: "Captain Smith, who had been in command of the picket lines the night before, advanced to the front of Lee's army, saying to me: 'Moffett, they say ye have surrendered; but I am not going to surrender.' Just then General Lee rode up and Captain Smith accosted him: 'General, what is the matter? I'm not going to surrender. Can't I leave here?' General Lee replied: 'I have surrendered this army, and cannot give you permission to leave. And, Captain, you ought not to leave. Stay with the rest of us.' Captain Smith replied: 'I'm going to get out of here, or die trying.'"

Captain Smith was ardently loved by his men, and was accounted the handsomest man in the regiment. He always rode a fiery horse, and was accompanied to the war by his body servant, "Jack," who never left "Mars Billy" from the day he was born till he followed his lifeless form to the grave, driving "Mars Billy's" old sorrel at the head of the long funeral procession. Captain Smith never believed in negro slavery, and when the war broke out gave Jack his freedom; but the negro has remained true to his white folks through all these years. "Mars Billy" was his idol, and so completely did he imitate his voice that members of the family often mistook one for the other.

Lieutenant Teamster, his inseparable companion throughout the war, in writing of Captain Smith mentions, among other things, his chivalry at the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., in carrying out armsfuls of goods from a millinery establishment and helping to put it in a place of safety. He was indeed a noble man and the soul of honor. He was courageous under the most trying circumstances, never flinching nor fearing to go where duty called.

Maj. J. Coleman Alderson says of him: "There never lived a better or braver officer than Captain Smith. He came near losing his life trying to save the life of Lieutenant Teamster." McCausland often said: "Captain Smith was one of the best officers in his brigade. He was always ready to perform any duty, however hazardous."

Captain Smith was a descendent of Byrd Smith, a pioneer settler of Montgomery County. The family was prominent in the public affairs of the county. His father was Captain William T Smith, of Christiansburg, and his mother was Malvina Zoll Smith. His birth occurred at Christiansburg January 17, 1840; so he had lived threescore and ten years.

The year following the surrender Captain Smith was united in marriage with Miss Nicketti Harvey, of another prominent family. Captain Smith and his bride were accounted the handsomest couple in the county. They settled near Auburn, where he engaged in the export cattle business and farming till the time of his death. In their home, The Meadows, eleven children were reared.

Captain Smith's death was a great shock. On the day before his death he was in excellent spirits, and enlivened dinner by a continual flow of wit and humor. He had a stock of anecdotes that never failed to amuse with exquisite poetic quotations. He could quote more Scripture than most preachers. His death brought sorrow to many hearts, and his funeral was attended by the largest crowd ever assembled in that section, despite inclement weather. The funeral services were conducted from his home by Rev. L. W. Irwin, of the Presbyterian Church, who was his pastor for many years, and made the journey from Princeton, W. Va., to pay the last sad rites. He was assisted by Rev. E. E. Lane, of Christiansburg, and Rev. Mr. Kiester and Rev. Mr. Umbarger, of Riner. In the great throng were numbers of veterans who joined in the singing of the hymn, "Let Us Pass Over the River," in a touching manner.

Captain Smith was a member of the Hamilton Wade Camp, U. C. V., and had marched with the old fellows behind many a loved comrade, attending funerals far and near, regardless of weather. He is survived by his invalid widow and eight children, all of whom were present at his funeral.

[From sketch by Julia Wyatt Hoffman.]

Dr. W. T. Lawler.

W. T. Lawler was born in Weakley County, Tenn., in July, 1838; and died at Martin, Tenn., in April, 1910. He joined the Confederate army at the age of twenty-three, serving his cause with gallantry and devotion. He was wounded so severely at Athens, Ala., in 1864 that his arm was amputated at the shoulder. On his return home he began the study of medicine, which he continued to practice till 1881, when he became the proprietor of the Martin Planing Mill. Dr. Lawler was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy, and was active in all that would give aid to his old comrades. The United Daughters of the Confederacy and Albert Sidney Johnston Camp both passed appropriate resolutions of respect. Dr. Lawler leaves four children.

Cook.—J. W. Cook died at Gallatin, Tenn., in September, 1909, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church for seventy-two years, and served faithfully as a soldier of the Confederate service during the entire war.

Thomas P. Chaffin.

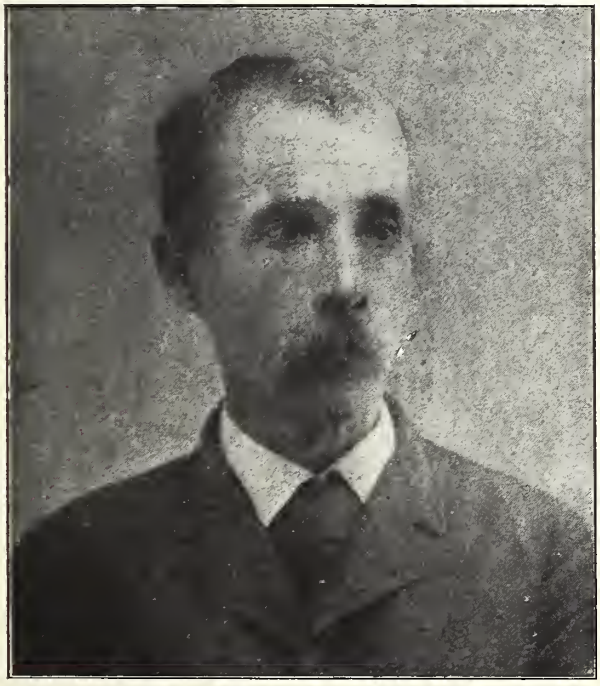
From Mansfield, Ga., come resolutions on the death of a "beloved and worthy brother," Thomas P. Chaffin, who was born in Jasper County, Ga., in 1822; and died at Mansfield on May 13, 1910. He was one of the oldest Masons of the county, and had been a faithful Confederate soldier. As a citizen after the war he had the respect of all, and was consistently true to his duties as a Christian. A large family is left—five sons and five daughters, thirty-three grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren. In his death the community lost a good citizen.

Edward N. Kring.

In Gainesville, Ala., on May 21 occurred the death of Edward N. Kring, who went from the State of New York to Sumter County, Ala., in 1860 as a young mechanic. When the war came on, he volunteered in Company A, 5th Alabama Battalion, one of the first companies to leave the State, and he served faithfully throughout the war in the Virginia Army. After the surrender at Appomattox, he returned to Sumter County, married Miss Bettie Gray Little, and made his home in the town of Gainesville, where he was known as an upright citizen and loyal Church member, a zealous Mason, and faithful to the memory of the cause for which he had fought.

James Richard Simmons.

Camp Sid Griffin, of Farmerville, La., reports the death of James R. Simmons, a prominent member. He was born in 1840 near Dalton, Ga., and served throughout the War between the States with distinct gallantry, having mustered into



JAMES RICHARD SIMMONS.

the service as a third corporal in the 12th Georgia Volunteers, promoted to fifth sergeant the following year, and later in that year to second lieutenant. He was in the battles of Alleghany Mountain, McDowell, Port Republic, Dunkard's Church, Front Royal, Harper's Ferry, Second Manassas, Va., Sharpsburg, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Cedar Run, Seven Days' fight about Richmond, Fredricksburg, the Wilderness, Ox Hill, Spottsylvania, Rapidan, Va., and many skirmishes. At the time of his death he was Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Major, on the staff of Commanding General Thomas J. Shaffer, Commanding Louisiana U. C. V.

Benson F. Hardin.

Benson F. Hardin was born in Chester County, S. C., in October, 1844; and died April 23, 1910, at his home, in Weston, Tex., where he had moved his family in 1894. He entered the Confederate service in 1861 as a private in Company D, 1st South Carolina Regiment of Cavalry, under Col. John Logan Black, afterwards being assigned to Wade Hampton's brigade. He had three brothers with him in the same company, Ebb, William, and Adam, the latter being the only one now living and the youngest. They were first in service on the coast of South Carolina, but were sent to Virginia in the latter part of 1862, remaining there till 1864, when they were sent back to South Carolina. This comrade was in many noted battles, among them Gettysburg, and was with Johnston's army at the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. They fought the enemy thirteen days after Lee had surrendered. After the war, he devoted himself to farming. He was twice married, and is survived by his wife, four sons, and a daughter

Edwin D. Baxter.

The recent death of Edmund Dillihunty Baxter at his summer home, near Nashville, has been published extensively. He was a lieutenant in the Harding Artillery, C. S. A., early in the war, and later was captain of Baxter's Artillery. He made an able address for the South years ago before the Frank Cheatham Camp which was published in pamphlet form, a copy of which the Veteran has sought in vain to procure.

Judge J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, wrote from Washington on June 18 of Mr. Edmund Baxter, with whom he was associated for many years, as follows:

"Probably no man ever won so early in life a front rank at the Tennessee bar. Almost immediately after the war he was recognized as a competitor for the first honors. This statement carries great significance when we recall the names of those whom he met in the arena. There were in Nashville then Francis B. Fogg, John Trimble, Neil S. Brown, Henry S. Foote, Edwin H. Ewing, Robert L. Caruthers, Edmond H. East, William F. Cooper, Thomas H. Malone, and other strong men. No bar in any city of like size in the United States could have presented an equal number of able lawyers. By the time he was thirty Mr. Baxter had achieved a place by the side of the foremost.

"For more than forty years he was a recognized leader of the Tennessee bar. Having had a good opportunity for knowing, I do not hesitate to say that no man ever excelled him in his devotion to his clients and his profession, that he performed more constant and arduous labor than any man I ever knew, no matter in what calling, and that he was in more important cases than any lawyer of Tennessee throughout its entire history. I venture the opinion that if the reports were examined it would appear that he argued more cases before the Supreme Court of the United States than any other lawyer in America. I have often heard various members of that court speak of the great ability with which he presented his cases and of their pleasure and profit in hearing him. His success was great, and was as uniform as could be expected of a man whose reputation caused him to be employed in desperate cases.

"His clients were not limited to his own State. When the railroad companies centering in Chicago wanted a lawyer of

exceptional ability in two cases of great importance, both on account of the amounts involved and the complicated nature of the litigation, they selected Mr. Baxter. It has been stated that he rarely practiced in the criminal courts. This is true; but on account of his high reputation he was employed by the United States government to prosecute several officers of national banks. Recently I heard President Taft, who as circuit judge tried those cases, say that Mr. Baxter was the best criminal lawyer he ever knew.

"With all of his professional greatness, he was modest. In conference with even the merest fledglings of the law, who knew but little and whose paucity of knowledge he was well aware of, he treated them as equals, listened politely to their views, and never showed impatience or discourtesy, however little he may have been impressed by them. He never made a junior feel small by any show of his own superiority. He practiced his profession honorably. He did not need any code of legal ethics. His own sense of right conduct always kept him on the highest professional plane. He has left by his career a rich legacy to the bar of the State one that should be kept before the younger members of the bar as an inspiration. If all lawyers pursued their profession in the way that Mr. Baxter did, it would need no apologist, for no one would have the hardihood to assail it."

"Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief;
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a nation's grief."

Gen. Thomas Lafayette Rosser.

Gen. Thomas Rosser was born in Campbell County, Va., in 1836; and died near Charlottesville, Va., in March, 1910. He was at the West Point Military Academy, where Mr. Davis as Secretary of War had changed the academic course from four to five years. In 1861 Cadet Rosser offered his services to James A. Sedman, the Secretary of War of the Confederate States, and was assigned as first lieutenant of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, and remained with that famous battery as lieutenant and captain till June, 1862, when he was promoted for gallantry to lieutenant colonel of cavalry; two weeks later he was made colonel of the 5th Virginia Cavalry.

In October, 1863, he was made brigadier general and assigned to the celebrated "Laurel Brigade," under Asby, and in 1864 was made major general and given a division of cavalry, which he commanded till the end of the war and which never surrendered. After the surrender at Appomattox, with his men he rode through a back road that led to Lynchburg, and from there he went to Danville, where the Confederate and State governments were collected. Governor "Billy" Smith arranged that Rosser was to remain as commander in chief, and General Breckinridge gave him an order putting him commander of the corps in charge of all the troops he could collect. General Rosser issued an order calling all the troops in Virginia absent without leave or on furlough to report to him, but the surrender of General Johnston's army ended his plans.

At Christmas, 1863, General Rosser and Miss Bessie Winston, of Hanover, were married with military pomp, and at the wedding were gathered the flower of the Confederate service, all the most brilliant officers of the army from Hazel River as far as Fredericksburg being present. Mrs. Rosser went into camp with her husband and lived as a soldier.

General Rosser entered the railroad service in Boston as subengineer, then as rodman on the Northern Pacific Railroad he rose rapidly from the lowest to the highest position on the road, and as chief engineer surveyed, located, and constructed the transcontinental line of the Northern Pacific, and later did the same work on the Canadian Pacific. He resided with his family at Winnipeg while he was constructing the railroad to Puget Sound.

Senator John W. Daniel.

John Warwick Daniel was born in Virginia September 15, 1842; and died in Lynchburg June 29, 1910, of paralysis which was traceable to a wound received in a battle of the Wilderness.

He was a student at the college in Lynchburg when the war began, and he at once entered the army of the Confederacy as second lieutenant. He fought nobly in many battles, the most conspicuous being Manassas and the Wilderness, in both of which battles he was wounded. After his recovery from the first wound, he was made first lieutenant of Company A, 11th Virginia, and later was assigned to Early's Division, where he served as adjutant general and chief of staff to Gen. Jubal A. Early. The wound which he received in the battle of the Wilderness was in the leg, and he lay unattended upon the battlefield till the next day, when he was found by a patrol wagon, but was hopelessly crippled for life.

After the war, he entered the Law Department of the University of Virginia, and began the practice in Lynchburg, where he soon won front rank in the legal fraternity, his law books, notably his treatise on attachments and negotiable instruments, being used as text-books in England and America. He was elected to the Legislature in 1867, and gave his State in a legislative capacity faithful service for eighteen years. In 1885 he was elected to the United States Senate, and served with such fearless strength and wisdom that he received the almost unprecedented honor of two subsequent elections by unanimous vote. He had just entered upon his third term at the time of his death, and was the senior Senator from Virginia. He was popular in the Senate and with his people.

His afflictions made him lead a somewhat retired life for the last few years; but he had a well-established reputation as one of the most brilliant orators of the Senate. In his choice of beautiful English he could sway the multitude by his eloquence. He was a man of wide reading, retentive memory, and quick thought and application, and his argument was as fluent as his language was forceful.

For no personal trait was Senator Daniel more distinguished than courtesy, which was unfailing, even his enemies being met with perfect urbanity, though the courteous polish most often hid a sharpened dagger to slay their fallacies and arguments; for quick and keen in debate, he saw and took advantage of every slip or mistake made by his adversaries.

He was Democratic elector at large in 1876, and represented his State at six national conventions. He was a leader in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, and wrote the suffrage report that practically settled that important question in that State. He was a loyal Confederate veteran, and was for years eagerly sought as orator at State and National Reunions. His last speech was before the Garland Rhodes Camp at Lynchburg when they commemorated the birthday of General Lee. He was known as "Virginia's silver-tongued orator." Senator Daniel is survived by wife, son, and daughter.

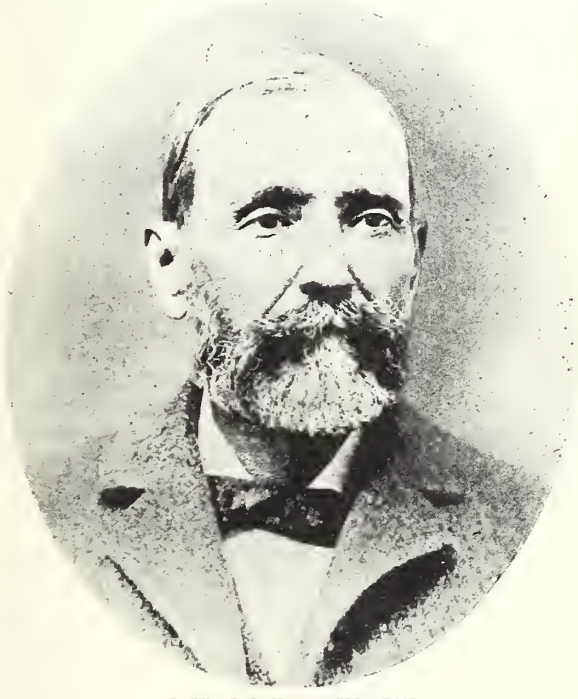
It is a coincidence here recalled that at the parade in Charlottsville May 5, 1909, the Editor of the Veteran was assigned to the front carriage with General Rosser and Major Daniel. The occasion was that of dedicating a Confederate monument.

Mickens Carr Cunningham.

M. C. Cunningham, a member of Lloyd Tilghman Camp, of Cadiz, Ky., died at his home, in Trigg County, May 26, 1910. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Company G, 4th Kentucky Infantry; was badly wounded at Shiloh, and honorably discharged from the army in July, 1862. He returned to his old home, and upon recovering his health made his way through the lines and reënlisted in his old company, and fought to the end as a member of the Orphan Brigade. He was paroled at Washington, Ga., in May, 1865. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, a faithful and loving husband and father. No more loyal adherent ever served the Confederacy than he. Shrouded in his Confederate uniform, he was borne to his last resting place by comrades of the gray, at his own request.

Capt. Jerry A. Thomson.

Capt. Jerry A. Thomson was born in Marion County, Ala., October 21, 1834. He served with distinction in the 2d Missouri Cavalry, was sheriff of Lee County, Miss., for several



CAPT. JERRY A. THOMSON.

terms, and a Mason of high standing. Captain Thomson was noted for his charitable deeds, of which none ever knew but the recipient. He died on October 13, 1908, and in his death Lee County lost one of its most worthy and useful citizens.

Judge Alexander Cheves Haskell.

Judge A. C. Haskell was born in Abbeville County, S. C., in 1839; and died at Columbia in April, 1910. He graduated second in his class at the South Carolina College in 1860, and a year later joined the Confederate army as a private in Company D, 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, and at the end of six months was made its adjutant. In November, 1861, he was made chief of staff to Gen. Maxey Gregg, and on his being killed was appointed to the same position first under Gen. Samuel McGowan, then under Gen. Abner Perrin. In 1864 he was made colonel of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, which command he held till Appomattox, where he was detailed by General Lee to surrender the Confederate cavalry to General Merritt.

Judge Haskell took part in the battles of Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Cold Harbor, in all of which he received wounds, being badly wounded at Cold Harbor. At Darbytown he was again wounded and left for dead on the field.

He taught school at Abbeville for a short time after the war. At the same time he closely engaged in the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1865. In the same year he was elected to the Legislature, where he served two terms. He was made judge of the District Court at Abbeville, but resigned to accept the professorship of law at the college where he was educated. As elector in the Grant-Seymour presidential race he toured the State for Democracy, aiding the campaign by his eloquence. He was associate justice of the Supreme Court of his State, and later President of the Charlotte, Columbia, and Augusta Railroad, President of the Loan and Exchange Bank, President of the State Publishing Company, and government director of the Union and Pacific Railroad.

He was kingly in his bearing, true and honorable in all his dealings with men, and he was recognized as a potent factor in all that affected the good of the State.

Deaths in Hattiesburg Camp, U. C. V.

Deaths reported by the Adjutant of Hattiesburg Camp. No. 21, U. C. V., are as follows:

John G. Rainer was born in Sumter County, Ala., in 1846. He served in Company C, 9th Alabama Regiment. He was married to Miss Mary E. Davis, of Choctaw County, and about eleven years ago removed to Mississippi, where he died on April 25, 1909.

W. L. Cook was born at Cooksville, Miss., in 1843. He served in Shelby's Scouts under General Price. Some twelve or fourteen years since he became a resident of Hattiesburg, where he died on April 25, 1909. His wife was Miss Fannie Nettles, of Mount Sterling, Ala.

W. A. Myers was born in Wythe County, Va., in 1843. He served in Company I, 6th North Carolina Regiment. His home had been in Hattiesburg some years. He died on April 25, 1909. He was twice married, the second wife being Miss C. L. Douthat, of Wythe County, Va.

H. B. Bostick was born in Marietta, Ga., April 6, 1846. He served in Company I, 7th Georgia Cavalry. He was twice married—first to Miss Kate Wesson, and then to Miss Mary Lamb. He died in Jackson, Miss., in June, 1909.

Samuel A. Lewis was born in Chester District, S. C., in 1833. He served in Company D, 1st South Carolina Regiment of Cavalry. He died at the residence of his son in Hattiesburg June 27, 1909. His wife was Miss M. K. Cook, of South Carolina

Jesse M. Easterling was born in Perry County, Miss., in 1836. He served in Company B, 7th Mississippi Battalion. He was married to Miss Watts, of his native State, in 1859. He went to Texas some months ago, and died at the residence of his son on the night of his arrival.

O. H. P. Cook was born in Montgomery County, Ala., in 1823. He was married to Miss Judith Middleton, of his native county, in 1843. He served the Confederacy as a member of Company F, 17th Alabama Regiment. He had been a contractor, but afterwards became a minister of the gospel. He died at Hattiesburg in November, 1909.

Dr. A. B. Clanton died recently at the home of his daughter, in St. Louis, in his eighty-first year. He was a Mexican War veteran, and also served the Confederacy in the medical department. For several years he had been an inmate of the

Soldiers' Home in Danville, Ind. He was of a prominent family, one of his brothers attaining the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate army.

William H. Jenkins was born in Perry County, Miss., in 1828, and spent his whole life in the same locality. He served in Company G, 27th Mississippi Regiment. He was twice married—to Miss Elizabeth Grantham and to Miss Olivia Lummus. He died at his home, in Forrest County, Miss., in March, 1910.

Capt. John Holmes was born in Holmesville, Miss., in 1831. He served in Company E, 16th Mississippi Regiment. He enlisted as a private, but afterwards became captain of his company. He married Miss A. M. Sparkman, of his native town. He died at Bay St. Louis, Miss.

T. E. H. Robinson was born in New York City in September, 1837, and was reared in Jasper County, Miss. He served in Company K, 8th Mississippi Regiment, and was maimed for life in front of Atlanta August 3, 1864. He was married to Miss Mary E. Pittman, of Montgomery, Ala. He was ordained a minister of the gospel in 1870. He died at New Augusta, Miss., in April, 1910.

Alex P. Allain.

Alex P. Allain was born in West Baton Rouge, La.; and died at Albania Plantation, St. Mary's Parish, La., May 30, 1910, aged sixty-one years. Returning from school at Bardstown, Ky., he enlisted on March 6, 1862, at New Orleans, La., in the fifth company of the Washington Artillery of that city. Proceeding with that company to the front to join the rest of the battalion (four companies), then in Virginia, they were halted at Corinth, Miss., to participate in the battle of Shiloh, twenty miles distant. In that sanguinary two days' contest Comrade Allain revealed the gallantry which distinguished him throughout the war. His whole army career thereafter was in the Mississippi Valley and with that celebrated battery.

His battle roll is as follows: Shiloh, Corinth, Farmington, Monterey, Bridge Creek, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Stone River, Jackson, Miss., Glass Mills, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, etc. These mere names convey no impression of what these bloody struggles were. In all of them Comrade Allain proved himself a superb soldier. At Kennesaw he was made a corporal for his cool efficiency. At Kennesaw, too, one act of his showed the kind of man he was. The embrasure having been shot to pieces and the sapling supports of its sides all heaped with the dirt in the way of his gun's firing, he leaped up into it, called for an ax and spade, and, despite the deadly fire of the enemy's battery and sharpshooters, he drove the stakes down, put back sapling poles and dirt out of the range of his gun, then jumped down and resumed firing. His escape was miraculous. He was wounded at Kennesaw. In camp and on the march, in advance or retreat as well as in action, Corporal Allain was a model soldier.

On May 10, 1865, at Meridian Station, Miss., the 5th Company, Washington Artillery, was paroled, and he, along with it, surrendering to Gen. E. R. S. Canby. After the war he struggled bravely in helping to overthrow the carpet-bag rule over his native State. This generation knows but little what that means.

Alex Allain is survived by a widow, who was Miss Georgine Proctor, four children, and three sisters. He was a Mason, a member of the Battalion W. A., of Camp 15, U. C. V., and of the Army of Tennessee Association. These various organizations buried him May 31, 1910, in the Army of Tennessee tomb in Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans, La.

Descended on his father's side lineally from Col. Francois Allain, who bore the French standard at Fontenoy, and on his mother's side from M. Le Blanc de Villeneuve, commandant among the Opelousas Indians of Louisiana in the last century, Comrade Allain's army career is another demonstration that blood tells, and is an appeal to his sons and other kindred of this generation to sustain the family virtue—bravery—in times of fiery trial.



ALEX P. ALLAIN.

John Wilkinson.

John Wilkinson, a veteran of two wars, died at his home, in Abbeville County, S. C., aged eighty-four years. He was a member of Company F, of the Palmetto Regiment, which was known as the Abbeville Volunteers, and with them served through the war with Mexico. Lieutenant Salleck, of this company, was the first to enter the city of Mexico, carrying the American flag, which was the first to float over the conquered city. John Wilkinson was one of the few survivors of the company, to the last of whom the silver vase given by President Andrew Jackson to the brave soldiers of his native State will be presented. Mr. Wilkinson served bravely throughout the war in the Confederate service.

S. D. Adams.

S. D. Davis, a member of the Sam Davis Camp, No. 1089, U. C. V., died at his home, near Milford, Tex., March 5, 1910. He was born in Talbot County, Ga., December 8, 1833, and went through the war in Company D, Cobb's Georgia Legion (cavalry), in J. E. B. Stuart's division, A. N. V. He married Miss Laura Carrieker in 1866, joined the Baptist Church in 1872, and came to Texas in 1883. He left surviving him his wife, four sons, and three daughters.

He was a member from its organization of Sam Davis Camp, No. 1089, U. C. V., and until his eyesight failed was a reader of the Confederate Veteran.

[Sketch by W. T. M. Dixon, Milford, Tex.]

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED SINCE LAST PUBLICATION.

CAMPS.

Sterling Price, No. 1030, Fresno, Cal.	$ 5 00

CHAPTERS.

Stonewall Jackson, McAlester, Okla.	$ 7 50
J. Harvey Mathes Chapter, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Annie Perdue Selring, Jacksonville, Fla.	5 00

INDIVIDUALS.

Mrs. R. G. Roberts, Oxford, Ala.	$ 1 00
J. P. Spratt, Livingston, Ala.	6 00
B. W. Williams, Opelika, Ala.	1 00
T. H. Clower, Opelika, Ala.	1 00
Fred Rumley, York, Ala.	1 00
B. G. Peterson, Opelika, Ala.	1 00
R. M. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark.	5 00
S. C. Alexander, Pine Bluff, Ark.	2 50
W. J. Johnston, Fort Smith, Ark.	1 00
John Fletcher, Little Rock, Ark.	1 00
W. F. Coleman, Pine Bluff, Ark.	1 00
W. H. Askew, Magnolia, Ark.	1 00
J. D. Block, Paragould, Ark.	1 00
James F. Read, Fort Smith, Ark.	5 00
C. H. Triplett, Pine Bluff, Ark.	5 00
Sam Frauenthal, Little Rock, Ark.	2 00
John S. Bell, Pine Bluff, Ark.	1 00
W. H. Arnold, Texarkana, Ark.	1 00
Gen. H. B. Armistead, Fort Smith, Ark.	1 00
C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.	3 00
E. F. Brown, Jonesboro, Ark.	1 00
C. F. Greenlee, Brinkley, Ark.	1 00
D. Hopson, Corning, Ark.	1 00
James D. Head, Texarkana, Ark.	1 00
Robert Moore, Helena, Ark.	1 00
C. L. Moore, Sr., Helena, Ark.	1 00
G. J. Crump, Harrison, Ark.	1 00
P. D. Scott, Van Buren, Ark.	1 00
Clarence Quarles, Helena, Ark.	1 00
R. G. Harper, El Dorado, Ark.	1 00
T. J. Brickell, Brinkley, Ark.	1 00
D. L. King, Lewisville, Ark.	1 00
Ernest Neill, Batesville, Ark.	1 00
J. E. Cravens, Fort Smith, Ark.	1 00
S. Geisreiter, Pine Bluff, Ark. (ex-Federal)	5 00
Jesse Turner, Van Buren, Ark.	1 00
David L. King, Hardy, Ark.	1 00
F. G. Bridges, Pine Bluff, Ark.	1 00
W. J. Lamb, Osceola, Ark.	1 00
J. Y. Stevens, Magnolia, Ark.	1 00
John W. Stayton, Newport, Ark.	1 00
Joseph M. Stayton, Newport, Ark.	1 00
C. H. Spencer, Tampa, Fla.	6 00
Robert C. May, Miami, Fla.	1 00
Miss Willie L. May, Miami, Fla.	1 00
Mrs. Frank Douglas, Miami, Fla.	1 00
H. A. Russell, Dalton, Ga.	1 00
Joseph Bogle, Dalton, Ga.	1 00
J. K. Buchanan, Franklin, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. D B. Goodrum, Franklin, Ky.	1 00
R. D. Willett, Uniontown, Ky.	1 00
Samuel H. Garvin, Louisville, Ky.	5 00
J. Stoddard Johnson, Louisville, Ky.	6 00
Elijah Basye, Louisville, Ky.	5 00
John Finn, Franklin, Ky.	2 50
H. Y. Davis, Cave City, Ky.	$ 1 00
J. A. Henderson, Smith's Grove, Ky.	1 00
William H. Read, Scottsville, Ky.	1 00
Rev. W. B. Ricks, Bowling Green, Ky.	1 00
Charles Pierce, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Nat Gaither, Hopkinsville, Ky.	5 00
J. L. Pace, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. M. B. King, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. J. H. Morgan, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
John Stites, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
J. D. Shepherd, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
D. H. Armstrong, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
W. M. McGee, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Dr. L. J. Harris, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
G. H. Stowe, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
J. H. Stephens, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Samuel Frankel, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
John B. Harned, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Walter Kelly, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Ben Carroll, Hopkinsville, Ky.	1 00
Edgar Bradshaw, Pembroke, Ky.	5 00
Thomas M. Barker, Pembroke, Ky.	25 00
W. C. Oliver, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Lycurgus Leavell, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
Holland Garnett, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
John H. Massie, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
D. R. Perry, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
W. H. Gray, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
L. W. Massie, Pembroke, Ky.	1 00
W. R. Bearden, Allegre, Ky.	1 00
Ed L. Weathers, La Fayette, Ky.	1 00
E. E. Quisenberry, Smith's Grove, Ky.	1 00
Dr. J. J. Ezell, La Fayette, Ky.	1 00
Thomas C. Jones, Herndon, Ky.	5 00
J. W. Wilkins, Fairview, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. Mary Steel, Fairview, Ky.	1 00
Miss Mattie Holt, Elkton, Ky.	50
J. J. Atkins, Elkton, Ky.	1 00
R. M. Waters, Elkton, Ky.	1 00
C. D. Tandy, Elkton, Ky.	1 00
R. D. Glover, Trenton, Ky.	1 00
R. T. Carneal, Trenton, Ky.	1 00
William D. Bouldin, Trenton, Ky.	1 00
R. M Hogan, Trenton, Ky.	1 00
Garland E. H. Allen, Louisville, Ky.	1 00
J. A. Ford, Plain Dealing, La.	1 00
John H. Nattin, Collinsburg, La.	1 00
Kelly R. Chandler, St. Louis, Mo.	1 00
Walker Hill, St. Louis, Mo.	10 00
T. E. Crutcher, Glasgow, Mont.	1 00
F. S. Read, Helena, Mont.	1 00
John P. Barnes, Helena, Mont.	5 00
Charles H. Boyle, Fort Benton, Mont.	2 00
Jacob Herman, Helena, Mont.	1 00
Gen. Perry J. Moore, Twodot, Mont.	1 00
P. C. Carlton, Statesville, N. C.	1 00
J. C. Steele, Statesville, N. C.	1 00
James A. Bryan, Newbern, N. C.	1 00
Joseph R. Plummer, Nixon, Okla.	1 50
J. A. Omberg, Memphis, Tenn.	5 00
John W. Dillard, Memphis, Tenn.	10 00
William H. Stovall, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Ben R. Henderson, Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
J. M. Goodbar, Memphis, Tenn.	5 00

R. H. Vance, Memphis, Tenn.....$ 5 00
Noland Fontaine, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
Gen. A. R. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
Mayor E. H. Crump, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
J. E. Beasley, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
W. H. Bates, Memphis, Tenn..... 1 00
W. F. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
J. P. Edmondson, Memphis, Tenn..... 2 00
J. J. Shoemaker, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
G. T. Fitzhugh, Memphis, Tenn..... 2 00
Hon. Luke E. Wright, Memphis, Tenn..... 10 00
J. K. P. Alexander, Gleason, Tenn..... 1 00
Albert Newbill, Atwood, Tenn..... 1 00
C. J. Wingo, Trezevant, Tenn..... 1 00
H. C. Wingo, Trezevant, Tenn..... 1 00
Spurgeon Wingo, Trezevant, Tenn..... 1 00
J. T. Hancock, Hampton Station, Tenn..... 1 00
C. H. Gilmer, Lebanon, Va..... 5 00
James W. McCarrick, Norfolk, Va..... 1 00
J. Taylor Stratton, Richmond, Va..... 1 00
R. N. Northen, Richmond, Va..... 1 00
C. R. Wingfield, Richmond, Va..... 1 00
John H. Kinnier, Lynchburg, Va..... 1 00
Joseph V. Bidgood, Richmond, Va..... 1 00
Henry C. Jackson, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
Joseph Park, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
W. E. Price, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
J. G. McCluer, Parkersburg, W. Va..... 1 00
T. J. Hooker, Bison, S. Dak..... 1 00
John P. Cox, Hillsboro, Tex..... 1 00
Mrs. R. C. Shindler, Dalhart, Tex..... 1 00
Rent from property at Fairview, Ky..... 14 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, Ga..... 5 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, Mo..... 25 00
M. D. Gould, Livingston, Ala..... 1 00
H. M. Davis, Livingston, Ala..... 1 00
J. G. Whitfield, Whitfield, Ala..... 1 00
J. N. Stanford, Camden, Ala..... 1 00
J. Y. Kilpatrick, Camden, Ala..... 1 00
Brutus Howard, Camden, Ala..... 1 00
C. P. D. Taylor, Opelika, Ala..... 1 00
G. W. Melton, McWilliams, Ala..... 1 00
B. T. Eley, Union Springs, Ala..... 1 00
Sol Sullivan, Leroy, Ala..... 1 00
J. A. White, Salem, Ala..... 1 00
T. B. Miles, Union Springs, Ala..... 1 00
W. P. Conerly, Cortelyou, Ala..... 3 00
William C. Jordan, Midway, Ala..... 1 00
H. M. Woods, Augusta, Ark..... 1 00
P. O. Thweatt, Helena, Ark..... 1 00
D. B. Sain, Nashville, Ark..... 1 00
N. W. Norton, Forest City, Ark..... 1 00
W. C. Rodgers, Nashville, Ark..... 1 00
C. F. Huff, Hot Springs, Ark..... 2 00
Gus Rusher, Brinkley, Ark..... 2 00
John Gatling, Forest City, Ark..... 1 00
J. W. Bishop, Nashville, Ark..... 1 00
Mrs. J. M. Hanks, Helena, Ark..... 1 00
T. M. Hooker, Pine Bluff, Ark..... 1 00
Edgar Brewster, Pine Bluff, Ark..... 1 00
Thomas Green, Sr., Pine Bluff, Ark..... 1 00
Sam W. Reybrun, Little Rock, Ark..... 1 00
Johnstone Jones, Los Angeles, Cal..... 1 00
E. T. Roux, Plant City, Fla..... 1 00
J. E. DuBignon, Brunswick, Ga.....$ 1 00
James S. Carpenter, Louisville, Ky..... 1 00
J. R. Dickerson, Lafayette, Ky..... 5 00
Capt. W. W. Herr, Owensboro, Ky..... 2 00
R. H. Jackson, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
Maj. W. N. Bumpus, Owensboro, Ky..... 2 00
Lee Hart, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
S. W. Bedford, Owensboro, Ky..... 2 50
Capt. S. H. Ford, Owensboro, Ky..... 6 00
E. C. Johnson, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
John Field, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
Sam Levy, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
C. W. Kimberlin, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
A. S. Griffin, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
R. S. Hughes, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
LaVega Clements, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
L. M. Norris, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
C. C. Watkins, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
Ham Alexander, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
Lee Muckenfuss, Owensboro, Ky..... 1 00
E. H. Clarke, Owensboro, Ky..... 10 00
Ben F. Perkins, Sturgis, Ky..... 1 00
Rev. S. B. Withers, Sturgis, Ky..... 1 00
Mrs. William S. Johnson, Henderson, Ky..... 1 00
Mrs. L. Starling, Henderson, Ky..... 1 00
Miss Mary Wilson, Henderson, Ky..... 1 00
Mrs. Robert Soaper, Henderson, Ky..... 1 00
Mrs. Carl Schlamp, Henderson, Ky..... 50
A. R. Thompson, Collinsburg, La..... 1 00
S. S. Griffin, Yazoo City, Miss..... 1 00
Francis K. Huger, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y..... 5 00
John T. Shackelford, Tarboro, N. C..... 1 00
T. M. C. Davidson, Statesville, S. C..... 1 00
W. W. Walton, Statesville, N. C..... 1 00
J. W. Brogdon, Gleason, Tenn..... 1 00
John H. Kirby, Houston, Tex..... 10 00
Thomas B. Lewis, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
William B. James, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
Simon K. Longnecker, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
Frank R. Jones, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
James J. Hall, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
L. D. Adkins, Goliad, Tex..... 1 00
L. D. Gill, Mission, Tex..... 1 00
George Fenske, Rosenberg, Tex..... 1 00
W. C. Baker, Rosenberg, Tex..... 1 00
P. H. Fagan, Marianna, Tex..... 1 00
H. Dahl, Pettus, Tex..... 1 00
C. O. Stoner, Victoria, Tex..... 1 00
O. P. Bagby, Austin, Tex..... 1 00
R. W. Barson, Beeville, Tex..... 1 00
G. W. Sahfad, Wharton, Tex..... 1 00
S. P. Richey, Fralco, Tex..... 1 00
John Rankin, Brenham, Tex..... 1 00
George H. Atkins, Beeville, Tex..... 1 00
Mr. Dan Froe, Beeville, Tex..... 1 00
John R. Beasley, Beeville, Tex..... 1 00
F. M. Poland, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
James H. Agin, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
H. C. Burrows, Culpeper, Va..... 1 00
J. W. Jordan, Smithfield, Va..... 1 00
Col. R. N. Northern, Richmond, Va..... 2 00
W. D. Smith, Gate City, Va..... 1 00
W. D. Smith, Jr., Gate City, Va..... 1 00
Jacob Warden, Berryville, Va..... 1 00

A. T. Wiatt, Gloucester, Va	$ 1 00
N. M. Neblett, Eanes Crossroads, Va	1 00
J. A. Weston, Port Haywood, Va	5 00
Westwood Hutchison, Manassas, Va	1 00
John H. Schoppert, Shepherdstown, W. Va	1 00
Mrs. Eliza Schoppert, Shepherdstown, W. Va	1 00
Miss Lucy H. Schoppert, Shepherdstown, W. Va	1 00
S. R. Martin, New Martinsville, W. Va	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Small, Parkersburg, W. Va	10 00
Rent from Fairview, Ky	60 00

REUNION OF THE HARLAN FAMILY.

A. H. Harlan, Compiler of the History and Genealogy of the Harlan Family in the United States, writes the VETERAN:

"The eleventh National Reunion of the Association of the Descendants of George and Michael Harlan in the United States will be held at Richmond, Ind., Wednesday and Thursday, August 17, 18, 1910. The officers of the Association are: Nathan V. Harlan, President, York, Nebr.; Orla Harlan, Vice President, Scranton, Pa.; A. H. Harlan, Secretary-Treasurer, New Burlington, Ohio. The present indications are that this will be one among the largest in point of attendance of any of their family gatherings, although as many as eleven States have been represented at former reunions.

"There are so many of our people residing down your way, and I am quite sure are patrons of your valuable periodical, that I want it to appear therein. Last October I was in Nashville, where I spent two days, and then on to Chattanooga, where I remained until Sunday morning. I then went on to Adairsville, Ga., and from there back to Calhoun and Dalton. At each of these places I visited people of my name. From Dalton I went again to Nashville, where I remained two nights and a day, visiting Harlans there and making a pleasant trip out to the Hermitage, passing on our way out the Confederate Home. I fully intended asking my people to stop there on our return; but going from there to the old church, we returned by another road. I had the honor while there of meeting and conversing with Judge Samuel F. Wilson, of your Court of Appeals, and Col. George Porter, Confederate soldiers."

"REGULATIONS FOR UNITED STATES ARMY," BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Mr. Edgar R. Harlan, Curator Historical Department of Iowa, writes from Des Moines July 28, 1910: "About two years ago I bought from a second-hand dealer in Council Bluffs, Ia., a copy of 'Regulations for the Army of the United States, 1857.' It was published by Harper Brothers, New York. This edition was put out under the date of January 1, 1857, by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War. On the fly leaf in brown ink and in a legible and characteristic hand is 'James R. Crenshaw, Major.' This evidently denotes the original owner. Above the inscription noted occurs in purple indelible pencil this inscription: 'J. [or I.] Culbertson. Picked up on the battlefield at Laurel Hill, Va., June, 1861.' There may be a personal interest in this volume to some one. To such I would be glad to give it."

W. L. Jett, of Frankfort, Ky., reports that an extension of time has been secured wherein claims may be made for the horses taken in violation of the terms of surrender. All those having such claims should at once have them filed.

Dr. W. B. Reese, of Milton, Oregan, desires to correspond with some one in the 26th North Carolina Regiment who was at Gettysburg, and as soon as practicable.

"THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES."

This book its author, Mr. Walter Neale, says is an oration, and it was given as an address to the 8th Virginia Regiment while they were assembled on the battlefield of Manassas July 21, 1910. In this address Mr. Neale shows first how each State when colonized become a separate kingdom, even when acknowledging the rights of a common king, each passing the supreme sovereignty of its own deeds and decisions. When the rebellion from the authority of this king took place, each State, or small kingdom as each practically was, assumed the full rights of self-government. He quotes President Monroe, who says that the two propositions are beyond dispute; that when the sovereignty was wrested from the king it passed at once directly to the people, and that it then passed to the people of each colony—to thirteen separate and distinct communities and not to any one of them.

Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, said: "I consider this a declaration not that the united colonies jointly or in a collective capacity were independent States, but that each was a sovereign and independent State, and that each State had a right to govern by its own authority and its own laws without any control by any other power on earth."

Mr. Neale adduces many opinions and authorities on the subject of automony of the States, and through these proves the sovereign rights of the States to secession and to the full right of self-control in the dissolving of a union that had ceased to unite. The book is ably written and will repay careful reading by the thoughtful student.

"LOVE SONGS AND BUGLE CALLS."

In this book Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, poet laureate of the United Confederate Veterans, assures her right to the title of one of the sweetest singers of the Southland.

Her "Love Songs" are the beautiful songs of the woods, and are steeped in all their subtle witchery, everywhere breathing of swift shadows and sunny glens, and always showing the touch of "one who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms." The call of the wild sounds in every poem, which in tenderness of thought and graceful beauty of diction strongly suggests Jean Ingelow at her best.

The opening poem of the book is a gem. "The Florida Love Song" could only have been written by one steeped in love for that tropic land, for it leaves the heart and mind filled with the love call of birds and the haunting sweetness of jessamine blooms on swaying vines.

In swift transition from the wonderful sweetness of the "Love Songs" comes the martial "Bugle Calls" that thrill and fill one with high aspirations to courage and patriotism. Like the Lays of Macaulay, "The Wizard of the Saddle" is a clarion call to battle, and is an inspiration to that courage that would do or die for the cause of right and honor.

But these war songs are not all bugle calls. Here and there among the lines glowing with words and deeds of courage are some "simpler poems," filled with the infinite beauty and tenderness of endurance, that other side of battles that is hidden by the clash of arms. "The Old Canteen" breathes the pathos that follows the warrior's charge, and its lines make a picture gallery of things that are not forgotten. In the years that are yet to come "The Tattoo" will be read to children clustering at their mother's knee to revive the "tender grace of a day that is dead when the South fought for her liberty.

The price of this book has been reduced from $2 to $1, and will be supplied with the VETERAN for 3 subscriptions and $3.

"THE BETRAYAL."

A Japanese soldier complained to his mother that his sword was too short to reach the enemy, and she bade him get in the front ranks and strike hard. In "The Betrayal" its author, Walter Neale (in collaboration with Miss Elizabeth Hancock), has stepped into the front ranks and strikes very hard, his sword shortened to a dagger's length for the work.

In the introduction the author gives a synopsis of the political and financial conditions obtaining just after the war in Virginia, which, they say, was practically a sovereignty within itself, its rulers being the aristocrats, the nobility of the country, and they ruled the yeoman class, which answered to the peasantry of the Old World. This government was accepted as perfected until Reconstruction pitted the negroes, yeomen, and aristocrats against each other, one rock on which they split being the management of the public debt. Virginia had borrowed large sums for internal improvements during several decades preceding the war of 1861, and this, with its accrued interest, amounted to about forty-seven millions of dollars when the war was ended, an impossible sum in the then condition of the country. The aristocrats, or debt payers, as they were called, declared Virginia's honor to be above everything, and that the money must be paid as rapidly as possible and at any personal cost to the people. The Readjuster party, afterwards called the Repudiators or Eliminators, declared first for a compromise with the creditors and later for repudiating the debt altogether.

Gen. "Timothy Murphy," a yeoman who had risen from the ranks, was the head of the Readjusters. His private plan was to purchase a large portion of the bonds at very low figures, and by forcing them to par make himself rich, and by his management of public affairs he expected to become practically the dictator of Virginia. It is on this struggle between the factions that "The Betrayal" is based.

It is against the Virginians who, to conserve their own interests, have not lived up to the highest ideals of Virginia's honor that the shortened sword is used most valiantly, and these "betrayers" of the State's highest purposes receive trenchant treatment from the thrusts. It seems too bad, however, that what is a remarkable book, strong, forceful, courageous, should be so pitifully weakened by such criticisms of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin as is expressed by one of its leading characters, Colonel Daingerfield.

"The Betrayal" is one of the late books from the Neale Publishing Company, of New York and Washington. Price, $1.50, postpaid.

"MIDDLETOWN VALLEY IN SONG AND STORY."

T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, has issued a dainty little volume that in song and story gives the poetry, life, and traditions of Middletown Valley, and the touches of weird mysticism in his ghost stories are veritable inspirations. The daily life of the Valley is beautifully shown in the stories, with all the breezy freshness of winds from the mountain tops in their telling; while the musical flow of the Catoctin is in the poetical contributions to the volume. Mr. Harbaugh is well known to the readers of the VETERAN through his many poetical contributions, and this volume will be welcomed by them with pleasure.

The book is for sale by the author at one dollar, prepaid. Address him at Casstown, Ohio.

There are many book notices waiting. Don't forget that the VETERAN is the best source for all Confederate books.

MEMOIRS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beautiful and Just Tribute by His Wife

No one was so well prepared to write of the exalted character of this grand man as his wife, who in the close comradeship of over a quarter of a century had seen that character develop through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, in shadow and sunlight.

Mrs. Davis had kept her finger upon the pulse of the exciting times of war, and thoroughly understood the bearing of events upon the life of Mr. Davis; and her book portrays these scenes in a masterly manner, leaving out no side lights that are needed for a thorough comprehension of things as they were.

The VETERAN has the sole agency for these books, only a limited number of which can be had, as they are out of print. While the edition lasts they will be sold at a bargain. They are in two volumes, octavo, richly illustrated.

PRICES, WITH BINDINGS, PER SET

Best English Cloth	$ 5 00
English Grained Cloth	6 50
Half Morocco, Marbled Edges	7 50
Half Russia, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges	8 00
Half Calf, Marbled Edges	10 00
Full Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt	12 00

The VETERAN will supply them at 20 per cent off, paying the postage or express.

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY

A Library of Confederate States History in Twelve Volumes

Written by able and distinguished Southern men, with Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, Editor-in-Chief.

This extensive Confederate publication has the commendation of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The military history of each Confederate State is given separately. Such writers as Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia, Capt. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, touch on the Constitutional questions and the Civil and Political events which brought on the Confederate movement, while the military history of the States is given by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland; Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, of Virginia; Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr., of North Carolina; Gen. Ellison Capers, South Carolina; Gen. Joe Wheeler, Alabama; Col. Chas. E. Hooker, Mississippi; ex-Governor Porter, Tennessee; Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, Kentucky; Col. Moore, Missouri; Gen. J. M. Harrell, Arkansas; Prof. Dimitry, Louisiana; Governor Roberts, Texas; Gen. Robert White, West Virginia.

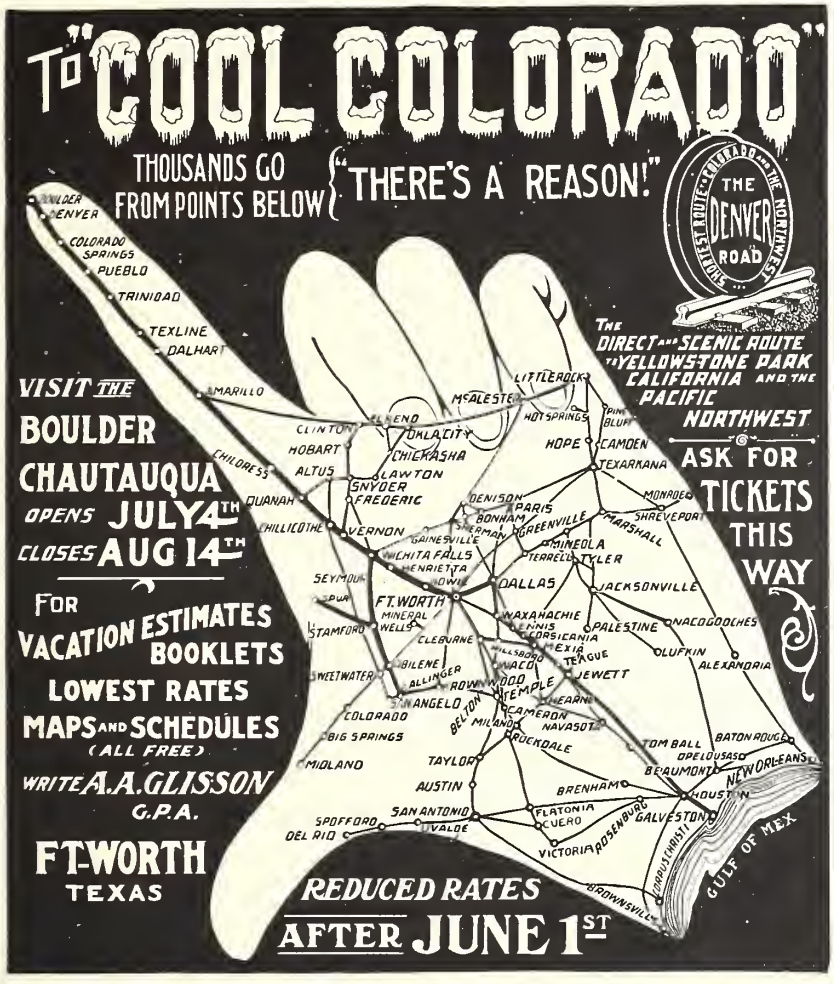
The VETERAN has by cash payment secured control of the entire edition of this valuable work, and while the supply lasts will furnish the entire edition

AT HALF PRICE

This is a fine opportunity to secure a most complete history of the Confederate Government at moderate cost. Cloth, $24.00; half leather, $30.00.

This most complete Confederate history should be in every private library South and every public library in the country. Order at once, and if not convenient to pay cash, the amount may be sent in partial payments. Address

CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



Branham & Hughes School for Boys

SPRING HILL, MAURY COUNTY, TENN.

Country Life—Thorough Preparation for College—Expenses Moderate. Five Founder's Medals in Oratory won at Vanderbilt University by our students in recent years, including last year and this year. Also three entrance prizes of $50.00 each, and three Freshman Debate Medals.

19th year begins Sept. 7, 1910. Write for catalogue.

BUFORD COLLEGE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A Limited, Select Home College for the Higher Culture of Women. Ideal Location. Excellent Equipment. Splendid Opportunities. Enrollment Strictly One Hundred. Thorough College Course. Conservatory Advantages in Art, Music, Expression. University Bible Course. Domestic Science. Non-Sectarian. Term Opens September 15, 1910.

MR. E. G. BUFORD, REGENT — MRS. E. G. BUFORD, PRESIDENT

Miss Octavia Dowling, of Ringgold, Ga., would like to know if the Federal soldier who composed "The Chickamauga Battle Song," "The Dalton Raid," and "The Elephant" (Joseph E Johnston) is still alive. The composer's name was George E. Large, and it is thought that his regiment was the 115th Ohio. He was stationed near Greenwood Mill, on the W. & A. Railroad.

H. C. Harris, of Eliasville, Tex., who was mustered into the Confederate service from Dale County, Ala., in the latter part of 1862 under Capt. John D. Morris, would like to hear from any surviving comrades who remember him. Early in 1863 he was sent from Marianna, Fla., to Montgomery, Ala., and put in a battalion of Alabama cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade.

March's "Thesaurus"

A Dictionary of the English Language,

Designed to suggest immediately any desired word needed to express exactly a given idea.

A Dictionary, Synonyms, Antonyms, Idioms, Foreign Phrases, Pronunciations, a Copious Correlation of Words—a most valuable addition to any library.

Prepared under supervision of Francis Andrew March, L.L.D., L.H.D., D.C.L., Litt.D.

Bound in half leather. Price, $13.50 net. Order from

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
Nashville, Tenn.

The Veterans' Corner

Is the name of a department in The Jeffersonian, a weekly magazine edited by Tom Watson, the eminent Southern historian. It contains stories, reminiscences and letters from the old soldiers of the Confederate Cause, their sons and daughters.

Mr. Watson writes from 12 to 20 columns of editorials each week, and there are also Home and Farm Departments, a Children's Page, Letters from the People, and "Summary of Events as They Happen," besides poetry, fiction, jokes, and prize contests.

In order to introduce you to THE VETERANS' CORNER we will send you the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and THE JEFFERSONIAN both one year for $1.25.

THE JEFFERSONIAN, THOMSON, GA.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

25 Cents a Bottle

J. M. Burkhart, now of Magnolia, Ark., who enlisted in Company K (Capt. John Carroll), 8th Missouri Infantry, of Newton County, Mo., on March 3, 1862, and surrendered at Shreveport, La., on the 7th of May, 1865, desires to locate some surviving member of his company who can make proof of his service that will enable him to get a pension, of which he is in need.

Mrs. B. McGill Ashford, 3100 Chicago Street, Omaha, Nebr., who has lately come to America from Australia, is trying to locate the brothers of her father, one of whom fought in the Confederate army. He (Charles McGill, name abridged from McGillicuddy) seems to have reached the rank of lieutenant colonel. Another brother was Prof. John McGill, of St. Louis University in 1867. She hopes to hear something from the families of these uncles. Address her in care of Mrs. Thomas Kilpatrick.

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before May 30, 1911, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected

Respectfully,
W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky.

CENTRAL BUREAU OF EDUCATION
PARIS, KY.
MISS KATE EDGAR, Paris, Ky., Proprietor and Manager

This efficient agency is again prepared to serve principals of schools and presidents of colleges with well-equipped teachers.

Send for circulars.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

GUNSTON HALL
1906 Florida Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

Life and Times of C. G. Memminger

Secretary Confederate Treasury Department

By Henry D. Capers, A.M., Ph.D.

Royal Octavo, 690 Pages, Cloth, Sheep, and Morocco

EVERETT, WADDY & CO., Publishers, Richmond, Va.

SECOND EDITION

"A standard work of reference."—American Historical Society.

"Entertaining and instructive."—Grover Cleveland.

"One of the few historical works that will long survive."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

"A noble biography elegantly expressed. A study for the statesman; an encouragement for our youth."—Chancellor Pope, University of South Carolina.

"The South has produced a few works of high literary merit. 'The Life and Times of C. G. Memminger' is among the best of them."—N. Y. Post.

"It is a monument preserving the virtues of a truly great man, more enduring than bronze or marble."—Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

"Permit me to express my grateful acknowledgment of a copy of your admirable biography of Mr. Memminger. It is remarkably accurate in detail, a deserved tribute to manly worth, and an enduring record."—Judah P. Benjamin, The Temple, London, England.

"I commend the 'Life of Mr. Memminger' to our youth as a study, and his character as worthy of emulation. The author, in elegant diction, has preserved for posterity an imperishable record."—Jefferson Davis.

And many others.

MILITARY BELTING

WHITE WASHABLE DUCK
ALL WIDTHS
15c per Belt, Postpaid

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 PENN. AVE., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

1793-1911



THE 30 ROBERT BINGHAM NOW LIVING OF THE 5TH GENERATION SINCE 1793

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

has prepared Boys for College and for Life, and to be Men,

For 117 Years.

3 miles from the City. Military for discipline, control and carriage. Boys expelled from other schools not received. Vicious boys removed as soon as discovered. We undertake to Reform, but not to Form, boys. Hazing and causing fagging excluded by our inviolable pledge of honor. Very complete catalogue sent on application.

1793 COL. R. BINGHAM, R.F.D. 4, Asheville, N.C. 1911

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

OF

Mark Twain's Complete Works

AUTHOR'S NATIONAL EDITION

25 Volumes for $25.00

Partial List of Its Many Contents

Speech on Accident Insurance.
Extracts from Adam's Diary.
Advice to Little Girls.
After-Dinner Speech.
"After" Jenkins.
The American Claimant.
Concerning the American Language.
At the Appetite Cure.
First Interview with Artemus Ward.

Speech on the Babies.
The £1,000,000 Bank Note.
About Barbers.
The $30,000 Bequest.
A Burlesque Biography.
The Five Boons of Life.
The Office Bore.

History of a Campaign that Failed.
Cannibalism in the Cars.
Concerning Chambermaids.
John Chinaman in New York.
Christian Science.
Columbus's Craft.
A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.
A Telephonic Conversation.
A Cure for the Blues.
Curing a Cold.

Does the Race of Man Love a Lord?
A Double-Barreled Detective Story.
A Curious Dream.
My Boyhood Dreams.

The Stolen White Elephant.
An Encounter with an Interviewer.
Eve's Diary
A Curious Pleasure Excursion.

Some Fables for Good Old Boys and Girls.
A Fashion Item.
A Fine Old Man.
Following the Equator.
A Majestic Literary Fossil.
The Late Benjamin Franklin.

A Ghost Story.
The Gilded Age.
Running for Governor.
Facts in the Case of the Great Beef Contract.
Johnny Greer.

Was it Heaven? or Hell?
How I Once Edited an Agricultural Paper.
How the Author was Sold in Newark.
How to Tell a Story.
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

The Innocents Abroad.
Italian without a Master—Italian with Grammar.

Concerning the Jews.
Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.
Journalism in Tennessee.
The Judge's "Spirited Woman."
The Jumping Frog—History of the Story.

Killing of Julius Cæsar "Localized."
Letter Read at a Dinner.
A Letter to the Secretary of the Treasury.
My First Lie, and How I Got Out of It.
Life on the Mississippi.
My First Literary Venture.
From the "London Times" of 1904.
Luck.
On the Decay of the Art of Lying.
The Danger of Lying in Bed.

The Petrified Man.
My Bloody Massacre.
Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning.
Mental Telegraphy.
Edward Mills and George Benton: A Tale.
A Monument to Adam.

A Visit to Niagara.
Noah's Ark.
Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion.

Amended Obituaries.

The Scriptural Panoramist.
Paris Notes.
"Party Cries" in Ireland.
Petition Concerning Copyright.
A Petition to the Queen of England.
Two Poems—By Twain and Moore.
Political Economy.
Portrait of King William III.
Post-Mortem Poetry.
To Raise Poultry.

The Prince and the Pauper.
Pudd'nhead Wilson.
Punch, Brothers, Punch.

Concerning the Recent Resignation.
Riley—Newspaper Correspondent.
A Mediæval Romance.
Roughing It.

Saint Joan of Arc.
Science vs. Luck.
My Late Senatorial Secretaryship.
A Vanished Sentiment.
In Defence of Harriet Shelley.
Personal Habits of the Siamese Twins.
A Helpless Situation.
Speech at the Scottish Banquet at London.
Modern Steamer and the Obsolete Steamer.
Stirring Times in Austria.
Story of a Bad Little Boy.
Story of a Good Little Boy.
The Captain's Story.
The Invalid's Story.
A True Story Just as I Heard It.

The Californian's Tale.
The Canvasser's Tale.
A Dog's Tale.
Two Little Tales.
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.
Tom Sawyer Abroad—Tom Sawyer, Detective.
Those Extraordinary Twins.
A Tramp Abroad.
Traveling with a Reformer.

The Undertaker's Chat.

A Mysterious Visit.

General Washington's Negro Body Servant.
My Watch—An Instructive Little Tale.
Speech on the Weather.
The Widow's Protest.
Wit Inspirations of the "Two-Year-Olds."
A Humane Word from Satan.
The First Writing Machines.

Mark Twain was the youngest man of his day. All his books are imbued with his spirit—they are NEW books, and to OWN them is to have new books, a fountain of youth. They never age, because humor, kindliness, and truth never grow old. They are books for "young people of all ages."

For the first time in the history of the publishing business it is possible to sell copyrighted books at the price of the non-copyrighted books.

This new Author's National Edition is the outcome of the author's ambition to have his books in every American home. By special arrangements with the publishers, the VETERAN is enabled to offer the set at

ONE HALF THE FORMER PRICE

Send in your order at once, including a year's subscription to the VETERAN, for $26.00. Address

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Get Our Prices

It will cost only a stamp to send us your sketches, and we will cheerfully quote prices which will be for work done as it should be done.

Granite and Marble Monuments

Covington, Va., Elizabeth City, N. C., Hertford, N. C., and Front Royal, Va., have contracted for Confederate monuments this month.

This means they will be pleased and allow us to add their names to our long list of satisfied customers.

Write us for successful plans, used by other Chapters to raise monument funds. We are anxious to ***assist you.***

Plans Furnished Free

We manufacture monuments of every description, and if not as represented we do not ask your acceptance.

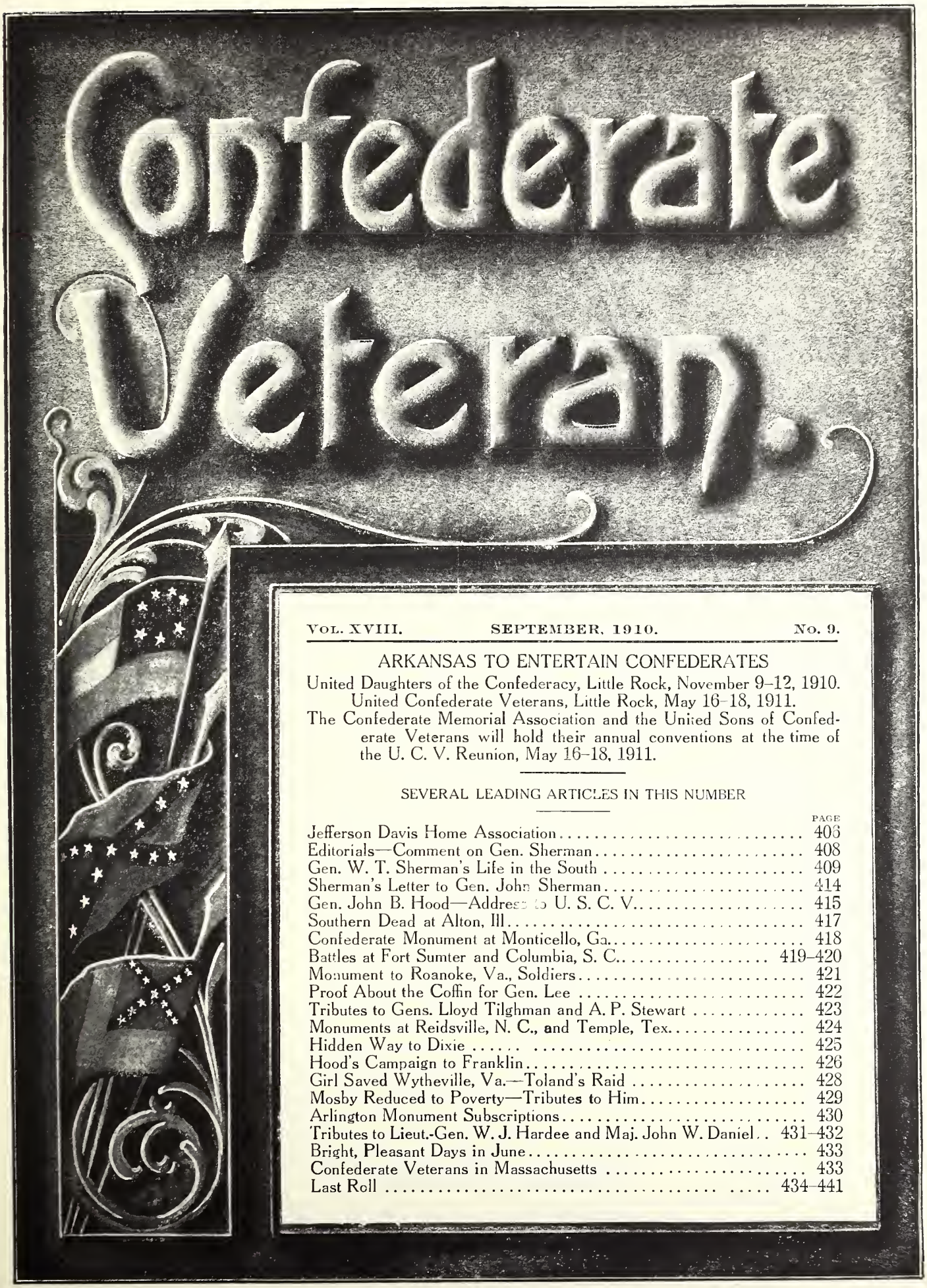
The McNeel Marble Company

The Largest Monumental Mill South

Marietta, Georgia

Atlanta, Ga., Office,
615 Empire Bldg.

Marble and Granite



VOL. XVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1910. No. 9.

ARKANSAS TO ENTERTAIN CONFEDERATES

United Daughters of the Confederacy, Little Rock, November 9–12, 1910.
United Confederate Veterans, Little Rock, May 16–18, 1911.
The Confederate Memorial Association and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their annual conventions at the time of the U. C. V. Reunion, May 16–18, 1911.

SEVERAL LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

	PAGE
Jefferson Davis Home Association	406
Editorials—Comment on Gen. Sherman	408
Gen. W. T. Sherman's Life in the South	409
Sherman's Letter to Gen. John Sherman	414
Gen. John B. Hood—Address to U. S. C. V.	415
Southern Dead at Alton, Ill	417
Confederate Monument at Monticello, Ga.	418
Battles at Fort Sumter and Columbia, S. C.	419–420
Monument to Roanoke, Va., Soldiers	421
Proof About the Coffin for Gen. Lee	422
Tributes to Gens. Lloyd Tilghman and A. P. Stewart	423
Monuments at Reidsville, N. C., and Temple, Tex.	424
Hidden Way to Dixie	425
Hood's Campaign to Franklin	426
Girl Saved Wytheville, Va.—Toland's Raid	428
Mosby Reduced to Poverty—Tributes to Him	429
Arlington Monument Subscriptions	430
Tributes to Lieut.-Gen. W. J. Hardee and Maj. John W. Daniel	431–432
Bright, Pleasant Days in June	433
Confederate Veterans in Massachusetts	433
Last Roll	434–441

THE CITY OF HOMES

Nashville is frequently referred to as the "City of Homes," because so many individuals own the properties in which they live.

This is a most gratifying condition, for it evidences that the people in this community are industrious and thrifty.

Most of these homes have been paid for gradually with money saved out of weekly and monthly wages.

Do you own your home? If not, you can purchase one and pay for it if you will begin to save.

You can open a savings account in this bank with $1.00; it will draw 3% interest. Regularly added to, it will soon grow to a substantial sum.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, - - Nashville, Tenn.

"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS 6 TO 8

Branham & Hughes School for Boys

SPRING HILL, MAURY COUNTY, TENN.

Country Life—Thorough Preparation for College—Expenses Moderate. Five Founder's Medals in Oratory won at Vanderbilt University by our students in recent years, including last year and this year. Also three entrance prizes of $50.00 each, and three Freshman Debate Medals.

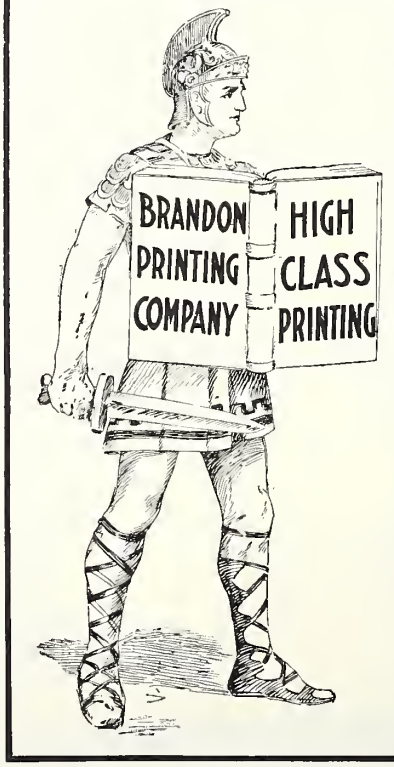
19th year begins Sept. 7, 1910. Write for catalogue.

BUFORD COLLEGE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A Limited, Select Home College for the Higher Culture of Women. Ideal Location. Excellent Equipment. Splendid Opportunities. Enrollment Strictly One Hundred. Thorough College Course. Conservatory Advantages in Art, Music, Expression. University Bible Course. Domestic Science. Non-Sectarian. Term Opens September 15, 1910.

MR. E. G. BUFORD, Regent MRS. E. G. BUFORD, President



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.

Nashville, - - Tenn.

NOTICE.

I wish to correspond with any one who enlisted in the service of the Confederacy either in the regular army or the Frontier Guards from the following counties: Denton, Wise, Cooke, or Montague, Tex. Or with any one who is familiar with the local history of the counties named during the Civil War. Something of interest to them. Address John S. Wood, Nocona, Tex.

Frank M. Snavely, of Stamping Ground, Ky., has had placed with him for sale for the benefit of a needy Confederate veteran the following volumes of the VETERAN—viz.: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. He hopes to have a good offer on them. The volumes are unbound.

Mrs. C. H. Gandy, whose husband was in the 6th Mississippi Regiment, in Forrest's command, would like to get information of his record in the war, so that she may get a pension, as she is in great need. Write to Dr. T. A. Harvey, Prattsville, Grant County, Ark.

B. F. Tillinghast, of Crescent City, Fla., is engaged in writing a history which he desires to make impartial, and he asks that survivors of the Confederate army who were at Rock Island, Ill., for any period of time during the War between the States will send him their names and addresses.

Miss Daisy B. Cunningham, of Stamping Ground, Ky., is anxious to learn something of the war record of her father, James Edward Cunningham. He evidently served with the Kentucky troops, but she knows nothing as to his company and regiment. She will appreciate hearing from any of his old comrades.

B. F. Quarles, of Meridian, Miss., would like to hear from any of the members of Harvey's Scouts who operated in the rear of the Federal army in 1864, especially those who were captured with him near Adairsville, Ga., and who were court-martialed to be shot. Lieutenant Taylor, of the 9th Texas, was in command of this squad, and for weeks had kept the telegraph wires cut and destroyed trains containing commissary supplies for the Union army, then before Atlanta.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1910. No. 9. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

COMMITTEE ON MONUMENTS TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.—Gen. Julian S. Carr (Chairman), Durham, N. C.; Col. J. P. Hickman (Secretary), Nashville, Tenn.; Col. J. R. Crowe, Sheffield, Ala.; Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.; Gen. William H. Jewell, Orlando, Fla.; Gen. John O. Waddell, Cedartown, Ga.; Col. Joseph M. Womack, Louisville, Ky.; Gen. T. W. Castleman, New Orleans, La.; Gen. Charles Scott, Rosedale, Miss.; Gen. George P. Gross, Kansas City, Mo.; Maj. Clinton M. Felder, Blackville, S. C.; Gen. J. R. Waties, Houston, Tex.; Hon. R. T. W. Duke, Charlottesville, Va.; Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C. This enterprise should have the coöperation of every Confederate promptly. It has universal commendation, and there are men having money to spare who would rather so give it than that it be used for expensive litigation after they are dead.

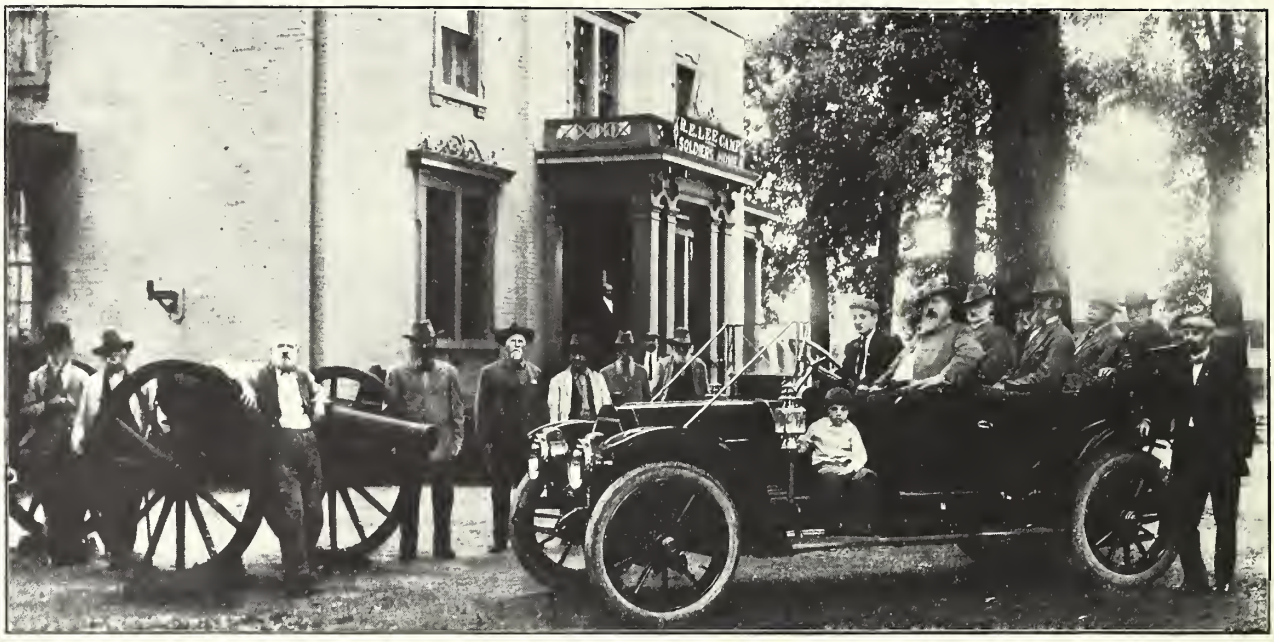
The men of the South and elsewhere who espouse the cause of Southern women should coöperate in this movement. What seems impossible in other matters may be achieved when the women undertake it, but this is not for them. Will the men honor themselves in this the worthiest of all causes?

FROM DIARY BY J. WILKES BOOTH.

Mr. H. D. Jacobs, Private Secretary to Justice H. H. Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court, has kindly sent the VETERAN the following, with parenthetic note from J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, that it was "copied from a memorandum book found on J. Wilkes Booth when captured. The book is in the War Department. The writing is in pencil and by Booth:"

"April 14, Friday, the Ides. Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But, our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted, '*Sic semper!*' before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night before the deed I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the National Intelligencer in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings.

"Friday, 21. After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats until I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had not only his country but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone—a country ground beneath this tyranny—and prayed for this end, and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little I left behind to clear my name the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the heavens since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intention to cross, though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who—who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O may he—may he spare me that and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world. I have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so, and it's with him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime for him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."



SCENE IN FRONT OF THE R. E. LEE CAMP SOLDIERS' HOME, RICHMOND, VA., 1910.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. R. W. McKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM JULY 11 TO AUGUST 22, 1910.

Troy Chapter, Troy, Ala.	$ 5 00
Pelham Chapter, Birmingham, Ala.	2 00
V. C. Clopton Chapter, Huntsville, Ala.	2 00
Father Ryan Chapter, Greenville, Ala.	1 00
J. F. Fagan Chapter, Benton, Ark.	1 00
J. A. Hayes (personal), Colorado Springs, Colo.	2 50
Dixie Chapter, Anderson, S. C.	5 00
Newnan Chapter, Newnan, Ga.	5 00
Edgefield Chapter, Edgefield, S. C.	5 00
J. C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, S. C.	5 00
Michael Brice Chapter, Blackstock, S. C.	2 00
Greenville Chapter, Greenville, S. C.	5 00
Arthur Manigault Chapter, Georgetown, S. C.	2 00
Beech Island Chapter, Beech Island, S. C.	1 00
Pickens Chapter, Pickens, S. C.	1 00
Lucinda Horn Chapter, Saluda, S. C.	1 00
Chester Chapter, Chester, S. C.	5 00
Shepherdstown Chapter, Shepherdstown, W. Va.	10 00

FRANCE DEDICATES WASHINGTON STATUE, A GIFT FROM VIRGINIA.—Houdin's famous statue of Washington stands in the Capitol of Richmond, and its replica in bronze has been presented to France by the State of Virginia. On August 18 this statue was dedicated with imposing ceremonies in the presence of the French Minister and the American Ambassador and a large gathering of officials from all countries. The statue stands in the Hall of Napoleon in Versailles, and is beautifully placed. The speech of presentation was made by Col. James Mann, Chairman of the Virginia Commission, who said: "The grandest name in the history of America is Washington, and I doubt if the history of the nations shows a grander." After recounting the splendid deeds of the "Father of His Country," Colonel Mann paid high tribute to the noble assistance that France gave America in her hour of need, and added that the "grateful memory of this deed will ever prove a lasting bond of fellowship between the two nations." The statue was accepted for France by M. Pinchon in a gracious speech, abounding in courteous compliments and thanks to Virginia for her appreciated gift.



W. I. BENNETT, JR. (FIVE YEARS OLD), NASHVILLE, TENN.
This mascot of Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, is of Southern inheritance. His great-grandfather was killed in the Confederate army and both of his grandfathers served under Gen. J. E. Johnston. He rode with one of them, Frank Anderson, in parade at the Mobile Reunion.

In the VETERAN for August an error was made in reference to N. B. Forrest III., the VETERAN's mascot for N. B. Forrest's Cavalry. "Third" was not to signify that he was the third son of the "Adjutant General U. S. C. V."

LEADING SECTION IN NATION'S DEVELOPMENT.

BY WILLIAM G. HORSLEY, GREENVILLE, TEX.

It is a fact that the greatest actors on the stage of the Revolutionary War were Southerners. They were leaders in battle and council. Twenty years before a shot was fired Patrick Henry, of Virginia, was denouncing the oppressions of the British in the colonies both in the courts and on the hustings.

"His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath, the delegated voice of God
Which shook the nation through his lips and blazed
Till vanquished Senates trembled as they praised."

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and a year before that the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in North Carolina.

Washington was commander in chief of the armies in the field, the Corypheus that led them to victory at Yorktown.

Richard Henry Lee, the other Lees, Masons, Pendletons, and Randolphs were peerless orators and statesmen in council.

Madison is called the "Father of the Constitution," but Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of Charleston, S. C., more than any other man contributed to its formation and adoption—all Southerners.

The Southerners ruled the republic successfully and happily till Lincoln came with war, havoc, and desolation such as the annals of nations have never disclosed of any other people. Cruelties and outrages unprintable were in Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas. The fathers of the republic planned better things for their descendants. Now the outlook for the South promises results that will be an honor to this great country and to the cause of civilization. Happily the negro problem is becoming eliminated, as the negroes must see that their best friends are Southerners, and cotton will be the balance in moneyed powers.

ROOSEVELT EULOGIZES THE SOUTH.

Theodore Roosevelt was invited to address the Southern Commercial Congress which meets in Atlanta in the spring of 1911. In his reply he says that his proposed trip to California in March will, he thinks, carry him through the South, and he hopes to accept the invitation. He gives unstinted praise to the fine work being done by the Congress, and says he is in cordial sympathy with their efforts at development, and adds that what the South needs is people, but people of the best quality. He believes that in the future the South will share growth with the West, and that on the completion of the Panama Canal she will stand at the distributing point of the oceans of the world.

Colonel Roosevelt says he believes that more and more the "misunderstanding" between the North and South is disappearing, and that such bodies as this Commercial Congress will materially aid in its complete disappearance; that in working for a stronger South the movement must, to be effective, mean a stronger national cohesion, as the prosperity of a part must of necessity add to the prosperity of the whole.

Colonel Roosevelt says: "I earnestly hope that the young men of the South will never forget the past glories of the South, and that the young men all over America to-day will keep ever in mind those glorious memories of every section of our common country, and that the men of the North and of the West will remember the South's past with the same pride the South itself does, for the undying glory, won by the men who so valiantly and with such sincerity fought for their convictions, whether they wore the blue or the gray, is now a common heritage of all of us, wherever we dwell. * * * The statue of General Lee in Confederate uniform stands in the halls of Congress to-day, and his memory is honored no more by the South than it is by the North; and in the North as in the South I think we are now learning to apply absolutely in good faith the great words of Grant: 'Let us have peace.' The part played by the South in the constructive statesmanship of our nation during all our earlier years was of incalculable weight and value. I firmly believe that the time has now come when the South's influence again will be felt not only in constructive statesmanship, but in the enormous field of constructive business endeavor. No part of our country has seen such progress as the South has made in the last twenty years along material lines, and I believe the next twenty years will see a greater progress."

To Aid Southern Development.

The Southern Commercial Congress met in executive session at Atlanta to plan two conventions that will be held in that city, one in October and the other some time next spring. These meetings will have the common object to coöperate for the commercial advancement of the South. Sixteen States are enlisted so far, and the indication is that the movement will be of much importance to commercial interests.

THE PLACE OF GENERAL MORGAN'S SURRENDER.

In Beaver Valley, near West Point, Ohio, on the farm of David Crubaugh, is where on July 26, 1863, Gen. John H. Morgan surrendered to Major Rue. The tree under which they stood was called the "surrender tree;" and when it decayed, it was cut down and the stump was placed in the Carnegie Library of East Liverpool. The spot on which the surrender took place was doubly historic, as there "White Eyes," a noted Indian chief, was killed near a spring that flows into the West Beaver River.

Mr. Will L. Thompson, who died in Europe last fall, feeling that the spot of the surrender should be appropriately marked, gave an acre of land on which a huge bowlder of red granite has been raised on a pedestal of granite. The monument lacked the intended bronze tablet when he died, and his wife, carrying out his will, had this tablet put in place August 11, 1910. It is marked in large Gothic letters that can be easily read by passers on the West River road. The inscription is:

"This Stone Marks the Spot Where the
Confederate Raider, General John H. Morgan,
Surrendered His Command to Major Geo. W. Rue,
July 26, 1863, and is the Farthest
Point North Ever Reached by Any Body of
Confederate Troops During the Civil War.

Erected by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio, 1909."

W. H. Vodney, who represented the Thompson family, made a fine speech of presentation, giving a synopsis of the celebrated raid and the surrender that the monument commemorates. Daniel McLane accepted the monument in the name of the veterans, of the county and State, and suggested that the State set aside a sum sufficient to suitably maintain it.

"The Story of the Last Night and the Last Day of Morgan's Raid" has been written by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Simms, who, it is stated, have spent several years in gathering data for the book. It will be bound in Confederate gray, and will be dedicated to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Kentucky U. D. C. will in June next unveil a ten-thousand-dollar bronze statue of the celebrated General Morgan which will be placed in the city of Lexington.

MINUTES TWENTIETH ANNUAL REUNION, U. D. C.

The book of "Minutes of the Twentieth Annual Reunion, United Confederate Veterans," held in Mobile April 26-28, 1910, is especially attractive in its appointments and full in reports of all departments. The book gives an account of all business matters, speeches, parades, and entertainments, whereby careful reading will give more complete knowledge of the Reunion than could have been had by a visitor. The illustrations are unusually clear and attractive, and will bring many pleasant memories of past delights to all who were so fortunate as to be guests of "fair Mobile" in those memorable days in April, 1910.

The reports of officers and committees cover all the work of the past year, and by them the situation of the organization may be easily understood. Gen. Clement A. Evans and Adjt. Gen. William E. Mickle have both given full and complete reports, and the Monumental Committee tells of the advancement in the work during the past year and the difficulties yet to be met and overcome.

Surgeon General Tebault has in his report a detailed account of the imprisonment of President Davis as given by Dr. Craven, who was the physician in charge during the latter part of his stay at Fortress Monroe. Surgeon Craven's diary is a direct contradiction of the account by General Miles of the shackling of Mr. Davis.

The minutes will be supplied at fifty cents, postpaid, by Gen. William E. Mickle, New Orleans, La.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

CAMPS.

Sidney Johnston Camp, Batesville, Ark.	$25 00
Marmaduke Camp, Moberly, Mo.	5 00
Page-Puller Camp, Gloucester C. H., Va.	6 00

CHAPTERS.

John T. Morgan Chapter, Talladega, Ala.	$ 5 00
James F. Fagan Chapter, Benton, Ark.	1 00

INDIVIDUALS.

D. A. K. McDowell, Camden, Ala.	$ 2 00
B. R. Barksdale, Peachburg, Ala.	2 00
R. E. McWilliams, Camden, Ala.	1 00
Mrs. M. P. Peebles, Athens, Ala.	1 00
T. F. Neville, Camden, Ala.	1 00
R. C. Thornton, Three Notch, Ala.	1 00
W. A. George, Three Notch, Ala.	1 00
R. L. Hobby, Union Springs, Ala.	1 00
Dr. T. C. Jones, Athens, Ala.	1 00
R. S. Warnock, Magnolia, Ark.	1 00
B. B. Battle, Little Rock, Ark.	1 00
G. W. Jackson, Lewisville, Ark.	1 00
Lovick P. Miles, Forth Smith, Ark.	2 50
Judge W. E. Hemingway, Little Rock, Ark.	2 00
Judge W. D. Jones, Pine Bluff, Ark.	1 00
J. H. Fraser, Clinton, Ark.	1 00
A. W. Hutton, Los Angeles, Cal.	5 00
Asher Bailey, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
J. H. McCutchen, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Denver, Colo.	6 00
P. N. Jennings, Pensacola, Fla.	2 00
George Whitecotton, Sullivan, Ky.	1 00
John T. Smith, Dry Fork, Ky.	2 50
Alex Macklin, Frankfort, Ky.	20 00
Bedford Macklin, Frankfort, Ky.	5 00
Judge W. L. Jett, Frankfort, Ky.	10 00
Frank Chinn, Frankfort, Ky.	2 00
Mace Lucas, Frankfort, Ky.	1 00
Mrs. Buford Hendricks, Frankfort, Ky.	1 00
Col. William A. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky.	20 00
Capt. A. A. Norris, Louisville, Ky.	1 00
T. M. Dyer, Morganfield, Ky.	1 00
Ben F. Trumbo, Morganfield, Ky.	5 00
Capt. F. M. Sparks, Morganfield, Ky.	1 00
W. J. Gardiner, Morganfield, Ky.	1 00
E. J. Clements, Morganfield, Ky.	1 00



THE SIX DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. S. PORTER WHITSITT, OF NASHVILLE.

Top row: Mrs. E. D. Page, Mrs. A. W. Higley, Miss Jennie Whitsitt. Bottom row: Mrs. James A. Hutchison, Mrs. Phil E. Dunnavant, Mrs. James H. Webb. These six sisters are all members of the Kate Litton Hickman Chapter, U. D. C. The father was a member of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and the mother a sister of Dr. R. H. Harvey, a sketch of whom appears in the Last Roll. Mrs. Higley and Mrs. Dunnavant reside in Portland, Oregon.

J. H. Drury, Morganfield, Ky	$0 50
Harrison Howe, Morganfield, Ky	50
Col. F. B. Brown, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
O. C. Trumbo, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
E. A. Morehead, Morganfield, Ky	50
A. W. Lamond, Morganfield, Ky	50
P. H. Dusold, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
Franklin S. Drury, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
M. D. Morgan, Morganfield, Ky	50
W. R. Matthews, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
William Frazier, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
S. B. Houston, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
J. G. Johnston, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
Judge L. C. Flournoy, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
Maj. Talbott Berry, Morganfield, Ky	1 00
T. B. Clore, Sebree, Ky	1 00
Thomas C. Day, Waverly, Ky	1 00
L. D. B. Able, Waverly, Ky	1 00
J. W. Proctor, Waverly, Ky	1 00
Mrs. Samuel J. Johnson, Waverly, Ky	1 00
W. C. Pemberton, Sturgis, Ky	50
B. F. Saunders, Uniontown, Ky	50
L. G. Reynolds, Uniontown, Ky	1 00
R. W. Crabb, Uniontown, Ky	1 00
J. W. Neel, Henderson, Ky	1 00
T. H. Muncaster, Henderson, Ky	1 00
C. A. Sawyer, Henderson, Ky	1 00
M. M. Lynch, Grove Center, Ky	50
S. H. Bingham, Henshaw, Ky	1 00
H. W. McKee, Repton, Ky	1 00
A. R. Lynn, Arnoldton, Ky	50
W. B. McElroy, Flournoy, Ky	1 00
W. H. Scanland, Benton, La	1 00
C. Marshall, New Orleans, La	6 00
W. C. Wells, Jr., Jackson, Miss	1 00
W. Calvin Wells, Sr., Jackson, Miss	1 00
J. W. Clingan, Jackson, Miss	1 00
Adrian Leroy McCardel, Jackson, Miss	1 00
D. M. Ballard, Raymond, Miss	1 00
Jefferson Davis Fravel, Centralia, Mo	1 00
Col. Thomas E. Snead, Hinsdale, Mont	2 00
Mrs. W. A. Hart, Tarboro, N. C	1 00
W. C. Bradley, Whitakers, N. C	1 00
J W. Biddle, Newbern, N. C	1 00
Arthur Parker, Abbeville, S. C	1 00
D. T. Turner, Jackson, Tenn	1 00
W. N. Key, Jackson, Tenn	1 00
Thomas F. George, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
J. J. Hail, Streetman, Tex	1 00
Mrs. M. O. Lawrance, Hubbard City, Tex	1 00
R. J. Wright, Purdon, Tex	1 00
Sam Uhl, Dallas, Tex	1 00
Capt. J. E. Hawkins, Stephensville, Tex	1 00
John C. Ewell, Bertrand, Va	2 00
M. W. Jewett, Ivanhoe, Va	1 00
J. D. Painter, Ivanhoe, Va	1 00
S. Griffin, Roanoke, Va	1 00
J. D. Jordan, Smithfield, Va	2 50
B. H. B. Hubbard, White Stone, Va	1 00
John V. Rathbone, Parkersburg, W. Va	10 00
Rent from property at Fairview, Ky	7 00

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THE VETERAN.

Mrs. M. D. Goodwin, San Diego, Cal	$ 2 00
Lexington Chapter, U. D. C., Lexington, Ky	5 00
Lon Barnes, Monrovia, Cal	$ 1 00
S. J. Wilkins Chapter, U. D. C., Altus, Okla	5 00
E. H. Walker, Coal Hill, Ark	1 00
Camp Winkler, U. C. V., Corsicana, Tex	10 00
C. P. Rogers, Sr., Letohatchee, Ala	1 00
Dr. M. L. Smiley, Catlettsburg, Ky	1 00
Mrs. C. B. Leavall, Cleveland, Ohio	1 00
Mrs. A. K. Leavall, Cleveland, Ohio	1 00
Mrs. L. Robertson, St. Louis, Mo	1 00
Robert Cross, Hansonville, Va	1 00
John Gregg Camp, U. C. V., Longview, Tex	10 00
C. W. Williams, Spring Creek, W. Va	1 00
Mrs. S. A. Hunley, Baltimore, Md	2 00
J. L. Harris, Mobile, Ala	1 00
J. C. McMahon, Wilkinsburg, Pa	1 00
Richard Vidmer Watson, Belvidere, Ill	1 00

R. G. Brown, J. K. Bivens, J. M. Moberly, Dr. W. L. Marshall, Dr. L. D. Stansberry, $1 each; W. L. Tyson, P. V. Cochran, 50 cents each; J. A. Lane, Dr. D. G. Gunn, 25 cents each—all of Longview, Tex.

TRIBUTES TO NOBLE WOMEN AT MONTEAGLE.

A pathetic lesson is being taught at Monteagle this season by the desolation at the Pilcher cottage, named "Ways Meet." Capt. M. B. Pilcher and wife did more active work collectively and singly perhaps than have any two persons in the history of the Assembly. Their cottage, second in prominence to no other, had been occupied by them every summer for many years.

A fitting memorial service was held on August 9, 1910, by the Woman's Association, of which Mrs. Pilcher had been President continuously since 1887 until her death. Mrs. Pilcher had spent much time before the Assembly season in decoration work about the grounds. Even while President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., she kept up this work, and for several years a leading feature of the Assembly was the "U. D. C. Day."

The service was jointly to Mrs. Pilcher and Mrs. D. M. Russell, the latter of whom had attained her three-score and ten years. A spirited address was made on the occasion by the gifted Miss Josephine Pearson, whose home is at Monteagle, and whose theme was upon the work of Mrs. Pilcher; but of Mrs. Russell she said: "Mrs. Mary Bliss Russell was like her own favorite flower, the violet—she loved best to bloom sweetly in the shade."

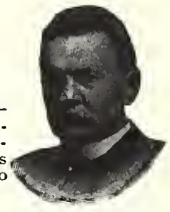
The many splendid women who attended these women's congresses from various States of the South will be interested to know of this service. Mrs. W. W. Carré, of New Orleans, presided, and Mrs. M. M. Gardner and Mr. Brantly Smith, of Nashville, sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and "I'll See Him Face to Face." Mrs. John Bell Keeble, wife of the President of the Assembly, read "A Spray of Rosemary," written by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry Page, of Nashville, and the service was concluded with the song, "God be with you till we meet again."

A late publication contains the story of a certain Nancy Hart as a Confederate spy during the War between the States, of whom a correspondent wishes full information. As nothing can be found of such a character in Confederate history, the VETERAN asks that any of its readers who know anything of this Nancy Hart will kindly write of her. There was a Nancy Hart of Revolutionary fame.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.



SUGGESTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

In writing for the VETERAN bear in mind the absolute necessity of condensation. After writing, go over carefully the manuscript and eliminate all that is unnecessary. With care the average contributor will be surprised as to how much space can be saved. Then write it over in the improved form. That will save some revision by the Editor. Write on good paper. Comrades in some way get the dingiest paper on the market—paper that never should have left the mill except for wrapping purposes.

Don't use the terms "New South" or "Lost Cause." Much as the VETERAN has decried these terms, now and then some young fellow, seeking favor in a Confederate address, will emphasize them. They are almost entirely extinct now by Southern writers, but they are popular terms at the North.

A WORD TO THOSE SENDING MONEY.

It is quite safe in sending one dollar or two to pin the money to the letter. Don't buy postage stamps; they are not safer in any way. Remember, too, that the sending of $2.50 for three years, $3 for four years saves much typesetting on the subscription list, and these remittances are preferable, with the reductions, to sending one dollar each year. Then, too, these longer periods will include any back dues. Look now, please, and see if date by your name is previous to "September 10." If so, please remit or write that you will do so. If all true patrons would do this, the bad ones would be eliminated the sooner.

SUGGESTIONS TO ALL CONFEDERATES.

The Last Roll feature of the VETERAN has become alarmingly prominent. These sketches aggregate at a cost of at least $150 per issue and are given free, save the cost of engravings; so those who get the benefit ought to be liberal in their support—in keeping up their subscriptions and commending the publication to others. A great-hearted brother writes from California, sending sketch of his sister, incloses $15, and states that he will send more if necessary.

Now, to beloved and venerable comrades: So many are dropping out of life without regard to renewal of subscriptions. Won't you say to your family that a notice should be sent the VETERAN when your answer is final and that the family should keep up the subscription?

CONFEDERATES BURIED ON A FARM NEAR CORINTH.—On a farm near Corinth, Miss., now owned by the family of the late Maj. Sam Sharp, are a number of Confederate graves. At the head of one is an iron slab on which is engraved: "A. Dobson; died 1862." These graves are on the grounds where the soldiers of Tennessee were first encamped, about two miles north of Corinth and a few rods from the Corinth and Purdy road. While the graves are untended, they will never be disturbed so long as the present owners keep possession of the land. It was here that Major Sharp camped with his comrades and was elected captain of Company G, 31st Tennessee. The breastworks they erected one Sunday still stand. Any inquiries may be directed to Mr. Jeff Sharp, of Corinth.

GUSHING TRIBUTE TO GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

Dr. E. V. Green, of Martinsville, Ind., sent the sketch of Capt. D. F. Boyd, which appears on the following pages, with a letter from Col. Thomas Tinsley Heath, of Cincinnati. Colonel Heath was a brevet brigadier general in the service, and is a man of liberal mind. In an address before the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion his sentiment is illustrated wherein he referred to "the heavenly music of 'let us have peace' and 'grand to see the great Confederate Robert E. Lee turn his sword into an intellectual pruning hook,'" etc. Colonel Heath pays fine tribute to Colonel Boyd, and concludes: "When Sherman fell, the old-time Confederate made the funeral march from Washington to St. Louis, and in the rain storm Boyd, lingering alone, was the last mourner to shed a tear over the grave of Sherman."

The VETERAN entertains highest hopes for the future through the sentiments of such men as Colonel Heath, and would submit in silence to much that is not in accord with the South's views; but when it comes to praise of General Sherman, the limit is passed. This sketch of Captain Boyd repels fraternal feeling for Sherman, since it establishes that he knew the Southern people so thoroughly. It is repelled indignantly. So much space for the Boyd tribute is not only to give that part of General Sherman's history that is least known, but to establish that his wickedness is all the greater. Accepting that "war is hell" as he made it, and that such was necessary to defeat the South, this Nero was not content with its ravages while necessary to restore the Union; but there came not a time when he indicated the spirit of his superior to "let us have peace," but as he could not have the property of the Southern people confiscated (see a letter to his brother following the Boyd tribute). Senator John Sherman was one of the high lawmakers, and in this letter advice is given by General Sherman that *four millions* of Northern people be sent to the South to possess the land. True, that was during the war, but by the record his vicious soul never relented.

General Sherman will be small, as will all men, in the final reckoning; so these expressions are not of anger, but in deep sorrow. The Editor of the VETERAN knew General Sherman personally, and was treated with genuine courtesy in some correspondence, and he watched anxiously for some testimony, even to the last, that would help the cause of peace, but it came not. There are ardent admirers of General Sherman who have been zealous friends of the VETERAN for years. They are men whose good will is greatly prized, and the VETERAN would gladly pay consistent tribute even to General Sherman if it could be done truthfully.

Captain Boyd was an efficient engineer officer in the Confederate service. While going from one fortified place to another he was captured by "Jayhawkers," and "was sold to the Federals" (see "War Records," Volume XXXIV., page 11) at Vicksburg, and later he was exchanged. The study of his paper on Sherman creates the idea that he was so thoroughly hypnotized by Sherman that he never broke from the spell. He even seemed to praise Sherman for his arbitrary action in driving the bootblack from his bed in a hotel when there were no other beds for guests. This was not a war-time measure, either. Captain Boyd was Northern born, and he was not of us at heart. (See two first lines on page 410.) Then he sent his tribute to Sherman to a friend at the North. Readers of the VETERAN who peruse the sketch will not feel the kinder toward his memory.

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

His Early Life in the South and His Relations with Southern Men.

BY MAJ. DAVID F. BOYD.

General Sherman passed much of his life in South Carolina, Alabama, and Louisiana. He knew the South and its people well. He loved the South, and was highly esteemed in the South. Only his boyhood was spent North in his native State, Ohio; his whole manhood nearly up to the war was spent in the South and in California. His wide circle of friends were mainly army officers and Southern people. Graduating at West Point in 1840, he entered the army, and saw his first service in Florida in the Seminole War. Thence he went to Charleston, S. C., remaining there under Bragg for five years. The Mexican War coming on, he was one of the select few sent around Cape Horn to California. There he remained until 1850. Returning to the States, he was stationed for the next three years at Mobile and New Orleans, when he resigned from the army to become a banker in San Francisco. From 1857 to 1859 he was first a banker in New York and then for a short time a lawyer in Kansas, when he was made Superintendent of the Louisiana Military Academy, near Alexandria, La.

It will thus be seen that in association he was rather a Southern man than a Northern man, most of his early and impressionable life having been spent South and in its early days in California, which was then full of bright, ambitious Southern men. Besides, the majority of army officers were from the South. From his long and intimate association with the people of the South Sherman was no longer a Northern man. In his free and easy manners, warmth of heart, social and hospitable disposition he had become a Southern man; and to say that he loved the South when the war came on and wished to remain there, and left only through sheer sense of duty to the Union, is but stating the fact. Nor did he ever lose his love for the South.

It was my good fortune to be a professor under him for nearly two years at the Louisiana Military Academy, from its organization, in 1859, to the breaking out of the war. Sherman was its first superintendent, organized it and started it, and I was his professor of ancient languages.

The war was then brewing. Sherman was from Ohio and an old-line Whig; I was a Virginia and a Calhoun Democrat. We both watched the political discussions and events very closely; and being rather secluded in the Pine Woods, and entertaining a high mutual respect, we saw much of each other not only officially but personally, and discussed freely the all-absorbing topics of the day. To me it was certainly a treat to listen to his clean-cut and original views on nearly every subject that came up. And, young as I was, intimate association with so strong and fertile a mind, along with his sterling honesty and warm heart, was a rare benefit then and a pleasing memory now. When the world knew but little of him, I looked up to Sherman as a singularly gifted man, his mind so strong, bright, clear, original, and quick as to stamp him a genius, and his heart under his stern, brusque, soldierly exterior the warmest and tenderest. Of a happy nature himself, he strove to make all around him happy, and his integrity and scorn for a mean act were as firm as the rock.

Such was Sherman as I knew him most intimately for two years in the Pine Woods of Louisiana before he became a great figure in American history. I respected and loved him then as I did ever after, though I became a Southern soldier, and I revere his memory now. And as I believe that he was the ablest and best college president I ever knew, so do I believe that he was the master grand strategist of our Civil War.

Sherman's career in Louisiana well illustrates the Southern side of his life. I will give it somewhat in detail.

His application for a position in the military academy was characteristic of him. When Governor Wickliffe and the board of supervisors met on a hot, sultry summer day in 1859 to make the faculty appointments, there were many applications; and after they had waded through a mass of "testimonials"—flattering words of loving, partial friends, genealogies, etc.—such handsome nothings as only enthusiastic Southerners can say of each other and of their ancestors for generations back when an office is in sight, a half-sheet letter was opened and read about to this effect:

"*Governor Wickliffe, President Board of Supervisors—Sir:* Having been informed that you wish a superintendent and professor of engineering in the Military Academy of Louisiana, soon to be opened, I beg to offer myself for the position. I send no testimonials; anybody can get a cartload of such stuff. I will only say that I am a graduate of West Point, an ex-army officer, and that if you care to know further about me I refer you to the officers of the army from General Scott down, and in your own State to Col. Braxton Bragg, Maj. G. T. Beauregard, and Richard Taylor, Esq.

"Yours respectfully, W. T. SHERMAN."

No sooner was this letter read than Sam Henarie, a plain business man and member of the board, exclaimed: "By G-d, he's my man! He's a man of sense. I'm ready for the vote." "But," said Governor Wickliffe, "we have a number more of applications. We must read them all." "Well, you can read them," rejoined Henarie; "but let me out of here while you are reading. When you get through, call me, and I'll come back and vote for Sherman." Sam heard no more "testimonials." Sherman was elected.

Late in the afternoon of the day before the school was to open I reported at the office of the superintendent, Col. W. T. Sherman. He received me very kindly and graciously, took me to eat with him, and in his characteristic way chatted about everything. He was then, as he ever was, the prince of talkers. I fell in love with him at first sight. His appearance then was very striking—tall, angular, with figure slightly bent, bright hazel eyes and auburn hair, with a tuft of it behind that would, when he was a little excited, stick straight out.

Until I met him I had supposed him a Georgian. There was a prominent educator of the name of Sherman in Georgia, and I had thought that he was our superintendent. And when Colonel Sherman corrected me and told me that he was from Ohio, I could but ask, considering the great sectional feeling and excitement over the country, if he was related to the then famous Republican candidate for the speakership of the House, John Sherman "Only a brother," said he; "and I don't care who knows it." Well, from that time on he and I had it hot and heavy on politics, yet always so pleasantly. He believed that the Union was supreme and secession treason; I believed the States supreme and secession a reserved right. For two long years in Louisiana, before secession was attempted, this was the burden of his political talk, with no concealment. We all knew what he would do if war came.

The threatening of secession and war disturbed and pained him more, I really think, than any one I knew. Perhaps Gen. Robert E. Lee felt it as keenly. His views and Sherman's about the relation of the States were identical. History tells the struggle it gave Lee to leave the Union. He went into the Southern army only for the sake of his famliy, his blood.

Had Virginia not seceded, Lee would have commanded the Union army, and what a thrashing Jeff Davis would have got!

But General Sherman's moral courage, his free, outspoken thought commanded the respect of the people of Louisiana. Besides, he was so efficient as chief of the State Military Academy and so universally poular that there was no feeling against him on account of his political views; only a general regret that so good and true a man differed from us.

His intimate friends were among the leading men of Louisiana—such men as Bragg, Beauregard, Dick Taylor, Bishop (General) Polk, Governor Wickliffe, ex-Gov. Paul O. Hebert, his classmate at West Point, Judge Taliaferro, and others outside the parish of Rapides; while in that parish, where the military academy was located, who didn't know him? Who didn't respect him?

The parish of Rapides was noted for its many able men and intelligent, refined people. Upon its original Creole population was engrafted a superior stock of Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, and Kentucky settlers who had prospered and become wealthy. Some of the most distinguished citizens of the State and others equally gifted but less prominent were there or had lived there—men like Josiah Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Dr. Timothy Flint, Fenwick Brent, E. K. Elgee, Henry Boyce, George Mason Graham, William L. Sanford, Gervais Baillis, Dr. John Maddox, Col. Laurence Crain, Gov. Thomas O. Moore, General Sprigg, Jesse Bynum, Thomas C. Manning, Michael Ryan, Dr. Stokes A. Smith, Major Chase, Colonel Blanchard, Dr. Levin Luckett, A. N. Ogden, Josiah Chambers, Dr. George E. French, Lewis Texada, Captain Sollibellos, Dr. A. M. Cockeville, Dr. I. P. Davidson, Dr. John Cassin, the genial, hospitable Archinards, Comptons, and Kearys, the remarkable Wells brothers, Montfort, Jefferson, and Madison, Gen. Leroy A. Stafford, who was killed in the Wilderness, and of whom General Lee in his dispatch to Mr. Davis said, "He fell while leading his brigade with his usual gallantry;" and last, but not least of these and many others, those knightly, courteous men, so much misunderstood, who never gave an insult and never took one, the famous Bowie brothers, James and Rezin, whose fighting qualities bullies ape and their virtues never follow. This strong, brave American element had been refined by contact with the polite, gentle Creole until the people of Rapides had become very superior, very attractive and lovable, and their hospitality was unbounded. Of such were Sherman's friends in Louisiana, such his immediate neighbors and associates. No wonder he loved them and that he was loved by such men. They were kindred spirits.

Besides his sterling character and remarkable social qualities, Sherman was a fine organizer and splendid executive officer. He could organize and run successfully any enterprise, school included, from a sawmill up to an army of 100,000 men. Naturally alert and observing, his long military training and experience had exercised and fixed as a second nature habits of order, precision, promptness, and punctuality. These he impressed on his military academy. Under him it was running beautifully in all its departments. The people of Louisiana recognized it; hence their anxious wish that Sherman remain at the head of the school. One soon saw in him two men—the stern, strict, exacting man of business or duty, and the kind, sympathetic friend and adviser. He made every professor and cadet at the academy keep his place and do his duty; at the same time he was the intimate, social companion and confidential friend of the professor and a kind, loving father to the cadet. All loved him. In the "off hours" from study or drill he encouraged the cadets to look him up and have a talk. And often have I seen his private rooms nearly full of boys listening to his stories of army or Western life, which he loved so well to tell them. Nor could he appear on the grounds in recreation hours without the cadets, one by one, gathering around him for a talk. Nothing seemed to delight him so much as to mingle with us socially; and the magnetism of the man riveted us all to him very closely, especially the cadets. Scarcely a day passed that he did not see each and every one of them personally, asking not only about themselves and all that concerned them at the school, but about their people at home, when they had last heard from them, how they were, and about the crops, etc. And if a cadet felt sick, the loving care and attention he gave him! He was at his bedside several times day and night, watching him closely, consoling and encouraging him. Such interest in his studies and such confidence and affection for him in return I have never seen in any other college president.

Sherman looked well not only to the happiness and health of his charge and to the military discipline and drill, but especially to the progress of the cadets in their academic studies. Besides being superintendent, he was the professor of engineering and drawing. As few cadets were yet sufficiently advanced to take his classes, he devoted much time to instruction in physical geography and American history; and a treat it was, even to his professors, to listen to his clear, instructive, and often original presentation of these subjects.

He had no patience with inefficient teaching, whether from want of ability or too much ability, rendering difficult for the learned savant to come down to the plane of comprehension of beginners. A funny case in point was at the opening of our school. One of the professors, a graduate and late professor of a European university, gave an opening, or inaugural, lecture to his class, the whole school being present. He talked as he might have done to the faculty and seniors of Harvard. I noticed Sherman looking grum and biting his lip; and the lecture over, passing out near him (the world knows he would "cuss" a little now and then), he whispered: "Every d—n shot went clear over their heads."

Himself he was no scholar in the professional sense, not a man of varied and extensive literary and scientific acquirements nor a general reader. He was eminently practical; and whatever subject it was necessary for him to be informed about, his strong, quick mind soon went to the bottom of it. He had a great way of dropping in on his professors at recitation. Nearly every day he would visit our classes; and though he might know nothing of the subject—as of Greek, for instance—his intuition told him whether I knew anything about it and was teaching it well and my boys learning it well. These visits of his (nobody knew when he was coming) stimulated both professor and cadet.

He was a natural-born detective. From the least little clew he would infer what the cadet was doing. Once, I remember, we were strolling in the woods and passed a group of cadets a little distance off. I had observed nothing unusual, when he spoke up: "Those fellows seem a little flushed. They are up to something." I thought no more of it. The next day he called me into his office and said: "You remember those boys we passed yesterday in the woods? They were concocting a plan to rob the henroosts of the neighbors. They have confessed it all to me." And by his everlasting vigilance and quick perception he prevented much petty mischief. He was well named "Tecumseh." The wily old Indian was hardly superior to Sherman in reading the "signs" and divining the

plans of foe or cadet. Years after the war he told me that he had run a bank in California and had commanded an army of 100,000 men, but the hardest job he ever had was running that little school in Louisiana. But he ran it so easily and smoothly that we little dreamed it gave him care or trouble.

In this connection I heard him say that he had learned to command, to decide when in the bank in San Francisco; that he had often there said "yes" or "no" when he didn't know whether he was right or wrong, only he believed he was right; but that it was the time to decide, and that he would rather promptly decide a thing wrong at the right time than to be undecided and put it off. So it was often with him years after in campaign and battle: he was ever prompt and decided. This habit of mind, with his naturally quick and intuitively unerring thought, made him a dangerous antagonist, a great commander.

Sherman had one peculiarity: he could not reason—that is, his mind leaped so quick from idea to idea that he seemed to take no account of the line over which it passed; and if he was asked to explain how he came by his conclusions, it confused him. This weakness, if weakness it can be called, was due to his genius. His mind went like lightning to its conclusions, and he had the utmost faith in his inspirations and convictions. Such minds have no patience with the slow, short steps by which the less gifted must plod along to their laboriously reached conclusions. Sherman reached his conclusions at a bound, and with him that was the end of it. Hence his conversations and letters consisted merely of his opinions or hints of what he thought without elaboration or attempt to give his reasons.

Once, I remember, he asked my opinion about something. I gave it, and then began to give my reasons, when he stopped me with this remark: "I only wanted your opinion. I didn't ask for your reasons; and, remember, never give reason for what you think or do until you must. Maybe after a while a better reason will pop into your head." * * *

As to his religious views, while at the head of the academy Sherman was then a member of no Church, though a firm believer in God and Christ. He generally attended the Episcopal service Sabbath morning in Alexandria, and had the ministers there come out by turns and hold afternoon service at the school. He had great respect for religion and religious services. He died, I believe, a Catholic.

One thing, however, he had no patience with—sending missionaries to heathen lands. I often heard him say that Christianizing the heathens ought to be left to commerce, association, and time; that when they were ready for Christianity they would accept it; and that he would not, if he could, destroy the old faith of the heathen and attempt to give him the new faith of Christianity which he could not yet understand. It was all wrong. It would only make him a worse man and an unhappy man.

Sherman studied the amusements and recreations of his charge. Fond himself of young society and dancing, he gave the cadets frequent hops, the planters and their pretty daughters coming in swarms. They soon got to be as fond of Sherman as his cadets were. They delighted to have him at their homes on the river and bayous, and many an evening did he spend with them, usually accompanied by his handsome young commandant, Maj. Frank Smith (killed in Lee's army the night before the surrender at Appomattox), and his accomplished surgeon, Dr. Powhatan Clarke (now living in Baltimore); while I, not so much of a lady's man, remained behind to run the school.

About half or more of our cadets were Creoles, and people of sweeter disposition and gentler manners never lived. I have had experience with many bodies of students North and South. A lot of Louisiana military cadets are just the nicest and most attractive young fellows a teacher ever had to deal with. Always gentlemanly, always cheerful and affectionate and seldom disobedient, no wonder Sherman loved his boys, and it was such a trial for him to give up them and their warm-hearted, hospitable parents.

No wonder, then, that one so fond of society, especially ladies' society, as Sherman was found it so hard to leave Louisiana. Only a stern sense of duty drove him away.

Gone from me too now are these dear, sweet, gentle people, while my love and respect for them will always endure. Many of the happiest days of my life were spent among them, and I feel that I am the better man for it.

Sherman appreciated the Creoles, was fond of them, and they were fond of him. His free, easy manners, and hearty personal attentions pleased them; their sweet spirit and refined tastes attracted him.

No one ever lived in Louisiana so short a time and commanded so thoroughly the respect; confidence, and love of the people as did Sherman. He was popular with all classes, easily adapting himself to all conditions and to any circumstances. As a case in point, one evening in Alexandria he and I had taken tea with Judge Manning, of the Supreme Court, afterwards United States Minister to Belgium and to Mexico. We were there till late. Sherman was to take the stage early next morning for the mouth of Red River, there to take boat for Ohio to spend the vacation. When we went to the hotel, it was crowded—not a room, not a bed. "But," said he to the clerk, "we must have a bed. I am to take the stage in the morning, and we can't go over the river to the academy even if we wished; the ferryboat isn't running at this time of night." "Indeed, Colonel Sherman," said the clerk, "I am mighty sorry; but I have no place to put you." "But," replied Sherman, "you must make a place; we'll not take 'no' for an answer." After studying awhile, the clerk said: "Well, if you will stay, the best I can do is to turn out the bootblack and give you his bed; but I dislike to offer you such a bed." "No matter about that," said Sherman. "It will do first rate. If the bootblack can stand it every night, we surely can stand it one night." And the bootblack turned out and we turned in, and the bootblack was a darky. But he was a slave; that was the saving clause. * * *

Our session of '59-60 had closed successfully and most pleasantly, with the usual examinations, drills, speeches, and great ball. Sherman made an address; and though he had not then acquired that faculty which afterwards made him one of the best public speakers in the land, he acquitted himself most creditably, even in the opinion of the large number of able and eloquent men who heard him. At the ball Sherman was at his best and in his glory. He loved company—young, gay, happy company—and to feel that he was making all have a happy time. But fathers and mothers of the gay young dancers were there too; also the Governor of the State, the supervisors, and other distinguished guests. None were neglected. Sherman personally welcomed all, saw all, chatted pleasantly with all, and made all feel at home and have a royal good time. It was a treat to his guests, young and old, to see him enjoy their presence so heartily. Wonderful social man was he, prince of entertainers, a warm, generous spirit, all aglow, and a bright, facile mind all devoted to making those around him happy. The ball lasted till broad daylight,

and the beauty and chivalry of Red River went away with admiration and love for Sherman.

But I must tell a funny thing that happened at the examinations. I had an English class, and among other bits of ungrammatical language to be corrected I had put on the board an expression taken from John C. Breckinridge's letter of acceptance as candidate for the presidency. It was good "democracy," but bad "Lindley Murray." Well, old Jesse Bynum, the famous fire-eating Congressman in the days of General Jackson and one of the supervisors of the academy, spied it. Turning to Sherman, he said: "We can forgive you for being in Ohio and even for being the brother of John Sherman, the Republican; but d--d if I like your poking fun at our candidate." Sherman thought it a good joke; he told him it was put there by the only Breckinridge man in the faculty. Old Jesse excused Sherman, but I don't think he ever quite forgave me. Sherman was for Bell for President, but thought Douglas would be elected. He didn't think Lincoln could be. He was farthest from an abolitionist—not even a Republican then.

During this vacation of 1860 I remained at the school attending to his duties for him. It was a pleasant and instructive period for me, for I was in almost daily correspondence with him for three months. In his leisure hours at Lancaster, Ohio, he wrote about any and everything that he thought would be of interest to me as well, of course, as to give me general directions about the business. In one letter he spoke of attending the fair at Cincinnati and of taking more interest in the pigs and pumpkins than in the Prince of Wales, who was also on exhibition. And as the exciting presidential canvass was then going on, he touched much on it. These letters have been preserved. They are but so many vouchers of his forethought, his steadfast and unshaken loyalty to the Union, his horror of disunion (the war cloud was then threatening), his love for his whole country, and especially, I might say, his love for the South and his many friends there.

He returned in the fall, and began a new and more prosperous session than the year before. All was going well at the academy, despite the presidential election and the great excitement throughout the South. But an end had to come to Sherman's career in Louisiana, to all his efficiency at the military academy, and to all the good time, directly and indirectly, which his fine social qualities and his brilliant, instructive conversation gave us. The secession of Louisiana was coming fast upon us.

The question of the leading men of Louisiana was to keep him there at the head of the school, his opposition to secession notwithstanding. Bragg, Beauregard (who had two sons with us), Dick Taylor, Gov. Thomas O. Moore, and others of influence were warm personal friends of Sherman. They wrote him and begged him to stay in Louisiana (I saw the letters at the time), telling him that his opinions were well known; that he would not be asked or expected to take up arms for the South; that no one would molest him; but that all wanted him to remain in Louisiana at the head of the school which he had inaugurated so auspiciously and was conducting so successfully. But he did go, resigning an office with a salary of $4,500 a year and house free of rent to return North a poor man, with nothing assured for the support of his family. This was Sherman's first sacrifice for the Union. Was there another man in all this broad land who under such circumstances would have made such sacrifice? If ever a man was true to a cause first, last, and all the time and under circumstances that would have driven the ordinary strong man from it, Sherman was true to the Union.

I happened to be with him in his private room when his mail came telling us of the actual passage of the ordinance of secession of South Carolina. Sherman burst out crying, and began in his nervous way pacing the floor and deprecating the step which he feared might bring destruction on the whole country. For an hour or more this went on. Every now and then he would stop and, addressing himself to me, exclaim as if broken-hearted: "You, you people of the South believe there can be peaceable secession. If you will have it, the North must fight you for its own preservation. Yes, South Carolina has by this act of secession precipitated war. Other Southern States will follow through sympathy. This country will be drenched in blood. God only knows how it will all end. Perhaps the liberties of the whole country, of every section and every man will be destroyed; and yet you know that within the Union no man's liberty or property in all the South is endangered. Then why should any Southern State leave the Union. O, it is all folly, madness, a crime against civilization! You are driving me and hundreds of others out of the South who have cast our fortunes here, love your people, and want to stay. I have more personal friends in South Carolina and am better known there than I am in Ohio. Yet I must give up all and go away; and if war comes, as I fear it surely will, I must fight your people, whom I best love. You people speak so lightly of war. You don't know what you are talking about. War is a terrible thing. I know you are a brave, fighting people; but for every day of actual fighting there are months of marching, exposure, and suffering. At best, war is a frightful loss of life and property, and worse still is it in the demoralization of the people. And our now free and prosperous country is to be plunged into such horrors. And for what? No real cause whatever. You mistake, too, the people of the North. They are a peaceable people, but an earnest people, and will fight too; and they are not going to let this country be destroyed without a mighty effort to save it. Besides, where are your men and appliances of war to contend against them? The Northern people not only greatly outnumber the whites at the South, but they are a mechanical people, with manufactures of every kind; while you are only agriculturists, a sparse population covering a large territory, and in all history no nation of mere agriculturists ever made successful war against a nation of mechanics. Besides the great preponderance in numbers, the North has almost unlimited advantages over you in mechanical appliances. The North can make anything it needs; you can make scarcely anything you need. You can't make a steam engine, locomotive, or railway bar; hardly a yard of cloth or pair of shoes can you make. Yet you are rushing into war with one of the most powerful, ingeniously mechanical, and determined people on earth right at your doors. You are bound to fail. Only in your spirit and determination are you prepared for war. In all else are you totally unprepared, with a bad cause to start with. At first you will make headway; but as your limited resources begin to fail, and, shut out from the markets of Europe by blockades, as you will be, your cause will begin to wane. The North is many times more powerful than you are; and if your people would but stop to think, they must see that in the end you will surely fail. But, as I have said, in forcing you back into the Union the war necessary to do this may endanger the liberties of all; and I have no heart to think of the dreadful calamity that threatens us. O, it is all so wrong!"

Often during the war (for I was in the Southern army) did the force of Sherman's words, "Where are your men and material of war?" come home to me. I never saw our poor Southern boys, half-naked and half-starved, standing in battle one to four and five, nor rode on a rickety train behind a broken-down engine but I thought of him. Yes, truly is war a mechanical art as well as a fighting art. For the last thirty years we have neglected the mechanics of war; Europe has perfected it. Let us beware how we go to war with a European power.

Governor Moore, even before the passage of the ordinance of secession by Louisiana, had seized the forts in lower Louisiana and the barracks and arsenal at Baton Rouge, with all its munitions of war. Our school was a State ordnance post, and Sherman was still State ordnance officer; and a large consignment of the captured muskets and ammunition was shipped to him. I shall never forget his disgust and mortification that he was thus called upon to take part in what he called "treason." He complained to me most bitterly that the Governor and Bragg, his military adviser, would expect and ask him, as it were, to do such a thing; and his receipt of those arms was his only act of aid and comfort to the Confederacy. Southerner and Confederate as I was, I could but sympathize with him, a victim of circumstances, placed in a false position.

Shortly Louisiana seceded, and his resignation went promptly in. Soon his business affairs were all closed up, with accounts of every kind balanced, and his acquittal given him by the State authorities with great regret. I may truly say all felt in sadness and sorrow the loss of him personally, and all felt that no one could take his place officially. Governor Moore wrote him a feeling letter of regret for the State and himself, and the board of supervisors of the academy and its academic board both passed touching resolutions of like tenor. To me, who had seen more of him and knew him better than any one else did in Louisiana, his leaving was like parting with father and dear, loving friend, both in one person. I never lost this feeling for him a jot or tittle. Our Louisiana brigade, of Ewell's Division, was lying in the red mud of the Rappahannock in April, 1862. A great victory at Shiloh was announced, and Sherman reported among the many killed. Amid the general rejoicing I went off to myself in the Pines and wept like a child over the (supposed) death of my dear, good friend.

And the cadets, how they loved him! The morning he left us at the academy he had his battalion formed. Stepping out in front of them, he made them a short, feeling talk, and then, passing along the line, right to left, bade each and every officer and man (not a dry eye among them) an affectionate farewell. Then, approaching our sad group of professors, he silently shook our hands, attempted to speak, broke down, and, with tears trickling down his cheeks, with another effort he could only lay his hand on his heart and say: "You are all here." Then, turning quickly on his heel, he left us, to be ever in our hearts.

And is it not strange that the very spot Sherman left that morning to go North and enter the Union army was the boyhood home of Albert Sidney Johnston, from which he went to his cadetship at West Point? It was then the Pine Woods residence of his elder brother and guardian, Josiah Johnston, United States Senator, afterwards blown up on a steamer on Red River, who secured for him the cadetship from Louisiana.

General Sherman had the highest respect for General Johnston as a soldier and a man before the war and until his death. There was a character and a force about General Johnston that impressed every one; and it is a serious question with military men, had he lived three hours longer at Shiloh, whether history would have heard so much of Grant and Sherman. But Providence was against us of the South. At the critical moments in Tennessee and Virginia he took from us Johnston and Jackson. How the fate of nations sometimes turns on one man!

Nearly every man and boy of us at the Louisiana Military Academy under Sherman went into the Confederate army, except two, who entered the Union army. Some of us were captured, I among them; and whenever Sherman heard of it, we soon felt his sympathy and his helping hand. He never forgot us. Of all the men I have ever known intimately, he was the greatest and one of the very best. And I am proud of my unique experience—a professor under Sherman and a soldier under Stonewall Jackson.

Some years after the war (in February, 1869) General Sherman visited his old academy in Louisiana, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lizzie Sherman, and his adjutant general, Col. L. M. Dayton, and his young wife. I was then the superintendent of the school. We gave him a hearty welcome, professors and cadets all showing him and his party much attention and feeling honored that so distinguished a man, of world-wide fame, had been their first superintendent; and especially were they pleased that, despite the war, with all its heartrendings and animosities, he still felt so much interest in the academy as to come all the way to Louisiana to visit it. And his old friends in Alexandria and vicinity were glad to welcome him to Louisiana and their homes, Judge Ryan giving a splendid party in his honor.

Gen. Mason Graham, so long president of the academy board, and living eleven miles up on Bayou Rapides, was too ill to come down to Alexandria to see him. But Sherman must see his dear old friend. So Dr. Powhatan Clarke, putting four good horses to his open barouche, took him safely up to Tyrone through the terrible mud. The meeting between Sherman and Graham was touching in the extreme. They had long been devoted friends, and ever were. Graham was a Virginian of the old Graham and Mason families, and his father was for a time acting Secretary of War under Mr. Madison. He was a Virginian of the first water. It is hard to conceive of a finer bred man or one of stronger character and warmer heart. He was the half-brother of General Mason, the military Governor of California, and whose adjutant general Sherman was. A cadet at West Point and an officer in the Mexican War, he was widely known in the old army. He and Dr. Davis were cadets of the same class, Albert Sidney Johnston their captain, with Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston fellow-cadets, and he was devoted to them, as he was to Sherman.

Just as Sherman was about stepping into Clarke's barouche to go up to Graham's plantation an old soldier of his, but then a politician under the new "reconstruction" régime, stepped up to him and begged to see him aside privately. He was all anxiety for Sherman's safety, and asked if it was possible that he was going to ride through the country up to Tyrone; that he himself would not dare attempt it. Sherman replied that he was going, and that, instead of being in any danger, he felt that everybody along the road would be glad to see him; but that as for him and the rest of the carpet-baggers, he wouldn't blame the people much if they did kill them.

Sherman remained with us several days, enjoying meeting his old friends and the new people who had come in since his day and everybody enjoying his talks. On his return I

accompanied him and his party as far as New Orleans. But a sad duty also took me there. While the General was with us at school a great affliction befell us. One of our professors, a bright young relative, long in bad health, died. I was accompanying his heartbroken widow with his remains to see her safe on her sad journey back to Virginia. We reached the mouth of Red River after midnight on the steamer Stonewall, heavily laden with cotton. It was a dark and stormy night. All had retired in the cabin but Robinson, the librarian of our academy, who was with us, and myself. He proposed that we go up to the "Texas" and get a cup of coffee before retiring. On opening the door, to our horror we found the top of the table all ablaze. The spirits lamp under the coffee urn had exploded. In a minute we had the fire extinguished. Then, turning to Robinson, I said: "For God's sake, Robinson, we must never breathe this!" No one on the boat ever knew of it, and I have never mentioned it, even to this date, except to a very few. General Sherman never heard of it. I could but think, had that boat been burned and General Sherman lost, what might not the country have thought. For a moment I never was so frightened in my life nor so relieved. In my nervousness I did not sleep that night.

The buildings of the academy were destroyed by fire in October of this year, and the school under the name of "The Louisiana State University" was transferred to Baton Rouge. Sherman visited us there twice, in 1871 and again in 1879. Till his death he never lost his interest in it, and it was largely due to him that the United States barracks and arsenal buildings and executive grounds were turned over to the university in 1886. Besides, he was continually donating to the library valuable books, maps, and papers. Altogether he was the best, most useful, and most disinterested friend the school ever had.

LETTER THAT SHOWS HIS LOVE (?) FOR THE SOUTH.

The following letter was written by General Sherman to his brother, Senator John Sherman, and appeared in the VETERAN for November, 1906. It is reproduced in connection with Captain Boyd's tribute:

"MEMPHIS, TENN., August 13, 1862.

"*My Dear Brother:* I have not written to you for so long that I suppose you think that I have dropped the correspondence. For six weeks I was marching along the road from Corinth to Memphis, mending roads, building bridges, and all sorts of work. At last I got here and found the city contributing gold, arms, powder, salt, and everything the enemy wanted. It was a smart trick on their part thus to give up Memphis that the desire of gain to our Northern merchants should supply them with the things needed in war. I stopped this at once and declared gold, silver, treasury notes, and salt as much contraband of war as powder. I have one man under sentence of death for smuggling arms across the lines, and hope Mr. Lincoln will approve it. But the mercenary spirit of our people is too much, and my orders are reversed and I am ordered to encourage the trade in cotton, and all orders prohibiting gold, silver, and notes to be paid for it are annulled by orders from Washington. Grant promptly ratified my order, and all military men here saw at once that gold spent for cotton went to the purchase of arms and munitions of war. But what are the lives of our soldiers to the profits of the merchants?

"After a whole year of bungling, the country has discovered that we want more men. All knew it last fall as well as now, but it was not popular. Now 1,300,000 men are required when 700,000 were deemed absurd before. It will take time to work up these raw recruits, and they will reach us in October, when we should be in Jackson, Meridian, and Vicksburg. Still, I must not groan. I have purposely put back, and have no right to criticise, save that I am glad the papers have at last found out that we are at war and have a formidable enemy to combat.

"Of course I approve the confiscation act, and would be willing to revolutionize the government so as to amend the article of the Constitution which forbids the forfeiture of land to the heirs. My full belief is that we must colonize the land *de novo*, beginning with Kentucky and Tennessee, and should remove 4,000,000 of our people at once south of the Ohio River, taking the farms and plantations of the Rebels. I deplore the war as much as ever; but if the thing has to be done, let the means be adequate.

"Don't expect to overrun such a country or subdue such a people in one, two, or five years. It is the task of half a century. Although our army is thus far South, it cannot stir from our garrisons. Our men are killed and captured within sight of our lines. I have two divisions here, mine and Hurlbut's, about 13,000 men. I am building a strong fort, and think this is to be one of the depots and bases of operations for future movements. * * *

"We must colonize and settle as we go South, for in Missouri there is as much strife as ever. Enemies must be killed or transported to some other country."

In printing Captain Boyd's tribute to General Sherman the purpose is rather to show his inconsistency with whatever of kindness at heart Boyd may attribute. Many Southerners have had charity toward Federal officials, believing they did not know the Southern people; but as to General Sherman, his association with representative men of the South makes his villainous deeds all the more reprehensible. The VETERAN pleads for peace, but the career of General Sherman after the war passes its limit of conservatism. His autocratic conduct in the hotel mentioned by his friend, Captain Boyd, in demanding accommodations while a civilian varies from the "golden rule." The more he knew of the Southern people before the war makes less excusable his bitterness on and through reconstruction and to the end of his life. Comment upon his bitterness is made in sorrow. There seems to be a consensus of opinion that he was the severest high official of the Union side. He was not only bitter during the war, but—aside from kind words about Gen. J. E. Johnston and a very few others—he seemed unrelenting against the prostrate people whom he had professed to esteem.

When Sherman made his destructive march to the sea, he took in Milledgeville, Ga., where his men did many mean things. One of the regiments occupied the Episcopal Church as barracks, and some of the soldiers poured gallons of molasses down the organ pipes. Many efforts have been made to cure the "wheezing" caused by the molasses. Recently a new rector was appointed, and conditions were investigated.

The little daughter of Mrs. Bland, the organist, who was named "Nylic," after one of George W. Perkins's most famous organizations of life insurance, without the knowledge of any one, wrote the story of the molasses-treated organ to Mr. Perkins, an associate of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who replied by telegraph, ordering a new organ at his personal expense. This has been done, and a beautiful-toned twenty-one-hundred-dollar organ has been installed.

GEN. J. B. HOOD.

ADDRESS TO CAMP BEAUREGARD, U. S. C. V., NEW ORLEANS, BY HENRY E. ELDER.

The name of this distinguished Confederate soldier recalls to the mind of those who knew him his sad, stern face after the Civil War. All its vanished hopes, all its dazzling dreams, all its noble sacrifices, all its unavailing heroism were reflected in that patient, suffering countenance beneath its unseen crown of gallantry and glory.

Although born in Kentucky, Louisiana claims General Hood as her own for reasons manifold, and as one of us I speak of him to-night. Entering West Point in 1849, he graduated in 1853 in the class of Sheridan, McPherson, and Schofield, all of whom became noted Federal commanders. He sailed immediately from New York to join his regiment in San Francisco, and it is amusing to read how, proud of his position as an officer in the United States army, he called a carriage to take him to his hotel. The driver's charge was twenty dollars in gold, and our sensible young lieutenant, whose pay was only about sixty dollars a month, put his pride and his purse in his pocket and went on foot to his new quarters.

One of his earliest appointments was at Fort Jones, in California, where he and an associate officer, Lieutenant Crook, entered into a partnership very strange and unusual for dashing young officers. They secured land, sowed a large crop of wheat, and alternated their time between farming and soldiering. The sequel of this undertaking—a splendid example of industry vs. idleness, of manly labor vs. camp life inertia—was as follows: Lieutenant Hood was ordered to Missouri, leaving the farm in charge of his friend, Lieutenant Crook. This name, the farmer-soldier, does not suggest what my hearers doubtless anticipate; for in 1855 Lieutenant Hood received a draft of one thousand dollars in gold as his share of the profit in the wheat crop cared for by his true friend and honorable associate.

At another time, tired of camp life in Missouri, Lieutenant Hood went in search of hostile Indians. As told by Hood himself, it appears to have been an unnecessary waste of life and time, for he reaped a result very different from his wheat venture. He found the red men sure enough after terrible hardships to man and beast, and came near having a Custer tragedy. Out of his small command, only twenty-five men, he had two killed and five wounded, including himself. The Indians numbered more than fifty (some say a full hundred warriors), so that the result was truly surprising. It is not left to me, however, to criticise the escapade, as General Twiggs in an order of August, 1857, wrote: "Lieutenant Hood's affair was a most gallant one, and much credit is due to both officers and men."

In 1860 Hood was ordered to report for duty as chief of cavalry at West Point. This was a signal honor, a much-sought-for position by almost every officer; but Hood declined it. His reason showed his Southern feelings, for he felt that hostilities might arise between the States, and wished entire freedom to act as his heart and mind dictated.

When war broke out between the two sections and Kentucky, his native State, took no decided action in the matter, Hood, who was in love with Texas "because of its vast and undeveloped resources," adopted that State as his home and entered the Confederate service under the Lone Star banner.

His first experience in the new field of action was his appointment by Colonel Magruder to the command of several batteries around Yorktown. There had been provided neither tent nor quarters for the commander; hence Hood sat all night on his trunk out on the sand, and thus tasted the first hardships which later filled his cup to the very brim. For many months Major Hood continued to do outpost duty under Colonel Magruder, always alert in any emergency and brave almost to rashness. At length he was called to Richmond, was appointed colonel, and directed to form the 4th Texas Infantry Regiment from all the detached companies which had come from that State. During the winter of '61 and '62 Colonel Hood was constantly zealous in instructing and caring for his men. His directions in regard to conduct in camp, on the field of battle, and within towns show how true men can be at the same time perfect gentlemen as well as bravest of soldiers. And throughout his varied experiences Hood was always a strict observer of his own magnificent teachings.

On March 7, 1862, Colonel Hood became a brigadier general, and was assigned to the command of his dearly loved Texas Brigade. This brigade was first brought under fire in May, and this fine body of men gave General Hood no uneasiness in regard to their discipline or gallantry. The engagement was that called "Eltham's Landing," and the report of Maj. C. W. Smith was: "The brunt of the contest was born by the Texans, and to them is due the largest share of the honors of the day at Eltham's." In this affair General Hood was under the drawn musket of a corporal of the enemy as the General stood in front of his line giving orders to his men; but before the corporal could send his fatal shot a Texas private, John Deal, sprang to the rescue, and killed the corporal within a few feet of his intended victim.

A charge of Hood's Brigade at Cold Harbor cannot be read without a thrill of admiration for such matchless gallantry. Here are Jackson's remarks upon the wonderful achievement, prompted by General Lee's question to Hood: "Can you break this line of the enemy? It must be done." Jackson's official report: "In this charge, in which upward of a thousand men fell. killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment was captured, the 4th Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce this stronghold and seize the guns." And on the next day, surveying the ground on which Hood and his intrepid soldiers struggled and won, Jackson out of the fullness of his heart exclaimed: "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed."

I need not follow Hood and his brigade to Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Boonsboro, and Antietam, to recount their bravery, their endurance, and their glory, but report a lively incident near Manassas. Hood's men had marched all night without sleep, and on this occasion, going into bivouac on a slope of a hill, they fell exhausted and asleep as soon as they touched the ground. In the midst of the stillness and darkness then prevailing some one kicked over an empty barrel, and it went rolling and bounding down the hill toward the Texans in their almost deathlike slumber. At the same moment an old gray mare dashed up the hill, loaded with kettles, tin cups, and frying pans, making an unearthly clatter, at which the Texans, victorious at Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill, sprang to their feet, deserted their guns, ran over and leveled a well-built fence, and rushed ahead several hundred yards before they awoke sufficiently to recover their wits and boldly march back, convulsed with laughter. This incident gave rise to a song well known by the Texan soldiers—namely, "The Old Gray Mare Came Tearing Out of the Wilderness."

A casual conversation between Jackson and Hood seemed

prophetic. The two officers were riding toward General Lee's headquarters when Hood was asked by Jackson if he expected to live to see the end of the war. Hood replied that he did not feel sure, but in case he survived he expected to be badly shattered. Jackson in return remarked that he did not expect to live through the contest, and, moreover, that he could not say that he desired to do so. The battered frame of General Hood and the untimely death of Jackson fulfilled their predictions.

Then came Fredericksburg, Suffolk, Gettysburg, Chickamauga; all show their record of bravery pushed to recklessness and of gallantry that defied death. General Hood was shot from his saddle repeatedly, but he arose from his hospital bed after each affair as full of courage as when he first entered the service. For three years he was the idol of his men, beloved by his associates and his superior officers; so that in spite of crippling wounds and waning hopes, he still said that his army life had "been over a smooth sea."

Then came the Atlanta siege and General Johnston's bitter accusations, which belittled his character as a man and a soldier. Grave charges were made against General Hood, who, as we all know, superseded General Johnston in command of the Army of Tennessee.

Was Johnston right in trying to wear out the enemy by delays and retreats, etc., or was General Hood wrong in his active, dashing conduct in the siege of Atlanta? Opinion is so divided that a satisfactory answer may never be given.

Johnston, we know, fell back from Dalton to Resaca, to Adairsville, to Allatoona, to Kennesaw, to the Chattahoochee, to Atlanta, and on to Jonesboro. Rome lost, with its valuable mills, foundries, and large quantities of military stores.

This may have been wise maneuvering; but it was so much territory lost to the Confederacy, with its stores, factories, foundries, and was calculated to make people howl for some bold action, some brave repulse, some daring commander. President Davis thought so too, and General Hood was to work the spell. He failed, and Atlanta was lost. Doubtless the enemy would have taken it from Johnston; but as it was taken from Hood, all the blame fell to him.

It would take too long to tell this story well. President Davis sent General Johnston the question: "Do you mean to surrender Atlanta without a fight?" The reply was unsatisfactory, and brought about his removal. God alone knows the real solution; but there was dealt then and there a death-blow to the Confederate cause. If we read Pollard, the removal of General Johnston was a "fatal error." If we read President Davis's "Rise and Fall," we see that the clamor against Johnston was something alarming; and thus, against his own inclination, Mr. Davis removed the older general and placed General Hood in command. This act of the Confederate government clearly meant that the commander of the Army of Tennessee, whoever he was, must fight and not keep on retreating. Therefore our logical deduction is that no blame attaches to General Hood. He risked everything in order to obey the implied instructions of his superiors, and a soldier can do no less.

Johnston's Fabian policy, as it was called, did not satisfy the Southern people, much as his soldiers believed in him. Hood understood well that he was expected to fight, and fight furiously. He lost, popular feeling turned against him, and his cup of bitterness was full to overflowing. Yet he obeyed the voice of authority, and to the insistent blame of the Southern people therefore, in my opinion, General Hood needs no apologist. He need not have raised any plea in his behalf. Obedience being the highest duty of a soldier, he was nobly faithful to its unmistakable command.

We all know his record after the war. Quiet, resigned, and unassuming, with an almost broken heart and a cruelly mutilated body, he entered commercial life and struggled manfully to the end. His settled life was passed in our midst, ideally beautiful, and "Hood's Brigade" was called to mind by the large band of loving children who blessed his happy home. To-day, proud of their father's name, they know it stands among the bravest and the truest, and to those who can recall to mind his pathetic countenance it seems to be the fittest symbol of that sad, silent end of the Southern Confederacy.

[The foregoing interesting address by Mr. Elder will be read with interest and sympathy, but there will be disappointment that he says nothing of the Tennessee campaign. General Hood was not so criticised for his defeats in battles around Atlanta as for his failure to fight at Spring Hill and then for the disastrous battle of Franklin, and again for waiting in front of Nashville for the organization of one of the largest armies in the history of that great war. The VETERAN has never criticised General Hood out of sympathy mainly for his bodily afflictions. Its editor recalls the spirit of the army on November 29, 1864, when it seemed certain that Schofield's army would be cut in two at Spring Hill and much of it captured. The inaction just at the most critical moment of the Army of Tennessee has never been explained, and may never be. It seemed fate. Private soldiers were dismayed, for it seemed that nine out of every ten of them could have ordered that army to victory. At Franklin General Hood evidently believed that he could crush the Federal forces and maybe get Nashville without a fight. The tragedy at Nashville, it may be, could not have been averted. It was evidently fatal to wait, and a more orderly retreat would hardly have succeeded. What a pity that General Hood did not quote General Lee after the defeat at Gettysburg and admit that "It was all my fault!"—EDITOR VETERAN.]

GEORGIA HELPS TO HONOR GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

Mrs. M. J. Elrod, of Dalton, Ga., writes that the Legislature of that State has recently appropriated $2,500 toward a monument to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. In addition to this, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that section have secured about $1,700, and now need only $900 to have the fund complete. Appeal is made to Camps, Chapters, and friends in general to contribute to this undertaking, so that the monument may be unveiled next year. This tribute to the great commander of the Western Army should have quick response by those who served under him. Let every man who served under General Johnston and admired him contribute his influence at least to the worthy tribute proposed. Let's not stop short of a bronze statue to General Johnston at Dalton, Ga. There is not a more fitting place for such a monument.

Mr. Tarver, of Whitfield County, Ga., introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives appropriating two thousand five hundred dollars for the monument to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston which is to be erected at Dalton. This resolution was carried by a vote of one hundred and eleven to twenty-four. Mr. Tarver explained that the Daughters of the Confederacy had begun this work, and were meeting with gratifying success; but he thought that the State of Georgia should show its patriotism by giving liberally to the great enterprise. The bill provides that the title to the monument and ground shall be vested in the State.

SOUTHERN DEAD AT ALTON, ILL.

The old State prison of Illinois was located at Alton; but it had been unused till the Civil War, when the Federal authorities found that they needed more prison room, as the prisons at St. Louis were becoming overcrowded, and several hundred Confederates were taken to Alton on the river steamers and placed under guard of the 13th United States Infantry. Besides the many soldiers who were confined there, there were a number of civilians who had offended against the United States laws and much of the riffraff who were under sentence. Of these, many died, nearly fifteen hundred of the Confederate soldiers being buried there.

A clipping from a Northern paper says that the government had erected an eight-thousand-dollar granite monument at Alton, but that the cemetery itself was neglected—a mass of briers, weeds, and sunken graves. A letter from W. H. Ailson, of St. Louis, comments on this clipping as follows:

"It was my privilege to visit this sacred spot last Sunday, and I am pleased to write that I found the cemetery in far better condition than the article gives. There is a splendid new iron fence around it, except where the entrance will be. I did not understand whether the government put the fence up or not, but it is such excellent work I should judge it did. There is no brush or shrubbery, the grounds being practically free of weeds, with a good blue grass and clover sod.



"Confederate Monument," Alton, Ill.

"The monument is of gray granite, but not a solid shaft. It has a beautiful base and stands about twenty feet high, beginning at the ground. On all four sides of the base are bronze tablets, splendidly executed, giving the name, regiment, and State of the dead. I understand it is unusually correct, for fortunately the hospital records were preserved. This was told me by a gentleman who helped prepare it.

"There is a small Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Alton and a near-by town, and they have been unceasing in their efforts to get this monument and have the cemetery inclosed. They have nearly a thousand dollars to complete the entrance and erect a memorial gate. They deserve all the credit and honor that can possibly be accorded them, for those entertaining their sentiments are not nearly so numerous as in Dixie. I think there is a small appropriation by the government for the care of it. There is a prominent notice by the government against trespassing. There is a bronze tablet upon the shaft; I have forgotten the wording on it, but it is very appropriate. There seem to be more dead from Arkansas than any one State. There are about fourteen hundred names, alphabetically arranged, of the known dead.

THE THINNING RANKS.

BY GRACE GISH, GALAX, VA.

Thinner and thinner the long line grows,
More silver the lock on the bending head;
Marble in speaking silence shows
The resting place of the honored dead.
Yet still is their banner flowing,
Caressed by the south winds blowing.

Thinner and thinner the long line grows;
Time halts not in his ruthless play;
Over the soldier's pathway throws
Sunset hues of departing day,
Gilding all with a splendor
Only well-spent life can render.

Thinner and thinner the long line grows;
Many are passing year by year.
The shadowy distance pleasant glows;
Others have gone. Why linger here
Where the waves of time beat dreary
And the heart is often weary?

Thinner and thinner the long line grows;
But their flag waves on in the same old way
Over the faithful hearts and true,
Over the marching "boys" in gray,
Who are firm and brave as ever,
Bound by ties that none can sever.

Thinner and thinner the long line grows;
One by one they are mustered out.
Silently, softly each one goes
Far from the noise of battle's shout
To the sleep that knows no waking
Till the dawn of judgment's breaking.

Thinner and thinner the long line grows;
No more is the rousing bugle heard,
Nor the falling leaves which the night wind strews
By the martial step of the soldier stirred;
But the sunshine rests in gentle ray
Still on the flag they bore that day.

Thinner and thinner the long line grows;
The chosen number less and less.
Our age, the greatest of debtors, owes
Laudings and praises all to bless
Those 'neath the grave grass sleeping
And those now the watch still keeping.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MONTICELLO, GA.

Through untiring efforts the Monticello Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, have erected one of the prettiest piles of Georgia granite, exquisitely carved, that can be found anywhere. It stands as a reminder of the high esteem and respect with which the old soldiers of the Confederacy are held by us, and it redounds to the glory of our women who expended so much time and energy in raising the shaft to our heroes.

On April 6, 1910, amid festoons of Confederate colors and flags adorning the Public Square, in the presence of many old soldiers, battle-scarred, worn, and gray, and a countless throng, with the band playing "Dixie" and Rebel yells and a chorus by thirteen little granddaughters of the Confederacy, the cord was pulled and a magnificent granite monument stood unveiled. It was dedicated in loving memory to the old soldiers of the Confederacy. A more propitious or imposing ceremony was never before witnessed by the town and county. It was a memorable day in the history of Jasper County.

The exercises were held in the auditorium of the courthouse. At eleven o'clock Hon. Harvie Jordan, master of ceremonies, made a short address, full of pathos and power. Rev. William D. Cornwell invoked the divine blessing. In a most eloquent and tender manner the minister returned thanks for the benefits and most sacred privileges of the day, for the great men who had gone before, and the good and pure women of the land. Then the choir sang, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Miss Alice Baxter, Georgia State President U. D. C., delighted the assembly with her well-chosen remarks upon the valor and fortitude of the old Confederate soldier, and her words of commendation were received with enthusiasm.

General Harrison, who commanded the legions from Jasper County during the war, as orator of the day delivered an eloquent, beautiful address. The audience cheered as he recounted the deeds of self-sacrifice and devotion of the old soldiers during the great struggle of the sixties. He did not apologize for the course of the Southern States during that period of her history, but he sang the praises of those valiant and heroic sons who fought so hard in that righteous cause. He recounted some personal experiences and incidents of the war, which the old soldiers cheered heartily. He went quite fully into the details of the war, and said that the world had never produced better soldiers than the boys who wore the gray, and no country had ever known such women as the mothers, sisters, and daughters of the men who went to war to defend homes and firesides.

Master Leland Jordan delivered "The Daughter of Dixie the Preserver of the Faith" in a most pleasing manner.

Mrs. H. C. Hill, Honorary President, alluding to the heroism and loyalty of the soldiers of the Southland in the civil strife, presented the monument to the town and county in words full of tokens of love and esteem.

On behalf of the Confederate veterans of Jasper County Maj. O. G. Roberts accepted the monument, and thanked the ladies for their untiring efforts and zeal which they had displayed in procuring the necessary funds. His acceptance was full of appreciation and thanks for the gift that the ladies had that day raised in memory of the cause which was so dear to his heart. Hon. E. H. Jordan, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, and Mayor Monroe Phillips accepted the monument in behalf of Jasper County and the city of Monticello. The music rendered by the Monticello brass band was very patriotic and pretty. Rev. R. M. Dixon pronounced the benediction.

Dinner was served at two o'clock by the Daughters to all the Confederate veterans in attendance, more than two hundred of whom were present, and it was a veritable love feast. The dinner consisted of Georgia barbecue with many other



THE MONTICELLO CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

dishes, all prepared in the most elegant manner, and served by the Daughters themselves.

The magnificent shaft was designed by Mr. E. B. Freyer, special designer of the McNeel Marble Company. It stands thirty-two feet high and is made of finely polished granite from the quarries of Elbert County, Ga., with an imported Italian marble statue on each of the east and west sides. On the south side of the pedestal is inscribed: "Crowns of roses fade, crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity, the triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten; the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations." On the north side is seen a Confederate battle flag with the inscription: "To the Confederate soldiers of Jasper County, the record of whose sublime self-sacrifice and undying devotion to duty in the service of their country is the proud heritage of a loyal posterity."

"In legend and lay our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us."

All honor and praise is due to the brave Daughters through whose efforts the funds were raised for the erection of the monument. Every penny of the cost of the monument was paid before the date of the unveiling.

The monument is one of the handsomest ever erected in this State, and reflects great credit on those who designed and built it, and is a fitting and lasting testimonial to the gallant Confederate soldiers of Jasper County.

The population of Monticello considered (a little over 1,000), the achievement is remarkable.

THE BATTLE OF FORT SUMTER.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE FRANKLIN (TENN.) CHAPTER, U. D. C., BY MRS. SUSIE PENNAL BEATY.

Among all her fields of historic interest, America has no spot fraught with more suggestive memories than the city, harbor, and environs of Charleston, S. C. Here sounded the first keynote of the Civil War, here the storm clouds that had been gathering for forty years first discharged their thunderbolts, and here began that exhibition of skill, bravery, and endurance which astonished the civilized world. The month of April, 1861, witnessed the first clash of arms.

The election of Lincoln, the secession of South Carolina, the failure of the commissioners to obtain peaceable possession of the property claimed by the State, the midnight removal of Major Anderson from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, the endeavors of the United States government to provision that stronghold, the firing on the Star of the West, the departure from New York of a fleet of armed vessels to menace Charleston—these and other incidents had stirred the blood of the people to fever heat. Charleston was thronged, business was practically suspended, and anxious groups were congregated from morning until night to gather news from the telegrams flitting between Charleston and Montgomery, the then Confederate capital. A great amount of military enthusiasm prevailed. Not to be a soldier or in some way identified with the cause was to be an object of scorn or suspicion. From pulpit, court, and schoolroom, from library and workshop, from barren sand hills and populated cities thousands poured forth to vie with each other in a desire to fight for the cause.

Without uniforms, wearing no insignia save the palmetto tree, crescent, or cockade, marching with irregular steps, graybeards and youths, grandsires and children—such were the people who dared to cross lances in mortal combat with the legions of the North. General Beauregard, of New Orleans, was in command. Looking from the city down the harbor could be seen the then comely shape of Fort Sumter, the only resting place of the stars and stripes in South Carolina. Opposite to the fort was the battery on Morris Island; to the north of Fort Sumter, only seventeen hundred yards distant, was Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, mounting thirty-eight guns—in fact, the whole coast was lined with protective and defensive works hastily equipped. On the 8th of April President Lincoln sent a messenger to Governor Pickens informing him that provisions would be sent to Fort Sumter, "peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary." General Beauregard was instructed to demand the evacuation of the fort, and in case of refusal to resort to arms.

The formal request was made on the 11th of April; the expected refusal was received, and then Beauregard notified Major Anderson, the United States officer in command of the Federal troops in Fort Sumter, that at 4:30 o'clock on the morning of the 12th he would "open fire." The bloody line was drawn. The utmost activity prevailed, cannon rumbled through the streets, companies of troops from the interior of the State arrived on every train, the students of the South Carolina University at Columbia, the Citadel Cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy, the "West Point of the South," along with student bodies from other schools over the State, arrived to take part in the fray.

Charleston slumbered lightly on the night of the 11th. There was no noise, no commotion, no confusion; everything was arranged for the battle of the morrow. The gas jets burned low in the homes, and many a pillow was wet with the tears of gentlewomen praying in the stillness of the night for the loved ones sleeping at the guns. The morn of April 12 arrived. The hour of action was at hand. As the curtains of the night were drawn aside and the bells of the city struck one, two, three, four, a group of soldiers gathered around a cannon in Fort Johnson, on Morris Island. Watch in hand, the officer in command awaited the approach of the half hour when the signal gun was to sound the tocsin of civil war; and as the last second of the last minute was recorded, there was a flash of light, the thunder of a gun, an eleven-inch shell traced its way toward Fort Sumter, quickly followed by others, and the battle was begun. The first gun was discharged by Capt. George S. Jones and the second by Lieut. Hampton Gibbs.

The population of Charleston, startled by the roar of the guns, leaped from their beds and rushed to the water front. Grave citizens, dressing as they ran, gave vent to their enthusiasm by wild hurrahs. Men without coats, women without crinoline, and children in their nightgowns were grouped in a heterogeneous mass on the beautiful "battery," the fashionable promenade.

For two hours the Confederate batteries pounded the walls of Fort Sumter without a response. Then as the sun rose from parapet and casemate poured a rain of iron hail. Fort Sumter had opened fire! The battle raged with fury, and the fiery messengers from both sides followed each other with spiteful fury. All day the cannonade continued, and by sunset Fort Sumter was badly disabled.

Through the night the Confederate batteries fired only at intervals of twenty minutes each; but Major Anderson and his men were so exhausted that they did not return the fire. Among the distinguished men present were Col. Thomas Sumter, the grandson of the "game cock of the Revolution," after whom the fort was named, and the venerable Edmund Ruffin, who had journeyed from Virginia to take part in the battle, and was therefore allowed to fire the first shot against Fort Sumter from the iron battery.

All night fires were kept burning in the harbor to detect the launches of the distant fleet should they attempt to relieve the Federal garrison. Side by side, smoke-begrimed and working the heavy guns, stood the elegant South Carolina gentlemen of wealth and leisure and the poorer class of whites from the hills, clergymen and their deacons, rich wholesale merchants and their clerks, wealthy planters, journalists, judges, Legislators, public officials of town and country—all proud to serve as soldiers in the ranks. While the light from the fires illumined the darkness for miles around, the rain fell in torrents, the wind howled weirdly and drearily among the sand hills, and so ended the first day of real war.

The second day of the battle, April 13, 1861, dawned clear, balmy, and refreshing. The flags of each of the combatants were still flying in stately defiance, and the first sunbeams were greeted by the thundering intonations of heavy artillery engaged in the strife. The effect of the first day's bombardment of Fort Sumter could be distinctly seen. The parapet was cut away, guns disabled, and the general outline of the fort badly damaged. Within the fort the last of the rice and pork had been cooked that morning, and the larder was bare.

At seven o'clock the battle broke out with renewed fury, and gun answered gun spitefully. Outside of Fort Sumter across the bar eight United States war vessels, manned by thirteen hundred and eighty men, lay at anchor. The firing continued steadily until eight o'clock, when it was observed that the fort was on fire. The cannonade from Fort Sumter

now became slow and irregular, for the men within were busily fighting the flames. About twelve o'clock the flames seemed to abate, but all the morning Major Anderson had continued to fire at intervals; and so impressed were the Confederates with his pluck and daring that at every flash from the muzzle of his guns they would leap on the breastworks and send up cheer on cheer for the gallant Federal officer. Three times the flag had been lowered as a signal of distress to the Federal fleet; but there was no response, and it was left to General Beauregard to render the assistance for which a call had been made. Col. Stephen D. Lee, Col. William Porcher Miles, and Col. Roger A. Pryor were promptly dispatched to the fort. Meanwhile a singular episode occurred. Between twelve and one o'clock a shot from Sullivan's Island severed the flagstaff and brought down the stars and stripes. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed before the flag reappeared, and then Private Hart, from New York, with great daring replaced it on the north wall.

General Beauregard, thinking Major Anderson did not intend to raise the flag again, sent a committee under a flag of truce to offer terms of surrender. These terms Major Anderson accepted, as the fort was in flames and the men about to suffocate. Accordingly at five minutes past one o'clock on April 13, 1861, the stars and stripes were lowered, and Fort Sumter passed into possession of the Southern Confederacy.

Beauregard immediately dispatched a steamer with several officers who were to arrange the terms of surrender, which were: That all proper facilities for removing Major Anderson and his command, together with company arms and property and all private property, should be furnished by the Confederates; that the Federal flag he had so bravely defended should be saluted by the vanquished on taking it down; that Major Anderson should be allowed to fix the time of surrender, to take place the next day, Sunday.

During the bombardment no lives were lost on either side. All arrangements for the evacuation being completed, it was decided that the garrison should take their departure on one of the United States war vessels, the Isabelle. As the Isabelle steamed up to the fort, the garrison, dressed in full uniform and wearing side arms, marched out. The Isabelle fired a salute of fifty guns in honor of the Federal flag, still flying; and as the echo of the last discharge died away, the stars and stripes slowly descended.

The assembled multitude upon the shores and the water craft in the harbor all combined in one great shout and screech of whistle to show that the authority of the United States upon Carolina soil was, for a time at least, withdrawn.

As the band on the Isabelle played "Yankee Doodle" the garrison, Major Anderson commanding, marched on board. The State flag was raised on the fort by Franklin J. Moses, Jr., and J. L. Dearing, of Governor Pickens's staff, and then the Confederate flag by Captain Ferguson, of General Beauregard's staff. The former had been presented to the State authorities by several ladies, with the injunction: "This flag shall be unfurled only on the walls of Fort Sumter." The fire in the fort raged all night, and was not extinguished until morning. Thus ended two of the most fateful and memorable days in the history of the United States of America—days which were followed by bloodshed, pillage, and carnage, which for four long years devastated the Southland, leaving it impoverished and downtrodden, but with the spirit of '76 still alive in the hearts of its people.

[The foregoing paper was read several months ago and has been held over from press for space.—Ed.]

THE FIGHTING AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

BY DAN GILLIS, JULIA, GA.

As to who did the fighting at Columbia, S. C., I write only about what I saw of it. Gen. Edward Johnson was captured at Nashville, leaving Hindman's old division under command of Brigadier General Deas, and it was cut off or separated from the rest of our army at Cannon Swamp, S. C. Being in front of Sherman's army and the rest to his flank or rear, we would cross a little river, burn the bridge, form a skirmish line up and down the river, fight as long as we could, then outrun them to another, and do the same thing over again. Sometimes Wheeler's Cavalry was with us, sometimes not. When we got to Columbia, it had been fortified, the ditch being some distance from the river, and we took possession of the fortifications. My brigade (Deas's), then under command of the ever-faithful Colonel Coltart, of the 50th Alabama Regiment, was the last to get there. We found the part of the ditch assigned to us on the left of the road as we went in; and as we had more ditch than men, we had to move back and forth a little to get the exact amount of ditch that each man was to have, and so close was Sherman after us that his sharpshooters were popping after us before we got still.

It must be remembered that several roads point in to that bridge. General Butler's or somebody else's cavalry was on one of them. The Yankees did not need any developing on that road, for they were very much in evidence all the time. There was a ginhouse and screw, with several hundred bales of cotton piled in and around it on the left as we went in and about three hundred yards from the ditch. The Yankee sharpshooters took possession of it, and from that elevated position they could shoot right down into the ditch or up the river, and soon became so annoying that our officers determined to take it from them. Although it was then about sundown, a hundred or so of our men got out of the ditch and went at a run for that ginhouse. When about halfway to it a squad of cavalry dashed out from up the river, and all got there about the same time; but before any got there the Yankees struck fire to it and left. I was not in that charge, but could see it from start to finish. That house and cotton made a big fire as night was coming on. The firing ceased soon after dark, and about nine o'clock the army began to cross over to the Columbia side very quietly. When our brigade crossed over, the detail that was to burn the bridge had the fire burning near the bridge at each end. Everything was quiet, no rush or confusion up the hill. A little from the bridge was a line of our men, and up near the top of the hill, a little from the bridge, was a line of cavalry we passed through, and we filed down the river some distance to our place on the line, fronted toward the river, and by then the bridge was on fire.

Now, I do not remember seeing General Wheeler at the bridge; but I have always believed he was there, for everything was working smoothly, like clockwork.

Daylight next morning found our division (except Deas's Brigade in reserve) formed as skirmishers on the bank of the river; and although it was but a skeleton of what it had been, it was distributed so that it not only covered the front of the town, but reached a long distance below. The fighting across the river began soon after day. When it was heaviest above town, we ran there; when heaviest below, we went there to lend a helping hand. About ten o'clock General Deas got sick. Colonel Coltart, being the next in rank, took command of the division, leaving Col. H. T. Toulmin, of the 22d Alabama Regiment, another brave officer always at his post, in

command of our brigade. Although the fighting across the river continued all day, our brigade never fired a gun except the 22d Alabama Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Rouse, a man always ready for a fight in battle or out of it.

During the afternoon a few thousand Yankees tried to wade the river below town. About twenty-five of our men ran down the hill to the river; and when they added their fire to the skirmish line there, the Yankees began to sink in the water so fast that the others went back. Manigault's Brigade was moved from our left down the river to our right up the river. About three o'clock next morning some of Wheeler's scouts reported that the Federals had possession of a ford some miles above town. Our brigade moved at once, and, rapidly piloted by two of Wheeler's scouts, we got there just before light and formed a skirmish line up and down the river. When it got light enough to see, the Federals had crossed the main run and were on an island with only a narrow stream between them and us, and as much of that island as I could see was literally covered with Yankees. We went at once to business; but they soon formed, and by pure force of numbers pushed us back and got on our side and formed lines of battle. A little after sunup Colonel Toulmin passed along our line and told us that orders had been sent to the rest of our men to give up Columbia and fall back, that the road by which they would come was only a mile or so away, and that it was nearly half a mile to the top of the hill, with heavy timbers and a fine place to skirmish in. From the top of the hill to near the road was an open field; that we must hold them in the woods until our men got out, or they would likely be captured.

I know it has been said that our army got demoralized at Nashville and could not fight any more; but I am satisfied that it did not occur to Sherman's men that they were fighting demoralized men that day. There was no noise on our side except what the guns made; but every man fought as though the whole thing depended on his individual efforts. The fighting was at close range, never more than fifty yards, and occasionally hand to hand. About ten o'clock Colonel Toulmin passed rapidly along our line and told us that our men had gotten out and ordered that every man run across the field as fast as he could, bearing to the left till a bottom was reached. It was just in time, for we would have been forced into the field in a few minutes, anyway. When I got in the field, I saw General Wheeler and staff sitting on their horses on a high place in the field. When passing about a hundred yards to the right, his bugler blew a charge, and a brigade of cavalry dashed in from behind him and went for the Yankees like a storm, with Wheeler in front near the right wing. Although the Federals had two lines of battle in the field, they fell back to a third line in the woods. When we got to the road, our men were moving off, and we fell in behind them. When I got on the top of the next hill, I looked back and saw the smoke as it rose over the burning city.

I was with my regiment in every engagement except Missionary Ridge, and necessarily saw a good deal of hard fighting; but I don't remember any more severe than that. When you remember that we started that morning with a thin skirmish line, which grew thinner constantly (my company lost a third of its men), and that it took over three hours to drive us less than half a mile, you can have some idea of what a fight it was. There was more of our infantry in the fight at Columbia, but I write only of what I saw. The author of "Wheeler's Campaigns" exaggerates what Wheeler's Cavalry did there, although they fought well.

MONUMENT TO ROANOKE SOLDIERS UNVEILED.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Roanoke, Va., unveiled a handsome monument to the Roanoke soldiers June 3, 1910, the ceremonies being beautiful and appropriate. Both Chapter and Camp give great honor to the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. E. E. Evans for this monument. It was carved after her design, and it was largely due to her that the necessary money was raised.

On a raised platform near the veiled monument were seated the speakers of the day, members of Chapters Southern Cross, of Salem, and William Watts, of Roanoke, and Camps Hupp-Deyeirie, of Salem.

Maj. W. W. Ballard, of Salem, who has spent several years in compiling the statistics of Roanoke, said the county had furnished six full companies and part of two companies to the Confederate service; that of the one thousand one hundred and thirty-six men who were over twenty-one years old in the county, one thousand and ninety-one enlisted, and of these over two hundred were killed or wounded, and that the forces participated in twenty-two important engagements.

Ex-Governor Swanson, the orator of the day, made a fine address, in which were many heartfelt encomiums upon the bearing of the men and women of the "grand old county of Roanoke." At the conclusion of his address the members of the Salem Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, dressed in white and carrying Confederate flags, marched to the monument, and, surrounding it, each took one of the twenty-six ribbons which, being drawn, revealed the beautiful monument.

The monument stands on the courthouse green, and is a shaft of Barre granite eighteen feet high, surmounted by a figure of a Confederate soldier. The principal inscription is: "In memory of the Confederate soldiers of Roanoke County, 1861-65. Love makes memory eternal."

Officers of Eastern Missouri Brigade, U. C. V.

J. Wm. Towson, Commander, announces his staff:

Lieut. Col. William M. Farrell, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Paris.

Maj. W. P. Davis, Assistant Adjutant General, Moberly.

Lieut. Col. Richard Martin, Inspector General, Fulton, Mo.

Lieut. Col. J. W. McLeod, Chief Quartermaster, Hannibal.

Lieut. Col. Henry Digges, Chief Commissary, New Madrid.

Maj. J. W. Miller, Assistant Commissary, Hannibal, Mo.

Lieut. Col. Thos. N. Williams, Judge Advocate, North Fork.

Lieut. Col. Dr. W. W. Ellis, Chief Surgeon, Concord, Mo.

Lieut. Col. Charles W. Hanger, Chief of Artillery, Paris.

Lieut. Col. J. W. Browning, Chief of Ordnance, West Plains.

Maj. W. P. Martin, Assistant Chief of Ordnance, Moberly.

Lieut. Col. Wesley T. Smiser, Chief Engineer, Granville.

Lieut. Col. J. O. Stribling, Chief Paymaster, Clarence.

Lieut. Col. Dr. E. McNair, Chaplain, Monroe City, Mo.

Aids-de-Camp: Capt. Robert S. McClintic, Monroe City; Capt. William N. Jennings, Moberly; Capt. B. F. Dobyns, Shelbina; Capt. C. Earl Cousins, Hannibal; Capt. William B. Markell, Palmyra.

Honorary Aids-de-Camp: Capt. Johnzie Tongue, Warrenton, Va.; Capt. William Pegram, Baltimore, Md.; Capt. Alex Rose, Warrenton, Va.

Mrs. G. Whit Young, of Ripley, Tenn., seeks information of her grandfather, Robert Spotswood Austin, and of the family of his descendants, who probably live in Virginia.

PROOF ABOUT COFFIN FOR GENERAL LEE.

The incident connected with the burial of Gen. R. E. Lee is verified. He died October 12, 1870. A few days before his death the great flood of that year in the upper waters of the James River had been disastrous, Lexington was cut off from communication with the outside world, and there was not a coffin in town suitable for General Lee. About that time a box was found floating down the swollen river and caught. On opening it a beautiful casket was procured, and in this casket the body of the South's beloved chieftain was placed in the chapel of the university.

The above appeared in VETERAN of March, 1905, page 112.

A letter from Mr. Morgan S. Gilmer, of Montgomery, to the President of Washington and Lee University states: "I am a veteran of the cause championed and espoused by the peerless Robert Edward Lee, and I am asking that you give me the facts as you know them in regard to the finding of a casket on the banks of the James River, in which General Lee was buried. The statements that I have seen in regard to it seem so mythical that I wish, if possible, to get the facts in the case."

Mr. John L. Campbell, Secretary, replies from the Washington and Lee University: "Your letter of December 27 inquiring about the facts connected with the casket in which Gen. Robert E. Lee was buried was duly received, and I inclose herewith a letter from Prof. Alexander L. Nelson which will make the whole matter clear to you. Professor Nelson has been a member of the faculty of Washington and Lee University for over fifty years, and is a man of unusually good memory and clear mind, and you may regard what he says as absolutely correct."

PROF. A. L. NELSON'S REPLY TO MR. CAMPBELL.

In response to the letter of Mr. Morgan S. Gilmer, of Montgomery, Ala., which you inclose to me and in which he inquires about the casket in which Gen. Robert E. Lee was buried, I make the following statement: During General Lee's last illness it rained heavily and incessantly for three days, and North River, which runs by Lexington, was swollen much beyond its usual high-water limits. This river, a tributary of James River, had been improved by a system of locks and dams, and was used for the transportation of freight and travel. Alexander's warehouse, located on the bank of the river, was the depot for the town of Lexington. This warehouse was washed away by the flood, and all of the roads leading to Lexington were torn up and rendered impassable. When General Lee died, the undertaker for the town reported that he had no suitable casket on hand; that a new supply had arrived at the warehouse a few days before, but that they had been washed away. While our people were in this dilemma a youth reported that he had seen one of the caskets lodged on an island a few miles below the town. It was secured, and found to be suitable, and General Lee was buried in this casket under the college chapel.

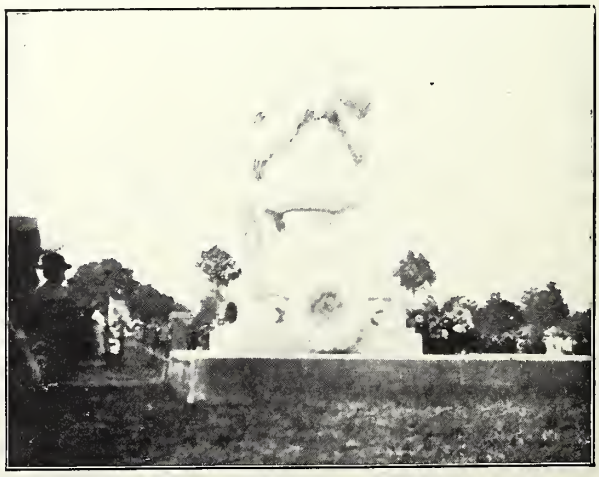
GALLANT CAPTAIN GARDNER AT FRANKLIN.—In a delightful book by Capt. R. W. Banks on the "Battle of Franklin" there was omitted a tribute to Capt. A. V. Gardner, who commanded the 29th Alabama Regiment. He states in a private letter: "Capt. A. V. Gardner commanded the regiment (29th Alabama Infantry); and as the order to charge was given, he told Captains Abernathy and Foster, who were acting as major and lieutenant colonel, to see that the regiment went with him, and, rushing forward, he called upon the men to follow. Without hesitation and through a storm of lead and iron he led the way through an open field for half a mile up to the last ditch of the enemy, where he was soon shot severely through the neck. Lying in the midst of the dead and dying, and so severely wounded that he could not turn his head, it was told him that the colors of the 29th were planted on the enemy's works. 'Turn my head, boys; I wish to see them there,' he exclaimed. Nobly and gallantly had he done his duty as commander of the regiment."

PLANS FOR RAISING THE MAINE.

John F. O'Rourke, the engineer who bridged the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie and drove the Pennsylvania railroad tunnel under the North River, has submitted a plan to Acting Secretary of War Oliver, by which he says he can raise the Maine and restore the vessel exactly as it was when it sank in the harbor of Havana on February 15, 1898. He proposes to use a system of pneumatic caissons, such as have made possible the building of deep foundations under water. He will swing the Maine in a cradle of cables high above the water, so that the repairing on the hull can be done as well as if the ship were in a dry dock. When finished, according to his estimates, the Maine will leave the harbor with its own steam.

LOG BOOK OF THE GUNBOAT MONITOR.—Capt. Louis Stodder, of the United States Revenue Cutter Service, who lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., has had in his possession since the war the log book of the gunboat Monitor, on which vessel he served during the war of the sixties. The entries in the book cover all the period of the great struggle, and are especially interesting in those that tell of the celebrated fight of the boat with the Merrimac. Captain Stodder felt that he was growing old, and would like the book to be placed in the naval archives during his lifetime.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG DISCOVERED.—D. H. Talmage, of the West Union Gazette, writes that a picture said to be of Gen. Braxton Bragg has been discovered in his town which represents him at about the age of twenty-one. The picture is in good condition save for a patched place in the lower part of the canvas, where a bayonet seems to have been thrust. The story is that it was looted during the war and brought North by a Wisconsin soldier. Mr. Talmage says that, as the picture may have historical value, he will gladly give his assistance to any one who wishes to negotiate for it.



AT GRAVE OF GENERAL BRAGG.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

BY L. S. FLATAN, ST. LOUIS.

I have read that most interesting article in the VETERAN in regard to General Tilghman. General Tilghman was a most daring, dashing, splendid officer, and we were often fearful that he would be killed. I belonged to Cowan's Battery of Vicksburg, Miss., referred to in the sketch. I was the gunner directing and sighting the gun at the time by the advice of General Tilghman, who had a perfect knowledge of the situation of the enemy through his field glasses. His last words to any one were in the highest compliment to me, praising my excellent marksmanship, except the words he spoke as he fell from his horse after a three-inch rifle shot had cut him nearly in two, and as he careened and fell he said to his son, who caught him: "Tell your mother; God bless her."

He was at that time near my gun, but had turned to ride down the line and was fully exposed to the fire of the enemy from small arms as well as a splendid battery that we had been dueling with for at east half an hour, and under his directions we had silenced it. Any one that was there will surely recollect that the entire line was driven back almost in our rear, and we held every inch of the ground until sundown, and this we did because of the wonderful encouragement and splendid management of this gallant chieftain who gave his life for our Southland.

The stone that has been placed at the spot where he fell marks not only the ground stained with his blood, but also marks the spot where Cowan's Vicksburg Battery did such fine execution under his direction. After his death that line was so neglected that the enemy had almost cut our retreat off from Vicksburg. We were huddled that night in the creek bottom and were forced to abandon our guns. Part of Loring's Division went into Vicksburg and part of it went out with General Loring. Our battery was divided, part of it following First Lieut. George Tompkins, the other part following Captain Cowan into Vicksburg. We were all in darkness and disorder, and hardly knew what we were doing or who we were following until late the next day.

Had this splendid officer lived, Loring's Division would have gone into Vicksburg in good order with the balance of the army that met the Yankees at Baker's Creek. His death at that time surely was a great shock to all of us, and no men ever felt the loss of a commander more than we did then.

These articles go to remind us of what a splendid paper your CONFEDERATE VETERAN is, and I made the remark last night in our Camp here in St. Louis (U. C. V., 731) that I couldn't understand why any Confederate veteran of to-day could afford to miss taking the VETERAN; and I suggested, and I believe it a good one, that every member of every Camp should be provided with it, if in no other way, out of the funds of the Camp. I don't know of any better pension that he could receive while he lives than the VETERAN would be as a pleasure and a reminder of the stormy days from '61 to '65.

THE OLD BLACK MAMMY MEMORIAL.—S. F. Harris, who is one of the foremost negro educators in the South, has started in Athens, Ga., a memorial to the old black mammy, loved of all Southern hearts, which is meeting with hearty success. This takes the form of an industrial and cooking school, which will be located on ten acres of land just outside of Athens. The necessary funds for this school have so readily been subscribed that Professor Harris thinks it will be in full operation by fall.

MONUMENT TO GEN. ALEX P. STEWART.

An appeal to the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Tennessee is sent out by a committee composed of Miss Hannah Boyle, Mrs. M. H. Clift, Mrs. J. C. Estes, Miss Mollie Kavanaugh, Mrs. W. C. Ochmig, Mrs. W. T. Tyler, and Mrs. Charles A. Lyerly, in which they say:

"The members of the Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, realizing that it is full time a memorial should be erected to the beloved Gen. A. P. Stewart, and as our Chapter is named for him, we take it as our high privilege to commence this work.

"The South had no braver officer than the late Gen. A. P. Stewart. The history of our beloved land must be written in books and carved on marble that the true story may be known, and a monument is like an open book, so that all who pass may read. In Chattanooga we want to erect this monument, as here the last work of his life was done. As Commissioner on the Chickamauga Park Commission—one Confederate and two Federal generals forming the Commission—and to his untiring energy and eternal vigilance is due the fact that where the markers tell the story of the terrible struggle on that bloody battlefield the men who wore the gray are given their credit and glory for their unsurpassed heroism.

"This last work of Gen. A. P. Stewart's was a fitting close to a most eventful life. Hon. C. H. Alexander, of Mississippi, in a memorial address says of General Stewart's last work: 'It was a beautifully ordered providence that the great soldier who, not in hatred of the North but in defense of cherished rights, fought with matchless courage and shed his own blood on Chickamauga battlefield should be at last commissioned by the government against which he fought to mark and beautify and care for that consecrated spot. Why should he not? He felt no more of hatred, no less of sympathy when charging with his own proud troops in the carnage of that fateful day than he felt when in his mellowed age he and Northern generals in friendship and comradeship walked in the beautiful and forever silent city where sleep the fallen "in silence and poetic dust."'

"To our sister Chapters in the State of Tennessee we are sending this petition. General Stewart was a Tennesseean, and we beg of you to help us in the work. He was as much yours as ours. Let this be a labor of love with us all. Send to any of the committee whose names are here given at least twenty-five dollars, so that by the 2d of next October, Gen. A. P. Stewart's birthday, the funds will be in hand to build this monument. We do this with the more confidence because the Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter has never asked for assistance before in any work they have undertaken and have always responded when called upon for help by others. We beg of you to have this petition read before your Chapter, and let us know what action you will take in the matter."

Contributions to this fund should be sent by others as well as Tennessee Confederates, men and women. A special appeal is made through Mrs. Henry A. Chambers, of Chattanooga, who is not a member of the committee.

MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CRATER CLUB IN VIRGINIA.—The Crater Club was formed by the Commander of the E. K. Wilcox Grand Army Post and veterans of Holyoke and Chicopee and named in honor of a memorable trip taken to Petersburg. Lately the club was again in Petersburg, and the entire party was entertained by the Confederate veterans of the city, including a fine dinner in the "Crater" by their Southern hosts.

MONUMENT AT REIDVILLE, N. C.

A large and enthusiastic crowd of Daughters of the Confederacy, veterans, and many friends of the cause assembled in Reidville, N. C., June 29, 1910, when the beautiful monument erected by the Rockingham Chapter was unveiled with imposing ceremonies. The procession, which was a large one, was headed by the brass band of the city, carriages draped in Southern colors, the local military, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Junior and Children Chapters. The marshals of the day were beautiful young girls in Confederate colors riding on horseback.

After the singing of "America," Hon. H. R. Scott made a historical address showing much research, and in conclusion presented the monument to the city in well-chosen words, speaking in behalf of the Rockingham Chapter. Mayor Francis Womack accepted the handsome gift for the city, and Mr. E. R. Harris spoke the acceptance for the Scales-Boyd Camp. After the applause from the speeches subsided, Mrs. F. M. Williams, State President, assisted by Mrs. E. R. Harris and Mrs. G. L. Irvin, President and Vice President of the Rockingham Chapter, drew the cord, and the beautiful monument stood revealed. The rope used in the unveiling had been used at the monument at Gettysburg.

Hon. Cyrus B. Watson was the orator of the occasion, and his speech abounded in beautiful tributes to the gallant men of Rockingham who had bravely fought in many battles, and the heroes who fell were "wreathed around in glory" through the noble words spoken in their honor by Mr. Watson.

The monument is a granite shaft surmounted by a private in the Confederate uniform leaning on his gun. The pedestal bears the crossed guns and cannon balls. The unveiling souvenir number of the Reidville Review is a fine paper, with splendid features of great historical interest.

Monument at Temple, Tex.—The Daughters of the Confederacy at Temple, Tex., erected a monument to the soldiers of the Confederacy in July, 1910. The shaft is of Georgia marble resting upon a foundation of Texas granite. It bears as an inscription this quotation from Father Ryan:

"We care not whence they come,
Dear, in lifeless clay;
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same,
They died and wore the gray."

MONUMENT WORK DURING THE SUMMER.

The U. D. C. Chapters are showing unusual activity in the erection of memorials in North Carolina and Virginia this summer. It is usually customary for them to stop work during the summer months and resume it in the late months of fall; but, contrary to this custom, the Chapters of that section are making strenuous efforts to raise funds for the erection of memorials to the Confederate dead, and are anxious to have them erected before the veterans have all passed away.

Mr. W. A. Florence, of the McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga., visited four Chapters recently and secured four contracts for the erection of memorials, Hertford, N. C., placing order for marble shaft, Covington and Front Royal, Va., and Elizabeth City, N. C., placing orders for handsome granite shafts with granite statues, all of which are to be unveiled on April 26, 1911. These Chapters are all in a flourishing condition and enthusiastic over their work.

THE HIDDEN WAY TO DIXIE.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK, PLAINFIELD, MASS.

The outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, was disastrous to many Southern commercial houses with New York connections. For a long while after the defiant shot of the Confederates was fired at Fort Sumter in April vigorous efforts were made to maintain the intercourse which war measures so seriously interfered with. All kinds of shifts and expedients were resorted to on both sides to prevent properties being confiscated, members of firms in some cases remaining in hostile country to hold down valuable assets, meanwhile professing loyalty to their locum tenens or posing as neutrals. The strongest of these commercial houses was that of De Rossett, Brown & Co., of Wilmington, N. C., whose interests were involved with those of an immense constituency on both sides of the military line. They had valuable properties in New York downtown, and John Potts Brown, the junior partner, had charge of the main business office at 12 Beaver Street. His son, Lieut. Robert W. Brown, was a detective in General Winder's office in Richmond, who issued temporay passes to strangers coming into town. This fact is significant.

The exigencies of this powerful firm led to the establishment of an underground thoroughfare, or hidden way to Dixie, by which mercenary Hebrews and Southern sympathizers profited much. The quantity of contraband goods which continually passed the lines was incredible, and many recruits for the Confederate army were hiked over into the enemy's country with facility and safety. Newspapers passed to and fro with mysterious frequency. No vigilance could stop it. Thereby important military plans were frustrated, and much was done toward prolonging the war. It was an "unholy" war, as some of its opposers had the temerity to declare at the outset until their protests were hushed in Fort Lafayette or the Old Capitol Prison; and many are the fortunes of to-day whose foundations were laid through the connivance and obliquity of officials or adventurers who ostensibly fought for "the old flag," while the goods which ran the blockade and were tabooed with patriotic self-denial by Southern consumers were in greater part of New England manufacture.

Unsophisticated persons, especially the blue and gray pickets on either side, did marvel greatly, I ween, at the regularity with which this correspondence shuttled to and fro without being interrupted; and it is for the purpose of solving the peculiar "whyness of the what" that this brief exposé is submitted by one of the participators who seems to have survived the most of his contemporaries, premising that there is a lot of other secret history of the war of like character that has not yet been and may never be written.

I have been reading some old letters which were written within the Confederate lines during the war and addressed to parties in Connecticut. The writer is living. These letters are dated February 28, March 2, March 30, April 14, and May 17, 1863, intervals about as frequent as an attentive correspondent would choose in times normal. One bears the Baltimore post office stamp and the others the official New York stamp. Replies to these, postmarked at Richmond, Va., and Augusta, Ga., were stamped at New Haven March 23 and May 18. They were evidently brought across the picketed lines by blockade runners. All persons who took chances of capture were dubbed such in those days.

I took a fancy to go South on an errand which did not seem to compromise my loyalty to the Union to any great extent, and I accordingly went to military headquarters in

Washington and ingenuously asked for a permit to pass by flag of truce. This was denied me; and when I suggested that there were other ways, I was threatened with incarceration in the Old Capitol Prison in case I was intercepted. This threat challenged my nerve, and I at once set out by the "hidden way" to Dixie, in which I was directed by one of the initiated. The northern terminal was at Mr. Brown's office on Beaver Street, New York, where I deposited my photograph, as requested, and was instructed to present myself in due course at a certain clothing store on South Pratt Street in Baltimore, where I was told to take the Leonardtown stage at the Kimmel House, on Third Street in Washington, and proceed to Leonardtown, St. Mary's, where the proprietor of Brown's Hotel would tell me what to do next.

When I took my seat, I found the vehicle loaded with male passengers, who obviously comprised adventurers and recruits for the Confederate army. The stage had proceeded as far as Charlotte Hall, about halfway to Leonardtown, in St. Mary's, Md., where it was halted by some dragoons and detained. To my intuitive mind it was clear that some special person in the party was in request, and that person myself, and I at once gave the secret service men of the government due praise for their acuteness in spotting me. When all had dismounted, I ordered my trunk sent up to the college, ostensibly on duty, where I purchased a carpet sack from one of the students and packed in it my indispensables, adding a dress silk pattern which I designed for the wife of a leading banker in Richmond in the event of my safe arrival there. I then expressed my trunk back to New York. After a comfortable night at Charlotte Hall, rising at dawn, I discovered a spike team of mules about to start down the turnpike with what appeared to be a load of cornstalks. At once acting under a newborn idea, I bought from one of the stable boys a suit of homespun not altogether fashionable or clean. Then, smouching my hands and face to a degree sufficient to constitute a corresponding disguise, I secured permission from the teamster to stow my carpet sack beneath the corn shucks. Changing places with him, I took my place astride the wheel mule, and, giving the lead line a jerk, passed duly without challenge down the turnpike and between the four dragoons who stood at the crossroads on the watch. Later on I arrived at Leonardtown, which place I found in charge of Federal troops. Driving up the street, according to directions, to an old-fashioned country tavern kept by a Mr. Brown, I took my seat on a long bench in front, and was hardly at rest when a man, whom I correctly surmised to be Brown, sauntered by, asking my name *sotto voce* as he passed. Revealing my identity, I soon obtained possession of my carpet sack; and appearing at the hotel in approved traveler's garb, I was inducted into comfortable quarters.

After supper, while I was sitting in the office, the sergeant of the military company, accompanied by two privates, paid the hotel a visit; and the shrewd landlord, being well up in his part, divined their purpose, and after an interchange of commonplace remarks said: "How would you like a glass of cider?" "All right," said the sergeant; and the landlord at once opened the door to the cellar stairs, and with the remark, "After you is manners for me," waved his hand with a friendly flourish and followed his guests down. This gave me and some nine others, who had evidently foregathered on a common errand, an opportunity to escape over the garden fence and down to the boat landing (we were then at the head of Brittains Bay), where we found a commodious skiff with two pairs of muffled oars. By this time the night was as dark as pitch, presaging a storm, and our craft quickly disappeared into the gloom. We had made considerable headway, when the whiz of a rifle ball close at hand told that our sleuths had gotten on to our game with pretty accurate range. One or two more shots followed, but after that nothing eventful happened during our three-mile pull down the bay, until we reached its debouchment into the Potomac. Here we were considerably embarrassed, for the Federal gunboats which were patrolling the river had been at utmost pains to break up all the small craft on both sides, so as to cut off all communication from side to side. However, we came upon a leaky old seine boat which had belonged to a fishing station and unearthed in the darkness a couple of fishermen who seemed to be expecting a nocturnal party, and informed us that they were the men who were to take us over. By this time it had commenced snowing, and only one of the men consented to take an oar. The oars were really sweeps of the crudest home manufacture, but under the circumstances all of the party were glad to procure ferriage of any sort. But no one could row! The upshot of the matter was that I had to take the second oar myself. Our stroke oar turned out to be an excellent pilot, as our difficult but successful passage across the river eventually proved. It took us eight hours to cross. Starting at near midnight, we reached Pope's Creek, on the opposite shore, in the gray of the morning. There was about a foot of snow through which we made our way to a farmhouse, where we were evidently expected. It was a sorry trip for the "voyagers" whose caloric had been pretty thoroughly exhausted by the evaporation of the soft snow on their persons during the long-continued sitting.

By this time the members of the company had become somewhat acquainted, for misery as well as joviality makes company. The Israelites had large trunks filled with "gents' furnishing goods" on which they expected to make big money, for Confederate money at that time, as we afterwards learned, was thirteen for one. There were two Confederate officers returning to their regiments, a couple of young fellows from Baltimore on their way to join the Southern army, et al. The officers, we found in due time, were of high grade, and had been engaged on important secret service within the Federal lines.

We had hardly finished a comfortable breakfast at Farmer Minell's when an alarm was raised that a squad of cavalry was raiding the premises. Minell had already been preyed upon by cavalry of both armies more than once, but had some forage left as well as grub. The watchword forthwith was: "Every man for himself." I hastened to a convenient haystack, crawled under, made myself as small as possible, and drew as much of the loose material over me as I could. I had hardly gotten into concealment when a horse came feeding from the stack with imminent danger to my feet. However, the animal's appetite was providentially small, for the squad soon departed and left me at ease in mind and body.

We were quartered at this farmhouse for a couple of days, until the snow melted off, when we were hauled by an ox team across the "northern neck" of Virginia to the Rappahannock. On the way over a startling episode occurred at an old two-story brick warehouse used as a storehouse for grain. Both floors were filled with sacks, except where space was left for an old-fashioned fireplace, in which ample logs were placed and set ablaze for the comfort of our half-frozen crowd, for the temperature was chilly enough at twenty above zero. When we had become thawed out and com-

fortably warm, it was but a short time before we were sleeping soundly. All at once we were awakened by a sharp crash overhead, and made for the door in a rush for dear life, confident that the floor above us would fall. Remaining outdoors until too chilled to stay any longer, we ventured back to our beds on the sacks. We had hardly become comfortably ensconced again when another startling crash came, and the performance was repeated with even greater stress and tension. The building did not collapse, however, and we slept without further disturbance until morning. Investigation disclosed the fact that the ends of the floor timbers above us had drawn out from the mortises in both walls, so that little more than a half inch remained in place. But for that half inch we would have been mashed as flat as hoecakes. We were within one-half inch of death.

At the riverside we were picked up by a couple of Confederate scouts in gray uniforms, who took toll from the "Sheeneys," and soon had us on the opposite side and on our way to Confederate headquarters at Bowling Green, some two miles from Milford Station, on the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in command. Fredericksburg had been captured, and the camp was filled with captured ordnance, ammunition wagons, stores, and accouterments of all sorts. Being properly papered, and accessions to the army being always welcome, all of us soon passed muster, and in due time arrived at Richmond over that portion of the railroad which still remained within the Confederate lines.

Losing sight of the rest of our party, I went to the executive office, where I was acquainted, and obtained from General Winder a pass for thirty days, giving me the freedom of the city without risk of molestation from the recruiting officers, who patrolled the streets, picking up unidentified strangers. During my sojourn in Richmond I was able to transact the business for which I had incurred considerable risk in running the blockade, and in the course of which I had the opportunity to see the noted Libby Prison, with the sentries patrolling the streets outside, having orders to shoot any head that had the temerity to protrude itself through a window. As to what happened subsequently your deponent saith not.

Dr. A. J. De Rosset, the head of the Wilmington commercial house and president of the underground way, lived to be ninety years old, and died in Wilmington December 9, 1897.

New Englander Served the Confederacy.—In answering an inquiry in the Veteran A. D. Bridgman, of Decatur, Ill., writes thus of himself: "On the 10th of August it will be fifty-nine years since I was mustered into service in Savannah, Ga., and my seventy-eighth birthday, and on August 31 we will have been married fifty years. I was born and educated in Hanover, N. H., and my wife in Milford, Mass. I went to Georgia in 1856 and became a teacher. I left the schoolroom for the war on the 9th of August, 1861. The music of the fife and drum was too much for me to resist. My regiment was the 25th Georgia. There are only half a dozen of my company living now, and they are scattered. The last year of the war I was connected with the Lee Hospital, Columbus, Ga., and my wife was a matron in the hospital. At the close of the war we went to my old home, Hanover, where I spent six months attending my third course of medical lectures, secured my diploma in November, 1865, and, returning to Georgia, established a postoffice at Parramore. The post office was continued there until 1874, when I went to Macon County, Ill., where I pursued the practice of medicine for twenty years."

ON HOOD'S CAMPAIGN TO FRANKLIN.

BY A. J. BATCHELOR, ARITON, ALA.

Dear Comrade: I was at Ozark, our county seat, a few days ago and Judge Wyndham handed me a copy of the Veteran which he said gave an account of the battle at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. I was there, and want to congratulate you for the description that you gave of that battle. I corroborate you in many things. I belonged to the 33d Alabama Regiment, Lowery's Brigade, Cleburne's Division.

Let us go back a day or so to the battle. I don't know, but I think that after we crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., our line of march was straight through to Duck River, near Columbia, where we came to a halt on November 28. I lay quiet pretty much all the day; but just before night we marched up the river some distance and went in camp and stacked arms near the river bank. About dark a wagon was driven in front of our command and issued three ears of corn to the men.

The next morning, the 29th, we moved out in the direction of Spring Hill. Just before night we were drawn up in line of battle and moved forward, and soon were in sight of Spring Hill, where our cavalry had charged over a little ridge, fired, and fallen back. Our command relieved the cavalry, and drove the Federals back. We captured a number of their knapsacks that would average some fifty pounds each, and each one had a new pair of boots or shoes lashed on top.

Our command bivouacked in a skirt of woods near the pike leading from Columbia to Franklin. I suppose we were within eighty or one hundred yards of the pike. We could hear the Federal army tramp, tramp, tramp, moving on to Franklin. Some of our boys said the next morning that some Yankees straggled into our camp and inquired what command it was

The next morning, the 30th, we were up early, called the roll, and struck out through woods, across fields, and waded creeks; but we got to Franklin all the same. I suppose it was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon when we formed on the right of the pike, our left extending to the pike. We were the second line. Our first line captured the first line of the Federal works, a "temporary." You claim that in your front the two lines of works were half a mile apart. In our front I think they were about one hundred yards apart. Our orders were not to stop at the first work, but to cross over the second line. A few of us obeyed orders. How many poor fellows never reached the second line!

I could not see their works until within a few yards of them, the smoke was so dense. When I reached the ditch, it was filled with dead and wounded Confederates. I walked over on dead men. There were five or six of us near our colors, but all fell in the ditch but myself. Our colors were just over the works. I ran up on the works at the corner of the old ginhouse. I threw my gun down on the works at the corner of the ginhouse. Just then I was jerked over the works.

I arrived in your city December 1 from Franklin to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., where I was confined until June 18, 1865. When I came back the route that I went, I reached the neighborhood in which I now reside.

W. M. Hogsett, of Saltillo, Tex., inquires for two comrades, John Bellamy, whose home was at Austin, Ark., and "Lige" Beard, who was from Shelby County, Tex. They were all members of Company K, 17th Texas Infantry, the company commanded by Capt. D. A. Minter, and was guarding the powder mills at Marshall, Tex., when the war ended.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.

Sketch of the monument written for the VETERAN in the early days of the publication by Maj. F. M. Munford.



JUDGE W. W. LEAKE, OF ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.

Judge Leake wrote an interesting account of a Masonic burial of a Federal in 1863. See VETERAN for September, 1906, page 408.

SWANSON SUCCEEDS U. S. SENATOR DANIEL FOR VIRGINIA.—Former Gov. Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia, has been appointed to succeed the late Senator John W. Daniel, the remainder of whose term will expire in March, 1911. It is anticipated that he will be elected to a full term. The many friends of Governor Swanson are warmly congratulating him. Mr. Swanson was engaged in the unveiling ceremonies for the Surry County Courthouse monument to the Confederates when the formal notice of his appointment was given him. He is loyal and true to all the best interests of the South and to all Confederate interests. His activities during the last general Reunion in Richmond will be recalled with pride and gratitude by many.

WHERE CONFEDERATE GENERALS ARE BURIED.—The following are buried in Baltimore, Md.: In Greenmount Cemetery lie Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Maj. Gens. Benjamin Huger, Arnold Elzy, Isaac R. Trimble, and Brig. Gens. John H. Winder, George H. Stuart, and Henry Little. In Loudon Park Cemetery are Maj. Gen. Charles W. Field and Brig. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson.

BRONZE STATUE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FRANKFORT, KY.—The Commissioners of the "Sinking Fund" for Kentucky are: Gov. A. E. Wilson, member and *ex officio* chairman; Frank P. James, Auditor; Edin Farley, Treasurer; Ben L. Brunner, Secretary of State; James Brethitt, Attorney-General. These have charge of the new Capitol at Frankfort.

Governor Willson wrote to Mr. J. D. Speed, of Louisville, the generous financier who has done so much for that city, and told him of the bareness of the rotunda at the Capitol and suggested the idea of placing there a statue of Abraham Lincoln, and asked Mr. Speed to present this statue to the State. Mr. Speed replied, thanking the Governor for the opportunity of making Kentucky a present of a statue of this celebrated son. The statue and pedestal will be of bronze and of heroic size, and will be modeled by Weinman, who made the Hodgenville statue of Abraham Lincoln. The plans call for it to be ready for unveiling in October.

GUNS FOR MILITARY FUNERALS.—Some months ago the VETERAN told of the application of the Daughters of the Confederacy to the Governor of Tennessee for guns and ammunition to be used for military funerals of the old Confederate soldiers and of the granting of their request. Miss Lucy Green Yerger, President of the Mississippi Division, writes that she was so impressed with the idea that she also petitioned the Governor of Mississippi for the same privileges. Governor Noel found that all the munitions of war provided in the State was government property, and he ordered a special purchase of the needed materials. The guns and ammunition were forwarded to Beauvoir, where they will be used by the surviving veterans to give the last tribute of a military salute over their dead comrades.

COMPARING TWO WARS.—Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, some time ago wrote the VETERAN of an amusing conversation he overheard on a train coming out of Chattanooga several years back. "It was the day that the 1st Tennessee Regiment got home from the Philippines," he wrote, "and Nashville was giving them royal welcome. There were a number of Illinois veterans of the Federal army on the train going home from the dedication of their monument on the field of Chickamauga, and they were discussing accounts of the Nashville ovation just as we passed Lookout Mountain. One said: 'Isn't that the regiment that got off the ship when they had embarked for home and went back to take part in a battle and whipped the Dagoes?' The reply was: 'Yes; they are the very ones, and they deserve all the honor they are getting.' The other said: 'That's right. They are a grand lot of boys. But when you talk about fighting, the Johnnies made us see more h—l right here in two hours than those boys have seen in all the war.'"

SHIP PORTSMOUTH BECOMES REFUSE.

On July 23, 1910, the good ship Portsmouth will make the last of her many voyages, being towed by a tug from her dock at Hoboken, N. J., to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where she will either be used as a museum or be consigned to the refuse pile. This naval ship was first used in the Mexican War, saw service in China, was a part of Farragut's fleet in the Confederate war, and of late years had been used as a training ship for reserves.

The history of the fine old ship reads like one of J. Fenimore Cooper's sea stories. It was built when fourteen knots an hour with a fair breeze was fast sailing, and was considered one of the best examples of the shipbuilders' art. Her guns were used effectively in the battle of Vera Cruz. Rounding Cape Horn, she sailed to the Bay of San Francisco. With Capt. Henry Hull Foote in command, the Portsmouth crushed the Chinese uprising in Canton Bay when Commodore Perry was attempting the opening of Chinese ports.

With the fleet of Admiral Farragut the Portsmouth passed up the Mississippi River as far as Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, and in the engagements that followed she gave and received many broadsides of shot and shell, which resulted in the surrender of New Orleans and the capture of Mobile.

The Portsmouth is the last of the old wooden war vessels that so long constituted the naval strength of the United States, and she formed a strong contrast to the dreadnaughts of the present naval output.

Memorial Tower for Grover Cleveland.—Seventy-five thousand dollars of the requisite one hundred thousand has already been collected for the memorial tower to be erected at Princeton in honor of President Grover Cleveland. The tower will be of silver-colored stone to harmonize with the new graduate school, and will not contain a heroic statue as its apex. A modest bust of Mr. Cleveland may be placed in the tower room, which will also contain articles associating his connection with Princeton.

A Woman Outwitted General Butler.—Sarah Murphy Robieu, who recently died in New Orleans at the age of one hundred years, had the pleasure of outwitting General Butler when he was occupying and looting that city. Gen. Leonidas Polk, the Confederate bishop-general, had left his splendid library and many other personal effects in New Orleans. Mrs. Robieu, knowing that Butler spared nothing of value in his "confiscating raids," collected a party of ladies, and, with their assistance, managed to steal away the books and valuables and safely secrete them, and thus preserved a library that is one of the treasures of New Orleans at the present time.

Confederates "Demanded" Supper from Good Friends.—W. D. Thornton, whose address is R. F. D. No. 1, Murray Cross, Ala., writes of foraging the night that Hood's army reached Columbia, Tenn., in November, 1864, most vividly: "On stopping at Columbia, Tenn., our rations consisted of a small nubbin of corn to the man. I asked my lieutenant if he would stand by me if I got into trouble on a foraging expedition. He promised, and so a comrade and I started out. We went through some woods, and when about a mile from camps we saw a large farmhouse, to which we made our way, entering at the rear. We were met by two ladies, who asked if we belonged to the infantry. They told us they could give us nothing; for if the Yankees should find it out, they would be burned out. They promptly added, however, that if we pressed them they couldn't help themselves. So we "demanded supper." Soon we feasted on the most bounteous supper we had enjoyed for many a day, and each of us being served by a lady in person. After supper we suggested a visit to the smokehouse, to which they cordially agreed, and, picking our sacks, we all went and each sack was speedily filled. Returning to camp loaded, we were joyously welcomed. Those ladies if living are now old, but it would be a great pleasure to me to know their names and addresses. I often think of them, oftener than of any other incident during the war. Their home was near General Pillow's plantation. Any information will be glady received. I belonged to the 22d Alabama Regiment."

GIRL SAVED WYTHEVILLE—TOLAND'S RAID.

An article in the Roanoke Times on "Toland's Raid" upon Wytheville during the Civil War for the purpose of destroying supplies stored there and of wrecking the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad recalls an incident connected with that foray which had much to do with the warm reception tendered to that command and the disastrous issue of their attack, which resulted in the death of Colonel Toland, the capture of Major Powell, and the severe handling generally of these marauders.



MRS. M. E. TYNES-DAVIDSON.

Toland's command *en route* marched through Tazewell County, camping, I believe, the night preceding the attack on the farm of the late Capt. W. E. Peery, a mile or so east of Tazewell C. H., throwing out picket guards about one mile farther east on the road leading to Wytheville. This picket post was very near the residence, Rocky Dell, of the late Samuel Tynes, father of the writer, and now the property of his son, a mile east from the Peery home. My father's family then consisted of himself, my mother, and sister, a girl of twenty, with one woman and an old man (darkies) as servants. Tom, the old darky, brave and trusty, was hurried off to the "fastnesses" of Rich Mountain with the horses and other valuables, leaving only my sister's horse to meet possible emergencies.

Learning that night that the objective point of the Federal command was Wytheville and the railroad, my father determined to warn the citizens along the route and of Wytheville of the approaching raid. Advanced in years, he did not think it wise to leave home himself, and to get a trusty messenger seemed impossible, as about all such were at the front. Yet so impressed was he with the importance of alarming the people and the town of Wytheville that he encouraged my sister to mount her horse in the early morning and, alone, take the road for Wytheville. Passing through Burke's Garden, over and through the interminable mountains and wilderness, by Sharon Springs, on to Wytheville, a distance of forty-four miles, she sounded the alarm in her onward ride. Being at that period a total stranger in the town, she reached the home of the late Robert Crockett, some twelve miles south of Wytheville, whose wife was an old friend and neighbor (being a daughter of the late Addison Crockett, of Tazewell, Va.), having gone about fifty-six miles without halting.

This timely warning put the people on guard, and "old graybeards and boys" prepared for the doughty colonel and his regiment of vandals a warm reception, in which they captured



CAPT. A. J. TYNES, TAZEWELL, VA.,

5th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., brother of the heroine. Seventy-seven years old. Served as lieutenant-colonel one year, then as regiment, brigade, and division commissary. Served on staffs of Col. Corns, Brig. Gens. Jenkins and McCausland, and Maj. Gens. Lomax and Rosser, from Hawk's Nest, Sewell Mountain, and Gauley River to Appomattox, with never a furlough or leave of absence asked for.

his one-eyed major (now General Powell), with several others, and put many of his followers to sleep.

Thus Wytheville and the railroad were saved from fire and wreck from Toland's raid. With a later raid under Averill the writer had a personal acquaintance, as he served for the day on Gen. John Morgan's staff in the fight of Crockett's Cove, of which he may write later. Miss Mary E. Tynes, the young courier, became the wife of the late Hon. W. B. Davidson, of Mercer County, W. Va., and now sleeps beside her parents in the old cemetery at Tazewell.

COLONEL MOSBY REDUCED TO POVERTY.

The Associated Press reports from Washington that Col. John Singleton Mosby, who won fame in the service of the Confederacy, is living at 306 Twelfth Street in poverty. He has been in the government employ for years; but Attorney-General Wickersham dismissed him from his position in the Department of Justice, to which he was appointed by Roosevelt, without explanation.

At an interview Colonel Mosby is reported to have said: "I am not superannuated. I am as strong as I ever was. I am old, it is true, but I am strong nevertheless. I have no plans for the future. I shall stay in Washington and work on my book. At any rate, I shall not leave the city. No, no, I will take no vacation. When Lee fell back to defend Richmond from Grant, I hovered about the Potomac with my band, and kept the Federals on the lookout all the time. I had absolutely no support from the Confederate army. I worked with my men in the enemy's country, and kept them on their toes all the time. My present condition is a part of the game—it's war—and I take it as such. I was up against it during the war, and did not take it seriously to heart. I shall endeavor to do so now."

If General Grant had lived on, Colonel Mosby would evidently still have a job.

Many Southerners were out of humor with Colonel Mosby, believing he was too intimate with those who persisted in "Reconstruction;" but his record as a soldier is admirable.

Gen. R. E. Lee paid Colonel Mosby special honor. On March 21, 1863, he wrote to President Davis: "You will, I know, be gratified to learn by the inclosed dispatch that the appointment conferred a few days since on Capt. John S. Mosby was not unworthily bestowed. The point (Herndon) where he struck at the enemy is north of Fairfax Courthouse, near the Potomac, and far within the lines of the enemy. I wish I could receive his appointment (as major) or some official notification of it that I might announce it to him."

In a letter to Colonel Mosby Gen. Marcus Wright stated: "I have carefully read all of Gen. R. E. Lee's printed dispatches, correspondence, etc., during the war of 1861-65; and while he was not in the habit of paying compliments, yet these papers of his will show that you received from him more compliments than any other officer in the Confederate army."

In his last days at Mount McGregor General Grant penned this tribute to Colonel Mosby: "Since the close of the war I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I had supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical exercise. He is able and thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a detachment in the rear of an opposing army and so near the border of hostilities as long as he did without losing his entire command."

General Grant wrote to a gentleman in Washington January 12, 1882, in which he speaks of having recommended Colonel Mosby's promotion in a letter to President Arthur, and says: "But at the same time I stated to the President verbally that I thought Colonel Mosby would be much better pleased with a position at home, and suggested assistant attorney-general or district attorney of Virginia."

Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart wrote to Captain Mosby from headquarters cavalry division, Army Northern Virginia, March 27, 1863: "Your telegram announcing your brilliant achievement near Chantilly was duly received and forwarded to General Lee. He exclaimed upon reading it: 'Hurrah for Mosby! I wish I had a hundred like him.' I heartily wish you continued success."

President Hayes was a soldier with Sheridan, and knew all about Mosby and his men. He appointed Mosby consul to Hongkong and William H. Chapman, the lieutenant colonel of Mosby's 43d Virginia Battalion, a special agent of internal revenue. Chapman has been such an efficient officer that he still retains his position.

General Sheridan wrote that Mosby had the best uniformed command in the Confederate service. All wore the gray. Colonel Mosby's uniform, with the insignia of his rank, is in the National Museum.

Col. Charles Russell Lowell, who commanded the 2d Massachusetts Cavalry and was killed in the battle of Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864, camped for more than a year in Fairfax, and had daily conflict with Mosby's men. In a letter of Colonel Lowell's to his wife he wrote: "Mosby is an honorable foe, and should be treated as such." Although the passions of the combatants were intense, Colonel Lowell could still see some merit in an enemy, and his native chivalry rose superior to his prejudices.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Treasurer's Report for Month Ending July 31, 1910.

Receipts.

Balance on hand July 1, 1910, $16,890.83.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, $2. Contributed by Clementine Boles Auxiliary, W. C. Sloan Chapter, U. D. C., Imboden, Ark.

James H. Loughborough, Washington, D. C., $1.

John M. Hickey, Chairman Arlington Memorial Day, 1910, $1,003.50.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $5. Contributed by Kate O. Scott Chapter, No. 902, U. D. C., Monticello, Fla.

Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Director for Louisiana, $26. Contributed by Louisiana Division, U. D. C.

Mrs. Minerva Simpson, Woodleigh, N. C., collections, $13.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $10. Contributed by John D. Kennedy Chapter, No. 208, U. D. C., $5; Chester Chapter, No. 232. U. D. C., Chester, S. C., $4; Butler Guards Chapter, C. of C., Greenville, S. C., $1.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $101.70. Contributed by Albemarle Chapter, No. 154, U. D. C., Charlottesville, Va., $25; Washington and Lee of Westmoreland Chapter, No. 1189, U. D. C., Kinsale, Va., $10; Bethel Chapter, No. 185, U. D. C., Newport News, Va., $15; Portsmouth Chapter, No. 30, Portsmouth, Va., $45.70; Suffolk Chapter, No. 163, U. D. C., Suffolk, Va., $6.

Interest credited by depository on deposits, $151.99.

Balance on hand, $18,205.02.

Wallace Streater, *Treasurer.*

CONFEDERATES BURIED AT OXFORD, ALA.

The Confederate soldiers buried in Oxford (Ala.) Cemetery, with company, regiment, and arm of service when known, are reported as follows:

E. D. Allen, Dr. E. H. Allen, J. G. Black, and W. C. Bledsoe, Alabama regiments.

Peter Chambers, 7th Tennessee; John A. Christian, Company E, 10th Alabama Infantry; and F. M. Cleakle, Georgia regiment.

C. T. Hilton, J. M. Harrison, and W. F. Higgins, Alabama regiments.

L. C. Humphries, Company F, 22d Alabama Infantry.

J. M. and Luke Hays, Beason's Company, 31st Alabama Infantry.

J. L. Jones, G. L. Knighton, and W. T. Knighton, Alabama regiments.

Capt. S. C. Kelley, Company E, 30th Alabama Infantry.

W. J. Lackey, H. W. Luttrell, T. E. Lee, and J. M. Lemaster, Alabama regiments.

Lieutenant Loyd, in Mississippi regiment, killed on Main Street, Oxford, Ala., in 1865.

Thomas J. Morgan, Company D, 51st Alabama Partisan Rangers.

John Morgan, 10th Alabama Infantry; Lucien Moskelley, Alabama regiment.

Thomas McAdams, Company A, 51st Alabama Cavalry; James McKibben, 31st Alabama Infantry; J. W. McClerkin, Alabama regiment.

J. A. Orr, Company A, 8th Confederate Cavalry.

Dave Privitt, Company A, 2d Alabama Infantry.

Dr. J. W. Pearce, Company D, 7th Georgia Infantry.

W. L. Pannelle, detail from army at Rome, Ga; R. W. Reed, Tennessee regiment.

J. D. Ray, Company D, 13th Alabama Infantry.

Allen Ambrose Ross, South Carolina regiment.

Rev. R. G. Roberts, Company I, 2d Alabama Infantry.

John H. Roberts, Company I, 22d Alabama Infantry.

Col. B. F. Sawyer; J. D. Smith, Company K, 10th Alabama Infantry.

Jeremiah Smith, 22d Alabama Infantry.

W. O. Turnipseed, Company A, 51st Alabama Cavalry; J. . Wright, South Carolina regiment.

R. N. Warnock and J. M. Whiteside, 30th Alabama Infantry.

Alec Wilson, Company H, 10th Alabama Infantry.

I. M. Warden, Company H, 10th Alabama Infantry.

Jesse R. Williams, Georgia Regiment Infantry.

John Yoe, Company A, 57th Alabama Cavalry.

M. L. Yates, battery from Fayetteville, Ga.

Buried in Snow Cemetery, Near Oxford.

Dr. Henry Snow, first lieutenant in 1st Texas Infantry.

George Snow and William Luttrell, Company D, 51st Alabama Cavalry.

J. H. Brownlee, Alabama; Thomas Brownlee, Company H, 10th Alabama Regiment.

The above is submitted by W. T. Dodd, Adjutant Gordon Memorial Camp, as the list of names of those who rest in the above cemeteries. He writes: "I have tried to get these names, companies, and regiments correct as far as I could with what aid I could get."

Power of Aeroplanes in Coast Defense.

Glenn H. Curtiss, the aviator, demonstrated the power of aëroplanes in coast defense at the meet at Atlantic City on July 12. The yacht John E. Maharee was used to represent the invading battle ships, and Curtiss in his flying machine went over the yacht time and again, dropping on her the oranges—mimic bombs—representing dynamite bombs that would be used in real warfare, thus showing how utterly the ship would be at the mercy of a skilled aviator.

Forts were marked out on the beach, and Curtiss, aiming at these, dropped his bombs with such accuracy that almost every missile was declared a "hit," though the trajectory was nearly thirty degrees on account of the wind and speed.

Col. William Jones, formerly of the engineer corps, said after the test that, in his opinion, the aëroplane had proved its value in coast defense, and adds: "The armored battle ship has seen its last days as an engine of attack against a city or country guarded by aëroplanes. Any skilled aviator could drop high explosives on the deck or down the funnels of war ships as easily as Curtiss tossed oranges within a few feet of the yacht. I believe a fleet or a score of air machines would absolutely protect any coast or city, and a night flight of such a fleet would not only demolish the fleet of vessels, but would so demoralize the crew of the attacked vessels as to render them useless."

Asks Appropriations to Purchase Aeroplanes.

Experiments to prove the value of the aëroplane in warfare are being made under the auspices of the United States government by the Navy Department. These will be completed in time for Secretary of War Dickinson and Secretary of Navy Meyer to make report to Congress and to request an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars, which will be used to purchase six aëroplanes for military and naval use.

Tabulated data is now being prepared by the navy to show the aëroplane much better adapted for use than a submarine, that it is seven-tenths less dangerous to its crew, and that its cost is about one-fifteenth of that of the submarine. Naval

and military officers feel that the advancement of the aëroplane in the United States will not keep pace with those of Europe unless it becomes a government affair.

MR. WEBSTER ON THE CONSTITUTION.

BY HON. JOHN W. GAINES, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I inclose to you with a condensed introduction a quotation from Daniel Webster which may be found in a speech of the late Senator Dorman B. Eakin. It covers a subject often discussed in the VETERAN and elsewhere.

Senator Dorman B. Eakin on May 16, 1879, in the United States Senate proved from the very words of Daniel Webster that he (Webster) in his celebrated speech at Capon Springs, Va., June 28, 1851, said that this government was "a confederation of States—a confederacy of States." Mr. Blaine and others were not inclined to believe that Mr. Webster was correctly quoted, and Senator Eaton, after quoting from President Washington, Henry Clay, Mr. Van Buren, and President William H. Harrison as having used the terms "nation," "federal union," "confederation," "confederacy of States," and "confederated republic" as meaning one and the same thing, quoted from Mr. Webster's Capon Springs speech as follows:

"What mind can comprehend the consequences of that Union, past, present, and to come? The union of these States is the all-absorbing topic of the day; on it all men write, speak, think, and dilate from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. And yet, gentlemen, I fear its importance has been but insufficiently appreciated.

"How absurd it is to suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes either can disregard any one provision and expect the other to observe the rest! I intend, for one, to regard, maintain, and carry out to the fullest extent the Constitution of the United States, which I have sworn to support in all its parts and in all of its provisions. It is written in the Constitution: 'No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such services or labor may be due.'

"The abolitionists of the North have but one idea, and it would seem that these fanatics at the North and the secessionists at the South are putting their heads together to derive means to defeat the good design of honest and patriotic men. They act to the same end and the same object, and the Constitution has to take the fire from both sides.

"I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, willfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side. I say to you, gentlemen in Virginia, as I said on the shores of Lake Erie and in the city of Boston, as I may say again in that city or elsewhere in the North, that you of the South have as much right to receive your fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce.

"I am as ready to fight and to fall for the constitutional rights of Virginia as I am for those of Massachusetts."

Therefore the weight of the great authority of Mr. Webster is added to those who hold the Constitution to be a compact between independent sovereignties.

LIEUT. GEN. WILLIAM J. HARDEE.

BY COL. GEORGE C. PORTER, 6TH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

I have read with interest an instructive sketch of this prominent Confederate general lately published for the Tennessee Historical Society by Col. William D. Pickett, now of Lexington, Ky. Colonel Pickett was on the staff of General Hardee as inspector general of his corps, and was therefore in close relation with him personally and officially. Hence his opportunity for acquiring accurate knowledge relating to the military career of his chief was excellent, which happily qualified him for the preparation of this work. My connection with the events spoken of enables me to speak somewhat authoritatively.

No one knows better the history of the Army of Tennessee from its organization in March, 1862, at Corinth, Miss., till its dissolution in May, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C., in all of its detail than Colonel Pickett, and but few, if any, possess greater ability to present the same in a condensed yet comprehensive form both for the military student and for the general reader. It is *multum in parvo* and a valuable contribution to our military literature. It should be read especially by all who seek correct information relative to the campaigns of this valiant and patriotic body of Confederate soldiers. With the survivors it is a rich heritage to their children. The pamphlet contains much of historical value that can be obtained from no other source.

As a veteran of Hardee's Corps from Shiloh to Atlanta, cognizant of his many virtues and excellencies, his soldierly bearing, his military attainments by education, observation, and experience, his powers of organization and discipline, his intimate acquaintance with all essentials pertaining to an army in bivouac, in motion, and in actual conflict in the Army of Tennessee, and, above all, his patriotism and unselfish devotion to the Southern cause, I regard it as a matter of regret and sorrow that so little has been written of this valiant corps commander, who held the same relation to the Army of Tennessee that he did to the army in Virginia. Information concerning General Hardee must be gathered from the voluminous pages of the "Civil War Annals." This biographical sketch by Colonel Pickett will therefore to a great extent supply this deficiency and do tardy justice to his memory.

That "poets are born, not made" pertains with equal force to the soldier of rank and responsibility. His genius to conceive and execute is inherent. Hardee was a born soldier, suited for arms, and for that alone. He studied nothing else, and cared for little else. Whether confronting Sherman and McClernand at Shiloh or extricating the stricken and shattered army of Hood and saving it from annihilation at Atlanta, this inborn and disciplined genius for war proved at all times his fitness for supreme command. Had he accepted the command of the army at the Chattahoochee upon the removal of Gen. J. E. Johnston, its fate might have been different. At least it would not have been led to destruction at Peachtree Creek on July 22, Jonesboro, Allatoona, Franklin, and Nashville.

[Colonel Porter is Historian of the Tennessee U. C. V., and served much of the war under General Hardee. His tribute to General Hardee's military ability is not exaggerated. Hardee's tactics were those used for the Confederate army from the beginning to the end.—ED.]

A WATERMELON TREAT FOR GEORGIA VETERANS.—The Daughters of the Confederacy in Atlanta are always considerate of the comfort and well-being of the old soldiers in

the Home, and carry out many plans for their pleasure. They lately decided on a watermelon feast to be given to the veterans. The S. W. Bacon-Godwyn Company generously sent a hundred of their finest melons to the Home with the compliments of the firm. The money which had been contributed for the purchase of the melons will be used for some other luxury to give these loved wards of Georgia. Aside from the feast of fine melons, a fine program of music and recitations added pleasure to the occasion.

TRIBUTE TO MAJ. JOHN WARWICK DANIEL.

BY GILES B. COOKE, MATHEWS C. H., VA.

Major Daniel filled every position he occupied as he passed through this life with singular ability, fidelity, and efficiency. In fact, there was not one, from a young, earnest student at school to the Senate of the United States, that he did not adorn. As a student, no classmate surpassed him; as a lawyer, none more laborious and painstaking; as a soldier, brave and skillful as Marshal Ney; as a statesman, the equal of John Randolph, of Roanoke; as an orator, the peer of Henry Clay; on the floor of the Senate, at the bar, on the stump, or anywhere else, his eloquent tongue never failed to hold the attention of his audience and at times to keep his hearers spellbound. To illustrate the power of his eloquence, let me give the testimony of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the benefactor.

Some one asked Mr. Corcoran what he thought of Senator Daniel's oration at the unveiling of the recumbent statue of Gen. R. E. Lee in the chapel at Lexington. Mr. Corcoran replied: "The only objection I had to it was that it was not long enough." Yet "the oration was about three hours long." When it is remembered that Mr. Corcoran had heard such orators as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, it must have been remarkably eloquent, indeed.

As a Virginian, Major Daniel gloried in her illustrious history and traditions. His devotion to his native Virginia was only equaled by his lifelong labors in her service. Her cause as blended with that of the Southern Confederacy was sacred to him. In behalf of that cause he shed his blood on the battlefield; and after the war until he died his talents, his voice, his pen, and his means were devoted to bringing her forward again to the foremost place among the States of the Union. The people of Virginia loved him and trusted him, and he loved them. The old Confederate soldiers were devoted to him because he was one of them; and when necessary, he espoused their cause with all the sincerity and energy of his noble soul.

Deserved Rebuke—Inexcusable Blunders.

Our good friend, D. H. Russell, of Anderson, S. C., writes: "In the July Veteran there are some errors that seem to me almost inexcusable. On page 309 in mention of windows in 'Old Blandford Church' you call it Blanton Church. Francis H. Weston, not Watson, made a fine address. On page 310 it is stated that three hundred and eighteen of Mississippi's brave Confederates are buried in the yard of 'Old Blanton' Church, in Leesburg, Va., instead of Petersburg. The Veteran attempts to perpetuate history; but when statements so inaccurate appear, it makes those of us who are familiar with the facts in a given case question within ourselves the accuracy of other statements about which we have no personal knowledge. I have been an editor and know the difficulty of avoiding typographical errors; but errors of fact and history ought to be easily eliminated and scrupulously guarded against by a magazine that so zealously tries to preserve and transmit Confederate history. You are doing a great work, and I read the Veteran with the greatest pleasure, as do my children, and they are carefully filed away."

[The Editor observed this singular, inexcusable blunder in the proof and unwittingly failed to correct it. Blandford Church at Petersburg should not be confused with the name Blanton and Petersburg with Leesburg.]

LAST SOLDIERS TO LEAVE RICHMOND.

BY S. A. GERALD, MATADOR, TEX.

A private knows nothing that is going on in time of battle except in his immediate front; but I want to say something about leaving Richmond in 1865, especially in reference to Col. G. N. Saussy's article in the December Veteran.

My command occupied the breastworks in front of Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James River, when the evacuation of the lines took place. At that time, and for two or three months before, I was on detail "on the dead line," on duty at night, the only object being to catch any who might desert to the Yankees. Our position on duty was between the two picket lines. About four o'clock on the morning of April 4 the officer in charge of our squad, numbering sixteen, crawled up to each post and notified us that the army had been gone four hours, the picket line half an hour. We got together and started for Drewrys Bluff, on the James River, where the pontoon bridge was. When in sight we saw that the bridge was on fire, and at the same time our three gunboats lying there were blown up. We turned and went direct to Richmond, where we found that the Federal cavalry had just taken possession, and nearly the whole of the business part of the city was on fire. The excitement was so great that the cavalry paid no attention to us. I got separated from my squad, who were nearly all Virginians. I still had my gun, and went to Capitol Square to one of the gates, and while standing there with an old Texas soldier I saw our flag pulled down from the Capitol and the stars and stripes hoisted in its place.

I then went to the river, where I found two of the bridges burned, and the railroad bridges had just been fired. I hurried up the canal parallel with the river about two miles from the city, where I found the canal boat so heavily loaded with women and children and their baggage that it went down only a little more than half covered with water. All the women and children got off, and were making their way up the canal when I overtook them. That scene I shall never forget. It seemed that every one was crying; and being only a boy and an orphan myself, with sisters in far-off Louisiana waiting for me, I could not help crying too, the first tears shed by me since leaving home, when fifteen years old, in 1861. These good women asked me to stay with them, as I still had my gun. I explained to them that I would be captured, as scouting parties of Federal cavalry were near.

I crossed the James River seventeen miles from the city, and met some of General Lee's men going home after the surrender before I got to him. I turned and made my way home after many experiences.

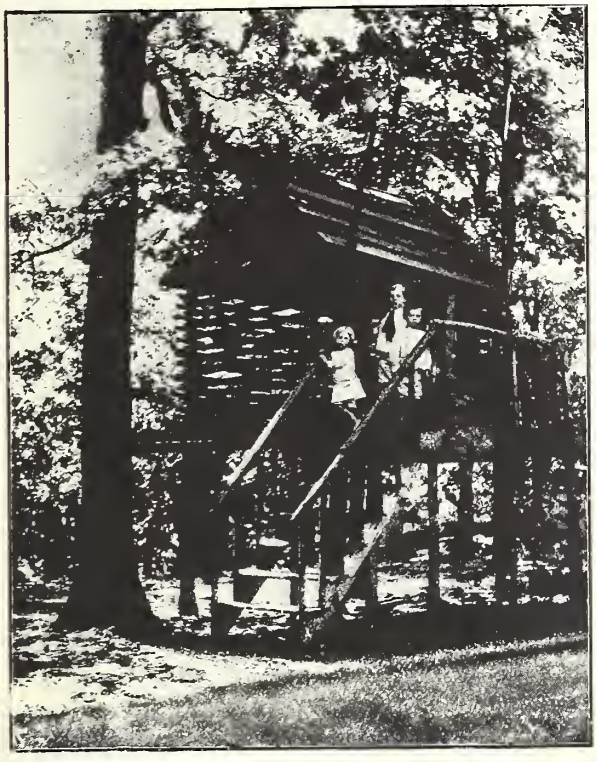
J. S. McClintock, of Deadwood, S. Dak., who had paid in advance while sending five dollars for the Jefferson Davis Home, wrote: "With the twenty thousand birthday letters which you so richly deserve I send check that you may advance my subscription four years. The Veteran agency has done more in the past eighteen years to unite and hold in line the remaining few of the grizzly veterans of the gray and keep them in communication with each other than all other agencies combined."

A BRIGHT, PLEASANT DAY IN JUNE.

I send this scribble for the old friends that love the VETERAN and its records of the past, feeling myself like the "old story-teller" of Francesca Alexander in her exquisite Italian songs,

"Here I wait while life shall last,
An old relic of the past," etc.

It was a lovely, sweet day in June, the month of flowers, a day to dream in, one of the "days of sadness and of glory."



A picture of the playhouse and the three little grandsons of Mrs. John McIntosh Kell, John McIntosh Kell d'Antignac, Auvergne d'Antignac, Jr., and Munroe Demere d'Antignac.

Three little boys were watching their mother as she was putting the last stitches in a small Confederate flag made to adorn a rustic playhouse their father had made for them in a beautiful wood lot near their country home. These children have for inheritance the blood of heroes in their veins through their father's father, Auvergne d'Antignac, who was called the Marshal Ney of his regiment, and through their mother, whose father, John McIntosh Kell, had been called lovingly by the great Admiral Semmes "my right hand." Is it any wonder that "The Bonny Blue Flag," "Dixie," and "Maryland" were the cradle songs of these children?

When the last stiches were taken in the little flag, a procession began to move toward the little playhouse in the wood named "Confederate Hall." First the dear rector of their Church, the son of a veteran, their mother's uncle, himself a veteran, then the parents and a fair young aunt, and, last, the little charioteers to their grandmother in her rolling chair, enjoying it all, though her heart was full of the memories of a bright day in June many long years ago when the ship of which her hero husband was the executive officer found its grave, and his sword went down with that of his brave commander and beloved friend in the British sea, only life being saved to them in the providence of God by the timely interference of the yacht Deerhound, belonging to an English gentleman. Arriving at the playhouse, they ascended the steps, the flag was hoisted, and the veteran uncle gave the Rebel yell.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

July 4, 1910, the great centennial of Springfield, Mass., was a gala day, and many thousands of people came to make merry with them. All visitors were made most hospitably welcome; but a most special welcome was accorded the members of the A. P. Hill Camp, from Petersburg, Va., for these "boys of the sixties" were the honored guests of the E. K. Wilcox Post.

Petersburg and its vicinity were in the storm center of the Confederate war, the battle of the Crater being one of the most hotly contested and bloodiest of the great struggle. Of the Northern soldiers who charged across the Crater was the 36th Massachusetts Volunteers, and among those who received that charge so grandly were the men who now compose the A. P. Hill Camp. Once again they met, and now, to quote a member of the Camp, "the Southern boys were indeed prisoners not of war but of love."

Every honor that closest consideration could extend was given the men in gray. As side by side they marched with their one-time enemies, they were everywhere welcomed with shouts of applause, and many flowers from the enthusiastic spectators were either handed the old soldiers or thrown for their feet to tread upon. When the parade was over, all the Southern guests were invited upon the reviewing platform, and an informal reception took place, thousands crowding around to shake the hands of the Confederates, and many mothers bringing their little children, saying they wished them to remember the meeting with Southern heroes.

Later Company E, 36th Massachusetts, entertained their guests at a magnificent banquet, where speeches and addresses were added to reminiscences and jollity to make the occasion delightfully memorable. In addition to all the courtesies of their hosts, Company E, 36th Massachusetts, A. P. Hill Camp were the recipients of many charming expressions of social good will from individuals and clubs, one of the most important of these being the reception tendered them by the Nayassett Club. Their badges and uniforms were the "open sesame" to all theaters, concert halls, and public parks and buildings, and no street car, carriage, or boat took toll of the men wearing the gray.

Aside from the ovation to the men of Petersburg, the celebration of the centennial had many most attractive features, among them being the different parades. That of the morning was of gayly decorated automobiles filled with ladies in gorgeous attire. The afternoon brought the civic and military parade, in which all fraternal, industrial, educational, and secret societies joined with the civic and military organizations in marching in time to the fine music of the many bands.

The night parade was a carnival of color and fun, a *mardi gras* pageant that rivaled that of New Orleans in splendor. It was led by a beautiful Pittsburg girl, Miss Ethel Cooke, who as queen of the carnival sat on her throne surrounded by her maids and court, and was followed by her escort of handsomely dressed cavaliers on horseback. There were many floats beautifully decorated and lighted, and in the parade all nations, types, and times were represented.

In connection with this account of the delightful centenary the VETERAN will take occasion to thank the Springfield Republican for several marked copies of that great paper, which is not only a credit to the city, but to the entire State of Massachusetts; also for the many warm expressions of good will to the veterans found in their columns.

THE LAST ROLL

"In God's own acre peaceful sleep
Souls our South reveres.
With each new mound we freshly weep,
And wet it with our tears,
Enfolding all with garlands sweet
That waste not with the years."

Dr. J. T. Wilson.

Dr. J. T. Wilson was born in Prince George County, Md., in January, 1843; and died in Washington, D.C., in May, 1910, between which dates lay a life of splendid achievement, noble purpose nobly fulfilled, and an elevation of many through this life having been lived.

Impelled by the highest form of patriotism, when the United States took military control of Maryland, young Wilson, with a party of boys as youthful as himself, ran the blockade, crossed the Potomac, and made his way to Richmond. Here he at once enlisted and bore bravely his part in the campaigns from Manassas to Appomattox, winning praise as a perfect soldier in many hard-fought battles.

After the war he made as good a citizen as he had a soldier, giving to the civil authorities under which he lived the same obedience and consideration that he gave his well-loved generals.

He began his education in medicine at the Jefferson School, Philadelphia, and graduated with much honor to himself. He was appointed to a fine position in Blakely Hospital, and on his removal to Missouri he was made Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane.

He began the general practice of medicine in Texas in 1876, and became one of the most reliable practitioners in the State. Here also he gave the best efforts of his life to the aid of those suffering from mental troubles, and to his care and guidance the greatly improved conditions of the insane asylums can be attributed, and to him also can be traced many of the best sanitary laws of Texas.

He was a prominent member of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., of which he was several times Commander. The Camp held memorial services in his honor, at which many noble and well-deserved tributes were paid by those who felt that his going was a personal loss as well as an irremediable loss to the Camp and city.

Col. August Fosberg.

Col. A. Fosberg was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in January, 1831; and died in Lynchburg, Va., in July, 1910.

When a lieutenant of twenty-two he was in the engineering corps of the Swedish army. At this time preparations were made to erect a government building in Columbia, S. C., and a Swede who was on the work wrote to Stockholm for an assistant, and Lieutenant Fosberg was given the position. As there was at that time no direct route from Sweden to America, Fosberg had to wait till he could get passage, which was in a clipper that met adverse winds, and was seventy days on the way. When the war began, Fosberg received a message from the Danish consul that his leaning to the Southern cause was known to the authorities, and advising him not to remain where he was, as he was in danger of arrest. Fosberg went South in a fishing smack, and reached Charleston during the bombardment. Later he was topographical engineer in the Charleston Harbor defense work. In June, 1861, he was given a regular commission as lieutenant and appointed to serve on the staff of General Floyd.

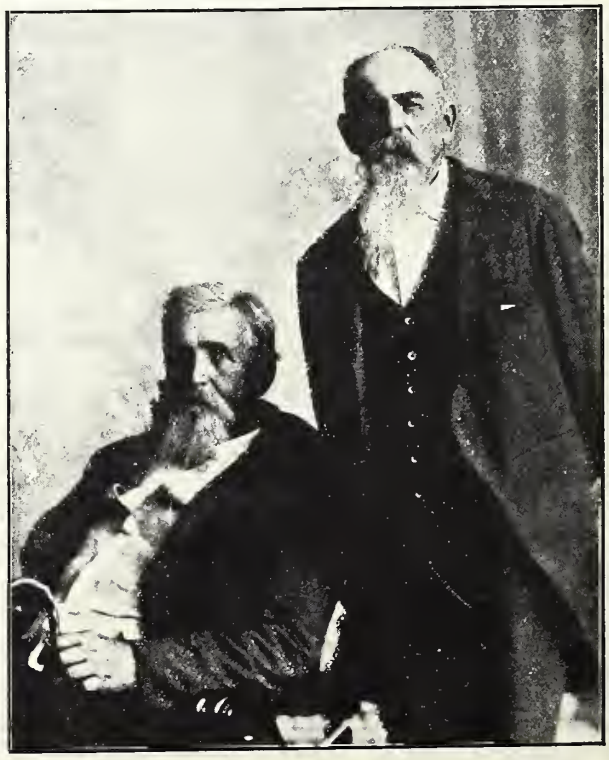
In 1862 he was made lieutenant colonel of the 51st Regiment Virginia Volunteers, and later was promoted to colonel in the same regiment. He was severely wounded in the battle of Winchester, and while in the hospital met Mrs. Mollie Otey, formerly Miss Morgan, and their marriage quickly followed. He was City Engineer of Lynchburg for twenty-one years, the most important work of the city being done under his care. He took a lively interest in all the work of the veterans, and was Lieutenant Commander of Garland-Rhodes Camp at the time of his death.

Charles B. Rogan.

C. B. Rogan, a well-known Confederate veteran of Gallatin, Tenn., died in Nashville in June, 1910, aged seventy-one.

He enlisted in Company K, 2d Tennessee, and was promoted for gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga, was made lieutenant in the ordnance department, and was detailed to General Bate's staff. He fought in the battles of Shiloh, First Manassas, Chickamauga, Franklin, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Ky., and in all the Georgia Campaign.

Comrade Rogan came from one of the most distinguished Southern families, his grandfather, Hugh Rogan, being one of the first settlers of Tennessee, his name being on the tablet erected to the Cumberland Valley settlers and the Revolutionary monument in the Davidson County Courthouse yard. His great-grandfather, Col. Isaac Bledsoe, one of the "nine Long Hunters," also appears on this list of Revolutionary heroes. W. R. Rogan is a brother to Charles.



W. R. AND CHARLES B. ROGAN—CHARLES STANDING.

THOMAS BATTLE TURLEY.

Thomas B. Turley was born in Memphis, Tenn., April 5, 1845; and died July 1, 1910 in the house in which he was born.



HON. THOMAS B. TURLEY.

Thomas Turley was appointed to fill the place in the Senate made vacant by the death of Senator Isham G. Harris, and at a special session of the Legislature was elected to serve the remainder of the term, which expired in 1903. Senator Turley refused to stand for reëlection at the expiration of his senatorial term. He served throughout the four years of the Civil War as a private in the Confederate ranks. He was a law partner of Senator Harris, was a gentleman of the "old school," and was an honor to the country.

JOHN H. JARNAGIN.

Capt. John Hampton Jarnagin was born at Cleveland, Tenn., September 18, 1843; and died at his home, in Memphis, Tenn., June 18, 1910. He was the son of Judge Bynum Jarnagin, a native of East Tennessee, and Amelia (Harle) Jarnagin. He moved to Tunica County, Miss., and practiced law, and served with distinction upon the bench.

The family was established in East Tennessee by Capt. Thomas Jarnagin, a native of Virginia, of French-Huguenot descent, who removed to Franklin district in 1782, and gained his military title under General Jackson in the Indian wars. His son, Chesley Jarnagin, who married Martha Barton, was the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, and another son, Spencer, was United States Senator from Tennessee.

At the beginning of the War between the States Captain Jarnagin was living in Tunica County, Miss. He enlisted May 21, 1861, as a private in the Young Guards (Capt. John Cameron), 15th Regiment Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. Charles M. Carrol. He was transferred to Hindman's Legion June 20, and was promoted to fourth sergeant in September. He was in the fight at Green River, Ky., in 1861, and at Bowling Green under the Federal artillery fire. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Farmington, Munfordville, Perryville, and Murfreesboro, and in February, 1863, was commissioned captain and quartermaster, the rank in which he served on the staffs of Gens. J. S. Marmaduke and H. B. Granbury, participating in the Missionary Ridge campaign, the hundred days' fighting in Georgia, the siege of Atlanta, and when Hood marched North he was stationed at Griffin, Ga.

When the army went to the Carolinas, he was on duty at Augusta, Ga., with Col. L. O. Bridewell, organizing and forwarding troops; and after Johnston's surrender, in May, 1865, he rode his horse back to Meridian, Miss., where he surrendered, and thence came home.

Subsequently he engaged in cotton-planting on Terrene Place, in Bolivar County, Miss., until he removed to Memphis in February, 1889. On October 26, 1865, he was married to Mattie H., daughter of the Rev. Elias R. Porter and Harriet S. McGehee, who survives him.

MUSSEY.—James Harvey Mussey was born in Russell County, Va., January 27, 1828; and died on the 9th of May, 1910. He enlisted as a private in the Confederate army early in the war, and served with the 48th Virginia Regiment.

BALL.—G. W. Ball, of Bluff City, Tenn., died on February 20, 1910. He served in Company D, 31st Tennessee; was captured at Vicksburg. He was one of President Davis's escorts at the close of the war.

WILLIAM H. SAMMONS.

A man who has been a benediction and one whose memory is an inspiration to those who knew him deserves that at least a little sketch be written of his life and a brief tribute paid to his memory. It was my pleasure and privilege to be in the home of Mr. William H. Sammons for several months when, as a college student, I had gone out to teach school. I shall never forget the hospitality and the many kindnesses shown me, a mere boy then. His home was simple, and yet it was cordially a home for the stranger who entered it for the first time. I shall never forget the pleasure of the afternoons as we sat on the porch, with a splendid view of the mountains not far away. He talked of his experiences in the Confederate war and also of his stay in the West. He kept abreast of the times. In his travels he had stayed with the Indians a good deal, and he spoke the language well. He told much of their traits most entertainingly. He was upright and high-toned in every way, a good neighbor, a kind father and thoughtful husband, and a Christian gentleman.

William Sammons was born in Greenville District, near Travelers' Rest, S. C., on June 6, 1829. His mother died when he was only ten years of age, and afterwards he lived with his uncle, Jordan Pool. Later he went to Texas and to other sections, remaining about two years. He returned to South Carolina about 1860, and in November, 1863, he married Miss Frances Pool. To this union were born ten children, two of whom died in infancy.

He enlisted in Company A, Palmetto Battalion of Light Artillery, under Captain Campbell and later under Capt. Thomas Holtzclaw. He was in the service till the close of the war, and was always at his post of duty, performing fearlessly what was assigned to him. After the war he and other com-

rades, who had given their services to the South, faced almost starvation, for in his absence nearly everything was swept away; but by hard work and economical living he secured a good home and a valuable farm. He was an "unreconstructed Rebel," and was ever ready to uphold the South's stand without bitterness. He was a member of New Liberty Baptist Church, and also a member of A. F. M. He died on November 20, 1909, and was buried at old Enoree church beside his wife, who had preceded him four years. Thus the life of another brave Confederate soldier has passed out, and his spirit has "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

[From sketch by Prof. R. C. Burts, Easley, S. C.]

Francis C. Fitzhugh.

Died on May 12, 1910, at his home, in Charlottesville, Va., Francis C. Fitzhugh at the age of seventy-two years. He was born at Barboursville, Orange County, Va., in 1838, and was educated at a good neighborhood school. His father died, leaving his mother with a large family, and it became necessary for Frank to go to work early in life. Being fond of reading and study, he acquired a good education.

At the commencement of the War between the States he was serving in the Jones bookstore at the University of Virginia, but he promptly enlisted in Company F, 13th Virginia Infantry Regiment. His health was so bad at that time that the surgeon rejected him. His diary, which is well preserved, contains the following: "March 15, 1862, mustered into the Confederate service in the Virginia Battery, Capt. J. M. Carrington, one hundred and fifty men and six guns. May 17, 1862, left the university to join General Jackson in the Valley of Virginia." He names the places where they camped on the march and tells of the marching and of the battles in which they participated.

He was honorably paroled at the close of the war and returned to his home, in Orange County, Va. He always took interest in the welfare of Confederate veterans, and was a member of John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., Charlottesville, Va., at the time of his death.

Comrade Fitzhugh was twice married. His first wife was Miss Margaret G. Conway, of Green County, Va. By this union he had two sons and two daughters. His second wife was Miss Roberta L. Conway, of Madison County, Va., a cousin of his first wife, by which marriage there were a son and a daughter. His wife and the six children survive him. He was a quiet gentleman, but possessed a keen sense of humor, and was good company and much beloved by his neighbors. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and took an active part in its affairs and its Sunday school. He was an affectionate husband and devoted father. "He fought a good fight" as a soldier for his beloved Southland and as a soldier of the cross.

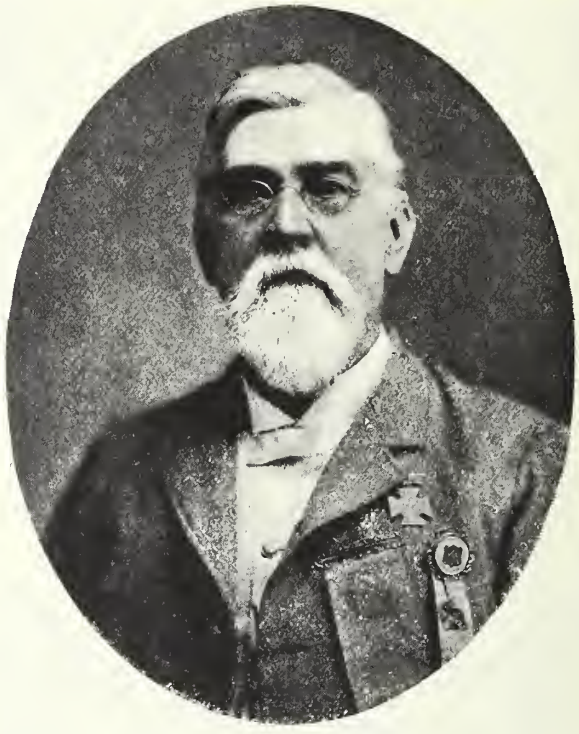
[From sketch by Catlett Conway, sergeant Company A, 7th Virginia Infantry.]

Sparrel Hill.

Sparrel Hill died in Trenton, Tenn., July 9, 1910, in his sixty-fifth year. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, and won a fine record for gallantry in the 47th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by his father, Col. M. R. Hill. After the war he began the practice of law in company with his father, who was a prominent lawyer in Gibson County. Sparrel Hill was a member of the Constitutional Convention and a leader in its formation. He practiced law in Nashville for a time, but returned to Trenton some years before his death.

Capt. Louis L. Marks.

Capt. Louis Leoferick Marks was born in Petersburg, Va., on May 13, 1837; and after a long life of usefulness and activity, full of good and kind deeds, suddenly "ceased at once to



CAPT. LOUIS L. MARKS.

work and live" on Sunday morning, January 30, 1910, at his home in the city of his birth, where his gracious personality had most favorably and indelibly impressed itself upon every one of every class of the community.

A graduate of the Virginia Military Institute with honors in 1858, he was called instinctively by his companions from business with his brother-in-law, James D. Maney, to lead them in the field when companies were called for in 1861. He entered the service as first lieutenant of the Eight Grays, one of the six volunteer companies going out from Petersburg in April, 1861, which company became C of the 12th Virginia Regiment, Mahone's (afterwards Weisiger's) Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was appointed adjutant of this regiment, and served until the reorganization of the army, on May 1, 1862. In June, 1862, he was made captain of his old company, serving with gallantry and distinction in the many engagements of the army until disqualified for field service by a severe wound in the battle of Second Manassas, August 30, 1862. After sufficiently recovering he was appointed assistant quartermaster for the collection of "tax in kind" at Petersburg, Va., in which position he continued until the evacuation of that place. He surrendered with the Army of Tennessee, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

He was an energetic business man, and was actively engaged in the coal and lumber business until his death. He was an officer of Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church, South, invariably attending the Annual Conferences as a member of the Board of Finance, and he was Treasurer of the Virginia Conference for a number of years. He was superintendent of the Sunday school of that Church for thirty years.

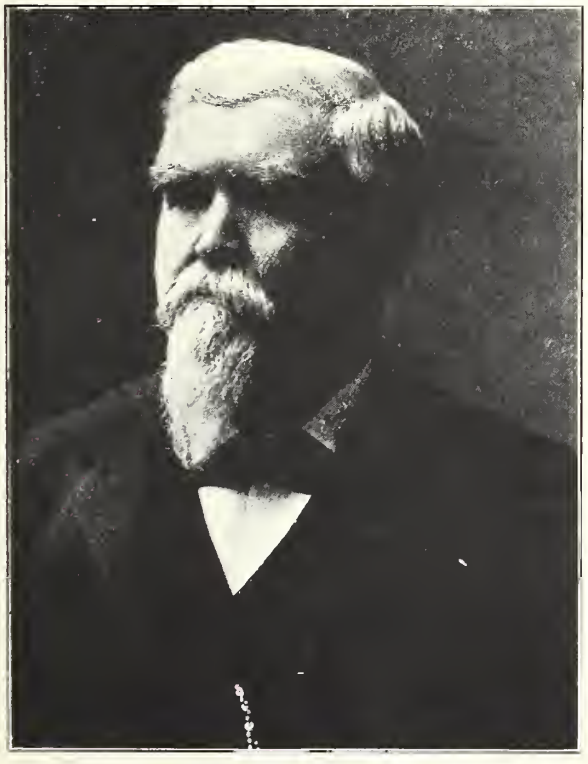
He was instrumental in the erection of the building for the Young Men's Christian Association, and was President of the Association for ten years. He was a prominent Mason, and served as Secretary of Powhatan Starke Lodge from its organization, in 1870, until his death. He was a Past Commander of A. P. Hill Camp, No. 1, United Confederate Veterans, and was always a delightful member of its camp fires.

Pleasant recollections of his genial kindliness and eminent usefulness as friend and citizen soften the anguish of regret to the community as well as to his beloved wife, who survives him, with an only sister, Mrs. James D. Maney, of Nashville, Tenn. His work is done; and whether it was in directing the pickets on the firing line in battle, in the social amenities of everyday life, or in pointing out the way of moral excellence to the students of his Bible class for right and successful living in the great arena of civic righteousness, it was well done.

[Sketch by G. J. Rogers, Petersburg, written March, 1910.]

John Alfred Beauchamp, M.D.

John Alfred Beauchamp was born at Edmonton, Barren County, Ky., November 24, 1835. His literary education was acquired at Center College, Danville, Ky., after which he entered the University of Nashville, Tenn., from which he graduated as a physician. He was assistant physician to the Central Hospital for the Insane at Nashville from August 19, 1870, to December 19, 1894, and superintendent of this hospital from December 19, 1894, to February 27, 1910, when death cut short his labors.



JOHN ALFRED BEAUCHAMP, M.D.

Dr. Beauchamp served as a member of the 1st Regiment of Tennessee Artillery from September 13, 1861, to April 23, 1863; was assistant surgeon P. A. C. S. from that time to April 14, 1865. He participated in the battles of Belmont, Ky., Fort Madrid, Mo., Fort Pillow, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Smyrna Church, Decatur, Ga., Jonesboro, and numerous skirmishes from Resaca to Atlanta, and was in the siege of Vicksburg. He was married to Miss Mary Vestal, of Maury County, Tenn., October 3, 1877.

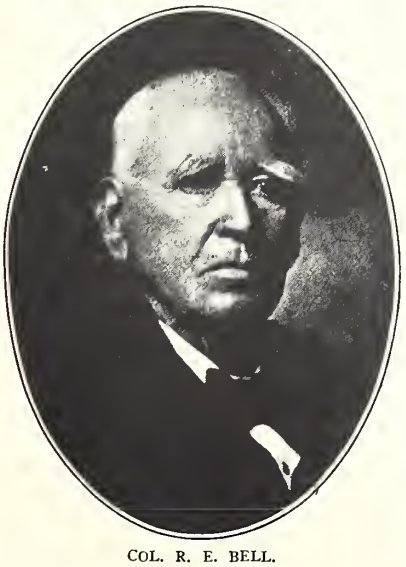
DEATHS IN PAT CLEBURNE CAMP, WACO.

In the Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, of Waco, Tex. (T. B. Cox, Commander; Thomas C. Smith, Adjutant), the deaths from July 5, 1909, to July 4, 1910, were as follows:

W. C. Clay, private Co. E, 13th Tenn. Inf.; July 5, 1909.
Wm. P. Jeanes, private Co. C, 10th Ala. Inf.; Aug. 27, 1909.
John Grant, private Co. B, 15th Miss. Inf.; Oct. 20, 1909.
I. S. Bradley, private Co. H, 9th Tex. Inf.; Nov. 11, 1909.
E. J. Cornibe, private Co. F, 2d La. Cav.; Nov. 11, 1909.
F. Johnson, private Co. B, 30th Tex. Cav.; Nov. 27, 1909.
W. F. Creasy, private Co. H, 19th Tex. Cav.; Jan. 2, 1910.
C. P. Albea, private Co. G, 15th Ga. Inf.; Jan 22, 1910.
R. G. Pidcocke, Serg. Maj. Co. B, 30th Tex. Inf., Jan. 23, 1910.
W. D. Viverett, Phillips's Co., 7th Tenn. Cav.; Feb., 1910.
W. H. Lessing, private Co. B, 4th Tex. Inf.; Feb. 22, 1910.
W. H. Gorman, private Co. F, 2d Ark. Cav.; Feb. 26, 1910.
J. F. Robertson, private Co. K, 16th Tex. Inf.; Mar. 28, 1910.
Wm. S. Hill, private Co. C, 16th Tenn. Inf.; Apr. 20, 1910.
E. F. Carroll, Sr., private Co. H, 15th Ark. Inf.; April 26, 1910.
J. W. Sedberry, private Co. C, 15th Tex. Inf.; Apr. 29, 1910.
E. C. Smith, private Co. I, 23d Ga. Inf.; May 20, 1910.
J. M. Orand, private Co. G, Hays's Reg. Inf.; May 21, 1910.
B. R. Chandler, private Co. H, 13th Va. Inf.; July 3, 1910.

Col. R. E. Bell.

Robert Eagleton Bell was born in Sumner County, Tenn., in November, 1832; and his beautiful and eventful life ended by death in Weatherford, Tex., in May, 1910. He came from a long line of soldier ancestry, his grandfather, William Bell, of Maryland, of Revolutionary fame, being one of the heroes of the battle of the Cowpens. He was one of the Heroes of the battle of the Cowpens. He was one of the pioneers of Tennessee, having removed to that State before it was admitted to the commonwealth, and married Sara McGuire, the sister of the celebrated pioneer and Revolutionary officer, Gen. Griffin Rutherford.



COL. R. E. BELL.

Col. R. E. Bell was closely identified with the development of Texas, being one of the fathers of Weatherford and its most honored and loved citizen. Living through the Indian days of that State, his experiences were many and dramatic. He was living at Mount Vernon, Tex., when the war began, and enlisted in Ross's Brigade, where he proved a gallant and efficient soldier, and soon won his advancement to major of the 20th Infantry. He was paroled

at Jackson, Miss., in May, 1865, and a year later established the general merchandise store that developed into the R. E. Bell Hardware Company, one of the most important mercantile concerns of the State. Colonel Bell is survived by his wife and four children.

Dr. James M. Hoyle.

Dr. James M. Hoyle, of Lee County, Miss., died July 14, 1909. He was born in 1836, and was surgeon of the 8th



DR. JAMES M. HOYLE.

Georgia Regiment during the war. Afterwards he practiced medicine in his community for thirty years. He also gave creditable service as a member of the Legislature. He was charitable, and beloved for his good works.

Lieut. J. H. Alderman.

John H. Alderman was born September 17, 1833; and died July 2, 1910, at his home, Oak Hall, near Wartrace, Tenn. Tetanus produced by a slight scratch on his hand resulted in his death.

Comrade Alderman was born near Wilmington, N. C., of Scotch Presbyterian ancestry. He came to Bedford County, Tenn., at the age of twenty. He was ever an upright, industrious man, full of pluck and energy. In 1857 he joined the Bethsalem Presbyterian Church, near Wartrace, and proved himself a worthy member and Christian. For many years he was a deacon in that Church. He obeyed the command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Considerate of others, he was a friend to the poor and a help to the widow and orphan. He was a gentleman in every sense.

When the dark clouds of war lowered on our Southland, he at once enlisted in the Southern army in Capt. David Vance's company, Col. Matt Martin's 23d Regiment Tennessee Infantry. He was promoted to a lieutenantcy in his company, and participated in many of the most desperate battles of that bloody war. He was at Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Drury's Bluff, and around Petersburg, Va., and on until the curtain fell at Appomattox. With all this record he rarely ever spoke of his experiences. He was exceedingly modest. When the war ended, this ragged, warworn soldier wended his way homeward footsore, weary, and hungry. Single-handed he achieved highly creditable success.

On December 17, 1868, he married Miss Mary Murphy, of an eminently pious family—Scotch and Presbyterian. They reared seven worthy children, one son and six daughters. One daughter, a beautiful character, gave up her life as a missionary in China.

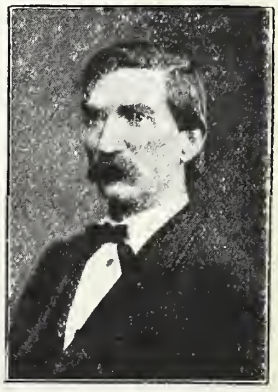
[From sketch by his close, personal friend, "Dime" Myers.]

Hugh R. Smith.

Hugh R. Smith, a prominent veteran of Petersburg, died in that city in July, 1910. He was an active and influential veteran, and had been the Commander of the Grand Camp and Treasurer of the A. P. Hill Camp. He was adjutant of the 12th Virginia Regiment, and took part with them in some of the principal battles of the war. His memoranda of the events he witnessed furnished valuable data for the history of the regiment which has been compiled. Mr. Smith was present in the battle of the Crater. After a hard day, he fell asleep on the field filled with dead and wounded, and was aroused by the squad which was burying the dead. His sleep from exhaustion was thought to be his last long sleep. Mr. Smith was popular, winning friends wherever he went.

Martin Thornton.

"His virtues were so conspicuous that the finger of suspicion was never pointed toward him during his long business career" was written of Martin Thornton, whose death occurred at Wheeling, W. Va., in the latter part of 1909. Few citizens of his community were held in such high esteem, and none was more deserving. A letter from Wheeling to the Veteran states that Martin Thornton went to that city some years after the close of the war, and by his energy and strict attention to business he was very successful and accumulated a large property. He was married there, and several children blessed his home, but all preceded him to the grave. His two boys graduated at the University of Virginia, one becoming a lawyer and the other a physician, and both died soon after beginning life's career, leaving the home childless. From this sad blow Comrade Thornton never recovered, and his wife did not long survive.



MARTIN THORNTON.

Martin Thornton served as a soldier of the Confederacy in the Army of Tennessee, yet little is known of his service as a soldier. He often spoke of having been a member of an Arkansas regiment of infantry, and for a long while was in Cleburne's Division. He was in the battle of Shiloh, as also in the carnage of Franklin, Tenn., which battle he described with much force and feeling. He was a splendid Confederate veteran, and loved the cause for which he had battled, and was ever in the front in doing his duty as a veteran. He was a man of feeling as well as of principle, one who could always be relied on. His good deeds were known and read of all men, and he died respected by his adopted people. It is thought that he came to Wheeling from Louisville, Ky., as he visited that city several times and

often spoke of a brother living there. Who can tell of his command and his service? He was liberal to the VETERAN.

Gen. Robert White writes of him: "Martin was a true man, of noble and generous impulses, and a Southerner."

CAPT. J. G. WALLACE.

Alone, in the attitude of prayer, in the twinkling of an eye, on the evening of July 4, 1910, Capt. John G. Wallace passed from the "seen to the unseen" world. His neighbors sent a memorial of beautiful flowers to his funeral with the legend, "Everybody's Friend," and that was the biography of a hero's life. He was born on March 23, 1840, at Deep Creek, near the place where he died, Wallaceton, Norfolk County, Va.

Captain Wallace organized the "Blanchard Grays," Company C, 61st Virginia Infantry Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, which made a brilliant military record with the Army of Northern Virginia.

He was desperately wounded in the charge of the Crater, July 30, 1864, which disabled him from further field duty during the war. His conduct on this bloody field was a splendid picture of war. Shot down in the charging line, he waved both hands to his men, who were halting to aid their stricken leader, and cried in a loud voice: "Go on, go on, go on!" It was a display of self-sacrifice and heroism never surpassed on any battlefield. Bearing in his body the bullet received there, from which he suffered all the remainder of his life, he went to his father's aid after the war closed and gave all his energies to building up the waste of war and reclaiming the tangled forests into blooming fields; and when he gave up his task, the waving corn of a thousand acres told of his great work. His farm "Dover" is one of the finest and most productive corn and potato farms in Virginia.

The home of Captain Wallace was without a latchstring, open always, and his noted hospitality was proverbial.

[Sketch by Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, who in a personal letter states: "To me it is a distinct shock and great grief."]



CAPT. J. G. WALLACE.

CAPT. J. D. ROBERDEAU.

Capt. James Daniel Roberdeau died May 18, 1910, at his residence in Austin, Tex. Funeral services were held at the residence in the afternoon under the auspices of Austin Lodge, No. 12, A. F. and A. M., and the remains were taken to Weimar, Tex., the family burying ground.

Captain Roberdeau was born in Fairfax County, Va., February 6, 1830, and went to Texas in 1858. He was of French-Scotch ancestry. His great-grandfather, a Huguenot, left Rochelle, France, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, taking refuge on the island of St. Christopher. From there the family came to America, settling in Philadelphia. His grandfather, Gen. Daniel Roberdeau, was a patriot of 1776, brigadier general in the Revolutionary army, member of the Continental Congress, and signer of the Articles of Confederation. His uncle, Isaac Roberdeau, was colonel in the topographical Engineering corps in the War of 1812, and organized the first bureau of topographical engineers in the United States, and was continued chief of this bureau the remainder of his life. He was located at West Point Military Academy many years, until his official duties made it necessary for him to reside in Washington, D. C. Captain Roberdeau's father, James Milligan Roberdeau, was a native Virginian, a man of culture, a graduate of Princeton University. His estate was in Fairfax County, where he was reared and died in the prime of life, leaving a large family of daughters and this only son.

Captain Roberdeau was a born patriot and soldier. He was among the first to respond to the call when his country needed his services. He helped raise a company of volunteers in Colorado County, Tex., and was elected first lieutenant. This company, with nineteen other companies, rendezvoused at Harrisburg, near Houston, for several weeks. From there they were ordered to Richmond, and thence to Old Dumfries, on the Potomac. The Texas brigade was then organized, composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments, 18th Georgia, and Hampton's South Carolina Legion.

I first spoke to Lieutenant Roberdeau on a cold day in December, 1861. I was on picket post at the time and stationed in a little clump of pine trees on a high bluff overlooking the Potomac River. We were not required to walk our beats, so I brushed the snow off a fallen pine and was seated looking at the dark, wide river below me and the white hills and white tents of the Federals camped just opposite on the Maryland side. Lieutenant Roberdeau, in command of the picket guard, was on a tour of inspection. He sat down by me, remarking that he was tired climbing over the hills and tramping through the deep snow. That acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship that lasted for nearly fifty years.

Captain Roberdeau was strictly a disciplinarian, a natural-born soldier, and the men thought at first that he was too strict for a volunteer officer. The Texans of that old brigade were hard to control. They had led a free, independent life at home and didn't take readily to discipline, and it took just such men as Captain Roberdeau to convince them that discipline and obedience to orders was their duty. Col. John B. Hood, of the 4th Regiment, and Col. J. J. Archer, of the 5th (both West Pointers), backed by a corps of splendid line officers, soon taught us that there was quite a difference between a free and easy life on the broad prairies of Texas and soldiering in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Captain Roberdeau was fair and just to his men, and he was untiring in behalf of their comfort. He demanded of the commissary and quartermaster all that was due his company, and he generally got it. In the spring of 1862, while he was

yet a first lieutenant, the position of brigade commissary was offered him by Colonel Archer, carrying with it a higher rank and better pay; but he declined it, preferring to remain with his company and regiment. Colonel Archer replied: "Lieutenant, I admire your spirit, but d—n your judgment." Captain Roberdeau told me that it was called to mind quite often while tramping in the snow on the heavy march when he thought of the warm berth of the quartermaster in his comfortable ambulance. When John C Upton, original captain of Company B, was promoted, Roberdeau became captain.

In the battle of Second Manassas the 5th Regiment suffered severely, losing all their field officers. Col. J. B. Robertson, Major Bryant, and Adjutant Woods were wounded, and the gallant Upton killed on the field. Captain Roberdeau went into action with forty-five men, rank and file, and lost twenty-six in killed and wounded, himself and Lieut. Ben Baker, of Company B, both being wounded. In that battle the 5th Texas Regiment and the 5th New York Fire Zouaves met face to face; and when the conflict was over, the hillside where they fought was literally covered with red jackets and gray uniforms. The 5th Texas swept over the gorgeously dressed Zouaves, leaving more than half of them dead and wounded on the field.

[Each of the three Texas regiments that served in Lee's army had their day of blood. The 4th in the battle of Gaines's Mill during the seven days' battle around Richmond lost more than three hundred men in less than thirty minutes. At Second Manassas the 5th lost two hundred and fifty-five killed and wounded, and at Sharpsburg, Md., the 1st Texas lost 82.3 per cent out of the two hundred and twenty-six that went into the fight.]

The morning after the battle of Second Manassas, at the suggestion of General Hood, Captain Roberdeau accepted a furlough to visit his mother, who lived at Centerville, not far away. That was on August 31, 1862, and that evening General Lee moved on with his army toward Maryland. On the 5th of September we crossed the Potomac River near Leesburg, and, to the astonishment of all, Captain Roberdeau joined us and assumed command of his company. His devotion to the cause for which we were fighting would not permit him to remain quiet at his old home. In the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., fought September 17, 1862, he was again slightly wounded, but remained with his company, which by that time had been reduced to a mere fragment.

Captain Roberdeau never missed a battle or skirmish in which Hood's Texas Brigade was engaged, from the battle of Eltham's Landing, May 7, 1862, to Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. When Hood's Division of Longstreet's Corps made the assault against Cemetery Ridge and Little Round Top at Gettysburg, part of the 5th Texas went too far up the mountains, and Captain Roberdeau and a number of his regiment were captured. He was held a prisoner on Johnson's Island until exchanged some time in 1864. He then returned to his old command, and went through all the hardships of that eventful war until the last gun was fired at Appomattox.

He returned to Texas, his adopted State, in 1865, and in November of that year was married to Miss Willie McCormick, a sister of the late ex-Attorney-General of Texas, Hon. George McCormick. For several years after the close of the war Captain Roberdeau engaged in the mercantile business in Galveston; but when his old comrade, Capt. W. C. Walsh, was elected Commissioner of the General Land Office of Texas in 1878, he offered Captain Roberdeau the receivership in that department, which was accepted, a position he held for eight years. During those eight years I was associated with him in the Land Office.

While I knew him as a soldier, honored and respected by both officers and men, I was more intimate with him in civil life, and through all, as soldier and as citizen, he was always the same upright gentleman. He leaves behind him a devoted wife, one sister, and six sons, all grown and fine business men. Only four members of his old company are now living,



CAPT. J. D. ROBERDEAU.

and but two of them were present at his burial, the other two being too feeble to attend. At the grave Sergt. Joe C. Kindred spoke feelingly of his old captain, which brought tears to the eyes of many who were present. Rest in peace, my old comrade!

[Sketch by Val. C. Giles, Austin, 4th Texas.]

Charles M. Wheatly.

Charles M. Wheatly was born in Pennsylvania; and died at a ripe old age in Americus, Ga., in July, 1910. When the call to arms came, he went out with the Sumpter Light Guards, attached to the 4th Georgia Regiment, and continued with them till the surrender at Appomattox. After the war he returned to Americus and resumed his profession of architect and manufacturer, becoming one of the most prosperous and honored citizens of his chosen city. He was closely identified with the veterans, having held every post in the Camp. He was the Commander of the Western Georgia Division at the time of his death. Charles Wheatly was a good soldier, an enterprising citizen, and a courteous and considerate friend.

Bullitt.—Col. Thomas W. Bullitt, a prominent lawyer of Louisville, died at a hospital in Baltimore of apoplexy in March, 1910. He was educated at Center College, and served under Gens. John H. Morgan and Basil W. Duke,

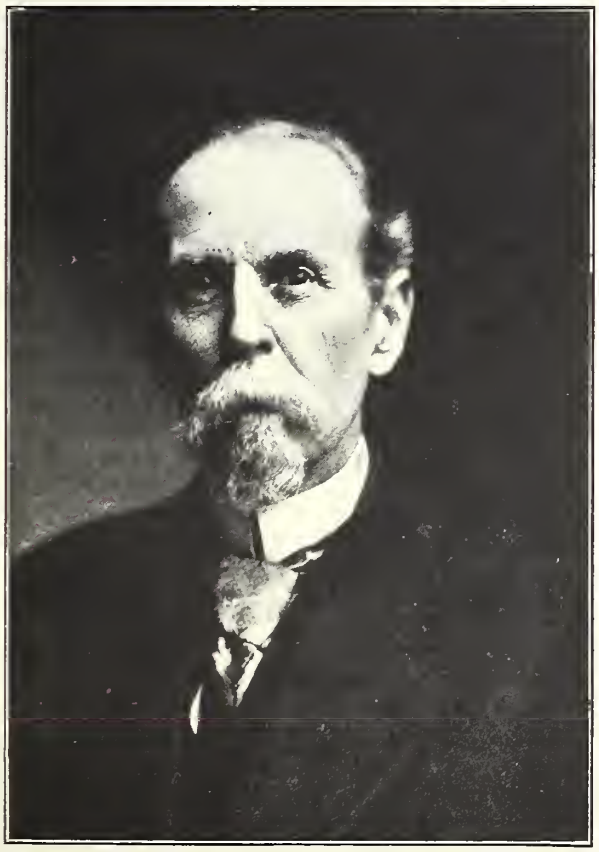
Maj. T. P. Weakley.

A long and useful life came to a peaceful close with the death of Maj. T. P. Weakley on July 26, 1910, while on a health mission at Monterey, Tenn.

Thomas Porter Weakley was the firstborn of Dr. B. F. and Mary E. Weakley; born in Triune, Williamson County, Tenn., July 14, 1839. In 1847 the family removed to Davidson County and settled in the Eastland suburb of Nashville near the ancestral home of the Weakleys. He was reared under the best social, intellectual, and moral influences. With these advantages he followed the path of virtue and religion. He was a dutiful son, and it is believed that he never caused his parents one heart throb of pain. His feet never trod the paths of sin, and from his palm no wild oats were ever cast. In the flush of gracefully unfolding youth he gave God his heart and crossed the dividing line between the Church and the world. Who of his youthful companions ever had the suspicion of a thought that Porter Weakley would do anything that was not absolutely upright?

After completing the curriculum of the training school, he entered the junior class of Florence Wesleyan University, and after two years of diligent study completed the course and graduated with the fullest approval of the faculty. He taught school one year and also studied law, but never practiced.

In 1861 he was among the first to enlist in the Confederate army, and went with the 2d Tennessee Regiment to Virginia.



MAJ. T. P. WEAKLEY.

Afterwards he became major on the staff of General Finley, and in this capacity served until the close of hostilities. In 1865 he engaged in the real estate business in Nashville, and continued in the same business until a few weeks before his death. On March 15, 1866, he was married to Miss Hattie E. Moore. Of this union there were five daughters, all of whom survive with their mother.

Major Weakley became a member of Tulip Street Methodist Church in 1865, and for forty years was an official of that Church. For five years he was superintendent of its splendid Sunday school. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Blind School, a member and President of Cheatham Bivouac, U. C. V., and a Mason. Unfalteringly he met his end, and with the Shepherd passed through the shadow out into the light of the glorious day. We will see him again in the "morning."

Dr. Benjamin Rush Jennings.

Dr. B. R. Jennings was born in Baltimore; and died in Pikeville, Md., in July, 1910, in his seventieth year. Espousing the cause of the South, he left the North on the last train that was allowed to pass Harper's Ferry. He enlisted in Company D, 1st Maryland Infantry, which regiment subsequently furnished three generals to the Confederacy. Gens. Arnold Elzy, George A. Stuart, and Bradley T. Johnson were all promoted from the colonelcy of the 1st Maryland. Dr. Jennings took part in all of the engagements of his battalion during the year of 1861; then his regiment was transferred to the command of Stonewall Jackson, and served under him in the campaign of the Valley of Virginia.

His battalion disbanded in 1862, and Dr. Jennings reenlisted with the 2d Maryland Infantry, under General Breckinridge; but was later detached and transferred to Fry's Health Division of A. P. Hill's corps. He was in all the battles with this division, was in the rifle pits of Petersburg, was wounded at Hatches Run, and when Richmond was evacuated was captured in the hospital there and sent a prisoner to Libby Prison.

John Gandy.

John Gandy, formerly of the 6th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, died at Hartsville, S. C., in July, 1910, in his sixty-ninth year. He enlisted in the Hartsville Light Infantry, and was a faithful soldier, cheerful and efficient in all camp service, and unfaltering in his courage on the field of action. He was severely wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, was made prisoner, and was exchanged at Fort Delaware in 1862. In the attack on Battery Harrison he was wounded and crippled for life by a Minie ball passing through his hip. He was always loyal to the memories of the Confederacy, and attended all Reunions even when so crippled by illness that he could not go without assistance.

Capt. Charles E. Royston.

C. E. Royston was born in Washington, Ark., in March, 1884; and died in July, 1910. He was a member of one of the State's oldest and most aristocratic families, being the grandson of Gen. Grandison L. Royston, a pioneer of Arkansas. Charles Royston's Confederate war record was very fine. He was aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. T. J. Churchill, and served with him till the end of the war. At the time of his death he had been Circuit Court Clerk for several years.

Jefferson Davis Bradford.

The Associated Press from New Orleans announces the death of Jefferson Davis Bradford, a nephew of Mr. Davis, at his home, in West Feliciana Parish, La. He was seventy-one years old, a graduate of West Point, and had served with distinction during the war in the Confederate service as an officer of engineers and also adjutant to Gen. F. Gardner.

From Sherman, Tex., are reported the deaths of three members of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., this year, one of which was the Commander, Dr. J. T. Wilson, who served in the 1st Maryland Battery; C. E. Williams, of Churchill's Battery, Forrest's command; J. W. Crutchfield, 5th Tennessee Infantry.

Lieut. Green C. Duncan.

In the death of Lieut. G. C. Duncan his personal friends and the veterans of the Southern army who knew him will feel poignant sorrow. He was born October 10, 1841, near Bloomfield, Ky.; and died August 5, 1910, in New York City from a surgical operation.

He enlisted in Capt. W. D. McKay's company of Kentucky infantry in August, 1861, which joined Col. Marsh Walker's regiment of Alabama, Tennessee, and Arkansas troops, stationed at Island No. 10. With the fall of that port he was sent North with his company as prisoners of war. In September, 1862, he was exchanged at Vicksburg, and his company was transferred to the 8th Kentucky Regiment of Infantry, Col. H. B. Lyon, he being made first lieutenant.

He was with his company at Coffeeville, Baker's Creek, Big Black, Vicksburg, Jackson, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Tupelo, Miss., Johnsonville, with the advance of Hood into Tennessee, Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, Murfreesboro, and in all the engagements covering the retreat from Nashville across the Tennessee, at Montevallo and Selma, Ala., and finally surrendered with his company and regiment at Columbus, Miss., May 15, 1865. He returned to Kentucky, but shortly after went to Texas, settling at Egypt, in Wharton County, where he married and made a useful citizen.

Mr. Duncan was a model soldier, firm and exacting to duty, ever alert and prompt to secure all needful supplies for the comfort and efficiency of his men. As a citizen, public officer, and neighbor he was successful in business, efficient and popular, true and firm in his conviction of public polity.

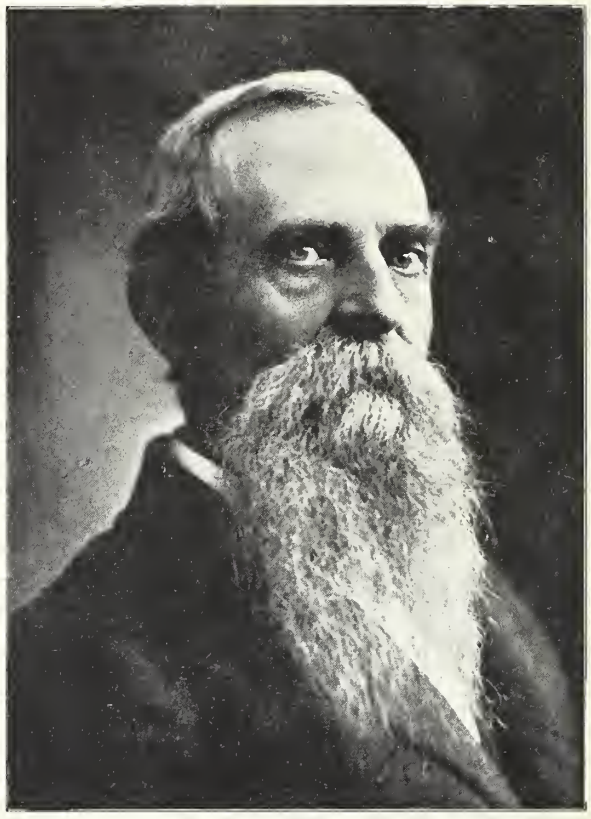
[From sketch by F. G. Terry, Cadiz, Ky., who writes: "He and I were the last known living of the staff of Gen. A. Buford, commander of the second division of Forrest's Cavalry. We served also in the Kentucky brigade of the same division, and shared many dangers and privations, making him dear to me."]

His friend, W. H. Bemiss, of Shelbyville, Ky., writes: "We were from the same place, Bloomfield, Ky., and went to school together in the long ago, though he was older than I. Green Duncan came from a prominent family and was one of the first to enlist in the Confederate army from that county, going out with Capt. W. D. McKay's company from Bloomfield in 1861. This company was later assigned to the 8th Kentucky Infantry. In the fall of 1863, when it was mounted and put with Forrest, serving with him under General Lyon to the end, Duncan became a lieutenant in his company, and was conspicuous for gallantry on many occasions. He was an honorable gentleman and a true friend."

Dr. R. H. Harvey.

Dr. R. H. Harvey was born in Williamson County, Tenn., August 31, 1841; and died in Lawrenceburg Tenn., March 28, 1910. When war was declared in 1861, he enlisted in Company H, 20th Tennessee Regiment, and served until the general surrender. He was appointed on the staff of General Zollicoffer, where he served until the General's death. He next served on the staff of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, then with General Bate, and later with Gen. Thomas Benton Smith.

In November, 1865, Dr. Harvey removed from Williamson to Lawrence County, where he began a drug business and the study of medicine, graduating in medicine in 1868. He practiced medicine until 1880, after which time he engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods, and was President of the Lawrenceburg Mill Company, also President of the Lawrenceburg Bank and Trust Company. He was interested actively



DR. R. H. HARVEY.

in public matters, and was a prominent member of the Tennessee Legislature. He is survived by an only son, Robert B. Harvey. His wife died a few years ago. She was Miss Bently, sister to the wife of Gen. E. W. Rucker, now of Birmingham, Ala.

Judge Thomas H. Woods.

Thomas Woods was born in Glasgow, Ky., in 1828; and died in Meridian, Miss., in August, 1910.

His early youth was spent in Kemper County, Miss., and he moved to Meridian in 1872. He graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts, and at once began the practice of law, in which he was eminently successful. He was the youngest member of the Secession Convention of 1861, and subsequently enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in the first company raised in Kemper County, soon being promoted to the captaincy. He was severely wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill.

After the war Judge Woods served two terms as District Attorney, was elected to the Legislature in 1871 and re-elected in 1875, refusing the third term. He refused an appointment from President Cleveland to the post of United States District Attorney, preferring his private practice. Governor Lowry appointed him to fill an unexpired term as justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1891 Governor Stone appointed him for the full term of nine years to the same position. He is survived by five sons and two daughters.

REUNION WITH CAPT. FRANK GURLEY.

The annual reunion of Capt. Frank B. Gurley's company and other Confederate veterans was held at the Captain's residence August 17 and 18, 1910. About ninety veterans were present, and a number of ladies ministered to their comfort, as their mothers had done in time of war. Dr. John C. Steger was made chairman of the business meeting and Capt. J. W. Grayson secretary. Hon. William Richardson and Captain Bean made splendid talks on the valor of the veterans when Confederate soldiers. After singing some old-time war songs, the following memorial resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas since our last reunion God in his providence has removed from our ranks our brother comrades, Dr. J. B. Cowan, Prof. Samuel L. Robertson, J. B. Sanford, J. F. Burdine, and Henry C. Roper; therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That in the death of these beloved veterans the country has lost some of her best citizens and we some of the bravest and truest of our rapidly decreasing numbers.

"2. That we tender their respective families our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement and direct that copies of these resolutions be sent to each and to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the Jefferson County Democrat, and the Gurley Herald.

"Committee: J. M. Robinson, John E. Hewlett, G. B. Gill."

A resolution was adopted as submitted by J. W. Grayson:

"*Resolved,* That we, the survivors of Capt. Frank B. Gurley's company of Forrest's command, and other veterans who have for two days enjoyed the lavish hospitality of Captain Gurley extend to him our most grateful thanks for this the fifth opportunity of meeting together in sweet communion and the opportunity to live over again the tragic scenes of the greatest war the world has ever witnessed."

The ladies present especially desired Captain Gurley to accept their thanks for the privilege of serving the old soldiers.

Some appropriate sacred songs were rendered, closing with "God Be with You Till We Meet Again." In this last pathetic song the veterans formed a circle, the ladies marched around, extending to each a parting hand, and then the veterans a parting hand to each other. Comrade W. L. Giles pronounced a benediction, and the meeting adjourned.

"HISTORY OF FORREST'S ARTILLERY."

A writer in the New York Evening World gives a review of Captain Morton's book from which the following is an excerpt: "Since Capt. John W. Morton has retired from politics, as many other old Confederates have done, he has devoted much of his time to the writing of a reminiscent history of Forrest's Artillery. The book is written in a most attractive narrative style, and must be of great interest to the boys of the sixties. The chapter describing the workings of the Ku Klux Klan is most interesting and entertaining. I predict great success and many editions of this book."

U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIPS FOR KENTUCKY.

Mrs. W. S. Murray, chairman of the educational work for the U. D. C. in Kentucky, has secured several scholarships for lineal descendants of Confederate veterans. Center College, Danville, gives an honorary scholarship valued at fifty dollars, open to any high school graduate of good character and Southern ancestry.

The State University at Lexington gives two scholarships for Southern graduates of the high school. These are for the entire time of the course of study selected and entirely free, save for a deposit of ten dollars to cover any damage to the school property, which money is refunded when the student leaves school. The West Kentucky Normal at Bowling Green gives a scholarship and free tuition for four years to any pupil of proved parentage and good character who has a certificate in the eighth grade.

East Kentucky Normal gives a year's scholarship to a pupil desiring to teach who is of Southern birth, good character, and in need of assistance. Draughon's Business College, Paducah, gives a life scholarship in either bookkeeping or shorthand, which entitles the holder to free tuition, exempt from all incidental fees. The requirements are proven ancestry and good character, need of assistance, and eighth grade certificate. Central Business College, Paducah, offers one scholarship, the value not yet determined.

In order to get any of these scholarships for the fall, application must be made to Mrs. W. S. Murray.

THE NATION'S CONFEDERATE SHAFT.

The National Cemetery at Finns Point (adjoining Fort Mott) is on the New Jersey shore, opposite Fort Delaware, and it contains the bodies of the Confederates who died in that prison. In June, 1910, a tribute shaft to these heroes was erected by the United States government at a cost of eight thousand five hundred dollars.

It is what is known as a "rough, quarry-faced shaft," and stands eighty-two feet six inches in height, and the platform base is twenty-one feet. On the front shaft is a bronze tablet showing in raised and polished letters for what purpose the memorial is erected. The lower part of the shaft has another bronze tablet which, together with the eight bronze tablets on the concrete posts around the base, gives the entire record of the 2,460 names, together with their company and regiment, who died on Finns Point.

TO MARK BATTLEFIELD OF MONOCACY.—The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Frederick, Md., are busy with plans to mark the battlefield of Monocacy. At first they will use markers for the graves, but they intend ultimately to erect a handsome monument on the battlefield. The Chapter has compiled a roster of the dead in Mount Olivet Cemetery, which gives not only the names of the soldiers but also the company and regiment. On last Memorial Day Judge Worthington read a paper in full description of the battle, which will be placed in the archives of the Chapter and which forms a valuable addition not only to the Chapter historical papers, but will be invaluable to the students of correct history over the States.

A TREASURED RELIC LOST.

Mr. R. P. Rowley, of Guthrie, Ky., lost in or near Guthrie in June, 1910, a gold star that had engraved upon it: "Lieut. Col. R. P. Rowley, Fourth Engineer Troop." Mr. Rowley is exceedingly anxious to recover this treasure and would pay liberally for its return.

F. Douglas Walker, who was an inmate of the Confederate Home of South Carolina, was suspended from residence at the Home for sixty days by order of the Commandant, his offense being the word "damn" which he used at the breakfast table. Walker had no friends, home, nor money; so he went to the almshouse and was given a bed there. Of all wicked things that can do no good, profanity seems the worst. Swearing is so inexcusable and so shocking that it would seem well to stop it. Disloyalty to country in expression is bad enough, but open defiance of the laws of man and of God ought to be stopped.

BLEDSOE'S BOOK, "IS DAVIS A TRAITOR?"

BY MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND, RICHMOND, VA.

The history of the book, "Is Davis a Traitor?" is interesting. A special edition of the valuable little volume was brought out at that time by Mrs. Virginius Newton as a memorial of her husband, a Confederate veteran, with whom it had always been a favorite. And at the Confederate Reunion of that year held in Richmond, when the statue to Jefferson Davis was unveiled, Mrs. Newton gave away to Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and others hundreds of these books in which our great President and his cause were so well vindicated.

An interesting account of the origin of this work by Professor Bledsoe and the priceless service it performed at the dark period of its first publication is given by Mrs. Sophia Bledsoe Herrick in the Alumni Bulletin of the University of Virginia in May, 1899, from which I quote: "During the latter part of the War between the States Mr. Davis felt the necessity for a carefully prepared vindication of the South. He therefore consulted my father on the subject and induced him to undertake to prepare a book on the constitutional right of secession. After consultation it was decided that in order to do this he go to England. All records of Congress and of the conventions which had formed the government, both Federal and State, were inaccessible in the South, but were to be found in the British Museum. He therefore went at his own expense and risk, running the blockade, to London, where he spent nearly two years gathering material for his work, which he intended calling 'Is Secession a Constitutional Right?' He came back to America in January, 1866, and in the spring following his book was published, also in this case at his own expense. Mr. Davis was then in Fortress Monroe awaiting trial, and the title of the book was changed to 'Is Davis a Traitor?' with a modification of the original title as a subtitle. Charles O'Conner, Mr. Davis's lawyer, said that he never could have saved Mr. Davis's life without the material collected together in this work."

"NEITHER DO I."

In this book Miss Elizabeth Adamson Redford has accomplished what is rarely attempted, a story in which the Master appears without militating at all against its depth of tenderness or its profound reverence.

Miss Redford says that she has based this story of Mary of Bethany on her history as it is told in Jerusalem, which is well preserved in traditions. In writing it she has made the beautiful purity, truth, and devotion of Mary stand out with all the clearness of a portrayal on canvas, that purity of thought and trust in those she loved which made her follow the radiant young Prince Herod to her ultimate destruction.

While Martha and Lazarus beautifully linger before the mind's eye in the word pictures painted with such artistic touches, Herodias, the one-time wife of Philip, is startling in her realism. She is splendidly depicted in her furious anger at "John of the Wilderness," who has denounced her marriage with the Tetrarch Herod Antipas as unlawful. The Dance of Salome is a fine bit of writing, abounding in the beautiful imagery and all the gorgeous coloring of the East, and the description of the dripping head borne on the silver charger by the triumphant dancer is marked with a master's touch.

The book is written in the language of the Bible, dignified, stately, without being stilted, and in every part shows the closest research into the manners, customs, and religious observances of the times, as well as into the clothing, food, and even household furnishings of those days. It shows also the author's thorough knowledge of the geography and topography of Jerusalem and "all the places round about." But Miss Redford has fallen into one error which is a very common one: she makes Mary of Bethany, Mary the Magdalene, she "who washed His feet with her tears and dried them with the hair of her head," and Mary who "was last at the cross and first at the tomb" all the same person, whereas the high authorities argue that these were not one Mary, but three of that name.

"Neither Do I" is well calculated to make a lasting mark with all readers whose taste is not utterly vitiated by the ephemeral novel of the day. It holds the attention so closely that even for reviewing a cursory reading was not attempted, but every word read with absorbing interest. It is published by the Broadway Publishing House, New York, and has a few very good engravings.

"UNCLE WASH: HIS STORIES."

John Trotwood Moore has made some notable additions to Southern literature, his stories and poems placing him well in the vanguard of the South's literati; but he has never done anything quite so good as his stories of "Uncle Wash."

Uncle Wash is a "befo'-de-wah nigger," and his quaint philosophy, irresistible fun-making, and underlying superstition make a combination that only a negro of the old régime could possess. Every story bubbles over with laughter, laughter so spontaneous that the cobwebs of ordinary life are all brushed away as we read them. The old man's phraseology alone would make him an undying addition to the mental picture gallery.

As we read these stories of the old-time South the wheel of time goes backward, and we live with "ole Mars and ole Miss" and the days when the "ole plantation" resounded to the happy laughter of children and the musical "plunk, plunk, plunk" of the banjo. "Uncle Wash" is a cure for the blues, and the man who can read his stories and keep misanthropic ideas would be as bad as the man who had lost his shadow—unfit for ordinary association. The book is from the publishing house of John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, and is for sale at all bookstores. Price, $1.25.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

It is certainly time that a thorough and impartial history of that war should be written, and we are glad to learn that the work is under way. Dr. Justin H. Smith, the author of several historical works of recognized value, resigned the professorship of modern history in Dartmouth College several years ago in order to devote his entire time to the subject. He has examined all the records of our government, many of which have not been seen by any other historian, and has spent more than a year at work in Mexico, where President Diaz gave him access to all the papers he desired to see. He has also visited England and France on the same mission, examined the State records, the collections of the historical societies and the libraries in all parts of this country, and many thousands of papers in private hands. To complete his material, he desires to read as many as possible of the diaries kept by men in the field and the letters which they wrote home. Such documents not only throw light on many points, but enable the historian to do justice to those who distinguished themselves. We recommend that those who have such papers send them by registered mail to Dr. Smith at the University Club, Boston, Mass. We understand that he will return them in a few days and refund the cost of mailing them.

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY

A Library of Confederate States History in Twelve Volumes

Written by able and distinguished Southern men, with Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, Editor-in-Chief.

This extensive Confederate publication has the commendation of the Historieal Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The military history of each Confederate State is given separately. Sueh writers as Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia, Capt. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, toueh on the Constitutional questions and the Civil and Politieal events which brought on the Confederate movement, while the military history of the States is given by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland; Maj. Jed Hotehkiss, of Virginia; Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr., of North Carolina; Gen. Ellison Capers, South Carolina; Gen. Joe Wheeler, Alabama; Col. Chas. E. Hooker, Mississippi; ex-Governor Porter, Tennessee; Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, Kentucky; Col. Moore, Missouri; Gen. J. M. Harrell, Arkansas; Prof. Dimitry, Louisiana; Governor Roberts, Texas; Gen. Robert White, West Virginia.

The VETERAN has by cash payment secured eontrol of the entire edition of this valuable work, and while the supply lasts will furnish the entire edition

AT HALF PRICE

This is a fine opportunity to secure a most eomplete history of the Confederate Government at moderate cost. Cloth, $24.00; half leather, $30.00.

This most complete Confederate history should be in every private library South and every publie library in the country. Order at once, and if not convenient to pay cash, the amount may be sent in partial payments. Address

CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

MEMOIRS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beautiful and Just Tribute by His Wife

No one was so well prepared to write of the exalted character of this grand man as his wife, who in the close comradeship of over a quarter of a century had seen that character develop through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, in shadow and sunlight.

Mrs. Davis had kept her finger upon the pulse of the exciting times of war, and thoroughly understood the bearing of events upon the life of Mr. Davis; and her book portrays these scenes in a masterly manner, leaving out no side lights that are needed for a thorough comprehension of things as they were.

The VETERAN has the sole agency for these books, only a limited number of which can be had, as they are out of print. While the edition lasts they will be sold at a bargain. They are in two volumes, octavo, richly illustrated.

PRICES, WITH BINDINGS, PER SET

Best English Cloth	$ 5 00
English Grained Cloth	6 50
Half Morocco, Marbled Edges	7 50
Half Russia, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges	8 00
Half Calf, Marbled Edges	10 00
Full Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt	12 00

The VETERAN will supply them at 20 per cent off, paying the postage or express.

MILITARY BELTING

WHITE WASHABLE DUCK
ALL WIDTHS
15c per Belt, Postpaid

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 PENN. AVE., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Southern Authors

Southern authors who have book manuscript should consult COL. WM. H. STEWART, Box 14, Portsmouth, Va., who represents responsible publishers.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

25 Cents a Bottle

J. M. Bone, of Rocky Comfort, Mo., Route 2, Box 56, wants to know if Maj. Buck Joiner is still living and his address.

George W. Mills, of Ponchatoula, La., wishes to recover a cockade lost, presumably, at the Confederate mess hall in Mobile during the Reunion. The cockade was made up of narrow red and white ribbons, with a fragment of the Crescent Regiment Louisiana Volunteers colors sewed over it and a silver crescent pinned on top.

H. M. Carl, of Geneseo, Ill. (Box 260), writes in behalf of two sisters there who are anxious to learn something of their two brothers who were soldiers of the North and the South, and of whom nothing has been known since the war. One was Philip Fitz Simons, who was assistant surgeon in the 160th New York Volunteers; the other, Thomas Fitz Simons, who served in a Confederate regiment, but nothing has ever been known of his service. Any information as to their service and fate will be highly appreciated by these sisters.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **May 30, 1911**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected.

Respectfully,
W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky.

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster General, United Confederate Veterans

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

W. S. Davis, of Waynesboro, Miss., writes of having the set of "Confederate Military History" (twelve volumes), which cost him $60, and says: "It is worth the money."

John Moritz, 9218 Edmunds Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, wants a copy of the roll of the 18th Virginia Cavalry, which served under Gen. John D. Imboden. Some of the survivors of this regiment may be able to supply it.

Mrs. C. Helen Plane, 275 W. Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., has a copy of "Hardee's Tactics" in good condition which she will dispose of at a reasonable price. Those wishing a copy of this book should write to her about it. It is out of print and hard to find.

R. T. Christian, of Kirbyville, Tex., who belonged to Captain Maulding's company, made up in Goliad County, Tex., under Col. C. F. Ford, of Brownsville, Tex., and served on the frontier, would like to hear from some of his old comrades.

Mrs. J. H. Harris, of Tullahoma, Tenn., asks for any information of her husband's war record, which she needs in order to apply for a pension. Capt. J. H. Harris was on General Gracey's staff. Surviving comrades will kindly write her as to their recollection of his service.

Rev. J. W. Perry, of Davisboro, Ga., is very desirous that comrades write to him as to the company and regiment to which B. F. Roberts belonged, as his widow is in much need of a pension. Roberts was a student at Furman University. He was once encamped on James Island, S. C. He became a lawyer after the war, and died near Palatka, Fla.

Robert H. Cunningham, 1932 Franklin Street, Baltimore, Md., has in his possession a diary kept during the war by one William Shepardson, who was assistant surgeon in the 5th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Rosser, and afterwards transferred to the navy as assistant surgeon on the Confederate States Steamer Tallahassee. He was from Alabama and an intimate friend of Maj. John Pelham. Thinking that some of his family might like to have this diary, Mr. Cunningham sends this notice.

Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans' UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO
Columbus, Ohio

CONFEDERATE MAT

A MAT FOR FRAMING THE CONFEDERATE NOTE

Has the Confederate flags crossed at the top and the famous "Lines on the Confederate Note" grouped about a space for the note. Makes an interesting and attractive addition to any collection of Confederate pictures. Can be had for 15c. apiece, or $12.50 per hundred, by applying to

MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN SIMMONS
Martinsville, Va.

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

Veterans and members of the U. D. C. will kindly send subscriptions and renewals to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—price, each, $1.50 per year—to

MISS M. B. PAYNE
Box 205 Manassas, Va.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

THE BETRAYAL

A Novel by Walter Neale and Elizabeth H. Hancock

12mo, 500 Pages; $1.50, Postpaid



WALTER NEALE

PRESIDENT OF THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY, AUTHOR "THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES" AND OTHER BOOKS.

As Reviewed by the Virginian Press

The *News Leader*, Richmond: "There is no question but that it will be widely read, is destined to create a sensation, will cause heartburnings, will evoke acrid discussion among those who will not have approached it with an open mind, and will excite both enthusiastic praise and vehement denunciation. But the equation of it all, as embodied in calm judgment, will be that Mr. Neale and Miss Hancock have done a remarkable, not to say a unique, piece of work, not less in literary construction than in politico-historic comprehensiveness."

The *Daily Progress*, Charlottesville: "It is a consecrated and devoted work that will surely tend to make all Virginians more patriotic in the Southern and Virginian sense of that term."

The *Evening Journal*, Fredericksburg: "This book in some ways is one of the most remarkable of the age."

The *Times-Dispatch*, Richmond: "It is safe to say that, whatever popularity and prestige Mr. Neale and Miss Hancock may have hitherto enjoyed, their joint work in the present instance can be depended upon to arouse more interest, investigation, feeling, and discussion than anything they have previously given to the public."

The *Loudoun Mirror*, Leesburg: "We predict for it a tremendous sale. In Virginia this book will raise a sensation never before felt there, bringing before the people a state of affairs existing during the Readjuster period and even up to the year 1910 never before dreamed of by the present generation. The book is very interesting and splendidly written, with a fine flavor of romance and with a store of knowledge."

As Reviewed by Distinguished Virginian Authors

Fontaine T. Fox, *author of "A Study in Alexander Hamilton" and other important books:* "Of this I feel perfectly assured: if this great novel were read by every judge—State and Federal—and by every man in this country, and his eyes were not opened and his mind were not enlightened, he was not born in America, but he was born a slave, and he ought to die one."

Alice Maud Ewell, *author of "A Long Time Ago," "The Heart of Old Virginia," and other books:* "Packed with life. . . . I think it immensely clever, teeming with interest, and, by the by, how well constructed! . . . A stroke of genius is the Dabney-Dandridge wedding."

Irving A. Buck, *former Captain and A. A. G. Cleburne's Division, and author of "Cleburne and His Command:"* It contains much interesting, valuable, and (to me) new matter pertaining to the saturnalia of the Readjuster régime—little less destructive to Virginia, if any, than the four years of war. In war all was lost save honor; but honor was assassinated by Mahone, Riddleberger, Massey, and their associates."

George Ross, M.D., *author of "Gathered Leaves" and an eminent Virginian physician:* "Very pleasing is this book to a 'gentleman of ye olden sort.' . . . I feel and see it all again to-day—that springtime of my young manhood, brought back from the lurid past by the reading of this book."

As Reviewed by Distinguished Authors Other than Virginians

Ambrose Bierce, *whose great work in American literature culminates this year in the publication of his collected works in ten volumes:* "Even in this tolerant, milk-and-morality age one likes to see hard hitting—that is, if one is of the elect and follows not the white flag of the sentimentaliters and futilitarians of Fraternity and Flubdub. . . . I think it a notable—a *very* notable book. . . . If it make not a rattle of dry bones in what was Virginia, with echoes from what is still New England, I miss my guess."

Victor Mapes, *author of "Don Cæsar's Return," "The Gilded Way," and other notable books and plays:* "It not only held my interest in an absorbing way from beginning to end, but from time to time I found myself tingling and filling with the big, significant feeling that underlies the whole narrative."

Percival Pollard, *critic, playwright, novelist, author of "Their Day in Court" and among the foremost living men of letters:* "The very vigorous censure of various kinds passed in 'The Betrayal' compels for it an attention far beyond the deserts of the average novel. . . . We are led in these pages to the spectacle of the deathbed; we see Virginia dying, disintegrating utterly, ruined, betrayed by individuals as well as parties. . . . Aside from the main story, which is effective enough in maintaining the interest of the general reader, while exposing a fine and independent outlook upon matters too many of us have come to regard through the distorted glasses of our timeserving Governors political, there are passages upon passages over which the lovers of plain speech must surely chuckle."

Mays Ball, *one of the leading young writers of the South:* "A great big book—too big, I fear, for the common herd to take in, digest properly, halfway, anyway."

Masuji Miyakawa, *author of "Life of Japan," "Powers of the American People," and a close student of American affairs:* "This novel, 'The Betrayal,' has a strangely compelling power that forces the reader to follow its smallest incident. . . . Viewed simply as an achievement of letters, this novel of love, politics, and intrigue deserves to be ranked among the leading examples of imaginative American writing."



ELIZABETH H. HANCOCK

AUTHOR "BETTY PEMBROKE" AND OTHER BOOKS.

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Flatiron Building, New York **431 Eleventh St., Washington**

WHEN BUYING A MONUMENT, SPECIFY

"McNeel Standard"

THIS MEANS **Finest Quality of Stock, First-Class Workmanship, Perfect Erection, and a Satisfied Customer.** We have sold 100 Confederate Monuments. Our plans for raising money will enable your Chapter to buy. . . . . .

EVERY MAIL BRINGS US ORDERS FOR MONUMENTS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. WE WANT YOUR ORDER. WE WANT YOU TO KNOW THE . . . . . .

"McNeel Standard"

of Quality, Workmanship, and Erection. . . . .

We have a long list of satisfied customers, and want to add your name. Write us for designs and prices, which are furnished free. . . . . .

THE McNEEL MARBLE CO.

MARBLE and GRANITE OF ALL DESCRIPTION. THE LARGEST MONUMENTAL MILL SOUTH

ATLANTA OFFICE
615 Empire Bldg.

Marietta, Georgia

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVIII. OCTOBER, 1910. No. 10.

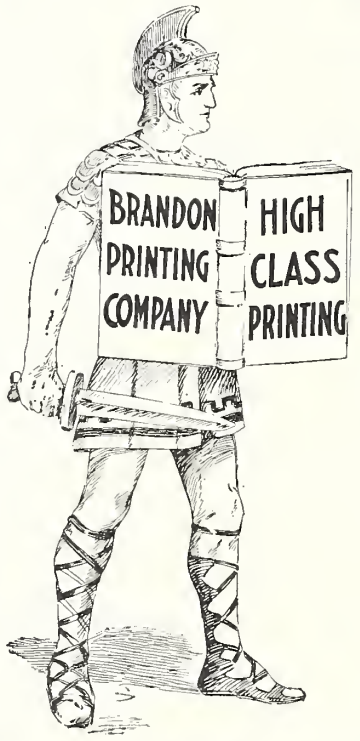
LEADING ARTICLES FOR THIS NUMBER

	PAGE
Letter from President General U. D. C.	451
Survivors Should Meet at Franklin	452
Confederate Cemetery at Franklin	452
Comment on the Boyd Sketch of Sherman	453
Editorial	456
Suitable Monuments—Southern Women	457
From Historian Texas Division, U. C. V.	458
Tennesseeans at Gettysburg	460
Major H. H. Ratcliff and Sons	464
Brief Account of First Manassas	465
General Lee and Statuary Hall	467
Historical Evening of Mississippi Division, U. D. C.	467
Fighting About the Hatchie Bridge	468
Battle of Jenkins's Ferry	468
Alabama Mounted Rifles	469
First Day's Battle at Nashville	470
Vivid Prison Experiences	471
Horrid Times of War in Kansas	472
Battle of Lookout Valley on Wauhatchie	473
Innocence of Mrs. Surratt Declared	474
Last Roll	476
Reunion North Carolina Division, U. C. V.	491

OUR RELATION TO DEPOSITORS

Our relation to depositors is that of primarily safeguarding their funds. Every transaction passing through the bank is scrutinized with the most discriminating vigilance in order that all matters are handled in a manner that makes for the greatest security. In addition to this, the bank pays 3% interest on savings and time deposits so that patrons may receive a satisfactory income from their funds.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"
Savings Department Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.



Catarrh, Asthma
CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP

Two or Three Cents a day if you are satisfied, and nothing if you are not. Harmless, Convenient, Agreeable, Private, and Marvelously Certain. INHALANT is Discovery of an Eminent Physician, improved by us through years of experience, and is Best in the World. INHALER is our Patent and is Best Ever Devised. Its cures of **CATARRH** caused patients to name it, "**THE LITTLE WONDER.**" Its cures of **ASTHMA** have looked like Miracles. By far the best for **BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER** and Catarrhal Disease in every form and stage. Best Remedy for **COLDS,** and prevents Pneumonia. Cures or prevents **DEAFNESS,** and restores **LOST SMELL. LITTLE CHILDREN** infallibly and easily cured. **BAD BREATH** it never fails to cure. Succeeds as nothing else can, because it is the Right Medicine applied in the Right Way,—that is, **CONTINUOUSLY.** A healing Balm laid directly on the Sore Spot, whether in Nose or Bottom of Lungs. **Change of Climate without Change of Residence.** Takes none of your time, does not hinder the breathing, and may be regulated to any force desired. Needs no help from other medicines. A Triumph of Science and Common Sense. LONG TRIAL. Sold always under **STRICT, LEGAL GUARANTEE,** which would have ruined us long ago but for the Astonishing Reliability of the Remedy. Write today, as you may not see this again; for never before has come to you a thing so Wise in its Means, so Strong in its Proofs, so Easy in its Application, so Generous in its Terms, so Certain in its Results.

E. C. C. CATARRH-ASTHMA CURE, 3005 VanBuren St., CHICAGO

T. W. Stewart, of Onward, Tenn., would like to hear from any of the twenty-eight Kentuckians who left their brigade at Washington, Ga., before they surrendered, and on their way home passed through White County, Tenn.

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for
CONFEDERATE VETERANS
Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking
THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI



I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster General, United Confederate Veterans

Afflicted with SORE EYES Use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY. 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1910. | No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

LETTER OF THE U. D. C. PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the State Presidents: The next General Convention will assemble on November 8, 1910. I wish to bring a few important points before you.

Will you not assure yourself that each Chapter in your Division has paid in full its dues to the General Association, that its good standing in Convention may be unquestioned?

Please be sure that each of your Chapters correctly fills out, signs, and returns to the proper person its credentials to the General Convention in full time, that the work of the Credential Committee may be facilitated.

Please carefully consider the proposed constitutional amendments and confer with your Chapters concerning the same, that our legislation at the Convention may be judicious and for the best interest of our work.

To avoid the work after midnight on Saturday night, the opening exercises of the Convention, including musical program, welcome and response, greetings, presentations and tributes, will be held on Tuesday evening, November 8. This does not conflict with the constitution, as these exercises are preliminary to, and not a part of, the Convention, which will formally open for business on Wednesday morning. The Arlington Monument Association will meet Tuesday, November 8, at 11 A.M. The Shiloh Monument Association will meet Tuesday, November 8, at 3 P.M. A full attendance of the directors of these monument associations is urged. In the event that a director cannot attend she is asked to send her report by some member of her committee, and where there is no committee she is asked to send same by the Division President or chairman, who will act as her representative.

It is the wish of the Committee on Memorial to Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes to have as many Daughters attend the unveiling of the records in the Church of the Redeemer, Biloxi, Miss., on November 16 as can possibly get there. Your President General indorses this and hopes to be one of them.

Will you kindly communicate the foregoing points to your Chapters? I hope my Daughters will look with indulgence upon my decisions and correspondence during the year, attributing mistakes to the head and not to the heart.

Hoping to meet the majority of the 60,000 at Little Rock, I am truly and faithfully yours in the cause,

VIRGINIA FAULKNER MCSHERRY,
President General U. D. C.

HOW JIM'S SCARS SAVED HIM.

BY DUVAL PORTER, BERRYVILLE, VA.

Old Jim was up for murder, and the color of his skin
Was fearfully suggestive of the nature of his sin;
And when the prosecution with argument was done,
"Old Black Jim is guilty" convinced was every one.

Then arose an old Confederate, whose bent and wasted form
And empty sleeve spoke mutely of battle's awful storm:
"Your honor, if it pleases, a word I'd like to say
In the prisoner's behalf, sir, before I go away."

"Speak on," says his honor; "that day will never be
When an old Confederate appeals in vain to me.
My right arm will be palsied, my tongue forever still
Before I treat one coldly or do him any ill."

"Your honor, in the sixties that negro at the bar
Went joyfully with me and brother to the war,
And he was always true, sir, as needle to the pole,
And in the day of battle would answer to the roll.

And on July the 3d, sir, my brother wounded lay
Beyond the line of battle on Gettysburg's high day,
And none would brave the bullets which flew so thick and fast
That death seemed almost certain in facing such a blast.

And yet, sir, there was one man who even dared to go
In face of such a fire now coming from the foe;
And though a piece of shell nearly tore his breast away,
Yet on he rushed undaunted to where my brother lay.

He took him in his arms, sir, though bleeding from his wound,
The blood of both commingling and falling to the ground,
And brought him back to safety and, I may say, to life,
For he survived the battle and lived beyond the strife.

Your honor, Jim's not guilty in any moral sense;
He would not kill a fly, sir, except in self-defense.
I have known him all his lifetime, and I would venture mine
To save him from the gallows, that punishment condign.

Now open your collar, Jimmy, and let the jury see
The proof of my assertion and they will set you free."
Then up rose Jim, though slowly, and laid his bosom bare.
Once torn and rent and bleeding, and all the scars were there.

The jury without leaving arose and spoke out then:
"The prisoner is not guilty, your honor, gentlemen."
"Old Black Jim" spoke not, but down his withered face
The burning tears were stealing; his scars had won his case.

SURVIVORS SHOULD MEET AT FRANKLIN.

L. A. Fitzpatrick, Sr., of Helena, Ark., wrote September 9: "Let a call be made for all survivors of the battle of Franklin November 30 next, the forty-sixth anniversary. See how many of us we can get there. Get up an organization, etc. I am sure our beloved Commander, General Gordon, will approve of this. What do you say? The public press will, I am sure, help to give it publicity."

Comrade Fitzpatrick makes a timely suggestion. It is very important that survivors of the carnage at Franklin meet there on November 30. Such a gathering has been suggested each year, but no general action has been taken. The Tennessee Division, U. C. V., and the Bivouacs of Tennessee are to have their State reunion at Franklin in October, and it is expected that they will favor the proposed gathering on November 30. In the VETERAN patronage there are many gallant men who fought on the other side in that battle, and notice is given them now that the ladies of Franklin will entertain all who come. Let every one who can attend from either side give notice promptly to the VETERAN.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT FRANKLIN.

BY CAPT. GEORGE L. COWAN.

The plot of ground on which this cemetery is located was given by Col. John McGavock, and adjoins his family cemetery. It is about three hundred yards from Carnton, the family residence, and about a mile south of Franklin, Tenn.

The battle of Franklin, as is well known, was fought on November 30, 1864, by Gen. John B. Hood, commanding the Confederate forces, and Major General Schofield, commanding the Federal forces. It commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon and lasted about six hours. The Confederates captured the first line of breastworks and part of the second, which they held. General Schofield withdrew all his forces toward Nashville. General Hood remained at Franklin two days to bury the dead. The casualties on both sides were very heavy, the Confederate losses being the heavier, especially in officers.

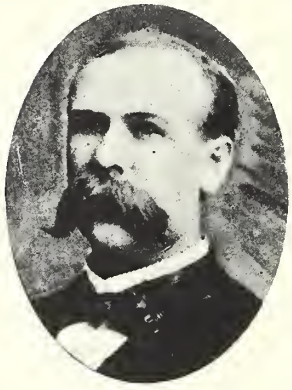
All of the Confederate dead were buried by States close to where they fell, and wooden headboards were put at each grave with the name, company, and regiment designated. In the spring of 1866, about sixteen months after the battle, Col. John McGavock, seeing the near destruction of the graves, conceived the idea of having the bodies removed to a more secure place, gave two acres of ground adjoining his family cemetery, and he and some of the patriotic citizens of Franklin raised the money necessary, mostly from the States having sons buried there. The dead were then disinterred and removed in April, 1866, to McGavock Cemetery, where they were buried in the order in which they had been buried on the battlefield.

It may be seen that many graves in each State plot are marked "unknown." After the Federals reoccupied Franklin, the negroes flocked in great numbers to them from all over the country; and the weather being very cold, they made frequent raids on the headboards for firewood. When those graves were opened, there were few things to indicate who they were. Many names, however, have been ascertained from those who survived the battle, and have been replaced on the stones that are now at the head of the graves. The committee depends on surviving comrades to supply them before all of us pass away.

The first markers at the head of the graves were of cedar with the name, company, and regiment. In the course of time these rotted and have become obliterated. However, those who had them removed had made a complete record of all the graves, which record was sacredly kept by Mrs. John McGavock while she lived, and is now in the possession of her daughter, Mrs. George L. Cowan. It was no trouble, therefore, when the new granite headstones were put up to get the correct names for each grave. There is a substantial iron fence around the cemetery, which was built with money raised mostly in Texas by Miss M. A. H. Gay, of Macon, Ga.

At a meeting of John T. McEwen Bivouac, U. C. V., on March 22, 1890, the Bivouac appointed a committee to take charge of the cemetery, raise money, and have granite or marble headstones placed at each grave. The committee was composed of Capt. George L. Cowan, W. W. Courtney, and Thomas Perkins. They issued an address to the States that had sons buried there, asking the amount of two dollars per grave.

Four States responded to the appeal. Louisiana, through the Associations of the Army of Tennessee, U. C. V., appropriated the amount necessary. South Carolina, by the efforts of General (afterwards Bishop) Capers, appropriated the amount for South Carolina. George L. Cowan, chairman of the committee, made a trip to Mississippi while its Legislature was in session and laid the claims of the cemetery before it, and it unanimously appropriated the amount asked for that State. This was the largest sum from any one source, as it had more dead buried here than any other State. In 1897 some Missouri veterans on a visit to the cemetery, seeing what was being done, went home, raised the amount necessary for Missouri, and sent it to the committee through Captain Newnan, who was in the battle. It will be seen that only two States had made an appropriation out of the treasury of the State, South Carolina and Mississippi, the States of Louisiana and Missouri giving theirs through their Confederate Associations. The remainder of the money necessary to complete it was raised by the committee by lectures, concerts, and contributions; so the cemetery is not in debt.



GEORGE L. COWAN.

The States that have dead in the McGavock Cemetery and who have not contributed to this fund are Alabama, Arkansas, Texas, Georgia, Tennessee. Florida, Kentucky, and North Carolina have so few that they were never asked for any amount.

During April, 1909, a destructive tornado passed through the cemetery, blowing down nearly all of our large monuments and all of the trees. The cemetery treasury being empty, the committee was at a loss to know where to get the money to have them replaced, when at this opportune moment Mr. B. F. Metlock, who has charge of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Missouri, made a visit to the cemetery, and, seeing the destruction done and our need, went home and from the different Confederate Camps and citizens soon raised $176.90, which he sent to the Daughters of the Confederacy of Franklin to be used in putting the cemetery in good condition again. This was done under the direction of a committee composed

of John A. Miller (chairman), George L. Cowan, and R. N. Richardson, of Starnes's Camp, U. C. V., No. 134. On two previous occasions the Army of Tennessee Camp, U. C. V., of New Orleans, La., sent to the cemetery committee fifty dollars, which was one hundred dollars in addition to the amount sent for the headstones. If those States that have never contributed anything for headstones would send the committee two dollars for each headstone, it would be properly used.

The number from each State buried in the cemetery are: Alabama, 129; Arkansas, 104; Florida, 4; Georgia, 69; Kentucky, 6; Louisiana, 18; Mississippi, 424; Missouri, 130; North Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 230; Texas, 89; South Carolina, 57; unknown, 225. Total, 1,487.

MAJOR BOYD'S SKETCH OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

Dr. E. V. Green, of Martinsville, Ind., who sent the Boyd sketch of General Sherman that appeared in the VETERAN for September, ordered several dozen copies. Reply was made that they would not be sent, as he evidently would not care for the article with the comment that would appear with it. He repeated the order, however, after receiving the issue, largely increased, with this comment: "Almost half a century after the conflict is over it would be extreme narrowness upon my part if I did not recognize the condition which exists with you people South, and could not accord to you freedom of thought and speech about any subject."

Prof. Walter L. Fleming, of the Department of History, Louisiana State University, writes from Baton Rouge, La.:

"In your editorial on Major Boyd's tribute to Sherman some statements are made which are evidently based on inaccurate information about Major Boyd. He was not Northern-born. He was a Confederate soldier, private to major, in Richard Taylor's 9th Louisiana Regiment, Hay's Brigade, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. Later he was captain of engineers on General Taylor's staff in Louisiana. After his capture and exchange, he was assistant adjutant general of Brent's Cavalry in the Trans-Mississippi Department. That 'he was not of us at heart' will be news to his Confederate comrades of Louisiana. * * * The Louisiana State Seminary, of which Sherman was first President, and Major (Colonel) Boyd was the second President, is now the Louisiana State University.

"For some years I have been collecting material for a history of the Louisiana State University, and have been struck by the fact that all of Sherman's ante bellum acquaintances in Louisiana felt toward him very much as did Boyd. Among them were J. B. Hood, Richard Taylor, Braxton Bragg, G. Mason Graham, J. E. Johnston, and many others of lesser note. I have the whole of their correspondence and Sherman's.

"According to my observation, the feeling in Louisiana toward Sherman is not bitter, though there is no approval of his Georgia career. This is due, I suppose, to the fact that nearly all of the important men of Louisiana were his friends or acquaintances. He was always well received in Louisiana after the war. During the war he always, to the extent of his ability, befriended his former associates. Perhaps, then, people may disagree about Sherman and yet no one be wholly wrong."

The Editor of the VETERAN sought diligently all accessible records in regard to Colonel Boyd, and read that he was of Northern birth. That is evidently an error, since he is reported as of Wytheville, Va., birth. The statement that "he was not of us at heart," quoted by Professor Fleming, was made in the belief based upon his extraordinary praise of Sherman without a word of censure and the aggravating statement at the top of page 410: "Had Virginia not seceded, Lee would have commanded the Union army, and what a thrashing Jeff Davis would have got!" That statement condemns the man. For an educated Southerner to have used such language and "Jeff" Davis as Boyd does, and in the way he does it, is enough to justify in his mind the Editor's criticism. The VETERAN does not condemn any Confederates because of their Northern birth. There is much more cause for gratitude and pride in that class.

Mr. Fleming is engaged in historic research, and is reported in "Who's Who in America" as engaged in a "History of William Tecumseh Sherman as College President in Louisiana." Such a work, with evidently intended praise, may find patronage at the North. The South certainly would not want it. It is a pity that a native of Alabama, a man reared in the South, would write such a book as this evidently will be.

COURTESY TO SHERMAN EXPLAINED BY H. A. BOYCE, BOYCE, LA.

I cannot resist making a few comments on the Boyd gusher. Returning to Rapides in the fall of 1860, I found two of my schoolmates of the University of Virginia and chums for nearly two years in Paris located at the Louisiana Military Academy as professors, and I spent many pleasant evenings with them. Sherman and Boyd would often drop in and complete our convivial party. Sherman taught us to make apple toddies, for which I have expressed my gratitude; and had he stopped there, I might have been as gushing as Boyd.

Sherman's last visit to Rapides was in the darkest days of Reconstruction. It was at the time that Phil Sheridan was upon us with both heels. The country was full of carpet-baggers, scalawags, internal revenue and Freedman's Bureau officials, all preying upon us like buzzards on a carcass and protected in their vandalism by negro troops.

The only reason we could assign for his visit at that time was to investigate the true condition of affairs, and we felt sure he would give a correct account of our deplorable condition. So we extended him every courtesy, to convince him that we had buried the hatchet and would be friendly with our former enemies who were decent. Our "ovation" was not one of sentimental gush, as Boyd intimates. It was business and diplomacy. Sherman accepted our hospitality and listened to our grievances. When he returned North, he was as dumb as an oyster.

A letter from Sherman to his wife dated March 10, 1864, is not very flattering to Boyd (see Scribner's for May, 1909): "On my way down I picked up at Natchez a prisoner of war, Professor Boyd, my favorite among the officers of the academy at Alexandria. I never saw a man evince more gratitude. [Gratitude for what?] He clung to me till I came away. Stone promised to be kind to him."

In his private letters to Mrs. Sherman (Scribner's for April, May, June, 1909) he expresses his ambition to march to Savannah. If he could only get rid of Joe Johnston! But General Johnston worried him. He would not fight.

In connection with this Gen. John M. Corse, who was an officer of distinction on Sherman's staff (and I have no reason to doubt his veracity), said that one day at dinner General Sherman was handed a dispatch. He jumped up, waving it over his head and danced around the table, crying out: "Boys, we've got 'em. Johnston is relieved, and Hood is in command. We will have our fight to-morrow."

He had his fight, and he marched to the sea with his large army through a country occupied by old men, women, and children, against whom he waged a relentless war, a feat that could have been accomplished by any officer under Sherman with a brigade of cavalry.

COMRADE JAMES H. MCNEILLY ON GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

In response to an article on General Sherman by Major Boyd in the September VETERAN I send some extracts from himself and some account of his deeds during the war to show the real character of the man and his real feeling toward the South. I am indebted to Thomas Nelson Page's book, "Robert E. Lee, Southerner," for these statements, which he gives from Sherman's "Memoirs" and from Northern historians. They refer to the march through Georgia and South Carolina. "In nearly all his dispatches after he had reached the sea he gloated over the destruction of property." (Rhodes's "History of United States," Volume V., page 22.) This author is from Sherman's "own State," and his apologist and admirer.

Sherman wrote how he could make a wreck of the country from Chattanooga to Atlanta, including the latter city. Again, how he could "make Georgia howl." ("Official Records," Volume XXXIX., pages 2 and 3.) All this in anticipation of his campaign. The actual carrying out of his purpose was to order his army to "forage liberally on the country." "He expressly forbade his officers to give receipts for property taken and authorized the wanton destruction of mills and houses; and while subordinate officers, like Howard, Cox, and Schofield, were writhing under the robberies of defenseless women, extending to the tearing of rings from their fingers, he chuckled over the robberies committed by his men, who quoted his orders to his face and received his 'bummers,' an organized corps of robbers, who have never had their counterpart since the free companies passed from the stage under the awakening conscience of modern Europe." (Page's "R. E. Lee," pages 167 and 168.)

Sherman sent an express message to the corps commander at Gen. Howell Cobb's plantation "to explain whose plantation it was and instruct him to spare nothing. "Sherman's Memoirs," Volume II., page 185.) Cobb was in his grave, and only women were in charge; but Sherman wrote: "I would not restrain the army, lest its vigor and energy should be impaired." ("Memoirs," Volume II., page 255.) He wrote his brother that he had in his report "distinctly charged to Gen. Wade Hampton" the burning of Columbia, and added: "I confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him." ("Memoirs," Volume II., page 287.)

A distinguished historian from his own State has declared of this destruction of Columbia: "It was the most monstrous barbarity of this barbarous march. Before his movements began General Sherman had begged permission to turn his army loose in South Carolina and devastate it. He used this permission to the full. He protested that he did not wage war upon women and children. But under the operations of his order the last morsel of food was taken from hundreds of destitute families, that his soldiers might feast in needless and riotous abundance. Before his eyes rose day after day the mournful clouds of smoke on every side that told of old people and their grandchildren driven in midwinter from the only roofs that were to shelter them by the flames which the wantonness of his soldiers had kindled. Yet if a single soldier was punished for a single outrage or theft during that entire movement we have found no mention of it in all the voluminous records of the march." ("Ohio in the War," by Hon. Whitelaw Reid, now Minister to the Court of St. James.)

When we ask who gave this permission to devastate, General Halleck, chief and military adviser to Mr. Lincoln, writes to Sherman: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place might be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown on its site, it might prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession." Sherman replied: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and do not think the salt will be necessary. When I move, the 15th Corps will be on the right wing, and their position will bring them naturally into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps, you have remarked that they generally do up their work pretty well." (Dispatches December 24, 1864, Sherman's "Memoirs," Volume II., pages 223, 227, 228.)

This is the man who said that "war is hell" and who sought to make it so to the South, who boasted the destruction wantonly of one hundred millions of private property in Georgia, and who devastated South Carolina; whose "Memoirs," written long after the war, show no sign of relenting in his bitterness against the people he had robbed and plundered.

In contrast with all this put General Lee's orders to his army in Pennsylvania issued from Chambersburg, Pa., June 27, 1863. After congratulating the troops on their good conduct, he continues: "The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace would befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetuation of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. * * * The commanding general therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject."

No one can deny General Sherman's consummate ability as a soldier, but those of us who opposed him in Georgia and in South Carolina can never believe him to be the kindly gentleman and friend of the South which Major Boyd represents him. We all loved Gen. Jo Johnston, and I have never understood his friendship with Sherman. Alva in the low countries in 1570 was not more ferocious than William T. Sherman.

SEEKS BURIAL PLACES OF TEXAS CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.—Miss Mary J. Lane, Vice President U. D. C., of Marshall, Tex., wishes to locate any Texas soldiers buried on any of the following battlefields: First and Second Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battle about Richmond, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Savage Station, Frazier's Farm, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Winchester, Petersburg, Richmond. In connection with where Confederate generals are buried Miss Lane writes that in the cemeteries of that city are the graves of four brigadier generals, three of which are marked by handsome monuments: Gen. Walter P. Lane, a distinguished soldier of Texas and Mexican wars, and styled the "Ney" of Texas, born in 1817 and died in 1892; Gen. Horace Randall, killed at Jenkins's Ferry April 30, 1864; Gen. A. T. Hawthorne, who commanded Arkansas troops; Gen. M. D. Ector, died in 1879 in his fifty-seventh year.

DR. HENRY VINCENT GRAY.

Dr. Henry V. Gray was born at the "Homestead," Bedford County, Va., July 28, 1839; and died in Washington, D. C., while under treatment, July 15, 1894.

Dr. Gray received his academic education at Piedmont Institute and Westwood Military School, Virginia. He studied medicine at the University of Virginia and Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, where he was one of the three hundred students who, under the leadership of a cool-headed and great man, Hunter McGuire, made the exodus with sorrowing hearts back to Virginia (Virginia furnished a chartered train for the return of these students) and entered the Virginia Medical College at Richmond. He took his degree in 1860 with the other students, who would have taken their degrees at Jefferson Medical College had they not been forced to leave Philadelphia.

In 1861 Dr. Gray passed an examination for the position of assistant surgeon in the Confederate army; and in October, 1861, he was ordered to the Chimborazo Hospital at Richmond. He was afterwards sent to the 13th Louisiana and 21st Mississippi Infantry, and ordered to report to General Beauregard at the battle of First Manassas. He was there with the Polish Brigade, under General Zollicoffer, and the Louisiana Tigers, commanded by Major Wheat. The Tigers wore the Zouave uniform made of blue and white bedticking and carried cutlasses and short guns.



DR. HENRY V. GRAY.

Dr. Gray remained with these regiments when in winter quarters at Manassas and Centerville. He was with the 13th Louisiana when in sight of Washington City, and was in the battle of Yorktown and Williamsburg. At the battle of Seven Pines he was assigned to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Alexander's Battalion of Artillery, Pickett's Division. Just before this, in the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, he was ordered to report to Maj. Tyler Jordan and Lieut. Col. Frank Huger's command. He was at the battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862, when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded and Gen. Robert E. Lee was made commander in chief. Dr. Gray was regarded as one of the most skillful surgeons in the army, and for meritorious conduct in the battle of Sharpsburg he was recommended by the Army Medical Board for promotion, and was made surgeon with the rank of major on January 14, 1864.

Dr. Gray went with Lee's army into Maryland. He climbed Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg and aided the wounded amid the carnage. He was with his command at Richmond and Petersburg and at Appomattox, and he told that while the men were in line waiting for Lee's farewell each soldier who could took a sprig of the apple tree, when a wary, worn, and starving private asked if they wished to celebrate their own defeat. This was like a thunderbolt, and the sprigs were trampled under foot, for their endurance was impressed on human history, not fiction.

In 1866 Dr. Gray married Miss Edmonia Woltz, of Fincastle, Va., and returned to Philadelphia to take a post-graduate course. He was then elected physician to the Jefferson "Lying-in Hospital," where he remained a year. In 1867 he returned to Salem, Va., and was appointed lecturer of anatomy at Roanoke College. In 1868 he was elected professor of physiology and anatomy, this chair being created for him. He remained in this position for several years, practicing within the college and the town of Salem. He then removed to Dallas, Tex., but, the climate disagreeing with him, he returned to Virginia and was induced to locate at Bristol, where he remained a number of years until appointed surgeon for the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Pocahontas, Va., when tunnels were being built by that road. He removed to Roanoke, Va., then in its infancy. By appointment of Governor Cameron he was made coroner, which position he held until his death.



MISS EDMONIA W. GRAY.

Dr. Gray was honored as a citizen and noted for his integrity of character. As a physician he stood deservedly high. He was quick in decision, fertile in resources, a persistent worker, and, notwithstanding that for seven years before his death he was an invalid, he persisted in service almost to the end. He dictated a great many valuable contributions to medical literature. His ideas were unique and often in advance of the time, but since his death they have been perfected. Dr. Gray was a Fellow of the Medical Society of Virginia from 1889, a Mason, and an active member of the Knights of Pythias, and it was by these friends that he was laid to rest with gentle hands.

Miss Edmonia, a daughter of Dr. Gray, has been five times honored by being appointed sponsor and maid of honor at Reunions U. C. V. She was sponsor for William Watts Camp, of Roanoke, to their State Reunion at Lynchburg; the following year sponsor for the Sixth Congressional District by the U. S. C. V. at Louisville, Ky. At the Reunion in Richmond, Va., she represented the Second Brigade of Virginia U. C. V.'s as maid of honor; at Birmingham she was maid of honor, with two of North Carolina's daughters, on Gen. Julian S. Carr's staff, and also maid of honor to Miss Banks, Virginia's sponsor. Miss Gray is a queenly blonde.

KENTUCKY DAUGHTERS INTERESTED IN TENNESSEEANS.—On the morning of September 27, 1864, while engaged with Federals in front of Pulaski, Tenn., eight Kentuckians, a Mississippian, and two Tennesseeans fell and were buried on the battlefield four miles south of Pulaski. The work of marking these graves has been taken up, and the Mayfield Chapter, U. D. C., of Mayfield, Ky., will receive contributions, which may also be sent to J. L. Nelson, Aspen Hill, Tenn. The two Tennesseeans were Captains Daly and Kuntz, of the 12th Tennessee Cavalry, and it is to mark their graves that contributions are asked of Tennesseeans. There should be prompt response to this plea, especially by those directly interested.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.



"RIGHT, LEFT, HEP, HEP, MARK TIME!"

Boys, do you remember the contempt we had for discipline in the early war days? It was common, at least with part of the army, to decry discipline on the ground that Confederates knew how to fight, and they proved it when opportunity occurred. In those early days we didn't like to have officers appointed over us, but insisted upon choosing for ourselves. That spirit of independence was consistent with Southern manhood; but our own leaders got us out of that by degrees, and at length we realized that thorough discipline was best.

That spirit of breaking away from discipline has been and is a misfortune to us now in our organization and our Confederate work. If the VETERAN were what it should be, every Confederate living should take an active interest in it; and if a suggestion be made by the Editor that is out of line, he should be called to account promptly. If, on the other hand, these suggestions or requests are proper, every man should act, and at once. Ah, comrades, you don't do it and you won't do it. Appeal seems useless. Every Confederate who cherishes the memory of patience and heroism and sacrifice, who is familiar with what this magazine has done through a score of years and approves it should do what he can to see that his comrades know, at least, what it is and what it is doing to perpetuate our history and in influencing the authorities of his time to provide for the worthy who may be in need. The VETERAN is doing more than any publication in existence to aid every worthy principle for which we fought. Without price it seeks to find lost records for families; it pays tribute to thousands of dead whose families often take it for granted that such tribute is due, though they may not even be subscribers. Many comrades run behind in their subscriptions, and their families when they are dead let it go on without giving notice, and when asked for pay decline to do it. A batch of notices is at hand ordering the VETERAN discontinued without proposing to pay arrears or even to express regret at inability to do so. Some order it stopped without ceremony.

A "captain" in South Carolina who owes since October, 1907, using an addressed and prepaid envelope, sent with a statement of amount due and with request to say whether he desired it continued, replied, "Discontinue, of course," without remitting a cent or proposing ever to do it. Another who is due from January, 1908, writes: "I notified your local agent to stop it, and don't owe you anything." Another, from Louisiana, who owes from December, 1907, returns the bill in our prepaid envelope with: "I have ordered the postmaster to have it stopped, and don't owe you anything." A North Carolinian who has had the VETERAN since September, 1907, answers simply: "I can't pay now." It is presumed with no more courtesy that he doesn't intend to pay at all. A Kentuckian who has received it since March, 1908, writes: "I have not wanted you to send it since my time was out." Yet he exercised not the courtesy to give notice. An Alabamian who is due subscription since February, 1908, simply writes: "You have struck the wrong man." More than a thousand to whom statement was sent with postage for reply have not responded.

SUNSHINE FOLLOWS SHADOWS.

Very many beautiful tributes are paid the VETERAN; but rarely has one equaled the following from Mr. William D. Cleveland, of Houston, who is one of the leading business men of Texas. He mistook the date June 11 as the day of month, whereas it was the year. When so important a business man takes the time for so many years to read the VETERAN regularly, it gratifies the Editor very much:

"*My Dear Mr. Cunningham:* I take the liberty of inclosing you $10, $1 to pay for my subscription for twelve months for the VETERAN and $9 penalty for permitting the time for renewal to expire.

"I read each one carefully as soon as it reaches me, and have done so for forty years—no, probably not quite so long, but it seems so—and when I began to look for the August number, I could not find it. After going through each number, I came across one for June, and on it I noticed 'June 11,' and I presume it meant that it expired at that time. At least I have not received the July and August numbers, and this shall not happen any more if I can avoid it. As long as I live I want to read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and wish for you and yours continued success and happiness."

EFFICIENCY OF THE VETERAN FOR CONFEDERATES.—Mr. John W. Simpson writes from Bronston, Ky.: "I find the VETERAN very effective in finding those long lost sight of. In my article, 'A Boy's Story of the Battle of Mill Springs, Ky.,' published in the July VETERAN, I gave an account of a Confederate soldier swimming Cumberland River the day after the battle, leaving his clothes and being supplied with clothing on the south side of the river by a widow and her daughter; also of my uncle ferrying three Confederate soldiers across the river three days after the battle. I requested information of Mr. Jesse Armstrong, the soldier who lay wounded at my uncle's, and I received a beautiful and touching letter from Mrs. M. Hearon, of Poplar Creek, Miss., informing me that Mr. Armstrong was her father and died fifteen years ago. In a few days Mr. John B. Simpson and T. D. Williams, of Mississippi, answered my inquiry as to what became of Mr. Armstrong. Then in a few days Dr. J. C. Armstrong, of Water Valley, Miss., wrote that he was a son of Jesse Armstrong, and that after the death of his father he found the man who assisted his father from the battlefield to the river, where they met my uncle. This soldier, J. L. Clowney, never met with his father after they separated at my uncle's. Mr. Armstrong's wound was so severe that he was discharged, but he joined Forrest's Cavalry. On the 5th of August, to my surprise and delight, I received a letter from Dr. John A. Browne, of Columbus, Miss., informing me that he was the man who swam the river and how he was furnished clothing."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE DIES AFTER NINETY YEARS OF SERVICE.—The funeral of Florence Nightengale, after ninety years of service, was an event of interest to all humanity. While her service was primarily to Great Britain, the effort stirred the hearts of good people throughout Christendom. Her name is revered by Red Cross societies everywhere. Nearly every great nation was represented at the funeral. The King and Queen were represented. The American Ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, and his wife were present.

The death of Mrs. Ella K. Newsom-Trader is due high tribute.

SUITABLE MONUMENTS—SOUTHERN WOMEN.

BY ARCHIBALD YOUNG, WASHINGTON, D. C.

While many monuments have already been erected in the South to Confederate soldiers, many more will be erected in the near future. Some suggestions therefore upon the subject may not be out of place.

We will agree, I think, that these monuments should be modest in dimensions, simple and artistic in design, and suggestive of some characteristic or virtue of the Southern people that found its greatest and most distinctive development in the Civil War. It should always be borne in mind that this war was not waged by the Southern people for conquest or riches. There was no country on earth, other than their own, they desired to possess; no wealth of others they desired to acquire. Contented with their condition, they wished only to be left alone. In many of their striking characteristics the people of the South were very unlike the people of any other nation or locality, and a monument that might be suitable to the soldiers of other wars would be very inappropriate for the Confederates. The ambitious Romans erected great arches in honor of their successful commanders, some of which still stand as monuments not to the valor or patriotism of the Romans, but to the folly and fatality of their brutal struggle for power and conquest. The bodies of the Egyptian kings were decked out in their richest fabrics, embalmed, and then buried in magnificent vaults deep in the earth or under the great Pyramids. They are now scattered over the world, and are the subjects of jests and ridicule. While living these kings, so far as we are advised, uttered no great truth, performed no deed of valor, and enforced no precept of justice or equity.

The tyrannical rulers of India found their last resting places in the great mausoleums that they themselves had erected, and many of them stand in desolate places that have become unhabitable through the misrule of tyrants. The monuments of the æsthetic Athenians were beautiful, artistic, and impressive, but of little moral or patriotic significance.

The Spartan's pride was in his laws, and the greatest honors were bestowed upon those who most rigidly enforced or obeyed them. Herodotus, who roamed over the Grecian world of his day and wrote of what he saw and heard very much as our newspaper reporters do to-day, visited the Pass of Thermopylæ and saw there the monument that had been erected to Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans. Herodotus copied the inscription on this monument, and it was about this in English: "O, stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians we lie here in accordance with the laws." The battlefield was a long distance from Sparta, and it was supposed no one but strangers would ever see the monument, and the appeal therefore was made to them to remind their countrymen of their heroic deeds. A lion in marble with this inscription under it was the highest honor the Spartans could pay to their valiant soldiers, and it has handed down to us the noblest conception we have of their character. Hundreds of other soldiers fell at Thermopylæ, but no monument was erected to them, and we know little of their deeds or of their countries. Monuments are of value only to perpetuate the memory of great deeds, great virtues, or noble characters.

Wherever in history we find that the soldiers of a country have displayed extraordinary courage and endurance in defense of their rights we may also find that they were animated and sustained by a strong, romantic attachment or sentiment that found its complement in conceptions of political or religious duties. Those of us who were old enough to comprehend and fully appreciate the situation know that such a sentiment influenced the Southern soldiers, and we who took part in that war willingly acknowledge the potency of the voice that created it. It was not the voice of ambition, such as animated the soldiers of Napoleon, nor of religious fanaticism nor of hatred; it was not heard on the rostrum nor from the pulpit; it did not speak through the press, nor was it heard in public places. It was only a soft voice that whispered its message in the idle hours of the day or in the stillness of night, but it reached responsive hearts and stirred men to action. The Confederate veterans know what it was. Its echo rang in their hearts long after it ceased to speak to their ears. It cheered them on their long and tiresome marches, it alleviated their pain and suffering, and it steeled their hearts in the hours of danger. Its reverberations were heard in the dark wood of Chancellorsville and amid the thundering of the artillery in the Wilderness. It was heard above the roar of battle and the clash of arms at Gettysburg, at Shiloh, and at Chickamauga.

The women of the South made the Confederate soldier what he was. They were the jewels he prized and for which he fought, and it was her patriotic appeal that aroused his enthusiasm and prepared him for the contest of arms.

I have read the biographies of many of our Southern and of some of the Federal generals. There were many Northern men in the Southern army who were as brave and true as our own native soldiers. The greater portion of these men had lived but a short time in the South and were not identified with its institutions. Why did they turn away from their old friends and relatives in the North and fight for the Confederacy? My answer is: "It was in obedience to the wishes of their wives."

Our Adjutant General, Cooper, who was for a time the ranking officer in our army, was a New Yorker, but his wife was a Miss Mason, of Virginia. Lieutenant General Pemberton was a Pennsylvanian, but his wife was a Mississippian. Maj. Gen. M. L. Smith, one of our most distinguished engineers, was a New Yorker; his wife was a Miss Nisbet, of Georgia. Major General French was of New Jersey, but married Miss Abercrombie, of Mississippi. Colonel Stockdale, of Stockdale's Battery, was a Pennsylvanian; his wife a Mississippian. General Gracie was a New Yorker; his wife a Virginian. Gen. Albert Pike was born in Boston and educated at Hartford, but his wife was a Louisianan.

There were many Northern men living in the South at the outbreak of the war who went North and joined the Federal army. Among them was General Sherman. But few, if any, of these men had Southern wives.

Some Southern men fought in the Northern army. General Thomas was a Virginian and a bachelor. General Fremont's wife was a daughter of Thomas Benton, of Missouri, who had not been in sympathy with the Southern doctrine. General Hunter's wife was an Ohioan. Admiral Balche was an Alabamian, but his wife was from Delaware. Admiral Farragut was the exception; both he and his wife were Southerners.

At the breaking out of the war I was a small boy in a small military school in the South. After the war had been in progress a short time, a regiment of soldiers was raised from the vicinity of this school, and the cadets were ordered into camp with the soldiers for the purpose of drilling them. They were all farmers or sons of farmers, and we became well acquainted with them and with many of their families. We saw these soldiers take their departure for the front and witnessed their separation from their families and loved ones.

We heard the last farewells of the young girl to her lover, of the sister to her brother, of the mother to her son, and of the wife to her husband. No more pathetic scenes were ever witnessed. As each of these noble women parted, perhaps for the last time, from the man she so dearly loved, tears streamed down her cheeks, and amid prayers and benedictions we could hear her urge her departing friend or lover to "Do your duty. Be a brave soldier." There was not one word of caution, not one suggestion to the soldier to seek a place of safety or to get out of the army. Each and every entreaty was: "Do your duty. Be a brave soldier." These women were offering as a sacrifice to their country all they most prized and loved, and they did it freely and without reservation.

The Southern soldiers undoubtedly displayed great bravery and endurance, but these were only human virtues. The devotion, love, and fortitude of the Southern women were divinely great. There was nothing gross, personal, or mercenary in their patriotism. They had no ambition to serve, no personal ends to gain. Their love for the cause and its defenders was heaven-born and eternal. They were as true and inflexible in the hours of defeat as in the hours of victory. When the veterans returned to their homes after Appomattox, defeated and crushed, they were received with open arms and welcomed with joy. No complaint was heard from any one, and victorious soldiers were never more royally treated than were these dirty, ragged, and defeated Confederates. They were in the eyes of these women the bravest and noblest soldiers that ever went into battle. Their faith in them was sublime. It is to-day. I care not where they live, whether in South Carolina or in Massachusetts, whether their husbands are ex-Confederates or Federal soldiers, their hearts still beat with pride and love for the men and boys who wore the gray.

In this great Civil War the Confederate soldiers and the Southern women were united, and their names and deeds should go down to posterity together. Let us, then, honor the women by the erection of separate monuments to them and also by placing upon each of the monuments erected to the soldiers some motto or design as a reminder of the sublime devotion and loyalty displayed by them during the war.

CAPTURED THIRTIETH ILLINOIS REGIMENT FLAG.

John C. Leird, Company A, 27th Tennessee Infantry, possesses the large silk banner which he captured from the 30th Illinois Infantry near Atlanta July 22, 1863.

John Leird enlisted under Capt. William Pillow at Ripley, Tenn., August 19, 1861. There were but twenty-six men; but, "eager for the fray," they, without waiting for a full company, pushed on to Trenton, Tenn., and joined Capt. "Kit" Williams's regiment. Comrade Leird was in every engagement from Columbus, Ky., to Nashville, Tenn., where he was captured December 15, 1864, and languished in prison until paroled at Point Lookout June 28, 1865. He counts twenty-two battles, large and small, in which he was engaged, including Shiloh, Farmington, Perryville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the Georgia Campaign. He won his spurs July 22, 1863, as stated above. He was also engaged at Lovejoy and Jonesboro, Ga., and Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., where he was captured, as stated. He was never wounded nor in a hospital.

Comrade Leird is a valuable member of Camp 890, Ripley, Tenn., and lives on a farm near that place with his wife, the children all being grown-up and gone. He is sixty-seven years old, and is the only survivor of the original "twenty-six."

[It would be in good taste for Comrade Leird to restore the flag to the survivors of the Illinois Regiment.]

FROM THE HISTORIAN TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

[The following is from the annual report of Judge C. C. Cummings, Historian of the Texas Division, U. C. V. It comprises the history of State and federated Camps and auxiliaries.]

In 1890 the federated Camps of United Confederate Veterans held their first Reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., with Gen. John B. Gordon as first Commander. And the progress they have made during these two decades with their three auxiliaries, the Confederated Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Veterans, is briefly reviewed.

It was also in 1890 that the many Southern Memorial Associations united as one body at Louisville, with Mrs. W. J. Behan, of Louisville, as first President. Four years after Mrs. Behan, as editor, issued the first memorial volume attractively illustrated with portraits of its leading promoters and facsimile designs of the many monuments erected by this body, together with the main historical incidents of the several organizations throughout the South. Since then these organizations have carefully preserved the many additional facts of this important branch of statistical history, so that posterity may be fully advised of those who have so devotedly served their country with their lives and their fortunes and that they are gratefully remembered.

In 1895 the several Chapters of the Daughters of the South federated at Nashville as the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with Mrs. M. C. Goodlett as its first President.

At Richmond June 30, 1896, the Sons of Veterans federated their several local Camps, with J. E. B. Stuart, son of the noted cavalry leader, as first Commander.

How well and effectually these four orders have discharged the sacred duties assumed by them is imperishably recorded in the pages of the Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Comrade S. A. Cunningham, Editor, as the most valuable annals extant of the Southern Confederacy.

Changes in General Officers.

The election of general officers of the federated Camps last April at Mobile resulted in many changes. Gen. Clement A. Evans declined to stand again for reëlection as Commander in Chief, and Gen. George W. Gordon was unanimously chosen instead. General Gordon's place as Commander of the Department of Tennessee was awarded to Gen. Bennett H. Young without opposition. He was the late Commander of the Kentucky Division. Gen. C. Irvine Walker was reëlected Commander of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia. Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, so long Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, declined to stand again for this place, and Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, for ten years Commander of the Texas Division, was chosen in his stead by the voice of all. Gen. F. T. Roche, in command of the Third Texas Brigade, went up by seniority to the command of the Texas Division. Colonel Shaw is advanced to Adjutant General of the Trans-Mississippi Department on the staff of Lieutenant General Van Zandt. Generals Evans and Cabell were each chosen to the honorable position of Past Commanders of the federation. While we mourn the loss of Cabell, we are consoled in the gain of Van Zandt. The Division will indeed be fortunate in a successor to Van Zandt all in all his equal.

Soldiers' Home and Woman's Home.

In 1895 the Confederate Home at Austin was established, admitting indigent and Confederate soldiers disabled from labor, resident in Texas at that date. It is estimated from

Colonel Wynne's report as superintendent of the Home that there are now nearly four hundred inmates there. Less than a year ago Comrade Wynne was appointed its superintendent in the place of Comrade John B. Reagan, deceased. Up to that date about seventy veterans on an average had been unable to gain entrance for the lack of proper accommodations. And be it said to the credit of our Comrade Wynne, the Governor, and the Board of Managers this long-standing defect has been remedied and every needy comrade entitled to entrance has been admitted. The accommodations have not only been enlarged and refurnished when necessary, but the grounds have been beautified, making the Soldiers' Home a credit to the State.

The Woman's Home at Austin has been erected and up to this time supported by the private solicitations of the Daughters; but we are to vote on an amendment at the pending election for an appropriation by the State which will admit widows and women who aided the Confederacy resident in Texas prior to March 1, 1880. This humane measure seems now without opposition.

The pension history of the State begins with 1899, when $250,000 was voted by an amendment to Confederate soldiers and their widows resident in Texas prior to January 1, 1880, and March 1, respectively. This being found insufficient, another amendment in 1904 doubled this. By the act of the Legislature of 1909 the pauper clause was abolished, and pensioners are now allowed as much as $1,000 worth of property. At the same time the date of marriage of widows was advanced from the 1st of March, 1866, to March 1, 1880. This increased the pensioners from about 8,000 to about 12,000 and reduced quarterly allowances to each from $15.50 to about $10.25. A measure to again double the appropriation to $1,000,000 annually by amendment introduced at the last Legislature is now being favorably discussed.

From Colonel Shaw's report Adjutant Glasscock estimates that there are now about 10,000 Confederate soldiers enrolled in the Camps of the State. The whole number yet living without enrollment is unascertained, as the law requiring the assessors to list them seems to have gone by default, as no pay was attached. Adjutant General Mickle, of the federated Camps, reports 1,730 Camps on his rolls from the entire order, thirty of which are this year's additions. A stringent order was passed at the last meeeting in Mobile to debar standing in the federation to Camps not paying dues to State Division. General Mickle complains of many Camps enrolled failing to send up annual dues. He credits Texas with two hundred and twelve Camps reporting, the highest of all the States, Georgia next with one hundred and eighteen. Adjutant General Shaw's last year's report numbered the Texas Camps at two hundred and seventy-two, one hundred and thirty-five of these failing to send up reports. This discrepancy needs attention.

Texas Literary Independence.

The last text-book law ending in 1907 has been extended for five years, so that no change can be made in our school curriculum till 1912. The complaint raised by Hood Camp in 1908 and joined by the Camps over the State as to partisan matter creeping into certain text-books as adopted by the State Board has in a degree been eliminated by this board; but the law does not allow the board sufficient time to scrutinize the vast number of text-books submitted for its examination. I am in favor of a declaration of independence by Texas of foreign book syndicates with their cold storage literature unsuited to this latitude and advocate a standing text-book board, giving ample time for examination of literary food for our children and a careful inspection, insuring the nonpartisan clause in our text-book law. In fact, Texas is old enough, big enough, rich enough, and smart enough to do its own editing, printing, and publishing regardless of foreign influence.

Reunion Reminiscences, Song and Story.

General Roche has added a valuable attraction to his staff in the person of Maj. J. E. Gaskell, Major Musician of the Division, who aims to array the musical talent of the Division, Veterans, Sons, and Daughters, in song and story and reminiscences by veterans, which cannot fail to be an interesting feature.

After a lengthy dissertation upon the history of various interesting features about States in the Confederacy, Comrade Cummings's report continues:

"The dream of Columbus is soon to be realized in the canal linking the two hemispheres, and De Soto's march through the seven States, comprised in the conquest of Florida, will in future be distinguished with seven cities, one in each State, sitting on the rim of commerce as queens of the new site of the world's commercial supremacy. These are Charleston, Tampa, Savannah, Mobile, Mississippi City or a city thereabouts, New Orleans, and Galveston.

"Columbus lived in an extremely religious age. For twenty years he held fast in mind and heart the conviction that by sailing westward he was destined to carry the story of the cross to India. His original name was Colon, a colonizer; but, according to a custom of his age, and in furtherance of his devotion to his ideal, he Latinized it to Christopher Columbus, Christ bearing a dove, the emblem of his devotion. The Isle of Guanahani was his first landing place, which he changed to San Salvador, the saviour. Here he first hoisted Spain's banner with the cross emblazoned on its folds. So with the other paladins following Columbus. In 1519 Cortez landed on the coast of Mexico at a port he named Vera Cruz, the true cross. In 1539 De Soto landed on the Florida coast at a port now called Tampa, but which he christened Espiritu Santo, the holy spirit. In 1685 La Salle landed on the Texas coast at a port, Corpus Christi, body of Christ.

Texas.

"Texas gets its name from a peaceful tribe of Indians considerably advanced in civilization, living for the most part in Southern Texas. From the generous nature of the tribe its name was thought to mean friendship. Such was its conduct to La Salle and his men. In the early thirties of the last century the warlike red men whose ancestors were foes of De Soto began migrating into Texas, and the tribe of friendly Texans seems to have sunk beneath their advancing waves like castaways in the ocean. What is most singular as a sequence of Columbus's worship of the cross, every letter of the five composing the name Texas stands for a sign of the ideal of Texas. T stands for the Roman cross of crucifixion, E for Emmanuel (God is with us), and the holy spirit was with Christianity from the death of the Son on the cross for three hundred years, till Constantine reported he saw the sign of the cross in the heavens inscribed with the legend, 'in hoc signo vinces' (in this sign thou shalt conquer paganism with Christianity). X stands for St. Andrew's cross, which Confederate veterans wear on their breasts as a sign that our cause is not lost. A, the Master said, was the beginning of his spiritual influence, and S is for the Holy Spirit to crush the sensual principle, the five senses in the five letters of Texas."

TENNESSEEANS AT GETTYSBURG—THE RETREAT.

BY CAPT. JUNE KIMBLE, EASTLAND, TEX.

[Judge C. C. Cummings, Historian Texas Division, U. C. V., writes: "At the Bowie (Tex.) State Reunion in 1907 of the Texas Division, U. C. V., Capt. June Kimble was present and delivered a most interesting reminiscence on the part Heth's Division took in the third day's battle at Gettysburg. This assault is known far and wide as 'Pickett's charge.' Pickett's Division was composed wholly of Virginians, and Virginia has reaped the glory of this world-renowned charge. But there are others that deserve an equal share in this monumental evidence of American valor. The Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN heard this thrilling address by Comrade Kimble and earnestly solicited him to reduce it to paper and send it to the VETERAN and it should be given the right of way. On July 21, 1910, the writer of this sketch attended the twenty-fourth annual reunion of Camp Stout at Eastland, Tex., named for its founder, Dr. S. H. Stout, Bragg's medical director, and found that his old comrade had not complied with Mr. Cunningham's request, and urged upon him the importance of transmitting to posterity this act of justice due his comrades."]

HETH'S DIVISION IN PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

On July 1, 1863, a three days' battle began that made Gettysburg famous as a battlefield and virtually decided the fate of the Confederacy. So much has been said and written about this battle, both true and false, that an active participant finds difficulty at this period in selecting points for a brief sketch of the bloody tragedy. A serious obstacle blocks the way of personal recollections of each individual after a lapse of forty-seven eventful years. Forty-seven years! From youth to old age—indeed, a lifetime—the memory grows dim, and where so much has been controverted and the facts "jingled together" a doubt as to one's own recollection and experience causes hesitation to tread upon disputed ground.

The preliminaries leading up to the actual collision of Lee's and Meade's armies, I leave to published records. The spirit that pervaded Lee's troops was invincible. I was a humble and minute part of Lee's army, of A. P. Hill's Corps, Heth's Division. I was of Archer's Brigade, 14th Tennessee Regiment, a light-weight orderly sergeant of Company A.

On the morning of July 1 Archer's Brigade took the road leading from Cashtown to Gettysburg. About ten o'clock we learned that the enemy was in our front. Archer threw his brigade into line on Willoughby's Run and immediately advanced to brush away, supposedly, a line of skirmishers from our front. We crossed the run and advanced rapidly into a field densely covered with tall wheat, when suddenly a heavy line of battle confronted the brigade at close quarters and delivered a deadly volley into our very faces. Instant confusion and retreat followed, with many killed, wounded, and a number captured. Among the captured was General Archer. Quickly rallying on the east bank of the run, the brigade was moved to the right and formed at nearly right angles to the original line to meet Kilpatrick's Cavalry, who now threatened our right flank. Skirmishing with his cavalry through the afternoon ended our service for the first day.

Heth's Division, commanded by Pettigrew (Heth having been wounded on the first day), was held in reserve during the whole day of July 2, taking no part in the engagements. Early on the morning of July 3 Heth's Division was moved to the right and formed a line on Seminary Ridge opposite and about a mile from the center and crest of Cemetery Ridge, upon which the enemy were strongly posted behind works, with parks of artillery covering their entire front. An open plain with a slight incline to the foot of Cemetery Ridge extended from Seminary Ridge with no obstructions between except three fences, two rail or worm fences, and one slab fence nearest to the enemy's front. For about four hours or more all this was under the eye and scrutiny of every veteran in Heth's Division as they stood in line, each knowing what the ominous silence pervading the whole field meant and each counting the probable results.

During the lull, already oppressive, I walked out alone to the edge of the open some fifty yards in advance of the line then lying in the timber, and there deliberately surveyed the field from Round Top Mountain on our right to the suburbs and spires of Gettysburg on the left. I sought to locate the point on Cemetery Ridge about which our brigade and regiment would strike the enemy, provided our advance be made in a straight line. Realizing just what was before me and the brave boys with me, and at one of the most serious moments in life, I asked aloud the question: "June Kimble, are you going to do your duty to-day?" The audible answer was: "I'll do it, so help me God." I turned and walked back to the line. "How does it look, June?" said Lieutenant Waters. I replied: "Boys, if we have to go, it will be hot for us, and we will have to do our best." When I responded to my own question as to doing my duty, a change of feeling immediately took possession of me; all dread even passed away, and from that moment to the close of that disastrous struggle I retained my nerve, and my action was as calm and deliberate as if upon dress parade. It was different from all other experiences, many and various, in my four years of unbroken service.

At about one o'clock a solitary signal shot was fired far to our right by Longstreet's command. Instantly every battery upon the Confederate line opened on its mission of death and destruction, and was as promptly responded to by every battery, I presume, on the Federal line, and the third and last day of the battle of Gettysburg was on.

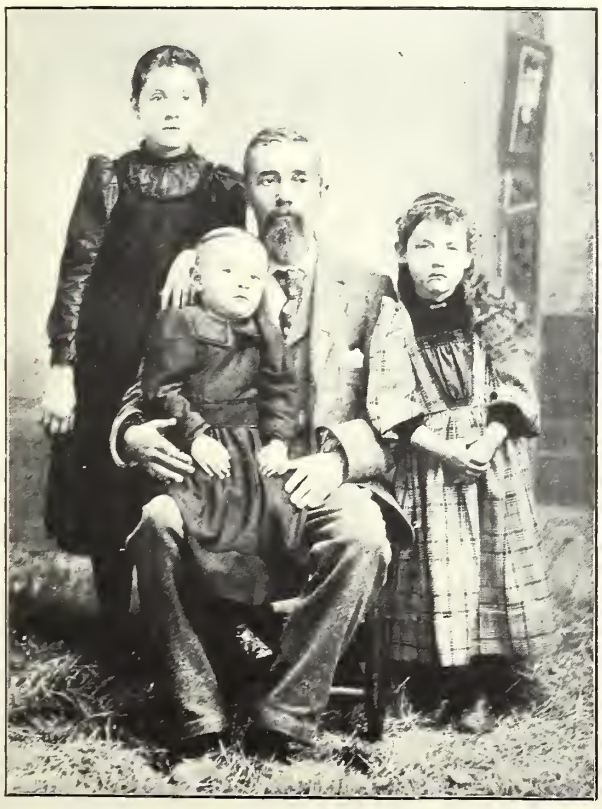
For about one hour an artillery duel, the equal of which was never fought on this earth, followed this signal gun. The roar and crash of five hundred booming cannon, screaming and bursting shells, and the swish of crashing solid shot brought forth a veritable pandemonium. The very earth shook as from a mighty quake. So intense were its vibrations that loose grass, leaves, and twigs arose from six to eight inches above the ground, hovered and quivered as birds about to drop until the mighty roar ceased. And it did cease almost as suddenly as it began.

Another ominous lull, and each veteran drew a long breath of relief; then sharply "Attention!" rang out clear along the line. Instantly fourteen thousand veterans sprang to their feet and awaited the word "Forward!" which they knew was coming. From Pickett's Division of three brigades came at intervals the command, "Dress to the left," and from Heth's, or Pettigrew's, six brigades came, "Dress to the right," Archer's Brigade being near the center and the guiding brigade of the assaulting column. It emerged into the open field silent save for the tramp, tramp of the veterans in solid line, with steady nerve and determined mien. In my admiration and enthusiasm I rushed some ten paces in advance and cast my eyes right and left. It was magnificent! When observed by the enemy, the vicious roar of artillery began its deadly work. Soon shot and shell were plowing through the Confederate ranks; but on, steadily on the line moved without a waver or break save as gaps were rent by solid shot or exploding shell. The first fence was soon reached and quickly toppled over by hand and upon the points of bayonets. No

check, but on we moved. The second fence shared the fate of the first, and without a halt the column went forward as if to victory. The third obstacle appeared, a strong, well-built post or slab fence, too strong to be quickly torn away. Realizing this, over the fence the Confederates sprang, thus pausing for a moment in some confusion; but re-forming quickly the line, still unbroken but terribly punished, rushed forward undismayed.

It was here that I again sprang in advance, looked up and down that line, and became an eyewitness of the most vivid and stupendous battle scene doubtless that ever fell to mortal. As far as I could see this same line seemed to move as close and steady as upon the start. On it advanced until, having reached close range of the enemy's protected infantry, withering volleys of musketry, grape, double-charged canister, shot and shell shattered and mutilated as fine a body of Southern heroes as ever trod a battlefield. Still, after practical annihilation, the remnant of these glorious Confederates kept going forward, until they silenced the guns and stood in the works of the enemy. Those of the enemy who remained in the works were prostrated at our feet, practically prisoners, with their arms upon the ground, not firing a shot.

For five, perhaps ten, minutes we held our ground and looked back for and prayed for support. It came not, and we knew that the battle of Gettysburg was ended. Many of this brave remnant chose to surrender rather than run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire. Among others, I refused to yield, and made a break for my liberty in the face of their guns. For about one hundred yards I broke the lightning speed record. Suddenly I realized that I was a good target for those yelling Yankees, and, having a horror of being shot in the back, I faced about and backed out of range, and all without so much as a scratch. I stopped at our rifle pits that had been dug in advance of our original line on Seminary Ridge. Four men could occupy each of these pits, and I found about four men in each, but I joined them. Anticipating that the enemy would follow up our discomfiture, I made inquiry for an officer. Not one could be found. I then suggested that we constitute ourselves a line of skirmishers. To my joy every man readily responded, and all agreed to stand together.



JUNE KIMBLE, SR. AND JR., EASTLAND, TEX.
Also two nieces. Picture made March 10, 1904.

About eleven o'clock that night a staff officer rode up to where we were and asked what command it was. He was told that it was no particular command, and that no officer was present. He then told us to stay there and General Anderson would relieve us. Perhaps an hour later a picket relief came, and each of us went back in search of his command.

I soon found the remnant of the 14th Tennessee Regiment reorganized and in command of Capt. J. M. Dale, of Company C, and Lieut. Charles Mitchell, of Company H. There were about one hundred men out of the three hundred and fifty that engaged in that battle.

There was but little sleep and poor rest for the weary, battered veterans of Lee's army that night. The morning of the 4th dawned brightly; but it was plainly to be seen that on the face of every Confederate as they stood behind Alexander's grim guns was a look of determination and defiance that at once renewed faith in the morale and discipline of those grand old veterans and a blind confidence in our Godlike leader, Robert E. Lee, and that all would be well with us in the end.

Whipped? No! There were no cowards there; but the "Old Guard" was there in part, and Lee, Longstreet, A. P Hill, Ewell, and Stuart were there to guide and to lead. "Why, yes, boys, let 'em come on; we'll show 'em that we ain't all dead yet." Such light banterings escaped from smiling lips all through that long, tense, sweltering fourth day, patiently awaiting the anticipated attack which never came. The most unassuming private wondered what was the matter with the Yanks that they did not come on. They knew their power of resistance, and that their inborn Southern courage, which so often snatched victory out of the very jaws of defeat, would stay with them.

On the night of the 4th Lee began his retreat to Hagerstown, Md., without haste or confusion, although the night was dark and stormy. Longstreet and Ewell followed the line of retreat upon the right and A. P. Hill on the left. In their disposition it fell to the lot of Heth's Division, under Pettigrew, to cover the rear of Hill's Corps. The retreat was slow, owing to rain and mud, rough mountains, and difficult roads.

The enemy's cavalry penetrated this line of march in force and in front of Heth's Division, with the view of capturing the whole division. At this point Fitzhugh Lee's matchless horsemen appeared, and at intervals for two or three days fought them back inch by inch in desperate charge and countercharge. All this time the way was kept open for Heth's Division.

About the 8th of July Hagerstown was reached. Here Lee concentrated his retiring columns and calmly awaited the approach of Meade. Here again Lee offered battle, which Meade declined. I am sure that if Meade had attacked a bloody repulse awaited him, because Lee's army was again in its usual fighting trim and ready in spirit to measure lances with the foe. On the 12th or 13th Lee again quietly withdrew from the enemy's front.

The morning of July 14 found us in line with the remnant of Heth's Division, still commanded by the gallant Pettigrew, as the rear guard of Lee's army and covering the road to the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters, on the Potomac.

Without entering into detail of the attack by Kilpatrick's Cavalry, I will only state that about ten o'clock a body of cavalry was discovered in our immediate front in the heavy timbers, some three or four hundred yards distant. It had rained during the night, and was still dark and misty. We supposed that Stuart's Cavalry was in our front and that this body was a part of his force. We had no pickets out; there was no fear or concern as to these troops. General Pettigrew was standing in the road observing the front. General Heth, with his head still bound up in white cloth from his wound of July 1, rode up to Pettigrew, and the two were evidently discussing the situation. Billy Daniels and I were sitting on a little mound constructed for the use of artillery on the left of the road some ten feet from Generals Heth and Pettigrew, and the boys of Archer's Brigade were lounging on the ground twenty or thirty feet from us, many of them asleep. Suddenly a body of horsemen came into the road at the foot of the incline in a sweeping trot. About halfway up they unfurled their pennants, drew sabers, and sprang into a rushing gallop. Daniel and I leaped from the little mound and both exclaiming: "Look out, boys; the Yanks are on us!" Instantly there was a springing to feet and to guns. General Heth whirled his horse to the rear; General Pettigrew, alone and on foot, backed to the head of Company A and spoke cheerfully: "Stand your ground, boys." The sharp crack of pistols rang out from the head of the enemy's plunging column, and the brave, noble Pettigrew fell with a mortal wound at the feet of those who had gathered around him, the first victim. Simultaneously a quick volley from the aroused veterans emptied the saddles of the leader and his nearest horsemen. The impetus of the charge could not be checked; the rear pressed forward to the front. It became at once a mêlée, a fierce, bloody, hand-to-hand struggle, and quickly all was over. From one of the wounded I learned that Major Webber was the leader of this squadron of eighty-six men of the 4th Michigan Cavalry. In answer to the inquiry why they rode on us he said they supposed we were only stragglers, and they sought to take us in. A fatal mistake, for out of the eighty-six only three escaped. This turmoil lasted about three minutes.

Kilpatrick by this time had discovered our weakness and at once began preparation for an attack. It soon became apparent that in establishing his line he had overlapped both wings of our small force of about eight hundred against his ten thousand. The order for retiring to the bridge was given, at first rapid, but in order. Soon the enemy appeared, and the fighting began. To save capture, it drifted into a running fight. It was two and a half miles from our starting point to the bridge. The enemy pressed our retreat, and many fell by the wayside from exhaustion. It was shoot, run and load, halt, shoot, and run again, with no let up.

About thirty of us agreed to stay together with Lieut. Jim Howard, and we crossed the bridge as it swung loose from the Maryland shore. But before we reached that bridge, when our knees began to tremble and hope was pinning on its wings for a farewell flight, a cannon roared and a shell exploded among the charging columns, another and another, by order of A. P. Hill. Did you ever hear sweet music when you happened to be very tired, somewhat anxious, and just a little bit scared? Talk about your harp of a thousand strings; there was more melody in the roar of that old gun and the pow of that beautiful shell than all the hand organs and jew's-harps in the world put together. It was mesmeric, soothing, exhilarating, inspiring, a nerve restorer. We crossed the bridge and climbed up to the top of the old Virginia bluff, where Hill had planted his music boxes. What perfect rest we had! I had never slept so well. Gen. A. P. Hill said to his faithful chief courier: "Let these men sleep until five or six o'clock, then lead them to camp." Grand old leader and glorious old fighter, he knew what we needed most. I have never recovered from that long running retreat and fight. I have been short-winded ever since that day, and am yet, except when I get into a war story, and then my wind is partially restored, as per sample.

Some Facts about Gettysburg.

Again, after forty-seven years' reflection, and having read and heard a great deal about that battle, I have concluded that now is the time to hand in my testimony as an eyewitness and participant.

I am sure that all which has been or may yet be written descriptive of the battle of Gettysburg is intended to be the truth. I fully realize this and enter reluctantly into a discussion of mooted points, the results of which proved so disastrous to Lee's matchless army. I refer specially to the third day's battle. In the very outset I disclaim any intent to criticise or disparage the conduct or bearing of any troops engaged other than my own division (Heth's).

For several years past most writers have conceded that other troops than Pickett's Division alone constituted the assaulting column in that world-famous charge, and that Heth's Division was the larger part of that assaulting column.

Pickett's Division was composed of three brigades, with Wilcox as a support, making four brigades. Heth's, or Pettigrew's, Division was composed of six brigades, supported by Trimble, making seven brigades, almost double the number of Pickett's Division. This statement is simply to show what constituted the assaulting column. Both divisions did their work well. The two bodies of troops were of the same Southern blood, the same character as soldiers, with the same inspiration and patriotism to wrest victory from a common foe. In this friendly spirit this article is written.

It has not been a sin of commission so much as omission that makes the survivors of Heth's Division smart under the sting of cruel injustice by the great mass of writers in regard to "Pickett's charge."

The writer is positive that this unfortunate condition was never the result of envy or jealousy, because such miserable sentiments never existed in Confederate ranks; but in their stead love, loyalty, and comradeship glowed throughout the war, and burns to-day as brightly in the hearts of every living and loyal old Confederate as in "the days that tried men's souls."

The part that Heth's Division played in what is generally known as "Pickett's Charge" has never received the praise so well earned and justly due, and it is a lamentable fact. Brave men, however modest, are sensitive and feel the bitterness of neglect or unjust misrepresentation, and more particularly when, as gallant Admiral Schley responded to unjust criticism, "there is glory enough for all." There has never been a necessity to suppress the truth by historians or deny those who are at least entitled to an equal share of the honors and glories of the well-fought battle.

A strange fatality seems to have controlled many historians, some of whom were high officials and distinguished commanders upon that gory field. With one notable exception to this class of historians, the writer with gratitude and pride refers to that brilliant cavalryman, Fitzhugh Lee, in his life of R. E. Lee. His description of the battle of Gettysburg comes nearer linking together all the important facts bearing upon the three days' battle than all the other authors.

I come now to my own, Archer's Tennessee Brigade, and the 14th Tennessee Regiment. It is at last conceded that Heth's Division constituted an important part of the assaulting column, and that Archer's Tennessee Brigade held the central position in Heth's Division. Future historians therefore must measure out the full share of honors to those troops who led the fight and suffered most. I am sure that to-day there is not a living Confederate of Heth's Division who would willfully pluck one laurel from the crown of glory won by Pickett's Division. They deserve fully all the tributes laid at their feet. They did their duty nobly, but this verdict must not be marred by injustice to others. Pickett's Division does not need that this grandest of all grand pictures be blurred by a wrong impression left upon the students of history that all the credit belongs to Pickett's Division. Naturally and justly this is resented.

For Archer's Tennessee Brigade the writer insists that the meed of praise due it shall be incorporated in the true histories of this wonderful encounter. This brigade, as guide of the assaulting column, held the post of honor, and with all gallantry held it from the beginning to the ending of that mighty death struggle.

This glorious band of Tennesseeans and Alabamians stood upon the "high-water mark" on Cemetery Ridge, with the prisoners at its feet, and deliberately turned its guns under the command, "Boys, shoot to the left!" firing its last volleys into the ranks of reënforcements of the enemy appearing at the crest of the ridge and bearing down upon the exposed left flank of Pettigrew's devoted North Carolinians, who stubbornly fought them back until almost decimated. From sheer exhaustion and decimation these brave "tar heels," to prevent capture, began to swing to the rear upon the left, and soon, like a candle under fire, drop by drop melting away. The devoted remnant of Archer's Brigade was in the works, but all hope for support had passed away. The die was cast and the battle of Gettysburg was ended. Archer's Brigade did its full part. It led the assaulting column as the guiding brigade. It was intended that this column should break the enemy's line at center, and it did so heroically, with a loss of killed and wounded quite unparalleled. In this assault Archer's Brigade, I repeat, led the advance, was the first to enter the enemy's works and the last to quit those works on that fatal day, and, as usual, with that splendid old brigade the first to rally behind Alexander's guns on Seminary Ridge. It lay grim and full of fight behind those guns all day of the Fourth of July. It was the last, with Heth's Division, to quit the front of the enemy on that never-to-be-forgotten black, stormy night of the 4th, and it covered the retreat of Lee's army to Hagerstown, Md.

That task was performed in conjunction with Fitzhugh Lee's matchless cavalry, fighting the enemy back in our rear, then driving him from the front in his attempt to break the line of march. In this repeated and desperate effort Fitzhugh Lee's cavalrymen won an ever-abiding place in the hearts of Heth's whole division. Together this division of infantry and the brigade of cavalry gave safe passage to Hagerstown, where for two or three days Lee offered Meade battle, which proffer Meade declined.

By this time the swollen Potomac had receded within its banks, and Lee, no longer fearing an attack, leisurely began his return to Virginia.

The river at Williamsport above had become fordable and the pontoon bridge had been established at Falling Waters, and the way was open. Again it became the duty by another significant order for Heth's Division to cover the rear and, lastly, to protect all approaches to that bridge at all hazards. They did it well, as the records show, and, singularly enough, again clashed with Kilpatrick's Cavalry and checked his bold maneuvers, administering a bloody rebuke to his desperate charge in a hand-to-hand mêlée on the road leading to the Potomac, two and a half miles from the pontoon bridge. But this brief and fatal repulse to the enemy was at sad cost by the death of that prince of Confederate officers, Brig. Gen. J. J. Pettigrew, who fell at the feet of Archer's men, who quickly gathered around his prostrate form. Covering the body of this gallant leader, with shot, bayonets, and clubbed guns they quickly put an end to the Federal chargers. At this hour word came that the way was open, that all troops, trains, and artillery were safe and across the river. Then followed the command to fall back upon the bridge. Before this order, however, Kilpatrick's Cavalry were drawn up in line of battle, overlapping both wings of Heth's Division. Discovering our retrograde movement, they began an attack. This hastened our retreat, and soon it became a real running fight.

We had arrived in sight of the Virginia Bluffs, a half or three-quarters of a mile away, when General Hill ordered a couple of pieces of artillery planted on the bluff to open fire upon the enemy. The boom of the first gun, the shriek of a shell high over our heads from a friendly direction, the bursting of the shell in the enemy's line, followed rapidly by other shots, stopped their advance. To this little band, so seriously pressed and overcome with fatigue, the sound of these guns was to us the sweetest music that ever fell upon our ears. This faithful handful of Archer's Brigade had fired the last gun as it had fired the first in the Gettysburg campaign. Then we crossed the Potomac back into dear old Virginia.

As evidence of my right to speak, I restate that I was among the first of Archer's Brigade to fire a gun in the first day's battle and among the last to fire a gun at Falling Waters. I crossed the enemy's line and stood shoulder to shoulder with my brave comrades of Archer's Brigide inside of the enemy's works at the angle upon Cemetery Ridge. These facts at least should entitle me to some credence, although memory is somewhat treacherous and facts are always remembered differently from different view-points. After the lapse of so many years, with, as I feel, all envy or malice or prejudice, if there were any, eliminated by time and the mellowing influence of age and sober reflection, what I have written is due to fairness and justice.

[This theme, "Battle of Gettysburg," will be continued in the VETERAN at an early date.—EDITOR.]

THE SPANISH WAR VETERANS MET IN VICKSBURG.—Under orders of Maj. John B. McFarland, Commander, the Mississippi Division of the Spanish War Veterans met at Vicksburg in August for their annual reunion. There was a large attendance present. Major McFarland was reëlected Commander of the Mississippi Division, and Gulfport was selected for the next place of meeting.



MAJ. H. H. RATCLIFF, OF GLOSTER, MISS., AND HIS NINE SONS—ALL PROMINENT MEN.

Major Ratcliff served throughout the war as a Confederate soldier. In addition to the nine sons, he has two daughters. All of his sons are prominent and wealthy men of Mississippi and Louisiana, all being engaged actively. Including his grandchildren, he has seventy-two descendants. He is still a live, hearty man, and is seventy-six years old. Major Ratcliff is a brother of Mrs. J. A. Graham, of Bowling Green. The Grahams are very prominent people of Southern Kentucky. Mrs. Graham says of her brother: "He went through the army. His health was so bad that his sister begged him not to go to the war, but nothing could keep him from it. He got up a company, held some office, and was promoted." Two or three times he was sent home on account of his health; but as soon as able he would return, and at the close of the war his health was fine and has been ever since.



SOME OF THE DESCENDANTS OF MAJOR RATCLIFF, WHICH NUMBER SEVENTY-TWO.

Work in the South Carolina Division, U. D. C.—Eight new Chapters have been added to the U. D. C. roster for South Carolina, and the Division has two new scholarships for bestowal. A picture of Gen. Wade Hampton handsomely done in oil has been presented the Division and will be placed in the State room at the Richmond Confederate Museum. The sick and disabled veterans will be cared for in a new infirmary being erected in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home.

An Interesting Age Table.—Mr. James E. Porter, of Pittsburg, sends the Veteran some statistics of interest. They are for the Union soldiers, and the ages of the Confederates ran about the same or a little younger except they went to greater extremes. The last years of the war many boys were enrolled that would not have been received when the war first began: Ten years and under, 25; eleven years and under, 38; twelve years and under, 225; thirteen years and under, 300; fourteen years and under, 1,525; fifteen years and under, 104,987; sixteen years and under, 231,051; seventeen years and under, 844,891; eighteen years and under, 1,151,438; twenty-one years and under, 2,159,798; twenty-two years and over, 618,511; twenty-five years and over, 46,626; forty-four years and over, 16,071.

A Lucky Find of War Money.—While plowing his father's farm, near Russellville, Ky., David Coursey unearthed a pot of money which had been buried during the Confederate war. In the pot was five hundred dollars in gold and notes, both in a fine state of preservation.

Name and Address of Correspondents.—An interesting reminiscence without address of the author comes to the Veteran, beginning, "It was in New Mexico during the Confederate war." Be careful to send address, whether to be used or not.

WIDOWS OF EX-PRESIDENTS.

Corporations are proverbially soulless, but the United States government's care of the widows of its ex-Presidents is an exception. Nearly all widows of Presidents have received the franking privilege, and Congress has given several pensions for five thousand a year each.

Dolly Madison, one of the most famous women of the White House, was given the franking privilege, and the manuscripts of the debates in Congress from 1782 to 1787, written by President Madison, were purchased by Congress for a goodly sum. President Jackson thought these debates so important that he sent a special message to Congress in regard to them. Dolly Madison was also "granted the privilege of the floor" by the Senate, an honor never before or since given a woman.

Sarah Childress Polk, widow of James K. Polk, invested all her estate in Tennessee bonds, which were declared valueless by the commonwealth. Her bonds were not only redeemed by the commonwealth, but a good rate of interest on them was paid her, and later a pension of five thousand dollars was voted her by Congress.

The widow of President Garfield was well provided for. James A. Garfield carried fifty thousand dollars in life insurance and had an estate of thirty thousand, and through a subscription started by Cyrus W. Field she received three hundred and twelve thousand dollars. Congress decreed that she should be given the remainder of President Garfield's salary, which was forty thousand dollars, and the same Congress voted her an annual pension of five thousand dollars.

Mrs. Lincoln was left practically penniless, and the shock of her husband's assassination made her an invalid. She petitioned Congress for money, so she "might live befitting the wife of a President of the United States." Congress granted her a pension of three thousand dollars; and when Mrs. Garfield was given five thousand a year, her pension was increased to a like sum, and, in addition, she received fifteen thousand for back pension.

The widow of John Quincy Adams was given the franking privilege, as was the widow of Zachary Taylor. Mrs. William Henry Harrison was voted the twenty-five thousand dollars of salary not paid her husband. To Julia Gardner Tyler was given a pension of five thousand dollars. Julia Dent Grant had a five-thousand-dollar pension and the franking privilege, and Mrs. McKinley also receives five thousand dollars yearly. The Pension Committee reported favorably to the Senate on the bill to allow Frances Folsom Cleveland and Mary Lord Harrison pensions of five thousand dollars, but as yet these have not been granted, though both were given the franking right in 1909.

BRIEF, VIVID ACCOUNT OF FIRST MANASSAS.

A writer in the Atlanta Journal states the following:

"On the evening of July 20 the two armies were about seven miles apart. Early in the morning of the 21st they began approaching, and the outposts cannonaded one another. By ten o'clock the battle was in progress all along the line. Both armies were made up, for the most part, of raw troops.

"So well intrenched were the Confederates and so skillful were their generals in maneuvering the battle that after several hours of fighting the Federal army was compelled to give way at one point after the other, until finally the retreat had degenerated into disorder. Every effort was made to rally the troops even beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, but in vain. The plain was covered with the retreating soldiers, and they seemed to infect those with whom they came in contact. The retreat became a rout, and this eventually degenerated into a panic.

"The onset of that tumultuous retreat is described by those who witnessed it as terrible. For three miles hosts of Federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the country on either side. In the great race for shelter all divisions and all regiments were mingled. A perfect frenzy was upon almost every man. Even the sentiment of shame had gone. There was no stop to the retreating army until they reached the Potomac and felt themselves safe back again to Washington.

"The flight did not slack in the least until Centerville was reached, where the sight of reserves somewhat reassured the van. The battle greatly inspired the South and deeply encouraged the North. The North, however, devoted itself with renewed vigor and determination to preparation for what became, apparently, a long and severe struggle. "Te Deums" were sung in the churches of the South over their victory, and a day of thanksgiving was observed.

"The second battle of Bull Run was fought on nearly the same field on August 29 and 30, 1862, between 49,000 Confederates under Gen. Robert E. Lee and about 70,000 Federals under General Pope, the latter being again defeated. The Confederates were greatly superior in leadership."

AT THE ATLANTA SOLDIERS' HOME.

The old soldiers of Georgia receive the most loving care from the U. D. C. Chapters of Atlanta. Every month some entertainment is given for their pleasure, some luxury furnished for their use, and each Chapter committee vies with the other in the charm of these entertainments. Beautiful music and fine recitations marked the August meeting, and Professor Derry announced that the ladies of the Soldiers' Home Committee had secured life-sized pictures of Gens. R. E. Lee and John B. Gordon for the hall; also that Mrs. Ada T. Ralls had offered to paint a portrait for them of President Davis or any Confederate general agreed on. On a vote the portrait of Mr. Davis was selected with thanks to the donor. Through the generosity of patrons of the Home and of relatives they now have pictures in the library of Gen. Clement A. Evans, J. McIntosh Kell, Judge W. L. Calhoun, Henry Grady, Maj. W. T. Gary, and Capt. William T. Smith, who, with Major Gary, was largely instrumental in establishing the Home. In the parlor is a small picture of President Davis and a portrait of Georgia's war Governor, Joseph E. Brown, a present from his daughter, Mrs. Connally.

LOULA KENDALL ROGERS SCHOLARSHIP.—The Barnesville (Ga.) Chapter, U. D. C., are working earnestly to raise one thousand dollars for a scholarship in the Gordon Institute in Barnesville. This scholarship will be open to any descendant of a Confederate veteran. It will be called the Loula Kendall Rogers scholarship, in honor of the Chapter President, who was for twenty-five years a teacher in the Gordon Institute. Her former pupils, patrons, and all who are interested in the movement are requested to contribute to the fund.

R. E. LEE INSTITUTE.

The R. E. Lee Institute, of Thomaston, Ga., is splendidly equipped with every modern convenience and handsomely furnished. The laboratories are thoroughly up-to-date, and it is claimed they equal those of any college. The auditorium

attached to the building is one of the best in the State; it will hold twelve hundred people, and is furnished in the most approved style; while the acoustic properties have received the closest and most satisfactory attention. The faculty has been carefully selected by the board, and every advantage for study is furnished the students. The managers are endeavoring to boost the Lee Institute, and hope to open with an enrollment of five hundred.

Gen. B. H. Teague Elected U. C. V. Commander of South Carolina.—There were over four thousand veterans at the U. C. V. Reunion at Spartanburg, and the city was crowded to its utmost capacity, as both the Sons of Veterans and the "Red Shirts" were in convention at the same time. The U. C. V. convention was held in the theater, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander of the South Carolina Division, presiding. General Carr made a strong address in which he paid many beautiful tributes to the soldiers of the Confederacy. At an election of officers Gen. B. H. Teague, Aiken, was made U. C. V. Commander, Gen. J. W. Reed, Chester, Commander of the First Brigade, and Gen. Frank Creech, Barnwell, Commander of the Second Brigade.

Many Important Tablets for Vicksburg.—The Vicksburg National Park Commission have submitted their plans to the War Department at Washington. Aided by donations and by appropriation from the Legislature of different States, the Commission expects to install a statue or tablet to every brigade, division, corps, or army commander engaged in the operations around Vicksburg and to each of the field officers and battery commanders killed during the siege.

Naval Memorial for Vicksburg.—The Vicksburg National Park Commissioners have submitted an estimate of $125,000 for the construction of a memorial tribute to the Confederate navy on the Mississippi and its tributaries.

Milan Cooper, Servant of Jefferson Davis.—A. W. Corbett writes from St. Augustine, Fla.: "I am trying to locate Milan Cooper, an old darky who claims to be one of the last and faithful servants of Jefferson Davis. It is said that he lives in Dade County, near Miami, Fla. I should like very much to secure data pertaining to this old darky and his merits. If he really served Mr. Davis faithfully, I want to bring him to our city. Information will be appreciated."

Twentieth Mississippi Confederate Reunion at Hattiesburg.—Gen. W. A. Montgomery, commanding the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., has issued an order to elect delegates for the twentieth annual reunion which will be held in Hattiesburg October 12 and 13, 1910. General Montgomery calls attention to the fact that each Camp is entitled to the same number of representative delegates as they are to the general Reunion. He also states that the Camp at Hattiesburg has made ample arrangements for the entertainment of all delegates who come, and he further urges all Camps to see that all dues are fully paid up before the meeting.

Welldoing, Faithful Rebel.—Comrade E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo., writes: "I have been nominated for my tenth four-year term as County Court Clerk. If I serve out this four years, I will have been in office forty years; so I am lucky for an old Rebel."

A sketch of Comrade Williams by his comrades in Virginia appears in the Veteran for May, page 206.

To Honor John Brown.—The Commercial Club of Osawatomie, Kans., dedicated the John Brown Park in August, at which Theodore Roosevelt delivered the dedicatory address. This park consists of twenty-two acres on the site of the battle of Osawatomie, and was purchased and presented to the State by the Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R.

American Flag Used too Freely in France.—Americans in France are indignant over the fact that their flag is used too freely in advertising in that country. They say that these flags are used on cheap shows and peanut stands, and that restaurants have them painted on their signs and fluttering from their windows to attract the attention of the tourists that flock in such numbers to Paris.

Experimenting on Motor-Driven War Ships.—England, who claims to have the finest naval equipment of the world, is experimenting with a new departure in war ships. It is said the British Admiralty will build a vessel worked by a motor engine; and if it is successful, the plan will revolutionize war-ship-building, for it will do away with boilers, stokers, and smokestacks, and the economy of space and decrease of weight will add so materially to the speed that the dreadnaught type of vessel will become obsolete.

Widow of Two Veterans Wishes to Draw Two Pensions.—Under the new pension law of Georgia veterans or their wives are entitled to sixty dollars per year if they are not the possessors of fifteen hundred dollars in money or real estate. Lately Judge Wingfield, of Clark County, had two petitions filed by the same woman. She said her first husband was killed in battle, and she married again, her second husband being a soldier under General Lee. Now, according to the new pension law, she claimed a pension from both husbands.

A Correction Corrected about Confederates in Congress.—In the list of "Confederates of both Houses of Congress," as given in the Veteran for July, page 307, an error was made in including the name of Hon. Ben R. Tillman, of South Carolina, who was not a Confederate soldier, and has never so claimed.

Annual Reunion of Two Georgia Regiments.—The First and Sixth Georgia Cavalry held their annual reunion at Rome, Ga., August 11. They were the guest of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, who worked diligently to make the occasion one long to be remembered. In addition to the regular dinner in picnic style, barbecue and Brunswick stew were served and hugely enjoyed by the sixty or more veterans from all parts of the State. Addresses were made by Comrades G. E. Maddox, J. L. Branch, John W. Bale, John Bell.

Graves of Forty Unknown Confederates at Camp Beauregard, Ky.—R. A. Browder, Adjutant of U. C. V. Camp at Fulton, Ky., writes that the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that place desire to erect a monument to the Confederates buried at Camp Beauregard in the western part of Graves County, Ky., and will appreciate help from their friends and the States from which those martyrs served. They were of Polk's command, comprising troops from Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Missouri, and about forty are buried at that place. The Daughters seek to learn the names of these dead, and will appreciate such information as soon as possible, as well as individual and State aid in contributions to the monument fund.

GENERAL LEE AND STATUARY HALL.

Capt. W. W. Scott, State Law Librarian, wrote from Richmond to the Times-Dispatch that the placing of a statue of General Lee in Statuary Hall, Washington, has never been pleasing to him. A good many years ago he read proof on the Congressional Record, and a typical Kansan, one of the copyholders, said that Kansas would soon contribute a statue of John Brown as her offering, and that in his section Brown was regarded as the "protomartyr of the rebellion."

Captain Scott's letter states: "Shall even a statue of General Lee be put in such company? It is not of the kind he kept when in the flesh, and bronze in public places can do nothing to perpetuate his memory or extend his fame. If perchance some stranger shall ask why Virginia has contributed nothing to the Hall, the answer is simple and almost literally true that she contributed the Hall. But there is a better answer. Tell him to look down the Potomac a few miles and have his soul enraptured by a view of Mount Vernon; to look just across the river and behold the imposing majesty of Arlington; to look on the stately shaft near the White House that the people call the Washington Monument; that the monument and statue of John Marshall guard the western approach to the Capitol; that Gunston Hall, the home of George Mason, maker of bills of rights and constitutions for nearly all the States, overlooks the spot where he stands; and, lastly, to examine the mural adornments of the rotunda and learn that incidents relating to Virginia history or illustrative of the lives of Virginia citizens constitute about seven of the eleven great paintings there exhibited. Does Virginia lack exhibits? and is not the fame of Generals Washington and Lee too universal for her to be begging for space in any hall whatever for their effigies?"

It was refreshingly surprising that President Taft declined to act on the appeal of the G. A. R. for the removal of Lee's statue from our Pantheon, but referred the matter to the department of law, something new for latter-day Presidents, who have been the law unto themselves. Mr. Wickersham simply quoted the act of July 2, 1864, by Congress as making no discrimination between the States.

A. T. Clark, of Philadelphia, writes the Editor of the Veteran: "I heartily agree with the United States Attorney-General's decision about Lee's statue in the Hall of Fame. My fighting ceased with the close of the war, and I am now your sincere friend."

JUDGE ELL TORRANCE ON LEE'S STATUE.

Former G. A. R. Commander in Chief, Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., approves of the decision of Attorney-General Wickersham in regard to the statue of General Lee in the Hall of Fame. There was no protest against placing two living Confederate soldiers on the supreme bench, and why should there be one against the lifeless statue in the nation's Capitol? He feels that in giving the figure of her best-loved general Virginia is practically renewing her vows of allegiance to the United States government, as "where the treasure is, there the heart is also," and the best and noblest efforts of Virginia's sons will be given in defense of a Capitol that holds this statue.

"A civil war must end," said Judge Torrance, "and I prefer to believe that ours ended forty-five years ago when Grant and Lee sheathed their swords at Appomattox. The terms of surrender imposed no penalties upon the living, nor did they call for discrediting the memory of the dead. The war being over, the first duty of every patriot, North and South, was to forget as far as possible the strife, to 'bind up the nation's wounds,' and to mutually treasure the heroism and self-sacrifice of the American soldier. General Lee was one of the foremost in this patriotic duty, and history will accord him high praise for his sincere and unqualified acceptance of the results of the war. The chief objection urged against his statue is the uniform; but to clothe it in blue would be ridiculous. As history will class him among the great generals of his age, it seems altogether becoming that he should appear in a military uniform. If not the blue, it must be the gray."

"HISTORICAL EVENING" OF MISS. DIV., U. D. C.

The Historical Evening of the Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was one of the most pleasing features of the convention held at Columbus, Miss., in May, 1910. A beautiful program of music, recitations, and addresses was splendidly carried out. One of the most notable events of the occasion was the address on "The U. D. C.: Its Objects and Mission," given by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian of the Division, who traced the organization from its small origin to its now splendid condition. Mrs. Rose pointed with pride to the roster of grand women whose names have adorned this magnificent circle, feeling sure that no other organization can make a finer showing, and she closed with a glowing eulogium on Gen. S. D. Lee, which led directly up to the reading of the prize essay on the "Life and Character" of this famous general.

The Mississippi Division offers a gold medal for the best essay on Confederate subjects which are to be written by the pupils of the high school. The prize for the essay this year was won by C. H. Blewett, of Yazoo City High School; and as Mrs. Rose pinned the medal upon his breast, she told him that he must ever strive to make his life follow the model of General Lee, whose "Life and Character" he had portrayed.

The Historian of the Mississippi Division gave a silk banner two years ago which is to be won and held yearly by the Chapter doing the best historical work in the interim. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Swan Lake, made the best showing, with the John Marshall Stone Chapter, of Iuka, a close second. The winning Chapter has but seventeen members, Mrs. Jane Turner Saunders being its enthusiastic President and Mrs. Perle L. Harris the efficient Historian.

During the evening the gold medal offered by the local Chapter for the best essay work was presented to Will Burras, of the Columbus school. Another especially edifying feature was the presentation to the audience of four U. D. C. scholarship students of the Industrial School of Columbus, who, Mrs. Yerger said as she presented them, were the living monuments so eloquently referred to by Mrs. Rose.

OWNER OF WAR MEDAL DISCOVERED NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.—Walworth Peebles, of Petersburg, Va., the twelve-year-old son of a Confederate veteran, found upon his father's farm a medal inscribed: "D. D. Whitney, Drummer Co. E, 11th N. H. V., 2d Brigade, 2d Division." Through the efforts of City Auditor, Philip S. Chase, of Providence R. I., the owner of the medal was discovered in Howard, R. I., where he was employed as a nurse in one of the State institutes. Several forts were built on or near the farm where the medal was found, the largest of them being Fort Fisher. The Peeble home is on the site of Grant's signal tower, and the family are preserving a picture of this tower taken just before it was torn down.

Don't forget if you earnestly desire perpetuation of the Veteran to commend it to some who don't know of its merits.

FIGHTING ABOUT THE HATCHIE BRIDGE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF W. R. STITES, SILOAM SPRINGS, ARK.

In the VETERAN of February, 1909, in "Reminiscences of an Arkansan," by Comrade R. T. Martin, by inference he creates an incorrect impression concerning the retreat of the Confederate forces after the battle of Corinth in October, 1862. He says: "While a part of our command was crossing the Hatchie River bridge the Federals planted their batteries in range of the bridge, opening fire upon us."

Now the Hatchie bridge affair was this way: In our advance on Corinth the regiment to which I belonged, the 1st Texas Legion (Whitfield's), Maury's Division (not Murray), was detailed to defend the Hatchie bridge. General Hurlbut, with his well-equipped division of infantry, was known to be in striking distance. Early in the morning it was found that General Hurlbut was advancing from our rear. Our regiment was double-quicked back perhaps a mile. Every available man in it was deployed as a skirmish line to try to make the appearance of a large force. We met their advance about 10 A.M. and exchanged a few shots with them until their main column came up, when we fell back slowly toward the bridge, firing as we fell back. Our skirmish line was fighting Hurlbut's Division, but they had driven us back and across the river, and were in possession of the bridge before the advance of our retreating army arrived at the top of the ridge on the north side of Hatchie.

It was here at the top of this ridge that the writer saw Gen. Frank Cockrell, of General Price's troops, riding up and down his line, hat in hand, speaking words of cheer and encouragement to his command. He was one of the grandest and bravest of men. It was here, so the story went, that General Van Dorn counciled with old "Papa" Price that they surrender a portion of the army there; but Price, it is said, told him he would take the Missouri troops out, which he did, and all went out on a hastily built bridge at a mill dam.

Our regiment, I know, ever after that had "Hatchie Bridge" inscribed on their banner.

Greeting to the few left of the old 1st Texas Legion (Whitfield's), especially Company G. I would be very glad indeed to hear from them.

THE ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS.

BY A. J. CONE, RALEIGH, FLA.

In the January VETERAN appeared an article by a member of the 20th Georgia Regiment concerning the assault on Fort Saunders by Longstreet's forces on November 29, 1863. The author is correct in every detail, but I wish to add that it seemed to me a stupendous blunder by Longstreet to attack the fort at all; and besides the impassable ditch around the fort, we encountered telegraph wires tied around stumps, and it was ludicrous to see a whole line of battle fall over these wires.

The wings extended from the fort at an angle that subjected us to a fearful enfilading fire, and the troops were led into this death pit, yet we planted half a dozen of our flags on the parapet of the fort. No troops could long stand the enfilading fire, and Col. S. Z. Ruff, of my regiment, the 18th Georgia, was shot down while attempting to get the men to leave the ditch and attack the breastworks leading off from the fort, which we could easily have done if it had been understood by our men.

In the first place, Longstreet blundered in waiting about ten days for Burnsides to intrench himself, and then again by assaulting the fort at all. The main attack should have been directed to the wings of the fort, and these we would have captured easily, which would have made the fort untenable, and such valuable officers as Colonels Ruff, of the 18th Georgia, and Thomas, of the 16th Georgia, and more than two hundred gallant men killed would have been spared.

It was pitiable to see the spirits of those men after we were forced back under the hill. They knew they had not had a fair chance, and demanded to be led against the breastworks, that they might redeem themselves from failure because of our commander's blunder; but it was not allowed, and, crestfallen, we were forced to retreat.

THE BATTLE OF JENKINS'S FERRY.

BY R. S. WILSON, ROCKDALE, TEX.

Noting in the June VETERAN an article on the battle of Jenkins's Ferry, on Saline River, in Arkansas, April 30, 1864, I give you my remembrance of it.

The Federal General Steele marched his army from Little Rock, intending to unite with General Banks at Shreveport, La.; but we entertained General Banks at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill on April 8 and 9, after which he concluded not to go to Shreveport. After the second day's fighting, we had Banks headed South, with Polignac's Infantry and the cavalry to look after his welfare. Parsons's two divisions, Churchill's Arkansas Division, and Walker's Texas Division (all infantry) were sent to Arkansas to look after Steele, who was at Camden, on the Ouachita River, and had arrived within ten miles of Camden before the Federals knew we had left Shreveport; and some of the Federals that we captured contended that we marched one hundred and ten miles in one night.

Steele left Camden very suddenly, and from there to Jenkins's Ferry everything indicated that he was in a hurry. All along the way were wagons cut down and burning, destroying baggage and all sorts of equipment of every description. Our army came up with them at Jenkins's Ferry, where they had selected a splendid position and made a stand. They were on good ground, and our army had to fight in water. The location was such that we could not get more than half the army in action at the same time. The Missouri and Arkansas troops, as well as I remember, opened on them first, and afterwards were relieved by the Texans. All suffered a heavy loss. Walker's Division had three brigades. General Waul, of the 1st Brigade, was severely wounded; General Randall, of the 2d Brigade, and General Scurry, of the 3d Brigade, were killed. My company, B, 14th Texas Infantry, lost about half of its men, killed and wounded. After the fight we had sergeants commanding companies and captains commanding regiments. The Federals continued their retreat to Little Rock, where, it is said, they arrived with only one wagon. It was a bloody little fight for us and nothing accomplished, and I never could figure out why our commander ran up against such a hard proposition.

INCIDENTS FROM D. S. LIPSCOMB, VISALIA, CAL.

On the 30th of November, 1864, I belonged to Company A, 6th Missouri Infantry, 1st and 2d Missouri Brigades consolidated, commanded by F. M. Cockrell, afterwards United States Senator. On the Franklin breastworks I was wounded and captured. The guard took me down to the main street, and from there we turned at right angles up the Harpeth River in the direction of the Federal wagon. Immediately after making the turn we were met by a captain of the commissary department, who stopped us and asked the guard: "Where are you going to take this boy?" The reply was: "To the wagons."

The officer then remarked: "My business is not very urgent, and I'll go with you and make this young man comfortable." Now, mind you, it was about half a mile to the wagons, and he went all that distance, fixed me a nice place to lie down, and in other ways treated me with the greatest kindness. I should like to correspond with this big-hearted soldier.

At a Grand Army reunion out here, to which we ex-Confederates were invited, an incident occurred which may provoke a smile among your readers. The "boys in blue" showed us the greatest consideration; and after the program was over, we met in groups and told the customary stories of hairbreadth escapes, deeds of valor, etc. Several soldiers narrated particular instances where they were given great credit, though modestly asserting that they did not deserve it all. When my time came, I remarked that I was extremely proud of what I was about to tell, and that the glory was all mine. I told them that the next morning after the battle of Port Gibson, when we made an ineffectual attempt to drive Grant's army into the Mississippi River, the colonel of the regiment met me and said: "Duke, I've got a race horse." I asked his reason for thinking so, and he replied: "Because he kept up with you all the way across that field yesterday." From this you can see my reputation for retreating rapidly.

ALABAMA MOUNTED RIFLES.

FROM SKETCH BY MAJ. JAMES WALTER SPRATLEY.

In 1860 a company of cavalry was organized in Wilcox County, Ala., the Wilcox Dragoons, with headquarters in Camden. Thomas F. Jenkins was captain, and Dr. Robert H. Ervin, S. W. McIntosh, and John J. Wheadon lieutenants.

On the 24th of April, 1861, a messenger came from the company of cavalry at Pleasant Hill, in Dallas County, saying the Governor had ordered it to report to Montgomery for service. Both companies had offered their service to the State. The message from the Dallas company stated that not enough members of that company were ready to go; that the Wilcox company could respond to the call, and as many of them as were ready would join us on the way to Montgomery. On the morning of April 25, 1861, about forty men and officers marched away to Montgomery. So the Alabama Mounted Rifles was the first cavalry company to enter the service from the State.

The first night of our journey was spent in Pleasant Hill. On leaving the next morning enough men of the Dallas organization went with us to make a good company. We reached Montgomery just before dark, and remained there several days, receiving arms and equipment. During our stay in Montgomery our numbers were increased by arrivals from both Wilcox and Dallas Counties sufficiently to give us about one hundred men. It was thought best to select a new name for the organization, as the membership was about evenly divided between the two counties, and "Alabama Mounted Rifles" was chosen, the officers of the old company remaining the same.

After receiving arms and equipments, we were ordered to report to Gen. Braxton Bragg at Pensacola, Fla. We went by rail as far as Garland, on the Montgomery and Mobile Railroad, to which point it had been finished. We marched thence to Evergreen (to which point the road had been constructed from Pensacola), where we again took cars and went on to our destination, arriving at night.

On the following morning we marched to General Bragg's headquarters, near Fort Barrancas, and reported for duty. The company went into camp about a mile in the rear of Fort Barrancas by a spring of the purest freestone water.

General Bragg made the company his escort, and appointed our first lieutenant, Dr. R. H. Ervin, provost marshal of the army. Ere long several companies of infantry, without regimental organization, arrived. General Bragg had them organized into a regiment. As there was lacking one company, he ordered that our company should join the infantry to complete the organization. The officers were duly elected, and it was numbered the 7th Alabama Regiment. The officers chosen were: Capt. S. A. M. Wood, Colonel; Capt. John G. Coltart, Lieutenant Colonel; Capt. Alfred A. Russell, Major.

Immediately after the organization of the regiment General Bragg detached the Alabama Mounted Rifles to report to his headquarters, and we never served with the 7th Alabama Regiment.

The company was with General Bragg ten months. Our chief duty was to picket the coast from Fort McRae, at the mouth of Pensacola Bay, to the mouth of Perdido River. A detachment composed of a lieutenant, sergeant, corporal, and about twenty men went down every ten days, camped on Perdido Bay, and guarded the coast, as stated. During the time we were on this duty I recall only one incident worthy of record. I happened to be in the detail. On arrival at the camping ground we received notice from the picket on duty on the Gulf beach that a launch from the Federal ships, off the mouth of Pensacola Bay, was coming down the coast. Lieutenant McIntosh took about fifteen or sixteen men, including Corporal Sam C. Cook, and hastened over to the Gulf beach. We attempted to get far enough below, where we supposed the launch would be, in order to get it between two parties of men, as Lieutenant McIntosh had divided the detachment, placing Corporal Cook and seven men to the left, going in person with the remainder to the right. His idea was to get the launch between a cross fire; but it happened that when Corporal Cook with his party reached the point he was to occupy he found the launch immediately in front of us in rifle range. Seeing that they were not intending to land, he directed one of the men to mount the elevation behind which we were standing and to signal, commanding them to come in to shore; but they paid no attenion to the signal. He then ordered the men to fire a shot across the front of the boat. They then turned seaward and went rapidly away from us. Corporal Cook then directed all of us to fire at them. We fired three shots each.

Months after this occurrence we read in a Richmond newspaper a paragraph copied from a Northern paper, stating that a party of Rebels had attacked a United States launch on the Gulf Coast, naming the time, "killing one and wounding another." After several months' service, we were ordered to give up our swords that a company of cavalry in lower Alabama might be armed. We had Colts, navy sixes, and Sharp's carbines.

In February, 1862, we were ordered to Chattanooga. On arrival in Montgomery, Ala., we were sent to Corinth via Mobile. We arrived early in March, and found there the army of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston from Bowling Green, Ky. About that time General Bragg came with the bulk of his army from Pensacola. After being in camp a few days, the company was sent out on a scout with a portion of the Texas Rangers, under Col. J. A. Wharton (afterwards General Wharton). We captured a Federal picket at Shiloh Church, for which the great battle of April 6 and 7 was named. Later a detachment of the company was sent on picket duty near Monterey, Tenn., a few miles from Corinth. Soon real fun (?) began, as it was almost a daily occurrence for our pickets

to have encounters with the Federal cavalry. The company was on this duty for ten days before the battle of Shiloh.

On April 5, the day before the battle, Lieutenant McIntosh, with a detachment from the company, served General Ruggles as couriers. The rest of the company, under Captain Jenkins, was stationed on the extreme left of the line of battle. The left of the company rested on Owl Creek. Having been assigned to duty as commissary and quartermaster sergeant, I came on the field that evening about dark with rations for the company, and found them as stated. The next morning as the sun was rising through the treetops I heard the first shots of the opening battle. I was sent to the rear early to procure forage for the horses. I returned with it, reaching the battlefield about 4 P.M. The line had advanced far beyond where I had left it in the morning. They had driven the enemy from their camps. In the general disorder I was unable to find the company, and slept on the field. During the night there was a hard rain. The next day about eleven o'clock our army retreated, as the enemy was reënforced the night before with Buell's large army. I did not see the company again until I reached camp, near Corinth.

Unattached companies of cavalry came with the reassembling of the army at Corinth. Five of them were from Alabama and one from Louisiana, and they were formed into a battalion. Our captain, Thomas F. Jenkins, was placed in command, he being the senior officer, and the writer was chosen as acting adjutant of the battalion. About this time Col. Frank Gardner, an old army officer, was placed in command of a brigade of cavalry, which included our battalion. Not long after Colonel Gardner took command he was made brigadier general and placed in command of all the cavalry under General Bragg. In the selection of his staff he chose three members of the Alabama Mounted Rifles—viz.: Lieut. John J. Wheadon, Commissary; Private Samuel W. Oliver, Aid-de-Camp; and the writer, Quartermaster.

Soon after this the 3d Alabama Cavalry was organized with the companies of our battalion and others from Alabama. Capt. James Hagan, of Mobile, was made colonel, and he appointed Samuel W. Oliver, of the Alabama Mounted Rifles, his commissary, and Burwell Boykin, of the same company, his quartermaster. Sam Oliver went with Colonel Hagan, and never served with General Gardner as aid-de-camp.

When the company went into service, it had among its members nine doctors, five lawyers, an ex-Senator, professors, merchants, ex-members of the Legislature, planters and their sons, as well as men of all other classes. The membership of the company represented millions in wealth. It is my recollection that of the members of the company forty-two of them were promoted to lieutenants, captains, majors, and colonels.

After my promotion and assignment to duty with General Gardner, who was made major general and transferred to the infantry, we were sent to Louisiana, where we ended our active career as soldiers, being captured at Port Hudson July 9, 1863, and sent to prison at Johnson's Island, Ohio, after which I lost all trace of the old company. This sketch covers only the first year of the company.

THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE AT NASHVILLE.

BY MAJ. G. W. GARRETT, CORINTH, MISS.

I send a brief statement of the part I took in the first day's battle at Nashville, fought on December 15, 1864. I was major of the 23d Mississippi Regiment, Adams's Brigade, Loring's Division. General Adams having been killed at Franklin, Gen. Robert Lowry was in command of the brigade. I was in command of the regiment that day. My regiment was stationed southwest of Belmont College, as I remember now. My left rested some distance from the college, then the well-known and beautiful Acklen residence, and near the Granny White Pike.

We occupied temporary ditches on the east side of a ridge facing the enemy. On my right were stationed North Carolina troops. I was cut off from the view of the troops on our left, caused by a ravine. I was given two pieces of artillery from the Pointe Coupee Battery, and my orders were to hold my position at all hazards. Our army was then being withdrawn, and I understood that we were to cover the retreat. In a short time we heard the firing of the pickets. Soon they were falling back and took position in the ditches. Then we saw the advance line of the enemy. There were three lines of battle advancing in order. When the advance line came in reach of my artillery, we fired with ball and shell; and when they were closer, we used grape and canister.

I read my orders to the men and told them that if we were to be sacrificed for the good of our army and our country we must accept the fate. I told them to remember Franklin and to hold their fire until the enemy came very close, adding: "I have been with you in many battles, and have ever found you at your places ready for duty as courageous soldiers. Let this day add fresh laurels to the fame of the 23d Mississippi."

They did their duty, and did it well, as the long line of the enemy's dead and wounded in our front was a solemn testimony. One line after another charged us with desperation. We used our long-range guns and cannon until they came to a hedge some seventy-five yards in our front. The battery then used grape and canister. The men were commanded to load and fire at will, and the concentrated, galling fire from both cannon and musketry caused the enemy to falter and lie down at this hedge. They were given one volley after another, until it seemed that no human being could survive. But on came the second and third lines of the enemy, only to meet the same fate. They did not lack for courage. While they seemed very courageous, their shots were inaccurate.

About the time the last line got to the hedge I saw that the North Carolina troops had abandoned the ditches, and the enemy were coming in south of a rock fence. I walked up to the brow of the ridge and saw about two regiments of the enemy who had passed around to my left into my rear and were marching toward us. Their commanding officer seeing me, rode up and ordered me to surrender and to raise the white flag. I replied that we had no flag of that kind. He then commanded: "Go order your men to cease firing, or I will have every d— one of them shot." My men were not firing; but it was the overshooting of his own men, who were in our front.

At this time a terrific cannonading commenced from our batteries. The enemy came hurrying over the ridge among us. One of my men raised up while the shells from Hood's guns were falling around us and yelled out: "Hurrah for Hood! Give them h—; our shells won't hurt us!" I suppose in the general mix-up and excitement the enemy overlooked the act of this man, and I felt relieved. This thought came to me: "Was it possible that, after we had withstood the third terrific onslaught in our front and the oblique fire from our right and an infuriated host in our rear, our own fellow-comrades had joined in our further destruction?" God forbid. Soon the cannonading ceased, and all was over.

It may be considered a post of honor to cover a hazardous

retreat, but after this I would have been willing to let any of my fellow-officers share this honor. We were then ordered to march to Nashville and were placed in the penitentiary. When we started back, the officer in charge told us that we could not march over their dead. I told him we were not disposed to show any disrespect to the dead; but we had the consolation of knowing they were there. I think I would be safe in saying that the number killed outright in our front was greater than that of my command, who fought them, to say nothing of the wounded. From Nashville we were sent to Northern prisons.

[The reflection implied by Major Garrett's reference should not be misconstrued. That battle was fought at such disadvantage that the private soldiers realized the disaster soon to come, and in the afternoon the best and bravest patriots were those who were fastest in escaping. They saw that they were being surrounded, and that nothing could save them from capture but running.]

JOHN LOGAN'S EXPERIENCES IN THE WAR.

John Logan, of Logan, Mo., writes of his experiences. On July 4, 1863, he was in a hospital at Helena from wounds received in battle near there. On being captured he was placed in the penitentiary at Little Rock, and was sent thence to prison in St. Louis. While there his parents visited him, and were allowed to stay but fifteen minutes with him. His father arranged to have him take the oath, but he declined to do so. He was put to work on the streets with a wheelbarrow, but gave down on account of his wound. The guard with an oath told him he would try cold steel upon him, so he worked as best he could. He is glad he doesn't know who the guard was.

In the Alton prison he became cook, and fared well. He made cakes, pies, and biscuits for sale. A wager was made that one of the prisoners could not eat four dozen of Logan's biscuits, and he did it, using a cup of tea. Logan put three more to the pile, and he ate all. If that fellow is yet alive, the "cook" would like to hear from him.

In October Logan, with others, was moved to Baltimore. Early in 1865 they were sent down the bay to the James River and up the James to Eakins Landing, where he was exchanged. After five days in Richmond, he started for his old command, then at Shreveport. With an arduous experience he completed his journey about the time of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

FIFTEEN SOLDIERS OF ONE FAMILY.

BY G. B. BLEDSOE, COMPANY E, 6TH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

My father, Bailey Bledsoe, lived in Franklin, Ga., then in Carroll, Ga., and in 1857 he removed to Newton County, Miss., all his children going with him except two married sons. My mother reared seventeen children, twelve boys and five girls. Ten of these boys and the husbands of all the girls were in the Confederate army, and all came safely home except one son-in-law. I am the oldest son, and was seventy-two on the 21st of September, 1909. Three of my brothers and one brother-in-law were with Forrest; the rest were in the infantry, and one brother and I were in the 6th Mississippi. We were at Bowling Green at the time of the battle of Fort Donelson. Shiloh was our first battle, and the hottest of all the engagements we were in. Our company went into this fight with forty-seven men, and came out with only seven unhurt. Just after this our colonel, Thornton, resigned, and Robert Lowery, of Brandon, was elected in his stead.

The 6th Mississippi was stationed at Port Hudson to keep the Yankees from landing. We were there the night they tried to pass up the river. The batteries set one boat on fire, the first having passed unscathed. This boat, all on fire, drifted downstream and practically put an end to the fight, for the boat was loaded with ammunition and everything got out of its way. The 6th Mississippi was the first to engage Sherman when he passed the river. We were also in the fight by Big Black River, between Jackson and Vicksburg. Then we got in the rear of the enemy and operated against them till Vicksburg surrendered. We went through the Mississippi and Tennessee campaigns, and fought in the hot battle of Franklin. We were with Johnston in North Carolina when the war closed.

REPORT OF VIVID PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY S. N. BOSEWORTH, COMPANY F, 5TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

I was captured in Strasburg, Va., on the evening of the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, and was taken back to a battery which was still on the field and which they told us had been captured from our side. We stayed there till next day, when we were taken to Winchester, arriving about dark. We laid down for the night, as we supposed, but in a short time we were aroused and marched to Darksville. We learned next morning that the move was made because they feared our recapture and that the guards were instructed to shoot us rather than to allow that. We were guarded by a regiment from New York, and I was near the edge of the line. It was dark and raining; so I gradually crept past the line, hoping to escape. I managed to dodge the pickets, and was heading for the mountains when I ran into a number of cavalry, and was driven back in short order. I told some men of my attempt to escape, and they tried it with more success, as they managed to hide under a bridge till the Yankees marched away.

We were taken to Martinsburg, then to Bolivar Heights. We camped there in a place where the cold wind was very severe. However, they gave us some bacon and bread, which was the first food we had received since our capture. The Yankees did not seem to have much themselves, for their commissary wagons had been captured the day before.

At Harper's Ferry we were taken two at a time into a room and rigidly searched. All our valuables were taken from us and thrown into the corner of the room. The man with me, Frank Green, had a ring which his mother had given him, and I saved it for him by putting it in my mouth with a chew of tobacco. I sold my knife and gloves before we were searched, and hid the money so well in the lining of my coat that the searchers failed to find it.

We were taken next to Point Lookout and marched into the prison pen, where I, with fifteen other men, was assigned to the care of a sub-lieutenant. We were given as much wood as we could carry, which was to serve us for five days. We had no bunks, but slept on the ground. Frank Green, M. J. Fitzpatrick, and McGhee, of the 64th Georgia, and I received permission to add to our shack. We found some pine slats, and I spent the money from my knife for some tenting. So we were more comfortable than the most of the men.

Shortly after this they cut down our rations, and would not sell those who had any money anything to eat. They sold us thread, needles, and gutta-percha buttons, which we used to make rings for selling to visitors to the prison, and we could buy tobacco. This was in bars about five or six inches long by one or two wide. It was as black as tar, and we had to

pay forty or fifty cents for two ounces of it, and were thankful to get it at that. They had a sutler's tent; and if we received any money, the sutler took charge of it and gave us credit on a little book he gave us. When all the money was gone, the sutler kept the book. I remember how he cheated me out of a precious dollar. I left my book on his table when I was there buying tobacco with one dollar on it to my credit; and when I received the book again the next day, it was balanced, and there was no redress.

Our rations in the morning consisted of a boiled piece of fat bacon about three inches square for breakfast. At noon we were given a bowl of "bean soup," which occasionally had a few beans in it, and a small loaf of bread, which must last us two days. Some of the men were so starved that they would eat the whole loaf at once; but I found it was better to save part of it. One of our pet amusements after a dinner like this was to describe the good dinners that we had enjoyed at home, to talk of the white cloths on the table and the big dishes of fried chicken and pie that were sure to be on mother's table. O how we longed for food!

Dr. Snow, Ed Hall, and Elam Corder, all of my brother's company, lived together, and one day when I went to see them they were eating fried rats. I remember now how good they smelled. They did not offer me any, however. Long after the war I met Corder in Elkins, and we got to talking of war times. I spoke of the rats, and asked if it was a scarcity of "manners" that kept him from offering me a share, and he replied that it was a scarcity of rats.

Once I had a suit of clothes sent me by my mother, and I was notified to go to the lieutenant's tent to receive them. Mother had put a large cake in the box, and the lieutenant took this for toll, I suppose. At any rate, my feast was with my eyes only on the cake. I did get some apples from the bottom of the box, for a soldier threw some things over them for me before the lieutenant saw them.

I gave my old trousers to one of our men who was wearing a pair of broadcloth, but then only rags held together by pins and thorns. This man had a brother who was a general in the Yankee army, and he wrote him and told him he was starving, naked, and freezing. The brother replied to take the oath of allegiance to the Union, and he would take care of him. The Confederate answered that he would rather starve and freeze.

Among the details of prisoners was one they called the "wharf detail," who helped unload the boats and managed to hide some food. They put pockets in the backs of their coats in which they concealed the things, for they were searched every night and their front pockets emptied. I was on this detail once, and hid in my pockets some beef kidneys and some shelled corn, and a friend got some coal that we burned in an old kettle which had a hole in the side.

In February there was to be an exchange of a thousand prisoners. They selected from us first the boys, then a special detail. I saw that the name of M. J. Fitzpatrick was on both lists; so I determined to be a Fitzpatrick. I went to our shack and asked Green to answer to my name at roll call and to draw my rations. Then I went back to the gate and went out with the others. When they called Fitzpatrick, I answered. They asked my company and where I was captured. This I also could give, but was puzzled when they asked when I was brought to the prison. Fortunately the man was in a hurry and accepted my mumbling reply. When I got outside, I saw Fitzpatrick and told him what I had done. He was afraid that they would punish him if they caught me, and said he was going to report me, and it took all another man and I could do to persuade him to keep still. I told him if there was only one chance of any advantage that he should have it, and I would take all the blame if I was found out. However, they did not notice the two Fitzpatricks, and we were exchanged, and each received a forty days' furlough. My brother, whom I met, went to General Ewell to try to get the name on my furlough changed to my own; but the General said he could not do that, but for me to go home on the borrowed name. The lines were so close, however, that I could not get through them; so we returned to Lynchburg and helped guard that city till the surrender.

HORRID TIMES OF THE WAR IN KANSAS.

BY CAPT. A. B. BARNES, MISSOURI BORDER SCOUTS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

In the Lawrence (Kans.) raid one hundred and sixty-three men were killed by Quantrill's band. Of these, all were identified except three. It was not a massacre, as Northern people maintain, but an execution. Every man (except the three) was identified and pointed out as a murderer, a robber, or thief. In many instances they were pointed out as: "You murdered my father, you killed my brother, you burned my mother's home," etc. A Mrs. Sullivan kept a boarding house in Lawrence at the time of the raid. A few years before this Charles Quantrill had a hard spell of fever at her house, and she kindly cared for him until well. One of the first acts of Captain Quantrill after capturing the town was to place a guard around Mrs. Sullivan's house to protect it from being burned. Dan Sullivan, who now lives at Coal Gate, Okla., was then a boy about ten years old, and he related to me that Quantrill's men drove him into his mother's house several times from the street when he had ventured out to watch the fighting.

The best evidence I have ever heard that many people in Kansas did not sympathize with the Lawrence gang was a statement made to me by the editor of a Republican paper, a friend of mine in Kansas. We were discussing the so-called Lawrence massacre, and I remarked that if there were any innocent men killed at Lawrence I had failed to discover the evidence. He replied: "If you had fired a gatlin gun into that crowd for an hour, you could not have hit an innocent man."

The raid on Lawrence was almost equaled by Quantrill's fight with General Blent's escort near Baxter Springs, Kans., when Colonel Curtis and ninety-three Federal soldiers were killed in less than forty minutes, or the fight at Centralia, Mo. (although Quantrill was not present in person), when two hundred and ten Confederates defeated three hundred and fifteen Federal cavalry, killing two hundred and sixty of them. No quarter was given or asked.

The story of Captain Quantrill's death in a Louisville hospital has been told so often that many of his friends believe it true.

I have a letter from Col. W. O. Coleman, who commanded the 4th Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A., in which he says that he visited Captain Quantrill a few months ago and found him hale and hearty and engaged in a profitable business. There is no question about the correctness of this statement. Colonel Coleman is an intimate acquaintance of Captain Quantrill. He knew him well during the war and knows him now. There is no more responsible or truthful ex-Confederate officer living than Col. W. O. Coleman, who resides now at Brownsville, Tex.

Colonel Coleman is the man who really won the battle of

Wilson's Creek on August 10, 1861. As adjutant of McBride's Brigade he in person made the disposition of the troops that composed the brigade and in person gave the command to fire when the enemy was within thirty yards of his line of battle. It resulted in the almost total annihilation of the Dutch regiments with which General Lyon was charging and in which he was killed. General McBride was a high-toned, brave, honorable man; but he was not a military man in any sense, being a lawyer, and Colonel Coleman had served in the regular army under J. E. B. Stuart. On the morning of the battle of Wilson's Creek General McBride, whose patriotism was far above any feeling of ambition, requested Adjutant Coleman to make such disposition of the troops of the brigade as he thought best, and what was done he would ratify.

The only object I have in mind in writing this is to have your readers know as nearly as possible the exact truth concerning the Quantrill raid. Little has ever been written concerning the guerrilla warfare in Missouri, the desperate scenes through which principally the noncombatants suffered and the desperate vengeance visited by the Confederates on Union "home guards" and Dutch. I may write of some of these things as an eyewitness.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT VALLEY OR WAUHATCHIE.

BY MAJ. J. L. COKER, 6TH S. C. V. INFANTRY.

[Major Coker was then captain and acting asst. adjt. gen.]

In October, 1863, the enemy began to move from Bridgeport, Ala., to open the railroad by way of Wauhatchie to Chattanooga in order to supply food and reënforcements to Rosecrans's starving army. When this enterprising movement had reached Lookout Valley, General Jenkins, whose division was on the extreme left of the Confederate army, desiring information as to the movement of the Federals, called upon the writer to perform this duty, and early on the morning of October 28 I went over Lookout Mountain to reconnoiter. Large bodies of troops were seen marching up the valley toward Brown's Ferry, where a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river by Rosecrans's troops from Chattanooga. Finding that it was a heavy movement, I returned to make my report. When I reached General Jenkins's headquarters about sunset, he was issuing orders for the division to get under arms. He told me that his purpose was to cross with the division over Lookout Creek, and with one brigade pass behind a hill up the valley to capture a large wagon train said to be there. My report indicated that one brigade would be insufficient; that a heavy body of infantry with artillery was with the wagon train mentioned. General Jenkins went to General Longstreet with my report, but the plan as originally made was insisted upon, and the movement proceeded. It was said that both General Bragg and General Longstreet had been on the mountain and had made up their minds from personal observation as to how the movement should be conducted.

Jenkins's Brigade, commanded by Col. John Bratton, was chosen to go behind the hill to capture the wagon train and the troops guarding it. The mountain was crossed after dark. A long skirmish line was put out in advance of the line of battle. As it was night and the country very rough and wooded, it was very difficult to prevent mistakes and keep the direction for this skirmish line.

The orders were for the skirmishers to capture the pickets of the enemy and press rapidly toward the main body and engage them, the battle line to follow the skirmishers as closely as practicable. When the brigade came up with them, the skirmishers were expected to fall in and fight with whatever regiment was nearest. The enemy was surprised when attacked by the skirmishers, but soon got into ranks and returned our fire. When Colonel Bratton got up with the brigade, he attacked vigorously, the men aiming at the light of the discharging musketry in front. The enemy soon brought up their artillery and made good use of it until our fire grew too near and too hot for them. The Confederates made progress, taking possession of the wagons and teams, and were pressing their advantage when orders came from General Jenkins for us to retire. This order was caused by a movement up the valley from Brown's Ferry toward our rear which, unless checked, would soon have cut us off from our crossing at Lookout Creek. I was sent with this order, and while delivering it to Col. Mart Gary on the right I was shot down. Gary directed comrades near to take me off the field; but it was not done until Sergeant Nettles and others of my old company came up, and with the willing help of some of Gary's men got me on a blanket and bore me to the rear after all of our troops had retired.

It is now known that our one brigade was fighting all of General Geary's Division of the Federal army. But we were driving them back steadily up to the moment when we were called off. Our success was due to the fact that the enemy was completely surprised.

In Colonel Bratton's report of the engagement he stated: "Our loss, I regret to say, is most serious. Colonel Kilpatrick, of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, distinguished not only for gallantry but for efficiency, was shot through the heart early in the engagement. His bearing was such as those who knew him best expected—heroic. His loss is irremediable to his regiment. To my fellow-colonels and commanders of regiments I am deeply indebted for their gallantry, good management of their commands, and prompt and unhesitating obedience to orders. The steady courage and cool bearing of officers and men saved us from any of the horrible accidents that can so easily attend night attacks. To say that I am proud of their conduct would but feebly express my feelings. I have to regret the loss of the services of Capt. J. L. Coker, 6th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, acting assistant adjutant general on my staff. He was seriously wounded while nobly performing his duty. My courier and a guide from General Law's brigade, whose name I did not learn, are entitled to my thanks for their conduct on the occasion. I cannot close without making special mention of Courier George Peitz, whose enthusiastic gallantry and intelligent conveyance of orders after the fall of my acting assistant adjutant general contributed greatly to the good order and success of the withdrawal."

Bratton's Brigade lost about three hundred and fifty men in this engagement out of fifteen hundred engaged. Thirty-one were killed and two hundred and eighty-six wounded.

"LITTLE JACK" TRIMBLE.

BY JOHN BENNETT, CHARLESTON, S. C.

In the Charleston News and Courier of September, 1868, this paragraph appeared: "The death of Little Jack Trimble, the 'boy soldier.' On the 8th of August, 1868, John A. Trimble died of consumption, aged about twenty-four years, at the home of his father, in Hillsboro, Ohio."

Many a soldier who served in the Valley of Virginia during the eventful campaigns of 1862, 1863, and 1864 read with grief this announcement. Everybody in the valley knew Little Jack Trimble, and everybody loved him. Being extremely delicate from early childhood, he had the appearance of a fragile boy

of twelve or fourteen years. He was descended from the Trimbles of Augusta County, Va., some of whom emigrated to Ohio when it was a territory and a wilderness, and, growing up with the State, filled the high offices of Governor, United States Senator, Representative in Congress, general in the army, and other conspicuous positions.

He had numerous relatives in Augusta, and had spent several years before the war with his cousin, Col. J. Marshall McCue, of that county. Like most invalid youths, he possessed a mind of extraordinary quickness and strength, which he improved so as to be a most interesting and entertaining companion for men of the highest intelligence. He was an enthusiastic Confederate; and, delicate and feeble lad though he was, he resolved in 1862 to enter the army. He volunteered his services to Colonel (afterwards General) Imboden, who was then engaged beyond our lines in organizing the hardy mountaineers of the border and northwest counties for service in the Confederate army. He was accepted as a courier and a scout, and right nobly did he perform his duties; for, being an admirable rider and well mounted, he moved over great distances with wonderful celerity.

Collected, shrewd, observing, intelligent, and brave, he was often intrusted with important information to be conveyed when writing would have been unsafe and through a region of country where a man could not have passed, but where a boy attracted little attention. He made many narrow escapes. Sometimes he outwitted those who sought to find out who and what he was, and only once was he actually captured. This was in the mountains of Hardy, where the enemy held Moorfield. Jack was taken to headquarters and closely questioned; but he appeared to be only an ordinary mountain lad of no consequence, and was ordered by the general commanding to be put upstairs to sleep. After all was silent, Jack disappeared, found his horse, flanked the pickets, and at daybreak was many a mile across the Virginia mountains on his way to his own people. He was trusted, respected, and honored by his officers, and was a universal favorate and pet with the men.

I shall be greatly pleased to hear from any comrade who remembers John Alexander Trimble, the well-loved "Little Jack," whose services are thus briefly generalized. I feel sure that there is left some relative, friend, or comrade in Imboden's command who remembers the boy courier and can give some particulars of his service. James Blythe Anderson, 657 Elsmere Park, Lexington, Ky., is writing the genealogy of the Anderson family for publication, and he is as anxious as I am for facts in regard to "Little Jack," as he wishes to give his service faithful record in his book.

INNOCENCE OF MRS. SURRATT DECLARED.

[From the New York World.]

When Mary E. Surratt ascended the scaffold in the Washington Navy Yard at noon on July 7, 1865, to expiate the crime of complicity in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln, there was one man to whom she gave her dying message. That man was John P. Brophy, at that time tutor in Gonzaga College and a confiding friend. Mr. Brophy was then twenty-seven years old, a Northerner by birth and proclivity, but a stanch defender of the cause of justice. He had known Mrs. Surratt through her son for years, and knew every actor in the terrible tragedy that bereft the nation.

When Mrs. Surratt was taken into custody on the evidence that Weichman and Payne, two of the conspirators, lived in her house and that Booth called there occasionally to see them, Brophy at once set to work to learn the true facts to free Mrs. Surratt. He traced the conspiracy step by step from its first inception, on September 15, 1864, to the assassination.

It was to clear forever the name and memory of that noble, pious woman, as he calls her, that the tutor of forty-two years ago spoke as Professor Brophy from the platform in Delmonico's last Monday night to the members of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. His address was the vindication of a Catholic woman who was charged with being in a Catholic plot backed by the pope to destroy the republic. This charge, though not specified in the complaint of Mrs. Surratt, developed in the testimony of her trial when General Baker, in charge of the National Secret Service, tried to show that every one connected with the conspiracy was a Catholic, and coupled this alleged discovery with the letter sent by the pope to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy.

"It was a pure concoction on the part of General Baker," said Professor Brophy. "There was no Catholic plot, and only three of those in the conspiracy were Catholics. They were later declared innocent. The letter of the pope to Davis was in reply to one from Davis. It was a perfunctory message, and had no bearing whatever on the conflict between the North and South."

Professor Brophy then traced step by step the failure of Booth's plot to kidnap President Lincoln.

"Booth's hero was Brutus, who murdered Cæsar, and the tragedian gloried in such heroic deeds on the stage. He was a popular young actor, and so deeply immersed in tragic drama that his mind was affected. He was an eccentric youth, as his father and grandfather had been before him. Booth wanted fame. He was a fire eater of the South, and induced Samuel Bland Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin to enter a conspiracy with him to kidnap Lincoln. Their entry into Richmond with the President a captive was to be in the nature of a triumph, and Booth dreamed of that moment when he would be acclaimed a hero in real life.

"Booth plotted and planned the kidnaping carefully, but each time the plan was to be put into execution something occurred to frustrate him. Once the President was to be taken as he passed over the Anacostia bridge in his carriage on his tour of the military hospital. That and the two other attempts failed. Booth was the guiding spirit of the conspiracy, and had provided his followers with weapons for emergency. Those with him in the kidnaping scheme, besides Arnold and O'Laughlin, were Atzerodt, Payne, John H. Surratt, son of Mrs. Surratt, and the boy Herold, the poor sixteen-year-old half-witted orphan. Herold worshiped the hero actor, and the free passes he got from Booth to the show made him his slave. It was a national crime to take that boy's life.

"During these various attempts to kidnap the President Mrs. Surratt was in utter ignorance of her son's doings. Nor did she have the faintest idea of the plot or the part of Weichman and Payne in it. Mrs. Surratt had come to Washington from Surrattsville only shortly before this time and opened a boarding house to support herself, son, and daughter. John had been a student at St. Thomas's Institute. Mrs. Surratt's husband had left her a farm heavily mortgaged; but a neighbor owed her a large sum of money, sufficient to redeem the mortgage, which was due the day Lincoln was assassinated. It was on the early afternoon of that day that Mrs. Surratt set out in her coach to collect her debt and pay the mortgage.

"Booth had learned of her purposed trip a few minutes be-

fore and asked her to deliver a package to Lloyd, owner of Lloyd's Hotel, on the way to Surrattsville. Without the slightest hesitancy she took the parcel and delivered it to Lloyd in passing. Subsequently, when she was apprehended and tried, the charge of complicity in the crime was made on the testimony of Lloyd, a drunken sot, who swore that when Mrs. Surratt handed him the field glasses from Booth she whispered to him to 'have the shooting irons ready.' On her dying oath in her prison cell and on the way to the scaffold Mrs. Surratt swore that she never breathed such a word to Lloyd nor had the faintest idea of any such matter.

"Mrs. Surratt was convicted and executed on the testimony of Lloyd and Weichman. Weichman was a weakly craven; but weak and craven as he was, he told me the day he testified that he knew his testimony would hang Mrs. Surratt because President Johnson told him that was the only way he could save his own neck. He cried and begged me to do something. I said, 'Come with me to Secretary Stanton;' but Weichman feared Stanton would turn him away. Then I proposed that he write a full confession of his perjury, and he said he would be hanged if it were published. Then I prevailed on him to write his confession and I would take it to President Johnson. He agreed to do this, but no message ever came from him, and he disappeared.

"Mrs. Surratt was convicted on July 6 to die at noon next day. Atzerodt, Payne, and the boy Herold were condemned to die with her. I went to them in their arsenal cells, and with General Hartranft, a Union officer in charge, we begged the three men to tell everything. There was no hope of saving their lives, because they were directly concerned in the conspiracy and were part and parcel of it.

"Booth, when he learned late in the afternoon that Lincoln was to be at Ford's Theater, had time only to apprise his trusty followers. He armed Atzerodt and Payne to kill Johnson and Seward, and the boy Herold was to be at the stage door with his horse at ten o'clock. Mrs. Surratt was then in Maryland and her son John in New York State. John and the others, except Atzerodt, Payne, and Herold, dropped out of the kidnaping conspiracy after the third attempt failed. They knew nothing of the execution plot.

"The three unhappy men swore to God that Mrs. Surratt knew nothing of the plot and that she was totally innocent. General Hartranft was convinced of Mrs. Surratt's innocence, wrote a letter, and urged me to take it to President Johnson.

" 'This woman will not die until you return,' he shouted after I had jumped into an army ambulance and sped to the White House. Two rows of armed soldiers flanked the two flights of stairs leading to President Johnson's room. They were under the command of two United States Senators. I was prevented even from mounting the stairs. No one would take my message to the President, and I was in despair when Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, wife of Lincoln's bitterest political foe, appeared. She seized my message, pushed aside the pointed bayonets, and threw herself at the President's feet. She begged him to spare Mrs. Surratt's life. She cried for a respite of a few days. President Johnson turned her away. When all hope was over, I grabbed Mrs. Surratt's little girl and the ambulance raced madly back to the navy yard, so the child could see her mother before her death.

"It was a heartrending scene as mother and daughter embraced through the prison bars, and it will live forever in my memory. I took the child to General Hartranft's room as the great bells tolled the fateful moment and the four condemned prisoners were led to the scaffold. Father Walters, besides myself, was the only person to speak to Mrs. Surratt before her execution. As she ascended the scaffold she said to me in the calm spirit of one facing death nobly: 'Mr. Brophy, before God, I am innocent. I go to my death quietly, I know not why, but something tells me it is best. I die for the sake of American womanhood, and especially for the womanhood of the South, and I ask you to tell the world that I am innocent. Before God I swear it, and pray that he will keep his merciful hand over the innocent child whom I leave an orphan.'

"On the scaffold Father Walters held Mrs. Surratt's hand, steady in the shadow of death. She said her only message before her departure to the other world was that she died innocent. Father Walters broke down with grief. He was prostrated as the drop fell.

"Years after, when President Johnson and General Bingham, head of the military court, fell out, many things came to light. Johnson accused General Bingham of suppressing many things and with falsifying others vital to the cause of Mrs. Surratt. Five of the nine members of the commission had signed a petition to mercy that went with their verdict, which President Johnson said he never heard of until three years after the execution. He charged General Bingham with withholding it. The Congressional investigation that followed showed that the verdict of guilty with the recommendation to mercy for Mrs. Surratt was extorted from the commission after they had decided not to convict her for a capital offense, on the specious promise of General Bingham that the recommendation to mercy would have the same effect on the President.

"In the House of Representatives a few years later, during the impeachment trial of President Johnson, an investigating committee reported that General Baker, head of the Secret Service, who drew the net around Mrs. Surratt, could not tell the truth even by accident, and General Butler said sneeringly of General Bingham 'that the only victim of his prowess was the innocent woman hanged on the scaffold.' Senator Garret Davis said: 'The commission which tried the alleged conspirators were murderers.' Senator Ben Davis, who was a friend of President Lincoln, said he would not hang the mangiest dog on the evidence of Weichman and Lloyd.

"Not once since that sad and fatal day have I spoken one word in public in defense of Mrs. Surratt. I speak it now, and speak it with all the conviction that my words can give it, and say unqualifiedly that she was an absolutely innocent woman and was put to death for a crime of which she had not the slightest inkling or knowledge. Her hanging was a judicial murder."

Professor Brophy is nearly seventy years old and obtained a degree of LL.D. in St. John's College, Fordham, and a Ph.D. in Manhattan College. He is deputy clerk of the Court of General Sessions, and as such is on terms of close intimacy with the justices on the bench. Several of the justices of the Supreme Court induced him to finally say a word in defense of Mrs. Surratt, and he spoke for more than an hour from the platform.

U. C. V. Reunion at Little Rock.—Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the U. C. V., has made official announcement that the twenty-first annual Reunion will be held in Little Rock May 16-18, 1911.

THE LAST ROLL

Deaths in Gordon Memorial Camp, of Oxford, Ala.

William T. Dodd, Adjutant, sends list of the deaths in Gordon Memorial Camp, U. C. V., at Oxford, Ala., since it was organized: L. L. Allen, 57th Alabama Cavalry; M. A. Boley, 8th Alabama Infantry; W. Cooper Clark, Hoover's Battalion Georgia Artillery; L. R. Champion, Lockhart's Battalion Alabama Infantry; Dominick Ghio, 22d Alabama Infantry (hero of three wars); James Nobles, Sr., lieutenant ordnance department, C. S. A.; James A. Orr, 8th Confederate Cavalry; John R. Ray, 13th Alabama Infantry; B. S. Smoot, 1st Georgia Cavalry; W. M. Stonecypher, 5th Alabama Infantry; William O. Turnipseed, 51st Alabama Cavalry; W. F. Wells, 6th North Carolina Infantry; G. W. Wetzell, 1st Georgia Cavalry; Capt. Thomas H. Barry, 8th Texas Cavalry.

Dr. Albert Welborn Calhoun.

This famous oculist and aurist was born at Newnan, Ga., April 16, 1845; and died at Atlanta August 21, 1910, after a lingering illness.

After serving through the war in the Confederate army, he studied medicine in Georgia, then spent three years in Vienna and Berlin in close study of the eye, ear, and throat. He became so famous in these specialties that his patronage was drawn from the entire South.

Dr. Calhoun amassed a considerable fortune, and this in spite of the fact that fully half of his work was in charity. None came to him in vain, though they came entirely without money. The poorest was as welcome to his skill as the richest. It is said by his grateful patients that he saved more people from blindness possibly than any other man in the United States. He leaves a wife and four children. The six brothers of Mrs. Calhoun were the pallbearers.

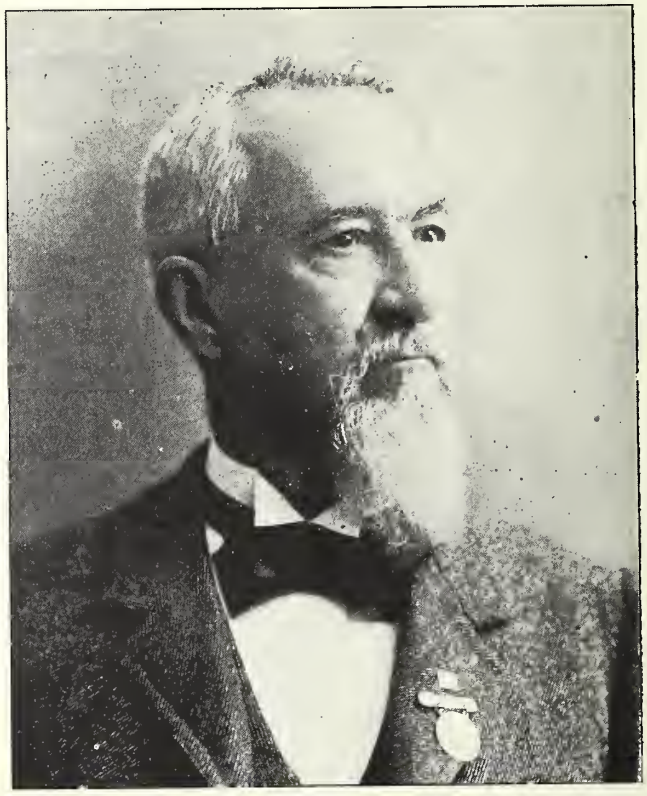
Col. William L. DeRosset.

William Lord DeRosset was born in Wilmington, N. C., in October, 1832; and died in the same city in August, 1910, after a long and useful life.

He was educated at St. Timothy's Hall, Catonsville, Md., and St. James College, Hagerstown, graduating in 1853 at the University of North Carolina. Possessing great mechanical genius, he determined to make a thorough study of mechanics, and entered as an apprentice at the Lawrence (Mass.) machine shops. As the rigors of the winters were too great for him, he returned to Wilmington and helped establish the Clarendon Iron Works; later he was of DeRosset & Brown.

He was a military enthusiast, and in 1855 was made captain of the Wilmington Light Guards, which position he held till the war began. With his company he was ordered to Fort Caswell, where he mounted the first gun, also mounting guns at Confederate Point later on. Because of their experience, discipline, and skill in drilling, nearly this entire company were made commission officers, DeRosset being made first major and then lieutenant colonel of the 3d North Carolina Regiment, with which he went through the Seven Days' battle around Richmond. Upon the death of Colonel Meares in the battle of Malvern Hill Colonel DeRosset succeeded to the command of the regiment, and served in this position through the campaign of '62, till he was desperately wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg. His regiment carried five hundred and twenty men and twenty-seven officers into this fight, and lost three hundred and thirty men killed and wounded, and twenty-three officers were killed or mortally wounded.

Colonel DeRosset's own wounds were so severe that he was retired and afterwards made colonel of the "Invalid Corps" by Mr. Davis, and he surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro. He assisted in forming an association of the 3d North Carolina Regiment in 1865, which was practically the first association of Confederate veterans, and of this association he was made president for life. He was Commander of Cape Fear Camp, U. C. V., from 1894 to 1896, and was elected Major General of the North Carolina Division of Confederate Veterans, and served on many important committees. He was President of the Chamber of Commerce,



COL. WILLIAM L. DEROSSET.

of the Cape Fear Agricultural Association, and Master of the Orient Lodge of Masons, and by integrity of character achieved a high place in the estimation of all those who knew him. He was married twice, and his wife and four children survive him.

The Veteran pays grateful tribute to Colonel DeRosset. Years ago, when the proposition was made to form a stock company, he was one of the first to subscribe; and when the remittance was returned, he refused to accept it. Although he was supplied the Veteran complimentarily, he would occasionally send liberal remittances for the cause. There was no more faithful comrade in all Dixie, and the time will never come when an opportunity will not be prized to honor his memory.

Mrs. Eugenia F. Williams.

Mrs. Eugenia Floride Williams was born at Hopewell, Greene County, Ala., February 4, 1832; and died at her home, in Gainesville, Ala., March 2, 1910.

Her parents, Dr. Aquila D. Hutton and Elizabeth H. Tutt, were natives of South Carolina. Her grandfather, Gen. Joseph Hutton, married Nancy Calhoun, of Abbeville District, S. C., and in 1821 removed to Greene County, Ala. She was married to Dr. David H. Williams in 1853. Her father died in December, 1852, and her mother in February, 1854, leaving to the care of her and her husband four boys between three and thirteen years of age. She was both a sister and mother, giving to them the same parental love and care that she gave to her own children.

Each of the four brothers rendered service to the Confederacy. Lieut. William Bryan Hutton, of Company A, 5th Alabama Battalion, Archer's Brigade, Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, was killed in the battle of Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863. [Capt. A. N. Porter, who commanded the 5th Alabama Regiment, in his official report in "War Records," Series I., Volume XXV., page 928, states that Lieut. W. B. Hutton, of Company A, 5th Alabama, behaved gallantly till he received a mortal wound.—Ed.] Aquila D. Hutton was a private in Company A, 36th Alabama Regiment, and was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. Afterwards he was transferred to cavalry and became a lieutenant in the 16th Confederate Regiment. His death, in 1871, was due to exposure by his service in the army. The two others were members of the Alabama Corps Cadets, and the youngest, Emmett Calhoun Hutton, was under fire of the Federals at Tuscaloosa before he was fifteen. Her husband, Dr. Williams, raised a cavalry company in the spring of 1863 and became its captain, but was subsequently made surgeon of Armstead's Brigade, and served to the close of the war.



MRS. E. F. WILLIAMS.

Her other relatives in the Confederate army were numerous, and more than one-half of them gave their lives for the South. In Company A, 1st Arkansas Regiment, there were four of her cousins, John, Joel, and James Doss and Tutt Rogers; all were killed or died. One cousin, John Coleman, was captured. The last definite report of him was that he was sick while being marched through the streets of Chicago on his way to prison.

Immediately after the battle of Shiloh her husband went to Tennessee and took to Gainesville, Ala., a large number of the sick and wounded soldiers, and quarters were provided for them, many being assigned to the homes of citizens. One of the cousins mentioned, Joel Doss, died of his wound in her home. From that time until the close of the war the army hospitals at Gainesville and the homes of its residents were filled with the sick and wounded. The ladies of the town were ministering angels, and chief among them was Mrs. Williams.

During the last two years of the war Mrs. Williams had the supervision of all of her husband's home affairs, embracing a large plantation and ferry and a tanyard, where leather was tanned and shoes manufactured for the soldiers and citizens. She was ardently devoted to the Southern cause.

When the war closed she was one of the first to turn her attention to the formation of a memorial association. On April 26, 1866, she and a few other ladies met and decorated the Confederate graves at Gainesville, and then determined to erect a monument. A memorial association was formed, and she became its president, and was continuously at the head of this association until her death. A good account of the association and an illustration of the monument may be found in the "History of Confederated Memorial Associations of the South," page 54, and her picture taken about 1868 facing page 96. The likeness herewith published is an enlarged copy of a kodak picture taken in 1901. She was at all times most ardent and efficient in the good work and constant in the attendance of the annual meetings of the general association and reunions of the Confederate veterans.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., in a lengthy letter to the local association pays tribute to her worth. In it she states: "I was grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Williams. She was, from my knowledge of her, a woman of great merit. She impressed me as an ardent sympathizer with our cause and all that pertained to the Confederacy. Her place will be hard to fill, especially in her memorial association."

On July 4, 1868, she caused to be erected over the grave of her brother, Lieut. William B. Hutton, a tombstone in the cemetery at Spottsylvania C. H., Va. She paid for this with coins which had been received from time to time at the ferry and which her husband habitually gave her as pin money.

In her early youth Mrs. Williams became a member of the Presbyterian Church; but after her marriage she joined with her husband, who was a member of the Methodist Church. During their lives they were the pillars of that Church in Gainesville, and were foremost in the Sunday school and other work of the Church. She was its organist to the end.

She had three sons who grew to manhood: Judge Eugene Williams, of Waco, Tex., who died in September, 1909; Dr. David H. Williams, Jr., now living at Knoxville, Tenn.; and Hon. Gesner Williams, a lawyer, residing at Los Angeles, Cal. Her husband died in February, 1907. Duty was ever her guide. While she lived her faith was unwavering; and though her sun is now below the horizon, the world is still aglow with the light of her good works and of her many virtues.

John Kelly Breast.

John K. Breast was born, reared, and educated in Nashville, Tenn.; and died in that city in July, 1910, in his sixty-seventh year. He enlisted in Company K, 5th Tennessee Infantry, and served till the end of the war in this regiment. He was in many battles and skirmishes, carrying two bullets in his body till death. He was a member of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac. He leaves a wife and four children.

Mrs. Katherine DePass Goodbar.

Katherine DePass Goodbar was born at Camden, S. C. While a babe her parents moved to Memphis, Tenn., where she grew to young womanhood amid surroundings of refined culture and Christian influences. At the age of nineteen she married Mr. J. L. Goodbar, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Samuel A. Steel, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, Memphis. Mr. Goodbar is a business man, and of a prominent Alabama family. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Goodbar moved to St. Louis, where they resided four years. They then moved to Charleston, Ark., their beautiful home. Mrs. Goodbar's father, Maj. S. C. DePass, was a typical gentleman of the old school, a member of the M. E. Church, South, and a gallant officer in the Southern army during the Civil War. He died about three years ago while on a visit to his son, a doctor, in Florida. Mrs. DePass, mother of Mrs. Goodbar, was a descendant of a Virginia family; but was born in North Carolina, a charming woman, delightful in conversation, energetic, and an active Christian worker.

The advantages received by Mrs. Goodbar in early life were transmitted to her children. She controlled them with love.

Mrs. Goodbar was a congenial friend and generous neighbor. About a year ago she was elected President of the Annie Sevier Churchill Chapter, U. D. C., Charleston, Ark., having been one of its charter members. The historical and literary character of the Chapter interested her greatly. She was active in behalf of revising school text-books, so as to eliminate untrue statements in regard to the South and those which made false impressions upon the minds of the youth. She thought it just and right to build monuments to the noble women and the heroes of the South. She was diligent in U. D. C. work, and when scarcely able she would attend Chapter meetings. In her counsels and in all her written articles she showed a bright and logical mind. In writing or speaking she was brief and concise. Her remarks were often so quaint as to bring forth smiles of delight. When a schoolgirl her teacher, after reading one of her essays, remarked: "Katie, if 'brevity be the soul of wit,' then you are witty."

On January 19, at the Lee anniversary, she was with us and presided with gentle dignity over the exercises. Again in April she was with us at a musical given for the benefit of the Chapter at the auditorium of our handsome new school building. Her failing health continued, until on the morning of May 16, 1910, she passed away quietly, surrounded by her family and friends. Her mother hurried to her from Florida.

The funeral service was conducted at the family residence by the pastor, Rev. C. C. Green, of the M. E. Church, South. At its close the remains were conveyed to the beautiful Nixon Cemetery, followed by her family, friends, and neighbors. At the cemetery the exercises, conducted by the members of the U. D. C. Chapter and the pastor, were beautiful and impressive. The Daughters, singing in concert and wearing upon their white gowns badges of red and white, colors of our order, dropped roses of red and white upon the casket in the grave. After a prayer by a member of the U. D. C., the following poem, "The Little Mother," a lovely tribute to Mrs. Goodbar, composed by Mrs. Alice Fealy Grover, was read by Miss Margaret H. Falconer, Chairman of our Chapter, in an earnest and sweet way that touched all hearts:

"Good night, little mother; sweet be your sleep,
Untouched by the sighs of those who weep.
With ready hand, with brave, good cheer
You gave your best to loved ones here.
Then mother, husband, daughters, son
Must learn to say: 'Thy will be done.'
Good night, little mother, good night!

Good night, dear friend; each U. D. C.
Bows humbly to His wise decree.
And while our grief-filled little band
Shall miss your ever-helpful hand,
The rest you craved—the rest so sweet,
So needful to make life complete—
We trust you've found at Jesus's feet.
Good night, dear friend, good night!"

A pillow of white flowers forming a background for the large initials, U. D. C., in red roses, a beautiful cross in sweet alyssum, a large wreath of crimson roses tied with broad white ribbon, and many other floral offerings covered the mound. And as we turned away from the grave near the beautiful oaks we realized that we had lost a dear friend. But God hath given her rest. "Death is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity."

[The foregoing is from a paper by the committee composed of Cornelia Withers Yunker, Nannie Sengel Fletcher, and Fannie Armistead Falconer.]

Col. Edward Payson Miller.

[Tribute to his memory by his comrade, T. N. Winn.]

On June 24, 1910, at midnight the pure, noble spirit took its flight. I fain would pay my tribute of love to my school-



Col. E. P. Miller.

mate of '57 to '59 and my comrade from '61 to '65 in Troop B, 21st Battalion Georgia Cavalry. Prior to his command's being sent to Virginia in May, 1864, he had seen continuous service on the Georgia Coast and James Island, S. C. Under Gen. P. M. B. Young in Virginia, participating in many severe battles, he was captured and sent to prison in the fall

of 1864. As a soldier he was brave and faithful, and was so commended. He was exchanged in January, 1865, and was on his way to rejoin his command when the news of the surrender reached him. The Liberty Independent Troop, which dates its organization to 1786, was reorganized in 1871, and E. P. Miller was elected second lieutenant; afterwards he was captain, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of the 1st Georgia Regiment Cavalry, resigning in 1906. He had been twenty-five years in the service of the State.

Though not an office seeker, he was a member of the Georgia Legislature 1878-79, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners sixteen years, and one of the honored board of executors of the estate of John Lambert. He was charitable to the needy and liberal in his views. From early life he was a consistent member of the Walthonville Presbyterian Church, where he served in its every capacity, and his presence there was an inspiration. He was faithful in all his relations of life. The illness of one week may be termed the "stairway" by which he mounted to his God.

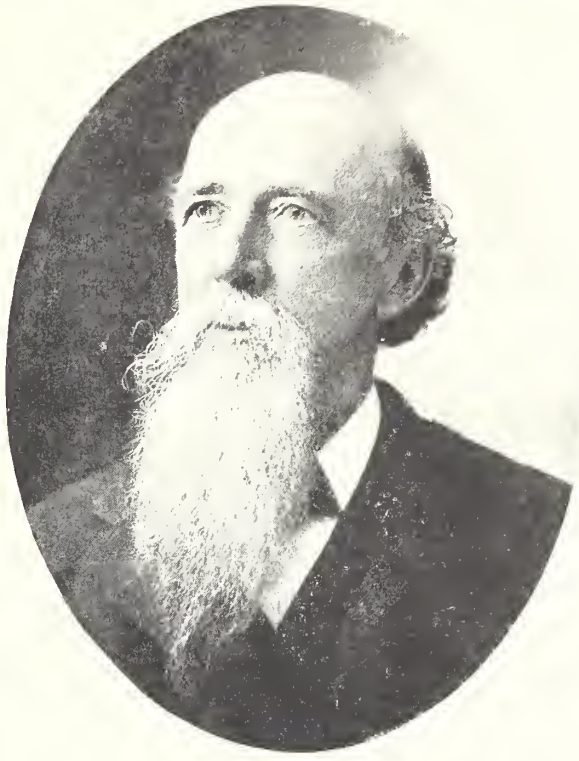
Richard P. James.

R. P. James, familiarly called "Dick," was born March 11, 1844; and died March 17, 1910. Col. C. W. Heiskell, of Memphis, said of him at the funeral: "I beg to say a few words to you, as my dead friend and comrade requested me to do. I knew Dick James long before any of you knew him. In 1861 we marched forth to battle. We were Confederate soldiers, members of the 19th Tennessee Infantry. He was the orderly sergeant of Company A. He was six feet tall, straight as an Indian, a strong man, patient, brave, and always ready. He was every inch a soldier. He never complained. He never had a furlough. He never missed a fight, but was conspicuous for gallantry on every field. I see him now in those far-off days at the head of the regiment. His stalwart form moving with soldierly step was an inspiration to behold. In camp and bivouac he was the model soldier; and whether he led the regiment on the march or in the shock of battle, he was always the same courageous, faithful soldier. He always answered at roll call, and never shirked a duty or shunned a danger. He fell at last on the field of battle of the wounds which eventually brought him to where his body now lies, and we weep over his bier."

Capt. T. Otis Baker.

T. Otis Baker was born in Natchez, Miss., in March, 1844; and died in his native city in July, 1910. He enlisted in the Confederate service as second lieutenant in Company B, 10th Mississippi Regiment, and was promoted rapidly to first lieutenant, then captain of his company. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, again in the battle of Corinth, and was twice wounded in the battle of Atlanta. In "War Records," Volume XXX., Part II., page 325, Lieutenant Baker is mentioned with others by Lieut. Col. James Barr, commanding the regiment, "for conspicuous bravery" at Chickamauga.

In 1876 he organized the Adams Light Infantry, and was made its captain. He graduated in law at the University of Virginia, beginning his practice in Baltimore. He moved to Natchez and engaged in active practice of his profession, being very successful as a civil lawyer. He was attorney for the Natchez, Jackson, and Columbus Railroad, and also for the Natchez Building and Loan Association. He was twice offered a seat on the supreme bench, but refused it on account of his private practice. He was senior member of the Board of Trustees of the Jefferson Military College, where he was still serving at the time of his death. He rendered conspicuous assistance to Natchez at the time of the yellow fever in 1878. He was in charge of the quarantine, which he conducted on such strict military plans that the city escaped the scourge. He was equally as successful on two subse-



Capt. T. Otis Baker.

quent occasions when the place was again threatened with the fever.

His body lay in state in the Stratton Presbyterian Church with a guard of honor selected from the Adams Light Infantry, of which he was formerly the captain. These, with the U. C. V. Camp, Natchez, had charge of the funeral. Captain Baker was twice married, and leaves a wife and six children.

Col. C. M. Jones.

C. M. Jones was born in DeKalb County, Ga., in July, 1829; and died at Emerson, in the same State, in June, 1910.

He enlisted in the 36th Georgia as a private, but was soon promoted to the first lieutenancy, and in 1863 he assisted in raising the 2d Regiment of Georgia Reserves, and as its lieutenant colonel under Col. Robert Maddox took part in some of the most important battles of the war. He represented Bartow County in the Legislature of 1882. He was a member of Camp P. M. B. Young and of the Masonic Lodge, being honored in both. He is survived by his wife and ten children.

Garvin.—John Garvin died of pneumonia at the Tennessee Confederate Home in August, 1910. He was born in Ireland, and came to this country when a baby. He enlisted in the 6th Kentucky Regiment, and served during the entire war, being in some of the severest battles. He was wounded at Shiloh.

Cushings.—Patrick Cushings was born in Ireland in March, 1826; and died at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home in August, 1910. He enlisted in the 3d Tennessee Infantry, and was so severely wounded in the Kentucky campaign that he was honorably discharged from the service in 1863.

Maj. Thomas Harrison.

In his sixty-fifth year Maj. Thomas Harrison died in Columbus, Miss. He enlisted in Company A, 14th Mississippi Regiment, at the age of sixteen, and participated in the Kentucky campaign. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Douglas, from which place he made his escape and reënlisted. He was then appointed to the staff of Gen. William B. Baldwin; and when the latter was killed, he received appointment on the staff of Gen. William J. Hardee, where he served to the end of the war, surrendering at High Point, N. C., on May 26, 1865. For many years after the war he was a planter in Leflore County, Miss., but of late years had leased his farm and lived at a hotel in Columbus. His remains were carried to the residence of his grandfather, Maj. T. G. Blewett, and there lay in state with the Confederate flag across the coffin, the cross of honor pinned on his breast, and the sword of his youngest uncle, who was killed in battle, upon the coffin. The Isham Harrison Camp, U. C. V., of which he was Adjutant for many years, was his escort to the cemetery, and they laid him away as though "fresh from the field of glory."

David Meriwether.

Daily the unseen Pilot is beckoning the old soldiers to embark for the mystic shore. On August 5, 1910, David Meriwether received the summons to join the innumerable host, leaving desolate the home in Kansas City, Mo., where he had lived for forty-two years. He had served as a member of General Wheeler's distinguished cavalry command.

Born at Monticello, Ga., in February, 1842, he early enlisted in the Confederate service and served to the end. After the war he married Miss Martha J. Mastin, whose brothers did valiant service in the Confederate cause. Thomas and Reuben Mastin were in the escort of President Davis when captured by the Federals. They did not surrender, but made their way to Missouri, and to that State David Meriwether soon removed with his family, and ever since had made his home in Kansas City. He was known widely for his absolute probity and integrity of character as well as for his happy relations in home life. His wife survives with a son and two daughters.

John D. Curry.

The bugle has sounded another call, and this time John D. Curry has answered and crossed the river to join his comrades on the other shore. His call came on June 23, at the age of seventy-five years, near the old historic place, "Arkansas Post," on the Arkansas River, where a hard-fought battle took place during the great war. Mr. Curry was a native of Wilkinson County, Miss., his ancestry being among the pioneers of that part of the State, where they went in 1811. Many relatives survive him.

He enlisted with the first company from Wilkinson County under Capt. Lane Brandon, now of New Orleans, La. He was in the Army of Northern Virginia four years, and in most of the hard-fought battles of the 21st Mississippi Regiment, including the three days' fight at Gettysburg and the famous charge of Pickett's Brigade. He was never sick, never had a furlough, and was never wounded during the four years. During the last two months of the war he was detailed to carry mail across the Mississippi River to Louisiana, which he did faithfully, never missing a trip and often crossing with the gunboats in sight. He was a gallant soldier, an honest man, and loyal to his friends. He was one of twelve first cousins who enlisted in the Confederate army. Four returned home, and one survives.

Capt. W. W. Draper.

Capt. W. W. Draper, a representative citizen of Atlanta, died in that city in July, 1910, in his sixty-ninth year. He was born in Spartanburg, S. C. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the 10th Alabama Regiment, and fought till the end with the regiment, retiring with the rank of major. He was one of the most enterprising citizens of Atlanta, and ever worked for the best interests of his city and State. He was a leading merchant, and for years member of the City Council.

Michael Alfred Dry.

Michael A. Dry was born at Mount Vernon, N. C., near Salisbury in June, 1829; died at Colorado, Tex., in May, 1910.

Michael Dry early became a man of promise in his community. He was made a Mason in 1854, and in 1856 was one of the delegates who helped to pass the free school laws for North Carolina. In 1860 he started overland with a party of friends to Arkansas. In Arkansas he taught a summer school.



M. A. DRY.

In the fall of that year he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company D, 45th Arkansas Scouting Cavalry (Colonel Neblit commanding), Army of Tennessee, Western Army, under General Price, and also under Forrest and Cabell. He participated in the different battles and skirmishes of his command, through which he passed without a wound, and surrendered under Price. He taught school and was a merchant after the war. In 1873 he removed to Texas and located at Sipe Springs. In 1895 he went with his wife and two daughters to Colorado, Tex., where his wife died in 1896. He was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at that place.

Douglas.—Alfred H. Douglas died at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home in July, 1910, and was buried with military honors in the Confederate lot at Mount Olivet Cemetery, in Nashville, Tenn. He enlisted in 1861 in McNairy's 1st Tennessee Battalion, and was a scout for the greater part of the war. He surrendered at Mobile in May, 1865.

Deaths in Camp Joe Johnston, Mexia, Tex.

The following members of Joe Johnston Camp at Mexia, Tex., have died between reunions in July, 1909, and 1910:

Arthur Butler Allison, private Company C, 5th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., died at Groesbeck, Tex., in February, 1910, aged sixty-eight years.

Sandridge Thomas Arnett, private Company I, 21st Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Kirby Smith's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department, died at Kosse, Tex., December 23, 1909, aged sixty-five years.

James Alexander Arvin, private Company H, 9th Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V., died April 17, 1910, aged seventy-one years.

Thomas Burney, private Company C, 8th Texas Cavalry (Terry's Rangers), Wharton's Brigade, Wheeler's Cavalry, Army of Tennessee, died at Groesbeck, Tex., March 21, 1910, aged sixty-eight years.

Marcus L. McDonald, private Company D, Wood's Mississippi Cavalry, Adams's Brigade, Wheeler's Division, Army of Tennessee, died while at a reunion near Mexia, Tex., July 22, 1910, aged seventy-two years.

Nathaniel T. Popejoy, private Company D, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade, Wheeler's Cavalry, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, died at Dallas, Tex., January 29, 1910, aged sixty-nine years.

J. D. Therrell, sergeant Company C, 44th Mississippi Infantry, Tucker's Brigade, Hindman's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee, died at Hubbard, Tex., March 4, 1910, aged sixty-eight years.

James Wilson Thompson, private Company C, 4th Alabama Infantry, Law's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, died at Groesbeck, Tex., in November, 1909, aged sixty-seven years.

Joshua Dillard Wallace, private Company F, 23d Mississippi Infantry, died at Groesbeck, Tex., in November, 1909, aged sixty-six years.

Rev. J. C. Blanton.

The Veteran has been neglectful of a duty to a friend and comrade in failing for so long to pay tribute to one who for so many years showed his friendship by word and deed in advancing the interests of the Veteran. It is only just now, however, that a sketch of the life of this friend, Rev. J. C. Blanton, of Nettleton, Miss., has been sent to this office, and publication is made as soon as practicable thereafter.

Rev. J. C. Blanton died at his home, in Nettleton, Miss., October 8, 1908, aged seventy years. He was licensed to preach just before the beginning of the Civil War, and after hostilities began he entered the cavalry service in the Confederate army, enlisting as a private in Forrest's Regiment. He rose by gallant conduct to a captaincy, and was recommended for promotion to major just before the surrender. The colonel of Forrest's old cavalry regiment, widely known as Rev. D. C. Kelley, of Tennessee, wrote this of him: "For the sake of a duty which I owe to truth and comradeship, it is a great pleasure to write this tribute to the soldierly excellence of J. C. Blanton, who as a member of Company C, Forrest's old cavalry regiment, I saw rise from the position of private to that of captain of the company. He had been recommended to the position of major by the commanding general before the surrender at Gainesville, Ala. Stonewall Jackson never rode with more seeming coolness into the thickest of the battle than did Blanton. We knew always when the tug of war became hardest and an officer reliable for a desperate enterprise was in demand that Blanton was the man to plan and execute the most difficult feat. In camp his men were devoted to him. As an officer he bore his duties not after the ideas of a military martinet, not so much a strict disciplinarian in camp, but as a friend. His men trusted his judgment and unhesitatingly obeyed his orders when battle was hottest."

Soon after the close of the war Dr. Blanton resumed his ministerial work, and was ordained in 1867. His active ministerial life covered a period of forty-two years, twenty-two of which were spent in Alabama, two in Texas, and sixteen years in Mississippi. In all this he endured hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, preaching among the destitute and visiting the afflicted, sacrificing much for the good of others. He was deeply grateful for kindnesses shown to him, and his last public appearance was in a thanksgiving service in which he had been kindly remembered by his friends. He was pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Nettleton for some years, and was Chaplain of the U. C. V. Camp there from its organization. He fought a good fight and kept the faith.

Dr. J. R. Sims.

Dr. John R. Sims was born in Haywood County, Tenn., December 13, 1828; and died in Bryan, Tex., August 5, 1909. Dr. Sims graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1851, and practiced in Mississippi till the breaking out of the war, when he entered the service as a surgeon. During the siege of Port Hudson he became too debilitated for field service, and was assigned to hospital duty, in which capacity he served till the close of the war.

In the spring of 1867 he moved to Texas, where he practiced medicine until 1892, when his health failed. He lived at Bryan the remainder of his life, being confined to his bed for more than a year preceding the end. Three brothers and one sister constituted the family. All the brothers and the brother-in-law served in the army.

Capt. B. F. Sims raised a company in Monroe County, Miss.; and died in 1867 from disease contracted while in service. Capt. W. L. Ganong, brother-in-law, a veteran of the Mexican War, entered the service as captain of a company from Coahoma County, Miss.; and died in the army from exposure. Col. M. W. Sims, now of Bryan, Tex., joined the army from Austin, Tex., being first assigned to staff duty and subsequently elected colonel of a cavalry regiment, in which capacity he was serving at the close of the war. Colonel Sims was captured at Natchez, Miss., just after the fall of Vicksburg and sent to Johnson's Island. He was ordered to report to General Grant for special exchange for General Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant. On his arriving at Vicksburg some charges had been trumped up against him, and he was held for execution, General Grant saying that, whether guilty or not, he would be executed in retaliation. In the meantime all the prisoners in Vicksburg were ordered to Memphis to report to General Hurlburt in the "Irving Block." Captain Sims, who had been made aware of his danger, jumped overboard into the Mississippi River the night before reaching Memphis, swam ashore, and rejoined his command in Louisiana.

Hill.—Thomas Hill, who was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving throughout the entire war, died at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home in August, 1910. He was paralyzed for years.

Cox.—Thomas Cox died in Shelbyville, Tenn., August 14, 1910, aged eighty-three years. He was a Confederate soldier, respected by all who knew him. He leaves three daughters.

J. F. Carlisle.

J. F. Carlisle was born June 22, 1842; and died at his home, in Union County, Miss., June 19, 1910, nearly completing his sixty-eighth year. He entered the Confederate service in 1862 under Bragg, and was in many hard-fought battles. He was badly wounded at Perryville, and after his recovery he was transferred to Wheeler's Cavalry, in the 12th Mississippi, where he remained until the close of the war. He was a faithful and loyal soldier, and as a citizen stood high in the estimation of his fellow-men. He was married to Miss Martha J. Haney in December, 1863, and of their nine children seven survive, three of whom live in Texas. Two of his sons are noted physicians of that State.

Joshua T. Kemp.

The spirit of Joshua T. Kemp, of Carrabelle, Fla., passed into the great beyond on the night of July 2. He was born in Thomas County, Ga., and joined the Walton Guards in 1861, served a year, and then reenlisted in Capt. C. L. McKinnon's company, D, 1st Florida Regiment. He was crippled by wounds, but marched many days without complaining of his sufferings, for fear of being sent to the hospital and discharged. However, after the battle of Murfreesboro, in 1863, he was sent to the hospital, and then discharged against his will. Death came to him at the ripe age of seventy-three years. He is survived by two daughters and a son, the latter, Berry Kemp, living in Tallahassee, Fla.

Joseph R. Blankenship.

Joseph R. Blankenship was born in September, 1838, near Ripley, Tenn.; and died in June, 1910, at his home, near Humboldt, where he had been a resident for twenty-eight years. He joined the army in Arkansas during January, 1862, and served under Captain Matheny in Company F, 21st Arkansas Regiment. After the surrender at Vicksburg in July, 1863, he became a member of the 7th Tennessee, Company H, at Brownsville, serving under Captain McCutchen.

After the war, he went back to Ripley, where he married Susan Grammar in 1871, and to them were born two sons. His wife died in 1877, and in 1879 he was married to Miss Virginia C. Bledsoe. Of this union there are six children. Comrade Blankenship was a member of the Methodist Church, South.

Senator Wilkinson Call.

Wilkinson Call was born in Russellville, Ky.; and died in Washington in August, 1910, in his seventy-sixth year.

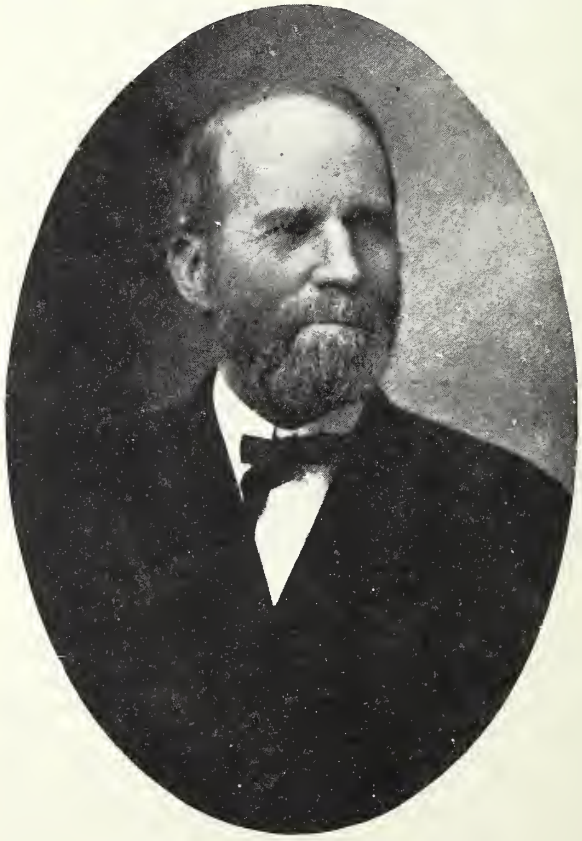
His family moved to Florida in his early boyhood; and when the war began, he was among the earliest volunteers of that State in the Confederate army, rapidly winning the promotion of adjutant general of the Florida troops. After the war he was elected to the United States Senate by the Florida Legislature, but was not seated till later. He served from 1879 to 1897 in the Senate, filling many important places on committees. He was presidential elector at large in 1872 and 1876, a member of the Democratic National Executive Committee, and a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1877. He was a lawyer of great prominence at Jacksonville, and one of Florida's most honored and respected citizens. He is survived by one daughter, Miss Lucy Call, a lady of high social position throughout the South.

Capt. J. B. Mattison.

After a brief illness, Capt. J. B. Mattison died at his home, Holly Springs, Miss., on July 4, 1910. He was born in 1836 in New York City; and, losing his parents, he spent part of his early boyhood with relatives in Alabama, but returned to New York to finish his education. He married when quite a young man and made his home in Holly Springs, Miss., where he engaged in business. When the war broke out, he was already a member of a military company, the Home Guards, which he had drilled from his knowledge of military tactics gained while a member of the 7th Regiment National Guards of New York City. He enlisted for the Confederacy as first lieutenant and was sent to Pensacola, and later in the war was on the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk, and served his country the whole four years. He was Justice of the Peace for about twenty years, and for about as long was editor of the Holly Springs South. He is survived by his wife.

Prof. George W. Walker.

Prof. George W. Walker, Professor of Latin and Head Master of the School of Apprentices at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, was born October 5, 1843, near Martinsburg, Va. He was educated at Martinsburg Academy and at Hampden-Sidney College. In 1872 he was married to Miss Wysor, of Pulaski. He died near Asheville, N. C., on March 16, 1910, and was buried in the Blacksburg (Va.) Cemetery. The corps of cadets of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, the Masons, and Confederate Veterans, twenty-six strong, participated in the exercises. His wife and eleven children survive him.



PROF. GEORGE W. WALKER.

Professor Walker enlisted in May, 1861, from Martinsburg (now W. Va.) in the famous Wise Artillery at the age of eighteen years, and remained with this battery till the close of the war. He was in nearly all of the Valley fights and in quite a number of those around Richmond and Petersburg. He was always at his post; and whenever his battery was called for, he was always on the firing line. He was popular with his comrades and their able advocate.

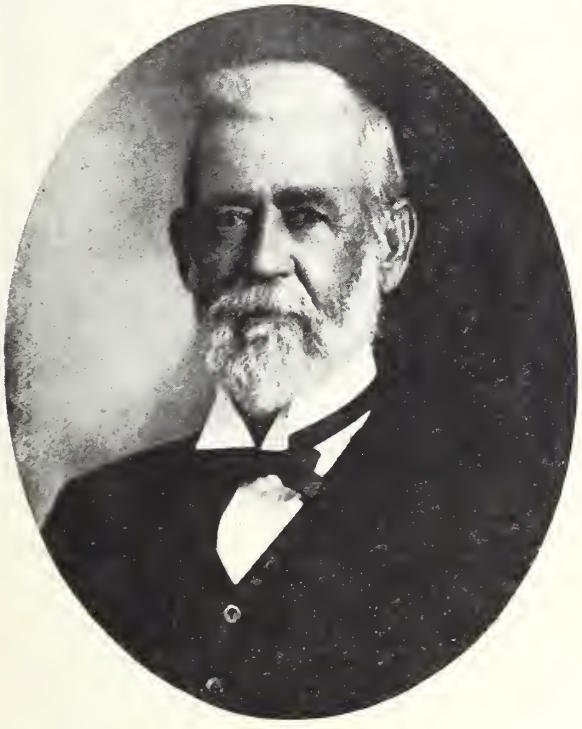
Professor Walker did a great work as a teacher. The educational world recognizes in his death the loss of a disciplinarian and teacher of the first rank. He was an elder in his Church and an earnest Christian worker all his life. He was very progressive and public-spirited, profoundly interested in all the vital questions of the day. His devotion to the Southern cause and love for his native State were ever ardent.

Ex-Governor Montague, of Virginia, paid a fitting tribute when he said: "His life was wholly for good, and even in politics, candid as he was, he was nobly patriotic and brave against wrong. He did a great service for his country not only as a teacher in the schools, but as a teacher of the people in an application to their public responsibilities."

Capt. John W. Bitting.

Capt. J. W. Bitting was born at Tom's Creek, Surry County, N. C., in February, 1843; and died at Manor, Travis County, Tex., in May, 1910.

He enlisted in the Forsythe County Sharpshooters, a company enrolled from the first families of the State, and was made sergeant. They were part of the 48th North Carolina Regiment of Walker's Brigade, Hill's Division, and served under Lee until the surrender. Sergeant Bitting was promoted captain of his company after the battle of Bristow Station, in Virginia, in which battle the captain and all of the lieutenants had been killed and Sergeant Bitting severely wounded. As he was senior captain, he was sometimes in command of his regiment.



CAPT. J. W. BITTING.

He was again wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., and in his four years of service participated in twenty-five battles and skirmishes, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. After the war he married Miss Julia Wilson, and engaged in mercantile business first in Salisbury, N. C., then in Manor, Travis County, Tex., where he did a large cotton business also. He was married twice, and leaves a widow and three daughters.

Gen. Zimmerman Davis.

Zimmerman Davis was born in Fairfield District, S. C., in 1834; and died in Charleston in March, 1910.

At the age of ten he moved to Charleston, was educated at its public schools, and graduated at the Charleston College. He engaged in the cotton business. He was a most progressive and enterprising citizen of Charleston, and ever kept the city's best interest before him.

At the beginning of the war he was a member of the Washing Light Infantry, which was organized for State offense. After the fall of Fort Sumter, he assisted in the organization of a troop of cavalry of which he was made second lieutenant, and he was made captain in 1862.

From 1861 to 1864 he served on the coast of South Carolina. In August, 1864, his company was made D of the 5th South Carolina Regiment. Captain Davis served on the staff of General Butler. When Col. John Dunovant and Lieut. Col. Robert J. Jeffords, of the 5th Cavalry, were killed, Captain Davis was promoted over the intervening grades and made colonel of his regiment. His regiment was called "The Fighting Fifth," and several times Colonel Davis was complimented by his superior officers on his gallantry in the field. He was actively engaged under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the campaign against Sherman which ended at Greensboro. The night before the surrender he disbanded his regiment and told his men to keep their arms and make their way home.

He participated in many of the big battles. At Lynch's Creek he was wounded and his horse shot from under him.

He held the position of secretary and treasurer of the Charleston waterworks for twenty years, and was Alderman for eight. He was ex-Commander of Camp Sumter, Major General commanding the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., President South Carolina Sons of Revolution, Grand Treasurer and in several other prominent offices of Masons in South Carolina, member City Park Commission and the Charleston College Alumni. He leaves a wife, son, and five daughters.

Samuel Young Thomas Knox.

S. Y. T. Knox was born in Panola County, Miss., in May, 1832; and died at Pine Bluff, Ark., in July, 1910, after a long and well-spent life. He was a good soldier of the Confederacy during the entire war, and retained always his love for the South and her institutes. After the war he became connected with his brother, Gen. R. M. Knox, in the mercantile business, and at the time of his death was the president of the company. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, an upright business man, and was endeared to all who knew him by his genial disposition, courtesy of manner, and unswerving honesty of purpose. He is survived by his wife and two sons.

John Dusenbury McLane.

J. D. McLane was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., in April, 1838; and died at Patterson, Ill., in June, 1910. In 1861 he enlisted in Company K, 8th Tennessee, and served so gallantly in the entire war that he brought from the Confederate ranks a noble record. In the battle of Murfreesboro both the captain and lieutenant of his company were killed, and the command devolved on McLane, who led his men splendidly in the engagement.

At the close of the war he engaged in business in Alabama, but later moved to Patterson, Ill., where he won both civic and business honors, for he was true and loyal to every trust. He was a member of the Baptist Church, several fraternal orders, and was honored and respected by all who knew him.

Moses Dameron.

The noted scout and guide and hero of two wars, Moses Dameron, died at his home, in Motley County, Tex., on August 4, 1910. "Uncle Mose," as he was familiarly called, was ninety years old. He was born in Bonham, Fannin County, Tex., in 1821, and his life had been spent entirely on the frontiers of Texas. From the time he was old enough to ride a horse and shoot a rifle he was engaged in fighting Indians and piloting troops across the Western plains, mountains, and breaks, and protecting the lives and property of pioneer settlers on the borders of our great country until there was no occasion for such service. He served the United States troops on the frontiers of Texas during the war with Mexico as scout and guide, and afterward continued his vocation as scout, Indian fighter, and guiding troops. He was scout and guide for General McKenzie on the Fort Sill and Tulia Canyon expedition, and participated in the "Great Horse" massacre, where General McKenzie surprised the Indians, killing many with their horses and taking many prisoners.

"Uncle Mose" was loved and honored by all who knew him. A few years ago he became interested in religious affairs, joined the Church, and lived a Christian life. He was also a member of both branches of the Odd Fellows, and was on the roster of Camp S. B. Maxey, U. C. V., as "Independent Scout and Guide," showing his service for the Confederacy.

Col. Wharton J. Green.

Full of years and honors, Col. Wharton J. Green yielded to the grim reaper the life of which he had made so much, and on the morning of August 6 passed into the life beyond. He was born February 23, 1831, at St. Mark's, Fla., the only son of Gen. Thomas J. Green, Texan patriot and author of legislative enactments which fixed the boundary between Texas and Mexico and who fought in the Mexican War. Colonel Green's mother was a Miss Wharton, of the family near Nashville, Tenn. He was educated at Georgetown University, the University of Virginia, and at West Point. After graduating, he became associated in the practice of law with Robert J. Walker, former Secretary of the Treasury, and Louis Janin in Washington, practicing before the Supreme Court. Ill health compelled him to abandon this profession.

When the war began, he enlisted as a private, but later organized a regiment of which he became colonel. His military record was brilliant.

Colonel Green had an unfortunate experience with his battalion in January, 1862. He was ordered by Brig. Gen. Henry A. Wise, to whose legion he belonged, to Roanoke Island; but his battalion was at Wilmington in winter quarters, and Gen. J. R. Anderson, in command of that department, objected to his compliance with the order unless approved by the Secretary of War. The confusion prevented his arrival at Roanoke Island in time to participate in the battle, but, according to the "War Records," "quite in time to be captured."

In the battle of Gettysburg Colonel Green, while serving on the staff of Maj. Gen. R. E. Rodes, was severely wounded in the head. In General Rodes's report he states that Colonel Green was wounded while "acting with most conspicuous coolness and bravery." Colonel Green is reported by the "War Records" as "captured at Sharpsburg July 4, 1863, not 1862," and a memorandum from R. Ould to Maj. John E. Mulford under date of October 25, 1864, asks: "Can you send me by flag of truce ——— and Wharton J. Green?"

In seven volumes of the "War Records" data is recorded of this gallant officer.

In 1858 Colonel Green was married to Miss Esther Ellery, of Boston, of which union there were three daughters, two of whom survive him. After the death of his first wife, he was married to Mrs. Addie Burr Davis, widow of acting Vice President Davis, who succeeded Vice President Arthur upon the death of Garfield.

Colonel Green removed from Warren County in 1880 to Tokay Vineyard, near Fayetteville, N. C.; and in 1882 he was elected to Congress from this district, serving two terms in the House of Representatives, where by distinguished service he rounded out a full career. There in 1884 he inaugurated the pure food and drug movement, of national importance.



COL. WHARTON J. GREEN.

Colonel Green was a man of scholarly attainments, marked and varied ability, and thoroughly cultured. During his long and illustrious career he came into intimate relations with many men of prominence, such as Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, J. E. B. Stuart, and William McKinley. He was the author of "Recollections and Reflections," an interesting autobiography, and also wrote "Mier's Expedition into Mexico."

Samuel L. Wilson.

Samuel L. Wilson was born in South Carolina; and died in Chickasaw County, Miss., June 25, 1910, aged about seventy-two years. His parents removed to Mississippi when he was but a child. He enlisted in Company H, 11th Mississippi Volunteers, and served nobly until seriously disabled in the battle of Gettysburg. He then served in the quartermaster's department to the end. Comrade Wilson bore the active part of a useful citizen. He was elected sheriff of his county in 1877, serving four years, and later was elected to the State Senate for a similar length of time. He was a progressive farmer, a valuable officer in organizations of farmers. He was also a strict Church member and lived in accordance therewith.

Col. Henry Clay Yeatman.

Col. Henry C. Yeatman, who met a tragic death near Ashwood, Maury County, Tenn., his home, was born in Nashville, Tenn., September 22, 1831. He was married April 2,



COL. HENRY CLAY YEATMAN.

1868, to Miss Mary Polk, daughter of Gen. Lucius Polk, of Ashwood. His family, his antecedents, and connections were of the best blood of any land, foremost socially, in finance, and in the progressive and industrial interests of the country. His father died when he was a boy, and his widowed mother married Hon. John Bell, United States Senator from Tennessee, one of the ablest statesman of the Senate when such intellectual giants as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were the guiding stars of patriotism and political purity of the nation. Mr. Bell was a candidate for President when Lincoln was elected.

Colonel Yeatman is survived by two daughters (Mrs. Shapard Webb, of Knoxville, and Miss Jennie Yeatman) and an only son (Mr. Trezevant P. Yeatman, living in "Hamilton Place," the ancestral home built by their grandfather, Gen. Lucius Polk). Two half sisters, Mrs. Comegyys and Miss Jennie Bell, of Philadelphia, also survive.

The cause of Colonel Yeatman's death was sublimely pathetic and illustrative of his tenderness, fidelity, and disregard of self when confronting his noble conception of duty. His faithful little dog and constant companion was in front of a rapidly approaching railroad train, and in an effort to save the life of his little friend Colonel Yeatman was struck by the engine and fatally injured. He was placed aboard the train to Mt. Pleasant and thence to his home, where he breathed the last of his unimpeachable life a few moments after crossing its threshhold.

The military career of Colonel Yeatman is outlined by the operations of Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee, serving with noted bravery and efficiency on the staff of that knightly and able soldier and peerless Christian gentleman, Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, in all the battles and campaigns of the army until the death of General Polk, who was killed by a cannon shot at Pine Mountain during the "Georgia Campaign."

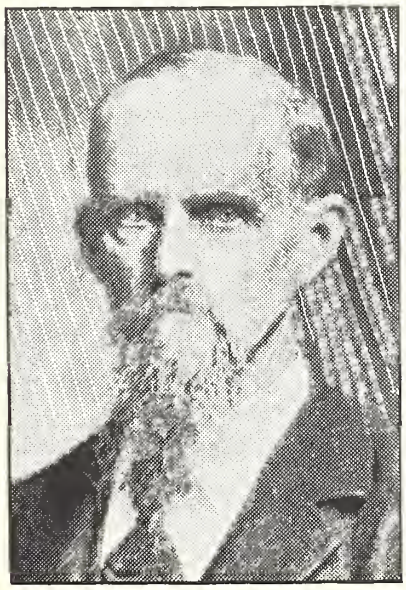
In all the points of personal merit, in culture, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every living sentiment, and in every liberal accomplishment, Colonel Yeatman was a richly typical exponent. Among his neighbors, and they knew him best, he was the evangel of peace, justice, and good will. A distinguished minister said of him: "His strength was gentleness, his gentleness was strong."

[The foregoing sketch is by Capt. Joseph Phillips, of Nashville, who was intimate with Colonel Yeatman for many years. The Editor knew the eminent gentleman so well as a typical gentleman of the South's best men in her best days that he is grateful for being able to send this beauitful tribute to the many thousands who will appreciate it. To exaggerate the exquisite beauty of Colonel Yeatman's character would hardly be possible.

William A. Curtis.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'"

William A. Curtis was born in Cherokee County, N. C., April 26, 1841. He fell on sleep on the night of March 1, 1910, after a brief illness, at his home, in Franklin, N. C. He was married to Miss Rebecca Butler, of Clay County, in 1867, and to this union were born eight children—five sons and three daughters. All but one son survive.



WILLIAM A. CURTIS.

Comrade Curtis enlisted as a Confederate soldier in June, 1861, as a member of Company A, 2d North Carolina Cavalry, 19th Regiment of State Troops. That he did his duty faithfully and well as a soldier is the testimony of those who were with him, and his interest in Confederate matters is clearly shown by the work he did toward making possible the erection of a monument on the square at Franklin. He was a quiet, unassuming citizen, yet always interested in the progress and development of his community and also in the country at large. He became a citizen of Franklin in 1889, and for many years had been editor of the Franklin Press. His interest in Church affairs was great, and to its teachings he was ever faithful. Enshrouded in the gray, his body was laid to rest with the beautiful Masonic ceremonies, of which order he was also a member.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON HEFNER.

Alexander H. Hefner was born in Cherokee County, Ala., July 4, 1842; but when nine years of age his parents removed to Hunt County, Tex., which became his home until death, on December 16, 1909. He enlisted for the Confederacy in February, 1862, as a member of the famous 11th Texas Cavalry, and was in active service continuously until the close, taking part in many of the most sanguinary battles. He was at Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, in the Knoxville and Atlanta campaigns, and the constant combats along the line of Sherman's march to Savannah, ever acquitting himself with credit and bravery. He was with General Wheeler from January, 1863, to the end. He did not surrender, but was one of a party of eighty men who, with General Wheeler, started out to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department; but after getting in North Georgia, they abandoned this hope, and made their way home, each man for himself. He remained in Georgia several months with relatives. He married in that State Miss Mary J. Adair, who survives him with two daughters.

Returning to his home in Texas, Mr. Hefner engaged for a while in mercantile business. He also served as Justice of the Peace, and was Treasurer of Hunt County for two years. In 1880 he began the practice of law, in which he attained high place. He was Mayor of Greenville from April, 1904, to 1906. In his family he was kind and gentle, yet firm, upholding the right and condemning the wrong. Those who served with him during the four years' struggle bear witness that no profane or unkind word ever passed his lips. He was quiet and unassuming in manner. He was a consistent Church member from early boyhood. Comrade Hefner was a charter member of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and also a Royal Arch Mason in high standing, and was buried with Masonic honors. The Confederate Veteran Camp of Greenville and the Bar Association held memorial services in his honor, and all departments of the city of Greenville were closed during the funeral.

ROBERT L. BILLMYER.

That "he followed General Lee from Five Forks to Appomattox" was the proudest boast of Robert L. Billmyer, and this was found written on a tablet among his papers after his death, a short time ago, which occurred at his home, near Shepherdstown, W. Va., in his sixty-sixth year. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, enlisting in 1862 in Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry, commanded by his brother, Capt. M. J. Billmyer. Though but a boy when he enlisted, he took pride in fighting for the country he loved so well. He fought until the end—until the last shot was fired at Appomattox. He carried the flag of truce to his enemy, and all was over. He was severely wounded in the head in an engagement at Winebrenner's Crossroads, near Shepherdstown, but that did not keep him out of service at all. After the close of the war he returned to his home and resumed his work as a farmer. As a citizen he was highly respected and esteemed, and the community realizes a great loss.

CAPT. W. P. CONNER.

Born August 24, 1828; and died August 10, 1910.

In 1847 William Conner enlisted in Capt. James Ewing's company, F, of Col. M. V. Thompson's regiment, and was made lieutenant of the company, with which he served throughout the Mexican War. In 1862 he enlisted in Col. John Ficklin's battalion for the Confederate army. He was chosen to be captain of a company of the 2d Battalion, commanded by Col. Thomas Johnson, and with his company served throughout the war. Such was his devotion to the men of his company that he refused a commission as lieutenant colonel rather than leave them. It is told that on one occasion he gave his shoes to a barefooted soldier of his company, his tender heart ever ready to deny himself for the benefit of others.

A long life well spent, a campaign of eighty years closed in honor. He served home and loved ones; he served his country and his State; in all his service he served his God.



CAPT. W. P. CONNER.

None knew Captain Conner but to love him, for he was a friend to the poor and distressed, generous to a fault, and loyal to all the obligations of life. The people trusted him, and for over forty years he held offices of honor within his own county, never being defeated for any office. He was sheriff three times and Circuit Court Clerk for over thirty years, discharging the duties of his office with credit.

William Penrose Conner was born in Bath County, Ky., and was the last surviving grandson of Daniel Conner, who came from Ireland in pioneer days. The name was originally O'Connor, but he changed his name to its present form. He married into the historical Harrison family of Virginia, relatives of the two Presidents Harrison and Mayor Harrison, of Chicago. The son of this union was Harrison Conner, who married Mrs. Nichols, of Virginia, her maiden name being Elizabeth Ewing. Of this family was William Penrose Conner. He married Miss Anne Wilson, of Montgomery County, Ky., in 1855; and of their six children, only two survive—Ewing Conner, of Owingsville, and Mrs. Hugh Cox, of Bardstown. His wife died some years ago.

Captain Conner was also a Mason, and impressive services by Masons and Confederates were held at the grave. Long will his memory live in the minds and hearts of the people of Bath County.

A. B. GREEN.

A. B. Green was born in November, 1842; and died at Livingston, Tex., in December, 1909, survived by his wife and six children.

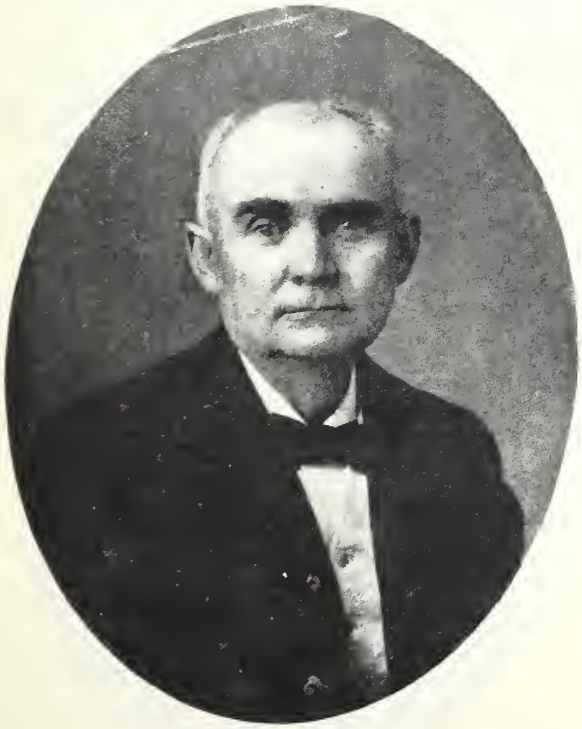
Comrade Green enlisted in the Confederate army in Sep-

tember, 1861, as a member of Company K, 5th Texas Regiment, that being a part of the last Texas troops sent to Virginia. The 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments and the 18th Georgia Regiment composed the famous "Hood's Texas Brigade." Comrade Green was in nearly every battle from the first to the surrender of General Lee. He was wounded three times, but never so seriously as to keep him from his command any length of time. He did his duty faithfully as a soldier, and none was ever more deserving of honors through meritorious conduct. Returning to his home in Polk County at the close of the war, he began life again as a farmer, and in a few years entered the mercantile business. Later on he was elected to the office of County Clerk, and served for eight years, after which he was made county judge for four years. No fitter epitaph could be inscribed on his tomb than that "the corner stone of his life was integrity."

Capt. John Lewis.

After many years of suffering, John Lewis, the eldest and last surviving son of Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, died at his home, in Glasgow, Ky. He was prominent in the business and social life of Glasgow and Barren County, and had amassed a comfortable fortune. He was President of the Farmers' National Bank at the time of his death, and was also connected with various other business enterprises.

At the age of fourteen "Jack" Lewis became a member of the Orphan Brigade, of which his father was commanding general, and was with that famous fighting organization to the close of its gallant services. Later he was captain of the Lewis Guards, one of the best-known military companies ever organized in Glasgow. He was a thorough business man, yet

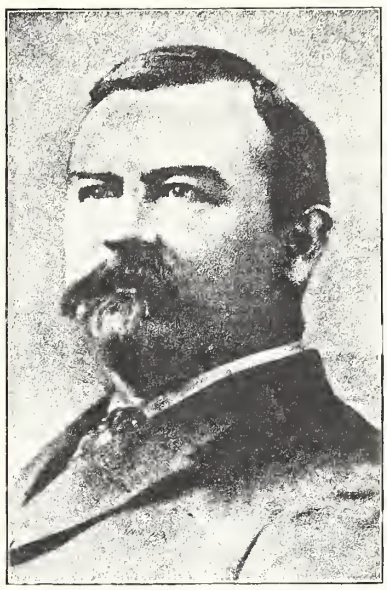


CAPT. JOHN LEWIS.

possessed of a mentality that would have enabled him to make a high mark professionally. He was a man of strong personality, a high type of citizen—a thoroughly rounded man, in whose death the whole community feels a personal loss. His wife, who was a daughter of the late Dr. W. A. Williams, of Glasgow, survives him, with a son and three daughters. His comrades were his pallbearers.

Shade Murray.

Mr. Shade Murray, one of the best and most beloved citizens of Nashville, died on July 9, 1908, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a member of an old and respected family of White County, born at Sparta, Tenn., on January 26, 1841. Leaving school at seventeen years of age, he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Sparta and Nashville until 1860, when he went to Texas. At the first call to arms, in 1861, he was mustered in as a private in Company F, 6th Texas Cavalry. He served with this regiment to the close of the war. He never had a furlough, never missed an engagement in which the regiment participated, and he answered the first and the last roll call of the regiment. He was a brave and faithful soldier, and did his duty in every situation then, as he did it fully during his entire life.



SHADE MURRAY.

After the surrender, Mr. Murray returned to Sparta, but came to Nashville in 1866 and entered the employment of a wholesale shoe house, with whom he remained until he became a member of Hollins, Burton & Co., which was organized in 1870. This firm later became Hollins, Murray & Co. The latter firm dissolved on January 1, 1883, when the large and very successful firm of Murray, Dibrell & Co. was organized, which long since became one of the most prominent and successful wholesale shoe houses in the South. Mr. Murray also acquired extensive interests in other enterprises, and was an eminently successful man. He was for many years until his death the President and active director of the United Charities of Nashville, a steward in Tulip Street Methodist Church, and he was noted for his piety and unostentatious charity. He reared a lovely family of four daughters and one son, who, with their mother, survive him.

Mr. Murray had a rare combination of intelligence, sagacity, courage, and honesty. He was a genial gentleman, a good citizen, and a leader among the many strong men of Nashville. He was intensely devoted to the memories of Confederate days, and he enjoyed the Reunions and meeting comrades with whom he had served so bravely in years gone by. He was the kind of man whose life will only bless and in no wise harm the community in which he lives. His death was mourned by a very large number of devoted friends.

[The foregoing sketch is by John H. DeWitt, of Nashville.]

Years ago when *en route* to Boston some Sam Davis calendars were handed him, one of which he handed Mr. H. B. Endicott, of Boston. Later during his stay Mr. Endicott called him to an interview, which resulted in a check being handed to Comrade Murray for the monument fund.

MRS. MARTHA DANDRIDGE BIBB.

Mrs. M. D. Bibb was born in North Alabama April 15, 1829. Her parents were Judge Benijah S. Bibb and Sophie Gilmer Bibb, and they moved to Montgomery during her infancy; so she lived in the Alabama capital for over three-quarters of a century. She was married in 1847 to Joseph R. Bibb, who in the great war became colonel of the 23d Alabama Regiment. He was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin, and never fully recovered, but survived the war for about three years. To Colonel Bibb and his wife were born two brilliant sons, both of whom have been dead for several years. The senior, Dr. W. G. Bibb, married Miss Susan Porter, only daughter of Hon. ames D. Porter, one of Tennessee's eminent men in war and in peace, and is survived by his widow, three sons (Drs. Porter and William George and Fred Bibb), and one daughter (Mrs. W. T. Edmondson). Peyton Bibb, the younger son, had married, but he and his wife died childless.

The family of Judge B. S. Bibb was a large one; but one by one they "fell on sleep," until "Aunt Dyke" was the last member of her generation. The funeral services were conducted at the residence by Rev. Henry Trawick, pastor of the Court Street Methodist Church. The honorary pallbearers were Gen. John W. A. Sanford, Col. Harvey E. Jones, Judge Thomas G. Jones, Judge John B. Fuller, Judge J. B. Gaston, Maj. W. W. Screws, and Mr. Morgan Gilmer. The active pallbearers were Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Gaston Gunter, Maj. A. C. Sexton, E. C. Andrew, Judge A. D. Sayre, Thomas Reynolds, and Maj. B. M. Washburn.

The Bibb home in which the family of Judge Bibb had lived nearly two-thirds of a century is doubtless the most typical of all Southern residences as Confederate. It was the delightful retreat of President Davis and family for many, many years. The successor to her honored parents, Mrs. M. D. Bibb was unstinted in all patriotic measures. So much of sorrow had been in the home that she lived somewhat in seclusion for the past few years. In May last, during the Convention of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., the noble woman gave a reception that will long be remembered by the magnificent gathering of young and old. Not only was the duplicated double parlors, with scores of paintings and statuary of distinguished Confederates and eminent members of the Bibb family, delightfully brightened by Confederate colors, but the reanimation and the fire of her youth thrilled the mistress of the home, and her face bespoke the joy of other days. It was like a flash of holy light the going out of which betokens other times in other climes. There was comment at the time that the Bibb home that night was the most delightful reminder of the best of golden days that ever will be seen on this earth. Bless the memory of the Bibbs in all of their generations!

Tribute to Mrs. Bibb by Ladies' Memorial Association.

Through committee from the Ladies' Memorial Association:

"On June 9, 1910, Mrs. Martha Dandridge Bibb laid down all earthly cares and joined her loved ones who had gone before. For twenty-two years as President, with tireless energy and self-sacrifice, she promoted the objects of this Association and was distinguished by her patriotism and devotion to the memory of the dead and living Confederate veterans and statesmen.

"*Resolved:* 1. That her death has caused profound sorrow, and deep in our hearts there will ever remain a remembrance of her nobility of character, her gentle amiability, and the generous hospitality which welcomed all who crossed the portals of her home.

"2. That the Secretary set aside a page in the book of minutes as a token of respect and grief for the great loss we have sustained.

"3. That deepest sympathy is extended to the members of her family, and that these resolutions be sent to them.

"Committee: Mrs. J. A. Kirkpatrick, B. L. Wyman, Mrs. James G. Brame."

Mrs. Mary M. Brame, the Secretary of the L. M. A., writes the VETERAN: "At a meeting of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., held as a memorial to Mrs. M. D. Bibb, the Secretary was instructed to send to you a copy of the proceedings and resolutions with a request that you publish them. Mrs. Bibb was eighty-one years of age, yet took an active part in everything pertaining to the Confederacy, helping the old soldiers, helping to build monuments, etc. She was, in fact, a stronghold for all of us.



MRS. M. D. BIBB.

She was truly a remarkable woman. Despite her age and the freezing weather, on April 25 she was at the cemetery assisting with the decorations. She had copies of the VETERAN filed, and knew just where to find certain articles that she desired."

Mrs. J. C. Lee, who presided at the meeting of the Memorial Association, said of Mrs. Bibb:

"We have met to-day to take suitable action on the death of our beloved President, Mrs. Martha Dandridge Bibb, whose gentle, genial nature, high character, and noble service rendered to her country endear her to all of us and entitle her memory to be enshrined in the hearts of all the people of our Southland. It is most fitting that we give expression to and put to record the great grief we feel and the immeasurable loss we have sustained in her death.

"Her tireless and tender work and labor of love on behalf of all things that concerned the Confederate cause won for her the admiration and affection of all Confederate women

and veterans of this State. She deserved all the honor we can confer, although in a self-sacrificing spirit she asked only for the opportunity to do yet more and more.

"I need not now recount the rare accomplishments of her character nor the splendid achievements of her life. These are fresh in our minds to-day, and will continue to be through the years that are to come as fragrant as lilies from afar.

"The noble tribute paid by an ex-Confederate to her mother, Mrs. Judge Bibb, one of the best and loveliest of her kind, may be as fittingly applied to the daughter: 'Loftier and whiter than she ever dreamed of for her dead heroes is her own temple builded in the hearts of them that loved her.'

"We would show ourselves unworthy if we did not revere the memory of such a woman, and we would be untrue to future generations if we did not hand down to them the bright record of such noble deeds. Mrs. Bibb descended from

"'The knightliest of the knightly races,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.'

"And right well did she perform her part."

A committee was appointed to write resolutions expressing the great sorrow and loss this Association has sustained by the taking away of our counselor, our helper, our friend, Mrs. M. D. Bibb. Each member with tear-dimmed eyes and quivering voice paid a loving tribute to her memory.

MRS. MARK STERLING COCKRILL.

Mrs. Mary Hill Goodloe Cockrill was born at Tuscumbia, Ala., surrounded by wealth and social environment. Her father, John Calvin Goodloe, was a prominent citizen of his section, and always assisted in social and political advancement. These characteristics were innate with his daughter.



MRS. MARY H. G. COCKRILL.

She was a lady "to the manner born," manifesting this fact in all of her dealings with the human race. She was a true type of Southern womanhood—a model wife, a devoted mother, a faithful friend, and a zealous worker at home, in the Church, and for civic, philanthropic, educational, social, and historical advancement.

She was educated at the Nashville Female Academy, under the guidance of Dr. C. D. Elliott, and then attended the finishing school of Madam Mears, of New York. She was apt at languages, was a very fine French scholar, and spoke that language fluently. She possessed extraordinary attainments, and was brilliant in whatever circle she graced. Her home life was an inspiration to husband and children, and her Church life was that of a true follower of her Saviour. The last tribute of her noble life was to gather together the several envelopes for contributions that had been received during her illness and place her contributions within and request that they be put into the baskets for the Church treasury. This truly indicated her conscientious rulings. Her interest along civic, philanthropic, and educational lines always inspired others to assist in the work.

Her social deeds were not for personal advancement, but that she might give pleasure to others. She was truly a leader of the several organizations of which she was a worthy member. As a Southern woman and as the wife of a Confederate soldier she was prominent in U. D. C. work. She was Second Vice President of the State U. D. C., and was called to the presidency of Nashville Chapter No. 1 for three consecutive years, during which period justice was her watchword, and her moto was: "Be just and fear not."

On February 1, 1906, the Chapter decided to issue a yearbook, and the Chairman of the Yearbook Committee expressed her high obligation for assistance to the capable President, Mrs. M. S. Cockrill, whose name appears at the head of the list as a liberal subscriber. This is the only yearbook ever issued by this Chapter.

During her presidency the Nashville Chapter undertook to build and equip a memorial hall to be known as Nashville Chapter House. Twelve charter members were chosen, with Mrs. M. S. Cockrill as President and director of its affairs. On June 1, 1906 the board organized for work and certificates of stock were issued. Much enthusiasm prevailed for several months; but, alas! interest lagged, and a motion carried that the Treasurer return all funds to the several friends who had kindly favored this project. Mrs. M. S. Cockrill, who headed the list of subscribers, deeply regretted the failure.

As a lover of all that pertains to the history of our country and of the grand old Volunteer State, her loyalty to the Ladies' Hermitage Association, to the Tennessee Woman's Historical Association, and to the D. A. R. speaks more loudly than any words that can possibly be inscribed. She was Vice Regent of the Ladies' Hermitage Association for four consecutive years, serving as Regent frequently. She was quite active in this worthy cause, manifesting very deep interest in the continued improvements at the Hermitage, President Andrew Jackson's home. She was a faithful member of the Board of Directors of this Association for several years. She never missed a meeting when physically able to be present.

The work of the Tennessee Woman's Historical Association was very dear to her heart, and her interest in the old City Cemetery Memorial Gate was an incentive to action on the part of the other members of the Memorial Gate Committee. She was President of this Association for a year, and her great desire was that the work be extended throughout the State of Tennessee.

As the sun was nearing the western horizon August 23, 1910, she passed to the life beyond. Sweet memories of her untiring energy in many good works will encourage us to nobler effort and achievement along all lines, especially the obligations of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It was resolved by her Chapter "that her absolute faith and trust in her Heavenly Father will ever be an inspiration to us, and that the sympathy of the entire U. D. C., especially Nashville Chapter No. 1, be extended to her immediate family, whose sorrow is also ours. We mourn not as those without hope, but with the perfect assurance that we will meet her over there."

[The Editor of the VETERAN would pay special tribute to Mrs. M. S. Cockrill. She was beautiful but utterly void of vanity, unselfish yet diligent in all the practical duties of life, amiable yet firm as adamant, and a zealous Christian.]

CAPT. J. H. JAMISON.

Capt. J. H. Jamison died in Nashville July 10, 1910, at the age of sixty-four years. He was born near Murfreesboro September 12, 1846. He was married in the early seventies to Mrs. Pattie Moore Ivy, who lived but a few years. Later he married her sister, Miss Bettie Moore, who survives him.

Captain Jamison was a graduate of the Washington and Lee University, and went to Mississippi when a very young man. He was a member of the Mississippi Constitutional Congress of 1890; had served also as a member of the Tennessee Legislature. When quite a youth he entered the Confederate army as a scout for Gen. Leonidas Polk. Five children survive him.

"DOW" DELK.

W. C. Delk died at his home, in Bedford County, Tenn., September 9, 1910, in his seventy-third year. He was messmate of the Editor of the VETERAN during much of the war—a plain countryman, a sincere, faithful friend. He was conscientious in all of his acts. With the writer he was on detail from the 41st Tennessee Regiment and on picket duty on Rocky Face, near Dalton, in the beginning of the Georgia campaign. Seeing a Federal near the foot of the precipice, Delk asked if he must shoot the man. Concurrent sentiment was expressed against the shot, as we seemed to have so much the advantage. Just then a bullet struck the rock at our faces. Delk fired, and the man was carried away.

After the war an outlaw named Powell went to Delk's father-in-law and demanded money. Dr. J. S. Nowlin, in the neighborhood, had been intrusted with the money in question, and Delk was required to go after it, an hour or so being granted, at which time "money or life" was to be forfeited. The horror of that period should be indicated to show how subservient returned soldiers felt obliged to be. Dr. Nowlin was resentful in his spirit, and he gave Delk a gun instead of the money and told him to kill the villain. Meeting Delk on his return, Powell asked him he had the money, and he replied: "Yes, I have it." Then, raising the gun, he killed one of the worst men of that time.

JOHN R. FREEMAN.

It is a sad coincidence that two intimate friends of the war and subsequent years should appear in the Last Roll at the same time. John Freeman and the Editor of the VETERAN were reared in the same neighborhood, and cherished the memory of schoolboy days. Freeman, being several years the senior, was like an older brother, and was ever loyal as a brother in the flesh. He (as well as Delk, mentioned above) belonged to Company B, 41st Tennessee Regiment. In the battle of Fort Donelson the soldiers were not inured with the propriety of protection in battle as they were later in the war. The Confederates were protected by breastworks, and sharp shooters were diligent to "pick off" every fellow they could.



JOHN R. FREEMAN.

Freeman became reckless one day, mounted the works, and defied the enemy. The writer was so indignant he told Freeman that it did not make any difference if they killed him, but we didn't want the trouble of burying him.

Later in prison at Camp Morton Freeman was so emaciated and so very ill for months that it seemed useless to hope for his recovery, but the doctors saved his life beyond question by aggravating him. He was ever a feeble man after the war, but he worked hard as a carpenter and maintained his remarkable energy to the end.

John Freeman was born May 21, 1836, near Richmond, Bedford County, Tenn. Some years after the war he was married to Miss Roe Smith, of Richmond. She died soon after they were married, and about twelve years later he was married to Miss Emma Louise Edwards, of Eutaw, Ala., and to this union there were born four children, one of whom died in infancy. The surviving children are: W. L. Freeman, of Houston, Tex.; Mrs. R. T. Quilliam, of Cordele, Ga.; and Miss Alice Freeman, of Lewisburg, Tenn. He suffered a stroke of paralysis in April, 1910, when away from home in the interest of his candidacy for Register of Marshall County. He was taken home, and died within two days without rallying from the stroke. He was buried at Shelbyville.

In connection with the foregoing mention is made of John Thompson and James P. Thompson, who were also messmates of the writer, both of whom died near Lewisburg, Tenn., in the last year or so. Neither had anything ahead at the close of the war, but they went to work diligently and made good citizens. They were ever proud of their service as Confederate soldiers, and left families who have pride in their records.

GEORGE T. BRADLEY.

George T. Bradley died at his home, near Stewart's Mill, Freestone County, Tex., on June 4, 1910. He was born in Wilcox County, Ala., in 1833, moved to Texas in 1853, and settled where he lived out his life. As a Confederate soldier he first belonged to Moody's company of the 7th Texas. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Rock Island. When exchanged he went home and joined Mattox's company of the 13th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, in which he served to the end. He was Commander of Camp Moody, at Fairfield, Tex., for many years, and the memorial resolutions passed by comrades of the Camp testify to "his gallantry as a soldier, his continued loyalty to the principles for which he fought and suffered, and his deep love and affection for his family, his kindred, his friends, and his countrymen."

[The Editor questions the correctness of the statement that he was captured in the 7th Texas at Fort Donelson, not recalling that that regiment was at Donelson.]

TAR HEELS HAPPY IN VIRGINIA.

North Carolinians Hold Their Reunion in Norfolk.

This has been the most delightful and the most successful reunion the veterans of North Carolina have ever had. That is the consensus of opinion of all, and we stand ready to come back to Norfolk whenever you good people will let us. I give my love and thanks to the people of the dear old city for the splendid manner in which they have taken care of me and my men and the many courtesies they have shown us. We loved Norfolk before, but well—they have just taken my card from me, and now I feel like I am one of them; that's all. The parade was as good as any we have ever had, even at the general Reunions. It started off so promptly and was carried out with such precision that it has caused much favorable comment from the members of my staff and many of the old soldiers.—*Gen. Julian S. Carr, Grand Commander of the Grand Camp of North Carolina.*

Members of General Carr's staff express delight in the success of the reunion in every way. The parade started promptly at ten o'clock September 7 under the direction of Col. L. W. T. Walker, U. S. M. C., as chief marshal. In honor of the North Carolina Confederate Veterans there were in the parade troops from Fort Monroe, a battalion of marines and sailors from the navy yard, several companies of the 4th Virginia Regiment, and two companies of Coast Artillery, followed by the veterans, and they presented such a military spectacle as has not been witnessed in Norfolk since the Jamestown Exposition.

The artillery band from Fort Monroe, the marine band from the barracks, the naval post band, and the 4th Virginia band headed the various organizations, and there was continuous music from the start of the parade to the disbandment on Brooke Avenue.

In front of the Confederate veterans was the Raleigh Drum and Fife Corps. Three veterans who had been through the thick of battle and had held together since the surrender at Appomattox constituted this organization. They received cheer upon cheer as they passed along the line. One fife and snare and bass drum furnished the music, and it had an inspiring effect on the wearers of the gray.

Fifteen hundred veterans, it is estimated, took part in the parade; and while they were several blocks behind the government and State troops, they appeared to be in good shape. When the veterans reached the monument at Main Street and Commercial Place, General Carr gave the order to disband.

"Three cheers for the men that fought; three cheers for North Carolina," was the greeting the visitors got all along the line, and it inspired them.

In the line of Carolina veterans H. G. Bullock, of Fayetteville, was the center of attraction. More than sixty-five years old, Mr. Bullock had much of the old life left in him. Frequently he danced the reel while the parade was in progress; and whenever there was the slightest lull in the enthusiasm of his comrades or those who were watching the parade, he was there to start something, and his every shout of "Hooray for Dixie" was answered by shouts of "Hooray for Dixie and North Carolina" by the spectators.

General Carr rode at the head of the veterans in the parade, and attracted much attention. He was repeatedly cheered, and continuously bowed his acknowledgment. Carriages occupied by Miss Myers, the sponsor, Miss Barham, her maid of honor, and General Carr's staff were in advance of the veterans.

Among the interesting features of the business session was the decision to ask the North Carolina Legislature to allow every Confederate veteran in the State, except pensioners, $5 a year. The special purpose of this allowance is said to be to defray the expenses of the veterans to their annual Reunions. Another interesting matter was the proposition to have Mrs. Griff Edwards's song book, "Echoes from Dixie," used in the public schools of North Carolina.

The following officers were reëlected at the business meeting: Maj. Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, Commander of Division; Col. H. A. London, of Pittsboro, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Brig. Gen. P. C. Carlton, of Statesville, Commander of the First Brigade; Gen. W. L. London, of Pittsboro, Commander of the Second Brigade; Gen. James I. Metts, of Wilmington, Commander of the Third Brigade; Gen. James M. Ray, of Asheville, Commander of the Fourth Brigade. Wilmington was chosen as the next meeting place.

The address of former Lieut. Gov. Thomas W. Mason, the orator of the day, aroused the enthusiasm of the visitors.

Where it is practicable to do so the sentiment is fine to hold reunions in neighboring States. Some years ago the "Orphan Brigade" of Kentucky held its annual reunion in Nashville. They are wanted again.

"THE POWER AND THE GLORY."

The marvelous adaptability of the American girl is rather extravagantly set forth in Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke's latest book, "The Power and the Glory." The beautiful heroine, under the promptings of a worthy ambition to be something more than one of the "borrowing Passmores," leaves her obscure mountain home to become a worker in one of the cotton mills of the nearest town, where she quickly finds favor and advancement through her special abilities. Though having had the advantages of mountain schools only, she quickly develops a taste for the English poets and other good literature as brought to her attention by the likeable young owner of the mill, who takes a special interest in her development. There is the usual objectionable lover, who plots with the villainous step-father to defraud the heroine of her patent on an attachment for the loom, and also to steal a mine discovered by her uncle. These villains, with others, waylay the hero mill owner and hide him, shackled in irons, in a cave. From this peril he is rescued by the young heroine, who drives an automobile down the mountain side at breakneck speed, making the most thrilling turns and runs, though she seems to have had but one lesson in its management. The abduction of the mill owner brings to mind the disappearance of the son of a wealthy mine owner in East Tennessee some years ago, with the happier ending in the rescue of the fictitious hero. "All's well that ends well," and the heroine and her mother make the transition from a mountain hovel to a palace of luxury as if their environment had never been otherwise.

Notwithstanding the rather flimsy plot, the book ranks well with current fiction. It is beautifully written and the descriptive touches are excellent. One can see the soft haze upon the mountain side and feel the rush of the wind as it bends the ash and laurel. Some characters are well sketched, that of Mandy, the mother of the heroine, depicting most truly the irresponsible woman who always gets the best of everything, and the little children are drawn as by the hand of one who loves them. Mrs. Cooke is of a gifted family.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, $1.20; postage, 12 cents extra.

325,000 Escape Curse of Deafness

Little Invisible Sound Transmitter Does Wonders for the Deaf

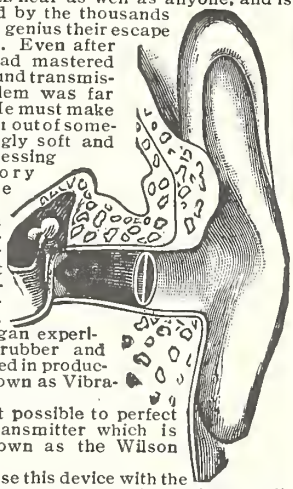
Nearly half a million victims of Deafness have escaped from the Prison of Silence.

How did they do it?

By the use of a marvelous little Sound Transmitter, made of Vibratory Rubber.

Nobody but a deaf man would have had the infinite patience and dogged determination to study and experiment for years—to perfect the tiny Transmitter. That deaf man was Geo. H. Wilson.

Today, he can hear as well as anyone, and is almost idolized by the thousands who owe to his genius their escape from deafness. Even after Mr. Wilson had mastered the laws of sound transmission, the problem was far from solved. He must make the Transmitter out of something exceedingly soft and light, yet possessing great vibratory power. The use of metal was impossible in so delicate a device. Ordinary rubber did not possess the necessary vibratory qualities. Mr. Wilson began experiments with rubber and finally succeeded in producing what is known as Vibratory Rubber.



This made it possible to perfect the Sound Transmitter which is commonly known as the Wilson Ear Drum.

Do not confuse this device with the speaking tubes or ear trumpets, or the complicated and expensive portable telephones which make the wearer look conspicuous and feel ridiculous. The Wilson Sound Transmitter or ear drum is so small that it rests completely **out of sight** in the ear holes.

So soft and comfortable that the wearer forgets all about it. So magical in its results that it makes the deaf hear distinctly, **and instantly.** So many deaf people have written to Mr. Wilson for information in regard to the Sound Transmitter that he has written a little book about it. And just to make the story complete, he has put in several hundred letters from people of every station in life who are using his Sound Transmitters.

Copies of this fascinatingly interesting book are now being mailed. If you wish one, simply write a post card immediately to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 60 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky (9)

CONFEDERATE MAT

A MAT FOR FRAMING THE CONFEDERATE NOTE

Has the Confederate flags crossed at the top and the famous "Lines on the Confederate Note" grouped about a space for the note. Makes an interesting and attractive addition to any collection of Confederate pictures. Can be had for 15c. apiece, or $12.50 per hundred, by applying to

MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN SIMMONS
Martinsville, Va.

Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **May 30, 1911**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected.

Respectfully,
W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Frank Snavely, of Stamping Ground, Ky., wants the VETERAN for February and April, 1893. Please write to him, stating price.

C. C. McCorkle, of Van Alstyne, Tex., who served in Company E, 1st Missouri Cavalry, would like to hear from any of his old company. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., on May 12, 1865.

James Rutledge, of Winchester, Ky., would like to hear from one Lieut. W. W. Wilkerson, who was with his command for a while in the winter of 1863, though he does not recall the command to which the Lieutenant belonged. He thinks he was a Tennesseean.

W. H. Dyer enlisted for the Confederacy from Tippah County, Miss., and served in the Western Army. He was wounded at Jonesboro, Ga. His widow wishes to prove his record in order to secure a pension, and any one who knew this soldier will please communicate with L. A. Powers, at Athens, Tex.

S. N. Meyer, of Washington, D. C., whose advertisement will be found regularly in the VETERAN, has recently gotten out a new price list of Confederate buttons, pins, and charms, showing some very attractive designs at reasonable prices. He also has Confederate flags in silk, bunting, and muslin, and will be glad to send prices upon request.

Rev. W. C. Robertson, 451 Oak Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., wishes to procure the war record of Benjamin F. Boldridge, who was captain of a Missouri Confederate battery, and surrendered at Shreveport, La. He died at Waco, Tex., in 1880. Any one who can recall Captain Boldridge will confer a favor by communicating with Rev. W. C. Robertson, as above.

Dr. J. D. Callaway, of Goldthwaite, Tex., Box 125, would like to hear from some of his old comrades. He served in Company B, 15th Alabama Regiment, having enlisted at Midway, Barbour County, now Bulloch County, Ala., and was in all the battles of his regiment up to Gettysburg, where he was wounded and captured and sent to Fort Delaware, where he says he suffered more from starvation than anything else in his life.

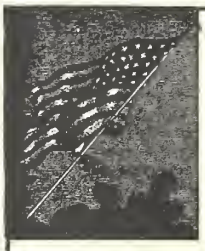


Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

Uniforms

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

The M. C. Lilley & Co.
Columbus, Ohio



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

CAUSES OF THE CIVIL WAR

The Facts in a Nutshell

By EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS

widow of a Confederate officer, should be in every library. Address, with 25 cents, the author, Lexington, Ky.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ **General Marcus J. Wright** indorses it as follows: "I regard it as **one of the finest paintings I ever saw.** The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is **most remarkable.** The Lithograph copy is a **most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies."** ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27x16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ **Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture.** Those desiring to procure this great Lithograph must order now, as the supply is nearly exhausted and no more will be printed. Address

MATTHEWS & COMPANY, 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

Shop in the Capital City

Careful attention given to order for any kind of merchandise. I meet visitors, act as guide and chaperon, and secure rooms. MISS H. COCKERILLE, 3343 Eighteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Southern Authors

Southern authors who have book manuscript should consult COL. WM. H. STEWART, Box 14, Portsmouth, Va., who represents responsible publishers.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

25 Cents a Bottle

"DO THEY LOVE YOU STILL IN DIXIE?"

The first edition of "Do They Love You Still in Dixie?" is meeting with great success. It depends upon the Daughters of the Confederacy all over our land whether there shall be a second edition. The proceeds go to the two Confederate monuments—Shiloh and Arlington—and other Confederate causes. The price of the song is forty cents. Any one desiring a copy can receive one, postpaid, by addressing the author,

MRS. H. C. OLTROGGE
839 Banana St., Jacksonville, Fla.

New Price List of Confederate Pins, Buttons, and Charms

Send postal for copy.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Hollywood's Malaria Specific

If taken according to directions, we guarantee a positive cure for malaria and chills and fever. Send us a postal card and we will mail you a free sample.

HOLLYWOOD & CO., Red Bank, N. J.

GUNSTON HALL
1906 Florida Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.

Wanted—Agents to sell Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Glassware, Chinaware, etc. Free illustrated catalogue. Factory prices. Liberal commission. Agents make money selling these goods.

Address T. E. HANBURY & CO., Steiner Emery Building, Atlanta, Ga.

John W. Edwards, of Hillrose, Colo., would like to hear from Dr. G. G. Kemper, who was with him in Camp Morton, Ind., and who went to Texas some years ago to practice his profession.

H. C. Harris, of Eliasville, Tex., wishes to hear from some of his old comrades of Company H, 29th Alabama Battalion, Armistead's Brigade. He was under Capt. John D. Morris, who lived at Hawe Ridge, Coffee County, Ala.

I want the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for 1893. Write me what you want for it. I have a number of extra copies of the VETERAN which I will be glad to furnish to those wanting them. Have you a copy of Prentiss's Poems you will sell? Write me what you want for it.—N. Laura Greer, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 38, Anna, Tex.

R. E. Noel, of Hinton, W. Va., makes inquiry for a book called "The Unwritten South," by Clarence Stonebraker. Any one knowing of it will kindly address him as to the publishers and price.

Rev. W. A. Kirkpatrick, of Whitewright, Tex., wishes to ascertain the burial place of Sergeant F. E. Kirkpatrick, of the 45th Tennessee Regiment, who was killed at Chickamauga. It is sopposed that he was buried at Marietta or Resaca, Ga.

J. A. Crawford, of Crandall, Tex., wants to know if Capt. Jack Horn, Charley Day (who lived at Dardanelle, Ark., before the war), or ——— Collier (who belonged to Shelby's command) are still living. He was with them in Little Rock prison, and says they were grand fellows.

Mrs. L. C. Nance, of Clover Hill, Miss., wishes the war record of William Henry Nance, who lived near Cornersville, Tenn.

Mrs. A. A. Jordan, 7 West Piedmont Street, Keyser, W. Va., is hunting the war record of her uncle, A. S. Wolff, who probably enlisted in Missouri, as he was in General Price's army.

Mrs. Jennie Maddox, of Trion, Ga., asks that any one who knew her husband, H. S. Maddox, who enlisted for the Confederate service in a New Orleans regiment and company, will give her all information possible in regard to his service. She needs this in order to obtain a pension.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Red, White, and Red Flour

"OUR COLORS"

USED AT THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI

Manufactured in an Ex-Confederate's mill of the best Missouri soft wheat, and each sack guaranteed.

Show this to your grocer, ask him to wire or write us for quotations on a mixed car of Flour, Meal, and Feed. The grocer saves selling cost, and a large sack of RED, WHITE, and RED Flour will be yours free in the first car ordered.

The Higginsville Milling Co.

Daily Capacity 1,000 Bbls. **Higginsville, Mo.**

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY

A Library of Confederate States History in Twelve Volumes

Written by able and distinguished Southern men, with Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, Editor-in-Chief.

This extensive Confederate publieation has the commendation of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The military history of each Confederate State is given separately. Such writers as Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia, Capt. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, toueh on the Constitutional questions and the Civil and Political events which brought on the Confederate movement, while the military history of the States is given by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland; Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, of Virginia; Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr., of North Carolina; Gen. Ellison Capers, South Carolina; Gen. Joe Wheeler, Alabama; Col. Chas. E. Hooker, Mississippi; ex-Governor Porter, Tennessee; Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, Kentueky; Col. Moore, Missouri; Gen. J. M. Harrell, Arkansas; Prof. Dimitry, Louisiana; Governor Roberts, Texas; Gen. Robert White, West Virginia.

The VETERAN has by cash payment secured control of the entire edition of this valuable work, and while the supply lasts will furnish the entire edition

AT HALF PRICE

This is a fine opportunity to seeure a most eomplete history of the Confederate Government at moderate eost. Cloth, $24.00; half leather, $30.00.

This most eomplete Confederate history should be in every private library South and every publie library in the country. Order at once, and if not eonvenient to pay cash, the amount may be sent in partial payments. Address

CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

MEMOIRS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beautiful and Just Tribute by His Wife

No one was so well prepared to write of the exalted character of this grand man as his wife, who in the close comradeship of over a quarter of a century had seen that character develop through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, in shadow and sunlight.

Mrs. Davis had kept her finger upon the pulse of the exciting times of war, and thoroughly understood the bearing of events upon the life of Mr. Davis; and her book portrays these scenes in a masterly manner, leaving out no side lights that are needed for a thorough comprehension of things as they were.

The VETERAN has the sole agency for these books, only a limited number of which can be had, as they are out of print. While the edition lasts they will be sold at a bargain. They are in two volumes, octavo, richly illustrated.

PRICES, WITH BINDINGS, PER SET

Best English Cloth	$ 5 00
English Grained Cloth	6 50
Half Morocco, Marbled Edges	7 50
Half Russia, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges	8 00
Half Calf, Marbled Edges	10 00
Full Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt	12 00

The VETERAN will supply them at 20 per cent off, paying the postage or express.

THE

LIBRARY

—OF—

Southern Literature

Compiled at the University of Virginia

PRESIDENT EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN, Editor-in-Chief

This inspiring work, comprising 7,500 pages, handsomely illustrated and bound into sixteen volumes, preserves and classifies the brilliant writings of our talented and patriotic ancestors.

Southerners have not realized the richness of thought of our men of letters, but now for the first time can be known what comprises the literature of our native land and where to find it.

This magnificent project of reclaiming and preserving these literary treasures has been conducted at great expense by means of a bureau of research participated in by every Southern institution of learning, and represents several years of earnest labor.

——For Particulars, Address——

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

—OR—

The Martin & Hoyt Company

PUBLISHERS

GRANT BUILDING **ATLANTA, GEORGIA**

100 CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS HAVE BEEN SOLD BY US, AND EVERY CHAPTER OUR FRIEND

Our Plans Have Enabled Them to Succeed. We Will Do as Much for Your Chapter. :: :: WRITE US

The McNeel Marble Company

LARGEST DEALERS IN THE SOUTH
MARBLE AND GRANITE

Marietta, Georgia

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVIII. NOVEMBER, 1910. No. 11.

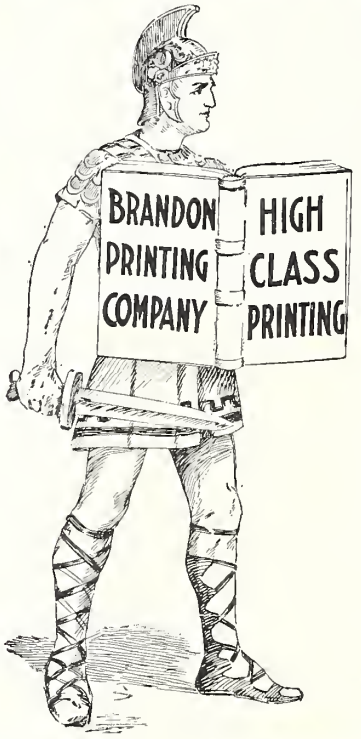
LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

	PAGE
Arlington Monument—Confederate Christmas Seals	500
A Remarkable Family—Seventh Texas at Fort Donelson	501
Missourians East of the Mississippi	502
When Mr. Davis Was Wanted for Governor	503
Editorial and Miscellany	504
Leaders Influencing the G. A. R.	505
Appeal to Boys of the South	506
Battle Flag Thirty-Fourth N. C. Regiment	507
War Experiences of Col. DeLagnel	508
Tribute to Col. August Fosberg	508
Sixth Mississippi Regiment at Shiloh	509
Missouri State Reunion	510
Frightful Experiences at Fredericksburg	513
About General Lee and Amnesty	513
Treatment of Fort Delaware Prisoners	516
Northern Man on the South—General History	516
Reminiscences of the War—Incidents	517
Third South Carolina Regiment	520
Gen. Joseph E. Johnston	521
Battle of Gettysburg	524
Berry Industrial School, Rome, Ga.	526
First Field Officer of Mississippi to Fall	526
Woman Custodian for Battle Abbey	527
Union Soldier on the Lee Statue	529
Women of the Confederacy—Poem	530
Last Roll	532

THE AVERAGE MAN

Wants a steady income, good health, friends, and a happy home.
He is more certain to have all of these if he is prudent in the way he handles his money. If he saves, he will finally receive enough income from his bank account to be of material assistance to him in meeting his usual obligations.
Saving will relieve him of worry, raise him in the estimation of friends, and eventually enable him to own his own home and provide literally for his family.
$1 opens an account in this bank which pays 3% interest per annum.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, Nashville, Tenn.
"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS 6 TO 8



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery**, the **Catalogue**, the **Lithographing**, the **Blank Books**, or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Lost—At the Mobile Reunion, probably in the big tent on Bay Shore, a pocket memorandum book, black, with gilt letters, of a live stock commission house at New Orleans, in which was a picture of Beauvoir, Miss., and a printed article headed "Jefferson Davis," also an article on the "Story of Two Telegraph Operators," relating to movement of gunboats on the Mississippi River in December, 1862. Please return to Col. Lee S. Daniel, 2211 Avenue O, Galveston, Tex., and receive reward.

M. B. Holifield, of Mayfield, Ky., wants a complete file of the Southern Bivouac. Some of our subscribers may have the volumes.

B. C. Terrell, of Marshall, Mo., writes that he has the picture of A. J. Sanders, who died at Camp Douglas, Chicago, with smallpox in the winter of 1864-65. He was orderly sergeant of Company D, 15th Tennessee Infantry. It may be that some surviving relative would like to have this picture.

Mrs. E. L. Freer, of Clifton, Tenn., seeks information of the service of her husband, James Freer, in the Confederate army. He was under Hood, and surrendered at Raleigh, N. C. Any surviving comrades who can testify as to his service and as to the company and regiment with which he served will confer a favor by writing to her.

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for
CONFEDERATE VETERANS
Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking
THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

C U V 1861 1865
I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button
which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.
J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster General, United Confederate Veterans

Afflicted with SORE EYES Use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1910. No. 11. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

RATES FOR U. D. C. CONVENTION, LITTLE ROCK.

The General Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will hold its official meetings in the Marion Hotel auditorium, with headquarters at the Marion Hotel, Little Rock, Ark., November 8-12, 1910. Arrangements have been made with the various railway companies of the United States for reduced rates to Little Rock, Ark., and return for our National Convention which convenes in that city in November.

From Southwestern Excursion Bureau Territory: This territory is covered by Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, and a portion of Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa. All lines make a rate of a fare and a third.

From Southeastern Excursion Bureau Territory: This territory covers Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, a part of Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, and the city of Washington, D. C. All lines make about a fare and one-third.

Lines covered by the following associations: Transcontinental Passenger Association, Western Passenger Association, Trunk Line Association, New England Passenger Association, Michigan Passenger Association, all having yearly tourist rates to Hot Springs, Ark., which are very low, allowing a ten-day stop-over at Little Rock, Hot Springs being one of the noted health resorts of the world.

The entertainment committee is planning for an excursion to Hot Springs during the convention, which will be one of the feature events of the convention, and parties living in the latter territory outlined can purchase excursion tickets to Hot Springs, with advantage of stop-over privilege at Little Rock.

Special tariffs will be in the hands of your local ticket agents, who will give you the exact round-trip fare to Little Rock.

[The transportation committee is composed of twenty-eight members. Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis is chairman.]

OFFICERS OF OKLAHOMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

President, Mrs. W. T. Clement, Oklahoma City; First Vice President, Mrs. W. A. Deason, Shawnee; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Johnson, Wagoner; Treasurer, Mrs. T. D. Davis, McAlester; Registrar, Mrs. Lewis Paullin, Durant; Historian, Mrs. K. J. Bass, Lawton; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Charles Reed, Muskogee; Honorary President, Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, Kiowa.

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

Could we but know what influence we wield
Over our fellow-men each day we live,
How frowns may hurt or how a smile may give
Courage to some faint heart in life's great field
Of battle, ah! methinks that we would be
More careful of our actions as we go
Through this strange world of ours, could we but see,
Could we but know.

Could we but stand in some one else's place,
Seeing our own selves from his point of view,
Our faults, of which we thought we had but few,
Would seem as countless as the stars in space;
And all the great, good traits we thought we had
And all that we had done to lessen woe
Might all be overbalanced by the bad,
Could we but know.

Could we but know how just the little things
Which we call commonplaces mold the lives
Of all of us! The struggling man who strives
To reach a goal and fails and feels the stings
Of unjust critics pierce his very soul
Knows what kind words are worth, and long ago
A kind word might have helped him reach the goal,
Could we but know.

Could we but know! Ah me! could we but know
The hearts that we have made to ache with pain
By little thoughtless deeds, we would refrain
From doing them again, and we would go
With tear-wet eyes and beg them to forgive.
Ah, yes, our hearts would ever warmer grow
Toward all mankind as long as we should live,
Could we but know.

—*James William Callahan, in the Indianapolis News.*

There is promise of fine attendance of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Little Rock November 8-12.

The address of the Philadelphia Chapter President, Mrs. Viva F. (William K.) Beard, is 5037 Pulaski Avenue, Germantown, Pa.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1910.

Balance on hand from last report, $18,205.02.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, $19.50. Contributed by J. F. Fagan Chapter, No. 1209, U. D. C., Benton, Ark., $5; D. C. Govan Chapter, No. 781, U. D. C., Marianna, Ark., $14.50.

Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, Director for Colorado, $2.50. Contributed by J. A. R. Hayes, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $10. Contributed by Tampa Chapter, No. 113, U. D. C., Tampa, Fla., $5; Daniel Tedder Chapter, No. 1231, U. D. C., Live Oak, Fla., $5.

Mrs. J. D. Roberdean, Chairman State Committee, Texas Division, U. D. C., $1. Contributed by William P. Rogers Chapter, No. 44, U. D. C., Victoria, Tex.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, $5. Contributed by John S. Gordon Chapter, No. 964, U. D. C., Paragould, Ark.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, $25. Contributed by Margaret A. E. McClure Chapter, No. 719, U. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $12. Contributed by Ann White Chapter, No. 123, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., $10; W. J. Gooding Chapter, No. 1226, U. D. C., Brunson, S. C., $2.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, $7.50. Through Mrs. J. D. Roberdean, Chairman State Committee of the Texas Division, U. D. C., Camp Buchel Chapter, No. 1121, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Tex.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $119.50. Contributed by Turner Ashby Chapter, No. 162, U. D. C., Harrisonburg, Va., $10; Greensville Chapter, No. 1247, U. D. C., Emporia, Va., $2.50; Flora Stuart Chapter, No. 179, U. D. C., Pulaski, Va., $5; commission on sale of books, $100; sale of "Arlington badges," $2.

Mrs. M. B. Sayre, Director for Washington, $13. Collections from sources not specified.

Total receipts and all on hand October 1, 1910, $18,420.02.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS SEALS.

The Daughters of the Confederacy have on sale very beautiful and artistic holiday seals to be known as the "Confederate Christmas Seals." These seals were designed and copyrighted by a gifted member of the Florence (Ala.) Chapter, U. D. C., and are being sold for the Arlington Monument Fund.

When the Florence Chapter presented the work to the Alabama Daughters in convention at Montgomery in May, it received the unanimous and enthusiastic support of the Division. A number of other Divisions and individual Chapters have cooperated in the work, making sixteen States represented. It has also received the indorsement of the President General,



MRS. C. A. FORNEY SMITH,
First President Arkansas Division, U. D. C., and wife of General James F. Smith, Commander Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, and the hearty support of the Arlington Monument Committee, of which the Hon. Hilary A. Herbert is Chairman.

A letter recently received from a member of this committee refers to the Confederate section in Arlington as follows: "The Mecca of all tourists is Arlington. There are two hundred and sixty Confederate graves laid out in a circle, with a large bare place in the center for a monument. The guide explains that the United States government placed these bodies here at its own expense and left a place for a monument, but the Confederates have never erected one. Without moving one can see a handsome shaft erected to those who fell in the Spanish War and hundreds of handsome monuments to Northerners."

None to our Confederate dead! What must strangers think of us Southerners? We must build a monument in our plot worthy to express our loyalty to our dead.

Last year the Red Cross Association raised one hundred thousand dollars by the sale of their seals, and they have given valuable aid as well as "God speed" to the members of the Daughters' committee who got out the Confederate Christmas Seals. Several millions of these seals have been ordered, and every one should be sold. Any Chapter, Camp, or individual who wishes to buy them is requested to communicate with the Florence Chapter, U. D. C., Florence, Ala., and they will be supplied. The price for an envelope containing one hundred seals is fifty cents.



NEW RESIDENCE OF MRS. C. A. FORNEY SMITH, LITTLE ROCK.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

At the recent Missouri State Reunion there were together the six children of Jesse Lankford and wife, both of whom were Virginians, though they never knew of each other until they accidentally met in Missouri. Jesse Lankford was born in 1796, and in his boyhood moved to Tennessee. He was a volunteer under Gen. Andrew Jackson, and served in the battle of New Orleans. He moved to Missouri in 1817, and was married in 1828. The sons and daughters of this marriage are: Mrs. Pemberton, born in 1829; Mrs. E. J. Hunter, 1831; Mrs. William Durrett, 1833; Garrett Lankford, 1835; James D. Lankford, 1838; G. W. Lankford, 1840.

The sons were all Confederate soldiers. Garrett and George Lankford joined the army on June 16, 1861, at Boonville, Mo., under General Marmaduke, and were in the battle there the next day. They were, therefore, in active service at once.



THE LANKFORDS—YOUNGEST OVER SEVENTY YEARS.

They were in a series of engagements right along until after the battle of Wilson's Creek. Up to that time their service was in the State Guard. Garrett and James then joined Price's army, and served until their time expired, when they joined Gen. Joe Shelby in Missouri. Because of prolonged illness, George was out of service until 1862, when he joined Shelby's command. The three brothers remained with Shelby to the end, surrendering at Shreveport, La., June 14, 1865.

It is remarkable that there has never been a death, although the youngest, George Lankford, Commander of the Camp at Marshall, is in his seventy-first, and the oldest, Mrs. Pemberton, is in her eighty-second year. They are all devout Church members, of Cumberland Presbyterian stock. Miss Belle C. Lankford, daughter of George Lankford, has served as sponsor at Reunions, and is an active U. D. C.

LETTERS FROM GEN. JO SHELBY AND WIFE.

Comrade George W. Lankford has preserved a letter from Gen. Jo O. Shelby dated at Adrian, Mo., August 2, 1885, in which General Shelby utters worthy Confederate sentiment. The sentiment concisely stated contains the following:

"*My Dear Lankford:* Your kind favor of July 27 contains that which is well calculated to cause one's thoughts to revert to the good old days when we were battling against the world for our independence. We failed, but we (the South) have the satisfaction of knowing that no people on the earth endured or fought more from patriotic desires. We were overcome by the hirelings of the world, who were ignorant of our people, devoid of honor and patriotic duty. As we all surrendered, it behooves us to abide by the terms imposed. Nobody cares that slavery is obliterated. It was not the loss of slavery we so much objected to, but the manner of its abolishment. The war has demonstrated that constitution amounts to naught. After all, it is most the bayonets.

"I fear I will be debarred from the pleasure of being with you at Higginsville. I am not very well, and circumstances that are not of public interest will prevent my going on the day designated. As for my presence, you flatter me. A few like yourself, no doubt, would be glad to meet me, but to the greatest number it would be of no moment."

Mrs. Jo Shelby writes from Bovina, Tex., September 19, 1910, to Comrade Lankford in reply to his invitation for her to attend the Marshall Reunion: "I certainly appreciate this great compliment from Camp No. 554 of our old veterans. There is nothing in this world I would enjoy more than to greet each one of my dear husband's old men, for he loved them all and they loved him. They will have a warm spot in my heart always. I was called from Missouri a week ago to my daughter in Bovina, Tex., who is quite sick. I hope you will have an enjoyable time. Remember me to all of the dear old soldiers and express my appreciation of being remembered by them."

A CONFEDERATE GARDEN AT HIGGINSVILLE, MO.—In the VETERAN for July, first page, mention was made of a most beautiful garden at Higginsville, Mo., unique in having only the Confederate colors, red and white, in its blossoming plants. The central bed is in the form of the "Confederate Cross of Honor." This garden is near the track of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, and is a source of much pleasure to passers-by. A friend writes that to Capt. A. E. Asbury, of Higginsville, and his lovely wife is due this very attractive little garden, which is open to the public. Several years ago this plat of ground was turned over to the city for a public park, and a fountain was placed therein; but in a short while it became a place of loafing for objectionable characters, so Captain Asbury regained possession of it and established this private park, which is open to the public that can appreciate it. To this good citizen are due many other things of public benefit of which Higginsville can boast.

SEVENTH TEXAS AT FORT DONELSON.

BY GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, FORT WORTH.

The October VETERAN contains a footnote concerning the death of Comrade George T. Bradley, of Freestone County, Tex., in which the Editor questions the correctness of the statement that the 7th Texas Regiment was at Fort Donelson. You need not question it longer. It was there. George T. Bradley fired the bullet that wounded Gen. John A. Logan in that battle. The writer was a captain in the 7th Texas Regiment, and was in prison with the officers of the 41st Tennessee Regiment (your regiment), among whom were J. D. Tillman, then first lieutenant, afterwards colonel, Adjt. Jake Anthony, Capts. A. S. Boone, C. H. Bean, and A. M. Keith.

My regiment had been at Hopkinsville, Ky., for several months, and reached Fort Donelson on Monday, February 10. Our loss was quite heavy in killed and wounded, among the killed being Lieut. Col. J. M. Clough and Capt. W. B. Hill.

The Editor had Comrade Van Zandt's accurate eye in mind in the question above quoted. He preferred to admit ignorance upon the important item to seeming indifference. All Confederates know that Captain Van Zandt was promoted to major of his regiment, and that now as Lieutenant General he commands the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.

MISSOURIANS EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. M. WEIDEMEYER, CLINTON, MO.

After several battles were fought in Missouri by the State troops under General Price, nearly all of which were successful, he organized while at Springfield, Mo., in 1862 two brigades for the Confederate service. These brigades were commanded by Brig. Gen. Henry Little and Brig. Gen. Martin E. Green. After the battle of Elk Horn, on the border of Missouri and Arkansas, these brigades were ordered east of the Mississippi River, where they served until the close of the war. I think I may safely say that for conspicuous bravery and efficient service they were not excelled by any troops in our armies.

Our brigades joined General Beauregard's army at Corinth, Miss., soon after the battle of Shiloh. The engagement at Farmington took place in a few days, but it was not a general one. Beauregard retreated to Tupelo, Miss. On September 19, 1863, our army division, under General Price, attacked the Federals at Iuka, drove them from the town, and captured a large amount of arms and supplies; but by the morning of the 20th the enemy was heavily reënforced, and a bloody battle was fought in which we were temporarily successful, driving the enemy and capturing nine pieces of artillery. General Maury says in his report of this battle: "In this action Gen. Henry Little fell, an officer of extraordinary merit, distinguished on many fields, and than whom there was none whose loss could have been more deeply felt by his Missouri brigade, and it was a serious loss to the whole army."

Our next important battle was that of Corinth on October 3 and 4, 1863. On the 3d at daybreak the Missouri brigades were deployed for attack, and by ten o'clock had reached the front of the enemy's intrenchments. On the 3d we beat him back from all his strongholds outside his main fortifications and drove him in with severe slaughter. On the 4th the enemy was heavily reënforced. When we charged him in his inner works and many of our men penetrated into the city, we could not hold it. The 6th Missouri was almost annihilated. Of three hundred who went into the charge on the 3d, but thirty answered roll call the next morning. Twenty-six officers and twenty noncommissioned officers were either killed or wounded.

From May 1 to July 4, 1863, the battles around and the siege of Vicksburg were fought. Our two brigades were in all of these battles. I have in my possession the reports of the casualties of these brigades, commanded by Brig. Gens. John S. Bowen and Martin E. Green. The 1st and 4th (consolidated), 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th Missouri Infantry lost in killed, wounded, and missing 1,205; Guibor's Battery, 11; Landis's Battery, 15; Wade's Battery, 12; Lowe's Battery, 13.

The losses of the 6th Regiment from May 1 to July 4 were: Killed, 46; wounded, 189; missing, 132. [In Company F, of which Comrade Weidemeyer was a member, there was the heaviest loss: killed, 12; wounded, 32; missing, 8.—Ed. Veteran.]

My paper is growing too long, and I cannot now tell of the campaign before Atlanta nor of the battle of Allatoona, Franklin, Nashville, and many others. It is sufficient to say that only a scattered few Missourians of these two brigades ever reached their homes after the war; but their bones molder in Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Of my company of one hundred and eight men, there are now just ten living.

In Mr. Davis's book he says: "The Missourians who fought at Vicksburg and who, after that long and disastrous siege, asked when in camp of paroled prisoners not if they could get a furlough, not if they might go home when released, but how soon they might hope to get exchanged and resume their places in line of battle, show of what metal Missourian troops were made and of what they are capable when tempered by the fiery furnace of war. I can recall few scenes during the war which impressed me more deeply than the spirit of those prisoners waiting for exchange that would again permit them to take the hazard of battle for the cause of their country."

General Pemberton says in his report of the siege of Vicksburg: "I cannot close this report without brief tribute to the memory of two of the best soldiers in the Confederate service. I refer to Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen and Brig. Gen. Martin E. Green. Always faithful, zealous, and brave, they fell as became them in the discharge of their duty. General Green fell upon the line he had so long and gallantly defended. General Bowen, having passed unscathed through the bloody scenes of Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and Vicksburg, perished by disease after capitulation." (See Mr. Davis's book, page 416.)



MRS. JAMES B. GANTT, JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

Mrs. Gantt was a Miss Weidemeyer, of Clinton. She has been President of the Missouri Division, U. D. C.; while her husband, a native Georgian, is of the Supreme Court of Missouri, has served much as its chief justice, and has as Major General commanded the Missouri Division, U. C. V. It is worthy of special note that a husband and wife have had so much to do with Confederate organizations, each in the highest official relations to their State organizations, and that subsequently each has been a zealous worker for the cause as individuals.

WHEN MR. DAVIS WAS WANTED FOR GOVERNOR.

Mr. William Beer, Librarian of the Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans, La., sends the VETERAN some notes in regard to a pamphlet in that library entitled "A Sketch of the Life of Jeff Davis, the Democratic Candidate for Governor. By a Citizen of Mississippi." The pamphlet is an admirable biography dealing largely with Mr. Davis's participation in the Mexican War, on which it places his claim to the governorship. It ends with the following paragraphs:

"But it is at his own home, at Brierfield, that Colonel Davis appears to the best advantage. There he dispenses an elegant but unostentatious hospitality, and in his devotion to his family, his kindness to his neighbors, and attention to his domestic affairs he exhibits all the characteristics of the farmer and the gentleman. This is the man that the Democracy of Mississippi presents to the people of the State as their candidate for Governor.

"Tennessee has already exhibited her gratitude to the gallant Campbell by placing him in the gubernatorial chair. Will not Mississippi follow the example in behalf of the gallant Davis and permit these two distinguished men who struggled side by side for the mastery of Monterey now when elevated at the same time to the chief magistracy of their respective States, lying side by side, to struggle in a new contest as to which shall do most for the glory, happiness, and prosperity of their people?"

The pamphlet was published in 1851 by the Mississippi Power Press at Jackson, Miss., and consists of twenty pages.



MISS LUCY WHITE HAYES.

Many friends will be interested to learn of the engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Lucy White Hayes, daughter of J. Addison Hayes, of Colorado Springs, Colo., and granddaughter of Hon. Jefferson Davis, to Mr. George Bowyer Young. Mr. Young's father, Mr. Harvey Young, was an artist of considerable note in this country, and died some years ago. The son was educated abroad, but has lived in the West for a number of years. Miss Hayes has represented the entire South as sponsor at several Reunions U. C. V., and will be remembered as a most charming and attractive young lady. The best wishes of the Southland are hers for a happy and useful life.

JEFFERSON DAVIS PARKWAY.

Down in New Orleans, the old city where the great leader and beloved chieftain fell asleep, is the Jefferson Davis Parkway. This splendid thoroughfare (266 feet wide), generally conceded to be the widest avenue in the country, forms the connecting link between the two beautiful parks of old and new New Orleans City and Audubon Parks. On a particularly fine point of the neutral ground, measuring one hundred and ten feet in width by three hundred feet in length and where the Parkway crosses the main artery of the city (Canal Street), will be placed the monument to the President of the Confederacy.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association is especially fortunate in securing this ideal site from the city fathers, and have planned to make it one of the show places of the South. Roses, Mr. Davis's favorite flower, will bloom perennially there, and trees, through whose branches the soft Southern winds will chant a sweet requiem, will be part of the embellishment of this garden spot.

The naming alone of this grand avenue Jefferson Davis Parkway is a lasting monument and fitting memorial to President Davis, and New Orleans is the first to thus honor him. So our great leader and scholar and gentleman is gradually coming into his own. The times when men and women seemed to "see through a glass darkly" have passed away, and the people of our reunited country have come out into the light of peace and truth and justice.

[The foregoing is by Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Chairman Ways and Means Committee Jefferson Davis Monument Association.]

MRS. ORY SENDS THIS BUSINESS NOTICE.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association, of New Orleans, is offering for sale for the benefit of the monument fund half-tone engravings and cuts (dies) of all Confederate monuments and Jefferson Davis blotters. These half-tones will be sold at the rate of $1 for two hundred, and may be made into pretty calendars for use as holiday gifts or may be used as scrapbooks for schools and libraries.

The cuts should be valuable to the different Memorial Associations and Chapters throughout the South, while the blotters make pretty desk souvenirs.

All of these articles may be had on application to Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Chairman, 1309 Octavia Street, New Orleans, La.

PORTRAIT OF COL. JOSIAH ROBINS.—A portrait of Josiah Robins has been presented to the Department of Archives and History in Montgomery. The Advertiser states that Colonel Robins was one of the honored citizens of Wilcox County, Ala. He earned his title by long and arduous service in the 3d Alabama Cavalry Regiment, C. S. A. In 1861 at Clifton, Ala., he organized Company C of that regiment, and was chosen captain. He passed through the successive grades of major and lieutenant colonel, and was colonel of the regiment at the close of the war. After the early part of the war his regiment served in the cavalry brigade, commanded by Gen. William W. Allen, of Montgomery, and subsequently by Gen. James Hagan, of Mobile. Colonel Robins was wounded near the close of the war. He was a native of Maryland, born October 7, 1825.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.



The list of the Jefferson Davis Home and the Shiloh monument contributions and notices of Reunions in Kentucky, Tennessee, and California are unavoidably held over to December. In that issue will also be given an account of the Zollicoffer monument in Kentucky at the place he fell. Some interesting contributions in regard to the Boyd tribute to General Sherman are also unavoidably held over. Then again to correct error in October VETERAN in regard to Mrs. Ella K. Trades with the good news that she still lives.

IF YOU "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

Do comrades who are sincerely interested in the VETERAN forget to discuss it at Reunions? Do they realize that there is perhaps never an assembly of Confederates in which there are not loyal, faithful men who never heard of the publication? If its friends realize how much good it is doing in helping veterans and widows to procure pensions and in finding friends, to say nothing of its general service to the organizations and, best of all, its utility in establishing correct facts for historians, why don't they turn a new leaf and do the cause a service by discussing the VETERAN at meetings of Camps, company gatherings, and in Division Conventions? The humblest soldier will find that he can do much good if he will have it discussed. The Editor of the VETERAN has been depressed for several months through the rapid death rate of comrades, but he concludes that he has erred in being discouraged. With all the sad losses in this way the circulation has never waned, and there are many thousands who would gladly enter the list if they but knew of it. It is to be a fight to the end, however, and the good to be accomplished is incentive to go on and on, never ceasing until tattoo.

Friends, your aid is all-important; and if you consider this plea, you—yes, you—can do wonders collectively. The circulation ought even yet to bound from twenty-odd thousand to one hundred thousand. Other matters deserve attention. Many who have not paid what is due are notified that if they have ordered the VETERAN discontinued the notice has not been received. The VETERAN is not sent to anybody who has ordered it stopped. Again, do not depend upon personal friendship and knowledge at this office that it is all right to neglect to reply to statements sent weeks ago. It is impossible to take the time to investigate each name and erase those of strangers or of doubtful sincerity or reliability. If delay is desirable, write a card and state it. In the last mail a man who has had the VETERAN since 1907 returns statement with red ink notice, "Refuse to pay," and nothing more.

It is not necessary to write for a statement of account, as it is much easier to tell by the date with name. For instance, if the date is November 10 (1910), you will see that it is time to renew. If it be back of that, say, "April 10 (1910)," the best way would be to send $2.50, and the time will be extended for three years from the expiration. If there be any error in name or address, please let it be known when writing.

There is no feature of the VETERAN of equal importance to the books advertised in its pages. Faithfully throughout its history there has been a steadfast purpose to procure the best books for our patrons at the lowest prices possible. There is given in this issue an elaborate list of the very best, and in nearly every instance at about half the publisher's price. "The Confederate Military History," twelve volumes, for instance, that was published for $60 is now furnished by the VETERAN for $24. Advertising in the VETERAN for general circulation throughout the South is the best that can possibly be had, and the rate is very low. Suggest it to patrons.

A worthy spirit toward the VETERAN is manifested by Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., and one of the proprietors of the Courier-Journal and Louisville Times, in the following, dated October 25: "I have subscribed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to be sent to my home, where the daughter who lives with us can read it, and I now send a year's subscription and desire the VETERAN sent to my daughter, Mrs. F. K. Espenhain, 610 Shepard Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. You will please notify me each year several weeks before the subscription expires, so that I can renew it, as I wish both of my children to have and read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. As long as I live I will each year renew and pay for this subscription, and I sincerely hope that my children will continue to subscribe when I am gone. No better way can be found to secure to our children a knowledge of the principles for which their fathers fought than through such publications as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. You have done and are doing a great work for the Southland, and I sincerely wish you many years of health and prosperity."

"Coöperation and progression is the order of this day, and to that end we desire to have recorded the deeds of what we have done and are doing; therefore be it

"*Resolved* by the Georgia Confederate veterans in session at Columbus, That we heartily approve and indorse the good work of S. A. Cunningham in publishing and having recorded in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN so many records and events of the war furnished by our comrades throughout the South; also that we urge the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy throughout our land to take steps to perpetuate it."

The foregoing resolution, offered by Maj. Malcolm McNeill, of Forrest's Cavalry, 18th Mississippi Regiment, now a member of Wheeler's Camp, No. 1270, Atlanta, Ga., was unanimously adopted. He writes from Atlanta in regard to a meeting at Franklin, Tenn., on November 30: "By all means put the matter to a successful ending. Have the Camps in Nashville see what can be done in getting the railroads to give a liberal rate to Nashville and return. It would be a good thing for the 'old boys' to meet there again." It is understood that veterans of both armies are cordially invited to assemble there on November 30. Franklin is quite accessible several times a day by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and nearly every hour of the day by the Nashville and Franklin Interurban Railway from Nashville.

WORTHY APPOINTMENT FOR FORMER UNITED STATES SENATOR BERRY.—President Taft has appointed Hon. James Henderson Berry, formerly United States Senator of Arkansas, to succeed the late Gen. W. C. Oates, of Alabama, to superintend the marking of the graves of Confederate soldiers buried in the North. Comrade Berry lost a leg at Corinth, Miss., October 4, 1862. He has held many positions of trust, and in all of them proved himself most capable. In this work he will do all that is possible with the funds at his command.

The unveiling of the memorial to Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes at Biloxi, Miss., will be on the 17th of November.

LEADERS INFLUENCING THE GRAND ARMY.

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

The conservative members of the Grand Army of the Republic are complimentary in their allusions to Minnesota and the part she played at the recent national encampment at Atlantic City. But for that State, it is said here, the encampment would have gone wrong on numerous important questions.

Of more practical importance than the post of Commander in Chief, held by former Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, was that of Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, held by Judge Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, a Past Commander in Chief. This committee was the storm center of the encampment; and had it not been for the courage and ability displayed by Judge Torrance, it is believed here that the encampment would have made several vital mistakes.

In the resolutions committee the "dollar-a-day" pension proposition was defeated. This resolution enacted into law would add about $250,000,000 a year to the Federal expenditures.

Lee Statue Resolutions.

The same committee voted down all resolutions criticising Virginia for setting up the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall in the national Capitol. The fight in the resolutions committee was made on the Lee resolution offered by W. H. Ketcham, of Indiana, which provided that the Lee statue should be removed from the Capitol, and also that the likeness of Jefferson Davis should be removed from the battle ship Mississippi. The committee vote was eighteen to twelve against Ketcham, who thereupon prepared and submitted a minority report to the encampment, where the debate ran along for many hours. The encampment sided with the resolutions committee and Judge Torrance.

Grand Army men in this city consider this one of the greatest victories for national unity won since General Grant said, "Let us have peace," and they freely ascribe the chief praise to Judge Torrance, who as chairman of the resolutions committee steadfastly threw his great influence against those things which would keep the passions of a long-ago war alive. Men from the Southern States, Democrats of prominence, who have been in Washington since the Atlantic City encampment adjourned, are also warm in their praise of Judge Torrance, whose moderate views were already well known both in the North and in the South, but regarding whose ability to impress those views upon a majority of his comrades there was more or less of question. It is believed here that the issue can never again be raised in a national encampment.

Had Judge Torrance come by way of this city on his way home, he would have received many enthusiastic compliments from men of the North and of the South for his course at Atlantic City. It reflected high credit upon his State. One prominent Southerner publicly expressed himself in this way: "Judge Torrance has done more than any other man in the G. A. R. to bring about a good feeling between the North and the South."

To Judge Torrance and to Governor Van Sant the Veteran will speak for Confederates and the South. We all know how long the war has been over, yet we don't want to forget and can't easily forgive many villainous deeds by men called soldiers in the Union army. We have grieved for many, many years over the ultra partisan spirit of the G. A. R. as a body. Its recall is grievous now. But such Commanders in Chief as those named by the Sentinel deserve unstinted praise and gratitude. They have imbibed the spirit of the Southern people, whose patriotism has never waned, and that they are strong enough to control the bitter element in that immense organization is a blessing that will know no ending until the millennium comes to the human race.

BURNING OF GEN. MONTGOMERY BLAIR'S HOME.

BY MAJ. D. B. STEWART, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

In the August Veteran the article concerning the burning of Gen. Montgomery Blair's house at the time of General Early's advance on Washington by W. W. Lee, of Montevallo, Ala., contains so many erroneous statements that for the truth of history corrections are offered.

In the first place, there was no fighting done at that place on the approach to the city of Washington, nor was the house disturbed at all, much less set on fire three times.

Our brigade (Col. William L. Jackson) occupied the grounds immediately east of the Blair residence during the whole time of the raid and General Blair's residence, or Silver Springs, the home of Hon. Francis P. Blair, and there was no attempt to burn either till the time of the withdrawal of General Early's forces. When the evacuation took place, the brigade was halted immediately in front of the Blair residence, and held there till the other troops had passed in order to bring off the army as the rear guard.

Shortly after we were halted there General Blair's residence was seen to be on fire, having been set on fire in the rear part of the structure, and had gotten under headway to such an extent we did not think it could be subdued. In fact, we understood at that time that it had been done under General Early's orders and in retaliation for the burning of Governor Letcher's house at Lexington and Alexander R. Boteler's and the Lee residence at Martinsburg, a statement that I have never heard contradicted. The "Silver Spring" property was set on fire three times and was put out by our forces.

That the burning could have been done by being fired by the shells from the Federal artillery when there was no fighting done there either at the time of the approach of Early's forces or the evacuation, as stated in Mr. Lee's screed, could have taken place only in his fertile imagination. It could not have been set on fire in that way both at approach and the evacuation when there was not even a skirmish there at either time nor at any time during the raid. Not a shell was thrown there during the whole time Early's forces occupied the place. That it should have been ordered burned in retaliation for Sheridan's devastation in the Shenandoah Valley and Sherman's destroying property in his march to the sea, neither of which took place for months afterwards, is ridiculous.

I was there and saw the burning from shortly after the house was fired till after the fall of its walls.

BURIAL PLACES OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

John H. Hinemon, President of Henderson College, Arkadelphia, Ark., writes that the burial places of Confederate Maj. Gens. Thomas C. Hindman and Patrick R. Cleburne, devoted friends and distinguished generals from Arkansas, are in the city of Helena, where they resided prior to the war. Brigadier General Tappan is also buried at Helena, Ark.

Professor Hinemon writes also that Judge John Allen, a loyal Southerner, who resides at De Witt, Ark., has presented a complete set of bound volumes of the Confederate Veteran to the library of Henderson College, and adds: "No gift has ever been made to the college library that is more highly prized than this splendid collection of sketches of Southern history."

AN APPEAL TO THE BOYS OF THE SOUTH.

We of the South have been accustomed to hearing upon all sides praises and appreciations for the marvelous growth of the South since the war. We are exceedingly glad of this and the position our beloved South has reëstablished. We hail with pleasure the spirit of commercial activity that has sprung up and is manifesting itself in our midst. We are expectantly waiting for the prophesied time when the South shall come into her own again by leading in the affairs of this great nation. Yet upon reflection we wonder if the South is producing as great men to-day as were Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, Lee, and the host of noble spirits of the sixties. Why not? We inherit the character and have advantages. It must be admitted that the commercial spirit and method tend to degradation of character in its truest and noblest phase. We realize that we are gradually drifting from the spirit and ideals which made our fathers famous. The boys should breathe the spirit of their fathers.

About four years ago the question of an organization of boys to serve and aid the U. D. C. was agitated here in Nashville. The Nashville Chapter No. 1 appointed Mrs. Lula Kirby-Parrish to look into the matter. As a result, thanks to the persistent and valuable aid of Mrs. Parrish, the Junior Sons of Confederate Veterans was organized, the first Camp of which was appropriately named for the Editor of the VETERAN, Mr. S. A. Cunningham. This choice was a happy one, as Mr. Cunningham has always been one of our kindest and greatest friends.

The objects of this organization are strictly historical and benevolent. It strives to encourage the writing by participants therein of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, and occurrences of the War between the States; to gather authentic statistics, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate States; to collect and preserve mementoes of the war; to perpetuate the record of the service of every member of the United Confederate Veterans and as far as possible of those of their comrades who have preceded them into eternity; to see that a helping hand is extended to veterans in need, and that their widows and orphans are protected and assisted; to instill into the boys the proper veneration for the spirit of our fathers and to bring them into this organization, that they may aid in the great work.

Most of our efforts have been directed toward aiding the veterans at the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home at the Hermitage. Our Camp is composed of two branches, with separate officers, which act conjunctively. Boys from six to fourteen compose the younger, or second, division, and boys of fifteen and above the first division. With our business meetings we have a social feature, and are often addressed by some Confederate veteran. Appreciating also the military ardor of the boys, we have organized a military company from our members, the younger boys forming a fife and drum corps. This is a very popular feature, and gives the boys good training. We also have an orchestra, which is very much in demand.

Eligibility to the J. S. C. V. is appropriately based upon relationship to the veterans. "All boys who are descendants or blood kindred of those who served in the Confederate army, navy, or other Confederate service to the end of the war, or who were honorably retired or discharged, are eligible to membership in this organization."

It is our earnest desire to create interest in the Junior Sons of Veterans throughout the South, and thereby inspire the establishment of many Camps.

Any desired information can be secured from our Adjutant, Robert T. Quarles, Jr., Archivist's Office, State Capitol, Nashville, Tenn., or from myself. Address Henry C. Bate, Jr., 526 Stewart Avenue, Ithaca, N. Y. We sincerely hope that Junior Camps will be organized all over our beloved Southland.

[The author, Henry C. Bate, Jr., is Commander of the S. A. Cunningham Camp, Junior Sons of Confederate Veterans. His address, Ithaca, N. Y., is temporary.]

BRIGADIERS IN CONGRESS.—Comrades will recall at the suggestion how the reconstructionists early after the war complained about Confederate officers in both Houses of Congress. They were the dominant element from the South for many years. Tennessee was represented almost exclusively by them; while now Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander in Chief U. C. V., is the only representative from Tennessee. Among the United States senatorial candidates Missouri has a candidate, Joseph D. Shewalter, who entered Lee's army at sixteen and was one of a squad of eight to fire the last guns in the Army of Northern Virginia.

REMINISCENCES OF COMPANY A, 11TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.—Forty-nine years ago, on May 24, about sixty-four volunteers who had organized a company assembled on the grounds of what is now the thriving and industrious town of Burns, Tenn., on the N., C. & St. L. Railway; and after maneuvering around and mixing with their many friends and relatives there assembled, bade them all adieu and started out for Nashville, marching to White Bluff, seven miles, that evening and went into camp for the night. Next morning we continued our march until near Kingston Springs. We were put on board a train of flat cars and carried to Nashville. At the capital we were sworn into the service of the State and assigned to the camp of instruction at Camp Cheatham, Robertson County, Tenn., where the 11th Tennessee Regiment was organized, our company becoming K. Burns, Tenn., being my home, with grateful heart I wandered over the scenes of that day, and felt most thankful that it was as well with me as it was. But, sad to think of, the many comrades, friends, and relatives of that day had passed to the great beyond and how few of us were left. The company elected officers as follows: Captain, William Thedford; Lieutenants, F. F. Tidwell, M. H. Meek, Josiah Tidwell; Sergeants, James Cox, J. C. Alspaugh, Aquila March, John Davidson; Corporals, B. A. Clifton, Nute Luther, John Phillips, Minor Thomas. Below I give as I remember a list of the names of the company as privates who left Burns on that day: C. F. Austin, M. V. Adcock, Wash and Van Anglen, J. W. and T. B. Adcock, Mont and Alex Bell, Henry Blackburn, Aaron Brown, James Brassell, J. W. Clifton, John Craig, Sterling and Elijah Caps, George Clardy, Tom and Cal Davidson, Pat Gorman, Tom Gentry, Rube Goodwin, Jim and George Gray, W. M. Hamilton, Tobe Hall, W. M. and John Harris, Ed Jennings, Berry Jordan, George Kimbro, John and Robert Lankford, Martin Luther, Cave Martin, Jim Murrell, Hugh Manley, Ballard Mitchell, T. P. McCaleb, Jack Petty, Jim Rhoads, J. H. L. Reader, Ben Richardson, Dave Rim, John Sears, Will and Mont Tatum, Silas and Ben Tidwell, Wash and Card Weems, Shad Welsh, Jack Warren, Nat Yates. Through the mercy of a kind Providence a few of them are still left to walk the paths of this life, and occasionally I meet with one or more of them, and with a thankful heart enjoy that long-time friendship. J. C. ALSPAUGH.

BATTLE FLAG OF THE OLD 34TH N. C. REGIMENT.

The battle flag of the old 34th Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, captured during the Virginia campaign in the early sixties and which has since lain long in a trunk forgotten in the New Hampshire hills, is soon to be placed in the hands of the men who carried it through the war.



Though battle-scarred and rent, the flag is complete, and its lettering, embroidered by devoted mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the men in gray who fought under it, proclaims the regiment's name and the dates, May 20, 1775, when North Carolina sent her troops forth into the Revolutionary War, and May 20, 1861, when she again sent them forth for the cause of the South.

The flag has recently come into possession of Mrs. R. H. Chesley, a resident of Boston, Mass., who is the daughter of Adjutant W. G. Carithers, of Cobb-Deloney Camp, U. C. V., of Athens, Ga. The discovery of the flag came through a visit of Mrs. Chesley at the home of the widow of the late George H. Colby, quartermaster of the 2d New Hampshire Volunteer Regiment, who had carried home from the war a flag captured by his regiment, and which he had always treasured. As the most prized of her husband's war relics, Mrs. Colby had always treasured the flag, and she had brought it from the home of the Colbys at Plymouth, N. H., when she went to live in Boston a few years since. She gave the flag to Mrs. Chesley, who has been in communication with the Governor of North Carolina about it, and it will soon be presented to that State. "I am sure the flag will be greatly appreciated," writes Governor Kitchin, "no more for the memories around it than for the admirable spirit which suggests its return."

Inquiry Concerning Tennessee Regiments.—Capt. R. Y Johnson, Route 3, Guthrie, Ky., desires to correspond with some member of Quarles's Brigade, C. S. A., who can tell him of the consolidation of the remnants of the 42d, 46th, 48th, 49th, 53d, and 55th Tennessee Regiments on the march from Bentonville, N. C., to Greensboro in April, 1865. Into which of the four consolidated regiments were these put, and who were the field officers?

Extraordinary G. A. R. Parade.—It is reported that at Atlantic City there were eighteen thousand veterans in line, and that not more than a hundred dropped out, nor did they fall by the wayside. That parade was said to be the largest in the history of the organization. By the side of many of the old soldiers, however, marched little grandsons and granddaughters, who were proud of ancestral distinction.

WRITTEN WHILE HOOD WAS BEFORE NASHVILLE.

T. M. Carter, of the Nelson Rangers, Lee's Corps, wrote from camp before Nashville December 6, 1864:

"*My Dear Mother:* As the mail will leave here to-morrow, I take the opportunity, the first we have had for several weeks, of letting you know what has transpired since we left Florence. We marched during some very cold weather without anything of interest occurring until we reached Columbia, on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. Forrest, being ahead with his cavalry, drove everything before him up to that point. Here we found the enemy strongly fortified. Before arriving at Columbia, however, Carter Cook was bushwhacked, receiving a severe flesh wound in the calf of the leg. He is doing very well, though, now. Our corps immediately laid siege to Columbia, while Cheatham and Stewart were sent around to the right to cut off their retreat to Franklin. Only one division got into position in time. They lay all night within three hundred yards of the pike over which the whole Yankee army retreated. Had the two corps been in time, we would have utterly annihilated their whole force. We immediately pressed forward with all haste, and, overtaking them at Franklin, forced them to make a stand. They were again strongly fortified with two lines of intrenchments. We came up to them about 4 P.M. November 30, 1864, and here occurred one of the most desperate fights of the war. Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps, with Johnson's Division from our corps, were immediately pushed forward. They easily carried the first line, which consisted only of a single ditch and embankment. The next line was well constructed with a heavy abattis in front, and about half a mile in rear of the first a perfectly open, level plain being between them.

"The night was by that time well advanced. Our men advanced steadily upon this second line amid a perfect storm of artillery and musketry; they worked their way through the abattis and reached the works. Still the enemy did not give way, and then took place what has probably never before happened in the annals of warfare. For over two hours the two armies lay one on each side of an embankment scarcely eight feet through, and with their muskets locked poured volley after volley into each other's ranks. At last the Yankees gave way, but our troops were unable to follow them up. The proportion of the dead to the wounded was tremendous. * * *

"The fight lasted from 4 P.M. to 2 A.M. during one of the darkest nights imaginable, and was the grandest sight I ever witnessed. I rode over the field just after daylight. The plain was thickly strewn with the dead of both armies, and upon the line of works they were literally piled up on each other. After the fight we marched immediately on to this place, where we are now besieging the 'City of Rocks.' We had two of the company captured the day after we got here, Driver and Bagsley, the latter one of the new recruits from Columbus. Bob has just received your letter of the 20th ult. Love to all.

"Your affectionate son, T. M. Carter."

"Dixie" for Grand Army of the Republic.—The religious exercises held by the Grand Army of the Republic at their national encampment at Atlantic City on Sunday in September represent thousands of old soldiers, wearers of both the blue and the gray. The order was disturbed by the entrance of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles. As he swung down the aisle the veterans arose as one man, and four of his command lifted him, chair and all, onto the platform, while the band played "Dixie," and the crowd cheered. It is not reported that Senator Heyburn was present.

WAR EXPERIENCES OF COLONEL DELAGNEL.

Col. Julius A. DeLagnel, who is eighty-two years old, was recently married to Mrs. Josephine Conklin Cowles, aged sixty-four. Both were without family connections. Colonel DeLagnel is descended from a noted Huguenot family which took refuge from the persecution in France in Santo Domingo. Driven thence by Napoleon, the family took residence in Virginia and became closely identified with its advancement. Colonel DeLagnel retains his French ancestry in appearance and manner, and he is courteous and fascinating in conversation.

To a friend who visited him at his apartments in Washington soon after his marriage Colonel DeLagnel told some of his interesting and dramatic war experiences. He served during the Mexican War, and was on duty at the United States arsenal in Fayetteville, N. C., in March, 1861. Fort Sumter had fallen; but Virginia, his native State, had not seceded, and he still held his commission under the Federal authority. When the forces at the Fayetteville arsenal were forced to surrender, arrangements were made to allow them to march out. His keen sense of honor would not allow him to appropriate the funds and papers which were under his care in the arsenal, and he traveled to Washington to restore these to the department and formally resign his commission.

On his return he at once joined the Confederate army, at first as instructor of troops, then in the regular service. On July 9, 1861, he was at Beverly, W. Va., in a strong position of defense, when the Federals planned an attack from the rear, as the Confederates learned from a prisoner, at which time Captain DeLagnel was stationed at a farmhouse with one field gun and ten rounds of ammunition. The enemy came from an elevation, which gave them such advantage that every man was killed at the gun save one boy and the captain. The latter soon fell, shot just over the hip. The boy dragged him behind the gun carriage, and DeLagnel, believing he was fatally wounded, begged the boy to escape. He at first refused to do this, but at the stern command of his officer he made the attempt. As he ran he was met by a Union officer, who first shot him, then thrust a bayonet several times through his body. On witnessing this dastardly murder DeLagnel struggled to his feet and attempted pursuit of the murderer, but fainted and fell over an embankment, where he remained unconscious for hours. When he recovered consciousness, he rolled himself down the hill, and lay all night in the rain.

The next morning, being still unable to walk or even to stand, he dragged himself by grass and saplings, and this painful progress was continued for three days, during which he subsisted on the green things he could get. When he reached a farmhouse, the woman who opened the door asked to which army he belonged, as his torn clothes did not convey the information. DeLagnel was afraid the help he so desperately sought might be denied him, so he answered: "I come from Virginia." The woman took him in and cared for him until he was able to travel.

Unluckily he fell in with the Yankees in trying to escape by playing the part of a mountain yokel in search of a straying steer. His breeding and refinement were too great to be hidden, however, and he was accused of being a spy. To defend himself from this, he revealed his identity, and he was carried into the Yankee camp, where he was treated with much kindness. Here he met Gen. J. Warren Keith, and a lifelong friendship began between the two men. General Rosecrans wished to send DeLagnel to prison as soon as he was able to travel, but there was no convoy; so, putting him under bond of his word to go to Fort Hamilton, the General sent him on alone with orders to report at prison. When this was done, the guard at the door refused to allow him to enter, and the commander was called. This was Colonel Burke, who was Colonel DeLagnel's old commander in the Union army. DeLagnel remained in prison six months, when he was exchanged for General Reynolds, of the Union army; and during the rest of the war Colonel DeLagnel took an active part in the service, having charge of arsenals and artillery. When the war ended, he entered the Pacific Steamship service, and made sixty-four trips to China and Japan.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE COL. AUGUST FORSBERG.

BY REV. JAMES BATTLE AVIRETT, CUMBERLAND, MD.

[Supplemental to a sketch of Colonel Forsberg in "Last Roll" for October.]

In reading the memoranda of the valuable services and devoted patriotism of this distinguished foreigner one is strikingly reminded of what George Washington said of Baron De Kalb when standing at his grave (after the Revolution) on the battlefield of Camden, S. C.: "Here lies this generous stranger, who watered with his precious blood the tree of liberty. Would God he could have been spared to have enjoyed its rich fruits!" De Kalb was killed; Forsberg was spared for nearly half a century to enjoy the very highest consideration of the citizens of Lynchburg, Va.

Colonel Forsberg was born in the city of Stockholm, Sweden, on January 13, 1832. At his home, in Lynchburg, he fell asleep on July 15, 1910, in the seventy-ninth year of his life. He was a graduate of the School of Engineering in his



COL. AUGUST FORSBERG.

native city, and came to this country at the instance of a brother Swede, then engaged in building a United States government building in Columbia, S. C. Thence he opened an office as an engineer in Baltimore, Md., and soon found an honorable and lucrative position as a topographical draughtsman in the service of the United States.

Upon the approach of hostilities, so strong was his love for the South that he gave up his fine position and made his way to South Carolina against inducements held out to him to join the United States forces. Pending the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he reached Charleston, where he labored for some time in harbor defense work; and on reporting to General Beauregard in Richmond, Va., was commissioned by the Confederate government as a lieutenant in the engineer corps. His valuable services, though a stranger in a strange land, gave him marked distinction in the Confederacy. Surely one may well exclaim that the love of liberty, abhorrence of all forms of tyranny are not exotic in any clime when history is replete with deeds of such noble souls as De Kalb, Forsberg, Sobieski, Pulaski, LaFayette, and others fit to bear companionship in devotion to duty with our Stonewall Jackson and the world's peerless Lee.

It may be pardoned one who learned to love Colonel Forsberg for his beautiful simplicity of character, coupled with no ordinary attainments in the higher forms of usefulness both to the State and the Church, if a simple suggestion be made in this connection. We do not doubt that the Garland-Rhodes Camp in Lynchburg, Va., will gladly mark Colonel Forsberg's grave most appropriately as it doubtless will that of "The Lame Lion of Virginia," Maj. John Warwick Daniel. Such pious, plain duty to the dead will find its incentive of "honor to whom honor is due," while its reward will bear its precious fruitage in an educational influence upon Lynchburg's oncoming generations.

A CALL.

Close up the ranks, my comrades;
There's an enemy still to fight,
Though our old swords rust in their scabbards
And our temples are streaked with white.

In the days that are gone forever
Our enemy wore the blue;
But to-day the true and the traitor
Are clad in the selfsame hue.

Face to face in the sixties
We fought in the open with men;
But this foe steals in the darkness
And stabs us with speech and pen.

But close up the ranks, my comrades;
There's ever a testing truth.
Let no man share in the harvest
Who sowed not his seed in youth.

Let no man march in our columns
And share in the smiles and cheers
Who failed of a son's devotion
To his country in those bloody years.

Let no man live in the records
Truth writes as the ages die
Whose name would sully her pages,
Whose presence would be a lie.

So close up the ranks, my comrades;
The first was the fairer fight;
But we still have the wit to cope with
A foe who lurks in the night.

("A Daughter of Virginia" dedicates these lines to Capt. J. Z. McChesney, of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., Charleston, W. Va.)

SIXTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT AT SHILOH.

BY T. B. COX, COMMANDER P. R. CLEBURNE CAMP, WACO, TEX.

The claims made by some of the comrades for the largest per cent of loss sustained by their commanders, companies, and regiments in battles fought in the War between the States induces me to report for the 6th Mississippi at Shiloh. I do not recall these facts for invidious distinction or comparison, but simply in the interest of history.

Each organized command of the Confederate army naturally feels commendable pride in its ideal Confederacy in the most distinguished engagements of the war, and each prides itself for its valor and efficiency. But as Admiral Schley from the turret overlooking the smoking guns of his flagship spoke to his countrymen contending for the honors of the day, "There is honor enough for us all," so each faithful Confederate soldier may be assured of the same plaudit for his command.

The 6th Mississippi Regiment, then commanded by Col. A J. Thornton, was one of the five regiments that composed Gen. Pat Cleburne's brigade, Hardee's Division, at Shiloh on the morning of April 6, 1862. The assault was at an early hour (about sundown) made upon General Sherman's encampment and division of Ohio troops in line of battle on the rising ground by the 6th Mississippi near Shiloh Church, about one hundred and fifty yards from the branch. When the skirmish line of the 6th Mississippi reached the valley of the branch, lustily driving in the Federal pickets and skirmishers, it was ordered to halt and fall in line of battle. The regiment was almost instantly on the line of the skirmishers. At that crisis the 6th Mississippi and the 23d Tennessee on the right and, I believe, the 5th Tennessee and 15th Arkansas on the left were under the rapid volleys of Sherman's infantry and two batteries, the one directly in front of the 6th Mississippi and the other obliquely to the left. It was as a "cloudburst" of shot, shell, and shrapnel.

Col. Thornton, standing cool and unflinching in the rear of the regiment and within ten paces of the position I held in the line, ordered a "lie down," then a charge, then again "lie down," another charge, at which the regiment cleared the branch and opened with their Enfields upon the enemy, pushing up to their line of battle and their encampment; but by reason of the crash of cannon from the front and cross firing from the left they were forced to give back. Two pieces of their battery on the left were captured and the others removed far to the rear of the Shiloh Church and behind their tents, standing in our front. The charge of the 6th Mississippi was separated near up to the tents and the ground held until two brigades from Bragg's, which was the second line of battle, came to the support of Cleburne.

Sherman was falling back, but his obstinate stand was turned into a rout, some of his troops not being rallied until they reached the Tennessee River, others falling back upon Hurlburt, one mile from our point of attack. This action to me is now quite clear and vivid. It consumed not more than three hours. But the havoc! Sixty-eight killed outright, two hundred and fifty-seven wounded, and not one captured or missing out of a total of four hundred and eighty-four that the 6th Mississippi mustered on the morning of the fight! Over sixty-seven per cent were killed and wounded. I do not know what casualties occurred in the further pursuit of the day and the action of the following day, for I was among the wounded in the desperate assaults of the morning. All the regimental field officers and many of the officers in line were either killed or wounded, Colonel Thornton being seriously wounded and disabled for further service.



STREET SCENE AT THE MISSOURI STATE REUNION, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MARSHALL.

The Missouri State Reunion was one of the pleasantest in the history of the organization. Saline County, of which Marshall is the seat of government, is one of the richest counties in the State, and is quite central to a large area of loyal Southerners. That section of Missouri rallied early to the Confederate cause, and it furnished many valiant soldiers to Gen. Sterling Price's army. General Price continues great in the esteem of his people; and if the noble Daughters of St. Louis make their St. Louis monument one to General Price, they will find zealous contributors throughout the State. This suggestion originates with the writing of this brief account of the Marshall Reunion. The writer does not know that it has been thought of in Missouri. To so honor a leader is better than to idealize a "typical" private soldier.

The business proceedings of the Division, U. C. V., were perfectly harmonious throughout, and the patriotic spirit manifested redounds to the

"Story of the glory
Of the men who wore the gray."

The greatest surprise of the occasion was in the multitude of children in the parade. There were more little boys and girls in line from five to twelve years of age than the writer imagined of people in the town. The children's part of the parade was headed by fifty Catholic girls dressed in black, each carrying the stars and stripes, except the leader, a young lady, Miss Christine Schaffer, who carried a beautiful Confederate flag of regulation size. The other conspicuous flag in line was carried by Rev. T. M. Cobb, Chaplain of the Division, who is blessed with mind, with heart, and with capacity for much efficient service. That is the flag so prominent in the picture here given, which, unhappily, is too much reduced to be satisfactory.

Veterans at Missouri State Reunion.

The official register of comrades attending the Missouri State Reunion, U. C. V., gives four hundred and seven comrades, of whom the ages of three hundred and ninety-seven were given. The interesting table is as follows: Ages, 61, 1; 62, 5; 63, 16; 64, 15; 65, 32; 66, 39; 67, 25; 68, 43; 69, 40; 70, 40; 71, 27; 72, 30; 73, 16; 74, 22; 75, 8; 76, 12; 77, 7; 78, 3; 79, 5; 80, 4; 81, 3; 82, 1; 86, 1; 89, 1.

The aggregate age of the three hundred and ninety-seven Confederates is 27,592 years, and their average age is sixty-nine years and six months. In giving their ages the figures would naturally have been the past birthday, so it may be readily accepted that the average of these four hundred Missourians is seventy years.

COMMENDATION BY THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

In the resolutions adopted by the State Division, U. C. V., at Marshall, Mo., Resolution 6 was as follows: "The Confederate Veteran, published by Comrade S. A. Cunningham at Nashville, Tenn., we consider the best publication in existence for Confederates. This paper has, in our judgment, done more to place before the people of the United States a true history of the Confederacy and the Confederate soldier than all other publications in existence since 1865, and has compiled and placed in usable form more facts upon which a correct future history may be written than all other publications, and has performed an inestimable service to the Confederate soldier in vindicating his course and conduct and justifying him and his cause in the eyes of the world. And we believe every Confederate soldier and his sons and daughters should be readers of the Veteran, and thereby not only benefit themselves, but help uphold and sustain Comrade Cunningham in the splendid work he is doing for us and ours."

Upon adoption of the resolutions Rev. Thomas M. Cobb, of Lexington, the first man who ever made a public appeal for the Veteran, at Higginsville in 1893, gave hearty indorsement of its merit throughout nearly a score of intervening years. Dr. D. K. Morton, of Kansas City, whose thrilling appeal for "Old Tige" at the Mobile Reunion will be recalled by many Veteran readers, made earnest plea. General Stone, of Kansas City, also commended the Veteran, and concluded with the proposition that if any member of the Division would subscribe for one year and not be pleased he would personally give such five dollars. Rev. Dr. Cobb responded, saying he would give anybody five dollars who would subscribe and read the Veteran for a year if not pleased.

If all Confederate gatherings would discuss the Veteran at their meetings and appoint a member to make concise report, the result would do much good.

GREETING TO MISSOURI COMRADES.

BY D. K. MORTON, M.D., KANSAS CITY, MO.

(Fourteenth annual Reunion, Marshall, September, 1910.)

Welcome, thrice welcome here to-day,
You men who wore Confederate gray.
Your youth has passed, you're growing old,
But still your hearts are brave and bold.

The cause you loved, for which you fought,
Like blasted hope, has come to naught.
We bid you welcome, every one,
As though you were our mother's son.

You left your homes, you risked your all
In answer to the Southland's call.
The direst dangers calmly met
Without a murmur or regret.

You nobly fought—yea, fought and lost—
Nor stopped to count the bloody cost.
Your cause was just, and sacred too,
And this was why you dared to do.

In all the world there's never been
More courage shown by sons of men.
Brightest years of Spartan glory
Dim beside your richer story.

'Gainst sword and spear *their* fame was won,
But "we uns" faced the "Enfield" gun;
Nor faced they belching cannon or
More deadly arms of our late war.

Fling wide your gates, wide open stand,
To welcome this heroic band.
We're glad you've come, so freely take
Glad hands and warm we with you shake.

We say it row—and mean it, too—
There's nothing here too good for you.
We cannot give you what we would,
But then we've done the best we could.

What wondrous story you could tell
Of bloody fields where many fell,
Of dauntless charge, of beaten foes,
Of tramp through heat and winter snows!

Of rations short and powder wet,
Of fight that came before sunset,
Of march through storm and pelting sleet
With weary limbs and blistered feet.

Or charging o'er the fallen dead
We followed him who bravely led
Into the storm of shot and shell
That swept the field like blasts from hell.

We fought and lost (we often won);
Our fame shall live while shines the sun;
Our deeds, now writ on Hist'ry's page,
Will brighter grow from age to age.

Cut off from all the world outside,
We struggled on, though ill supplied
With arms, equipment, every need—
With little food our men to feed.

Our ports all closed and guarded well,
We could not buy, nor could we sell.
We had no hope of foreign aid;
No nation dared with us to trade.

Yet still we fought on Richmond's front
(For here was borne the battle's brunt);
While Sherman, marching to the sea,
Was cutting off supplies from Lee.

And darker now the days appeared,
For this was what we always feared;
Yet still with all we faltered not,
But held our own—gave shot for shot.

But we were not the only ones
Who stood their ground and held their guns.
Those other "fellers" "fought like Turks,"
And often beat us from our "works."

Those who saw them can never doubt
Their valor as they came with shout,
Closing gaps where their comrades fell,
In race with death from shot and shell.

They'd rise and come with mighty rush
Across the fields or through the brush,
Or stand and take our shot and shell—
In fact, they fought like—very hell.

We've seen them fall and strew the plain,
Like reaper fells the ripened grain;
Yet still they'd come in splendid style,
Though heaped their dead in pile on pile.

Who can forget the trying years
Of crushing sorrow, bitter tears,
When hope grew dim and failure seemed
More certain than we ever dreamed?

At last there dawned that dismal hour
When we had lost resistance power.
The end had come, our fate was sealed;
We were o'erwhelmed, we had to yield.

O sad and dismal April day!
Our sky is dark, nor single ray
Can pierce the gloom to bring us light;
Our hopes sink down in darkest night.

. . . . . .

With bowèd head and bosom rent
We homeward now our footsteps bent,
O sick'ning scene that met our eyes!
Our land in desolation lies.

Our fertile fields with briers grown
Seemed like a land we'd never known;
Our homes destroyed, our cities burned,
And all was wreck where'er we turned.

Ah! well for us sweet women live
To warm our hearts and courage give.
They met us with arms ope'd wide,
And balmed and soothed our wounded pride.

'Twas well we had in that sad hour
Sweet women with their soothing power
To bid us hope and bring us cheer
And wipe away the scalding tear.

The fight we made amazed the world;
The life we've lived since banners furled
Has won respect from every source,
And brave men all applaud our course.

But peaceful duties called us now
To clear the ground and use the plow,
To sow the seed and strive and toil
To win a harvest from the soil.

What we have wrought through years since then
Has shown the world how Southern men
Can lay aside—with honor, too—
The soldier's garb and peace pursue.

Great cities rise, our land's a-bloom,
And wealth comes fast from mine and loom.
We've won our way with lives unstained,
And Plenty smiles where Want had reigned.

We fought as well as we knew how;
To Fate's decree our heads we bow;
We'll be as loyal and as true
As any man who wore the blue.

On none we'll fawn, nor crook the knee
To any man on land or sea;
For though we failed to win the fight,
We're sovereigns still by our birthright.

In war we have great courage shown;
In civic life, if let alone,
We'll build again and soon restore
The glories of "the days of yore."

. . . . . .

The days of strife and war have passed
And peaceful days have come at last.
The "bloody shirt" no longer waves;
We now enflower each other's graves.

Let any one insult our flag,
In its defense we will not lag
Behind, nor seek to be excused;
We'll come in hosts till we're refused.

Let foreign foe invade our soil
Or seek our commerce to despoil,
The South will rise, and first will be
To strike a blow on land or sea.

This is not "stuff" nor simply "chaff"
To bring a smile or make you laugh;
'Tis gospel truth—you'll find it so
If war should come with foreign foe.

We might not fight, but then our sons
Would fight instead; *they'd* be the ones
To take a place on firing line—
That son of yours, that son of mine.

'Twas Southrons' blood, of purest strain,
That flowed the first in war with Spain,
And thousands of our gallant sons
Went forth to face the Spanish guns.

Just see Fitz Lee—Joe Wheeler too—
Take off the "gray" and don the "blue,"
And youthful Southrons by their side
Go strike deathblow to Spanish pride.

Then why should carping critics fret
Because we meet, will not forget
Our comrades dear, who with us fought
Through trying years with danger fraught?

They've won us back, we've come to stay;
But we must meet and have our day
To tell again of bygone times
And have big talks and read our rhymes.

The problem of the negro race
We well know how to meet and face;
We'll settle it if left alone,
It need not be "contention bone."

This is not writ to raise your ire
Or light again the burned-out fire;
'Tis simple truth of bloody times
Now told to you in feeble rhymes.

We are not here to 'pologize,
We'd whipped them sure but for their size;
But let this pass—it's ended now—
No mark of shame is on our brow.

But truth compels me here to say
We still regret that April day;
We still revert in tend'rest thought
To cause we loved, for which we fought.

. . . . . .

The war is o'er, its issues dead;
Peace o'er the land her wings has spread;
May Discord nevermore arise
To break again our friendly ties!
In union true, O may we be
From lakes to gulf, from sea to sea!

Confederate Officer in London Wants to Hear from Comrades.—Capt. Edgar J. Franklin, now of England, who served in the Confederate army as a member of Abbot's, Dashiells's, and Wilkes's batteries of artillery (all of Texas), under Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder in the Trans-Mississippi Department, was also captain of the ordnance corps, and attached to Gen. Thomas F. Drayton's staff, whom he accompanied to Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, would like to hear from some of his old comrades. As a Spanish scholar Captain Franklin rendered valuable service while at Brownsville "in the exchange of courtesies with General Mexia and staff, commanding then the imperial forces at Matamoras, Mexico." Captain Franklin wrote to the Richmond Times-Dispatch July 24 giving an account of himself. He mentions Capt. Edmund P. Turner and Lieutenant Yancey, both on General Magruder's staff, the former as assistant adjutant general and the latter as an aid-de-camp, it seems. He mentions the brilliant battle in the recapture of Galveston, when our forces captured the Harriet Lane, along with a regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. In that battle Col. A. G. Dickinson, of General Magruder's staff, was seriously wounded.

Captain Franklin's address is 122 Peckham Park Road, London, S. E., England. He will appreciate the addresses of any associate officers now living.

Can some reader of the Veteran give me information as to service of William David Norvell, who served in some Alabama regiment from Lowndes or Montgomery County, Ala.? Mrs. S. Singleton, 402½ Luckie Street, Atlanta, Ga.

FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCES AT FREDERICKSBURG.

An old clipping from the Charleston Mail contains a vivid description of the shelling of Fredericksburg written for the U. D. C. Chapter of that town by Mrs. Frances Bernard Goolrick, who was a child when the events occurred which she portrays so realistically.

Her mother, a widow with three children, felt that the best protection to her home and possessions was to remain herself as guard over them, though almost every day they heard threats of shelling the town, which from the nature of its position was being constantly raided first by one army then by the other. In the fall of '62 Burnside, with his army, took position upon the Stafford Hills, across from the town, and the rumors of bombardment grew more frequent, though lulled to false security by the failure of previous threats. The family paid no attention to them, the more especially as Mrs. B., an aunt, who had returned early in December from a visit to Burnside, who was an intimate friend, insisted that she knew if there were any such danger the family of General Burnside would have given her warning.

On the 11th of December the mother of Mrs. Goolrick was awakened by some one tapping at her window, and her nephew told her he had just returned from the Federal camp, where he had gone in disguise, and he knew that Fredericksburg would certainly be shelled at daylight, and that the family must escape at once. There was no one to help them get away and no horses or wagons. At four o'clock they were awakened by a crash which seemed to tear the earth asunder, and which was quickly followed by another crash of a shell that exploded right in the yard.

Hastily seizing whatever clothing they could, the family fled to the cellar, where the house mother had previously sent some chairs and a sofa for just such an emergency. The negroes huddled in the cellar also. The fat cook, Aunt Sallie, had her little pickaninnies with her, and slapped right and left if they made their presence known by a squeal of fear or a jump as the shells broke all around the place. The widow remembered her husband's picture in the room above; and though shells were flying every moment, she left the cellar in pursuit of it. She could not reach the picture string from a chair, so she put the chair on a sofa and lifted it down. With the picture in her arms, she was only halfway to the door when a shell broke through the wall, splitting the chair and sofa into kindling wood.

"Uncle Charles" was a bright and shining light among the negroes; and while the fury of the shells made hearing even difficult, the old man was on his knees beseeching the throne of grace for mercy on "ole miss and de chillens" as well as on his wife and little ones. Then as a big shell burst right at the door of the cellar he fell flat on his face and howled: "It's done come now sho nuff."

Later the shelling ceased, and the family went upstairs, to find the place a mass of shattered woodwork, plaster, and furniture, with toppled chimneys added "to make confusion worse confounded." They found some food and went back to the cellar, when the shelling began again. Finally it ceased altogether, and they went out to a scene of such utter desolation that words were inadequate to describe it.

General Lee gave orders that every one should leave the town of Fredericksburg, as it might become necessary to fire the place at any moment, and a bombardment from the Confederates was imminent. The family, wrapped in whatever they could find, began its exodus, carrying not even their jewels or valuables in their hurried leaving.

The walk through the melting snow was very hard upon the women, and they were glad to reach Refugee Camp, where they remained for weeks, enduring every discomfort. Finally the women and children were permitted to leave camp and return to what had been their home. They had to cross the battlefield, and here the little boy picked up a bayonet which he afterwards used to toast bread upon as well as a means of stirring the fire.

They cleaned out one room as well as they could, and from all over the house brought any article of furniture that was too badly broken. They had a little rusty stove which served both for heating and cooking purposes. The first night the little family were domiciled in this caricature of their old home a faithful negro from town came with a pitcher of milk and a loaf of bread as a gift, and these offerings he brought every day while the cold weather lasted. In the spring, through the kindness of friends, the family moved to Danville, Va., where they remained till the end of the war, when they returned to their desolated home.

ABOUT GENERAL LEE AND AMNESTY.

BY JOHN A. M'NEEL, LEXINGTON, VA.

Statements made in the Lynchburg News both by Commander Parker, of the Massachusetts Veterans, and by ex-Gov. William E. Cameron, of Virginia, are misleading. General Parker states that General Lee never accepted the terms of national amnesty after the war, and that he died an alien to the Federal government. Governor Cameron puts a traverse on this statement by saying: "General Lee was among the earliest of those prominent in the Confederate struggle to ask and obtain from the President restoration to citizenship and to take the oath required."

In reply to both of these statements I quote the closing sentence of the sixth chapter of "Personal Reminiscences" of Gen. R. E. Lee by the Rev. J. William Jones, in which he says: "And yet this noble man died a prisoner of war on parole. His application for amnesty was never granted or even noticed, and the common privileges of citizenship, which are accorded to the most ignorant negro, were denied this king of men." * * *

General Lee surrendered his little army of famished Confederates at Appomattox Courthouse on April 9, 1865. A day or two after the surrender General Lee started for Richmond, riding his famous horse, Traveler. His purpose in going to Richmond was to see his wife and daughters, who were living in that city. He arrived in Richmond on April 15.

One of the historians who has written a biography of General Lee has an engraving that represents General Lee starting alone for the long ride from Appomattox Courthouse to the city of Richmond. That General Lee had a motive for traveling alone there can be no doubt. In fact, he may be said to have had a double motive: first, despite his well-known modesty, he knew that he was the exemplar of the entire South; secondly, that he was being closely watched by those he had denominated "our friends the enemy," and his constant wish was "to avoid even the appearance of evil."

The publicity given to General Lee in Richmond was a source of great annoyance to him, and his constant desire was to find some secluded spot where the curious public could no longer worry him. So early in June, 1865, he mounted his faithful horse, Traveler, and entirely alone rode away some twenty-five miles distant to visit a near relative. While making this visit he heard of the amnesty proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, and on the 12th of June he returned

to Richmond, and there heard that the United States Federal Court was being convened in Norfolk that the Federal grand jury might indict President Davis, himself, and other prominent ex-Confederates, whereupon General Lee wrote the following letters:

"RICHMOND, VA., June 13, 1865.

"Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding the Armies of the United States—General: Upon reading the President's proclamation of the 29th ult. I came to Richmond to ascertain what was proper or required of me to do, when I learned that, with others, I was to be indicted for treason by the grand jury at Norfolk. I had supposed that the officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia were by the terms of their surrender protected by the United States government from molestation so long as they conformed to its conditions. I am ready to meet any charges that may be preferred against me, and do not wish to avoid trial; but if I am correct as to the protection granted by my parole and am not to be prosecuted, I desire to comply with the provisions of the President's proclamation, and therefore inclose the required application which I request in that event may be acted on.

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

"RICHMOND, VA., June 13, 1865.

"His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States—Sir: Being excluded from the provisions of the amnesty and pardon contained in the proclamation of the 29th ult., I hereby apply for the benefits and full restoration of all rights and privileges extended to those included in its terms. I graduated at the Military Academy at West Point in June, 1829, resigned from the United States army in April, 1861, was a general in the Confederate army, and included in the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia April 9, 1865.

"I have the honor to be very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

In the general provisions of amnesty and the oath to be taken by the pardoned applicant there were fourteen different designated classes of offenders who were not included in the general pardon, and General Lee was in one of these classes; hence the necessity for him to file an application for a special pardon. The proclamation as issued by President Johnson is in the following words:

"To the end therefore that the authority of the government of the United States may be restored, and that peace, order, and freedom may be reëstablished, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do proclaim and declare that I hereby grant to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, amnesty and pardon, with the restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves and except in cases where legal proceedings under the laws of the United States providing for the confiscation of property of persons engaged in the rebellion have been instituted; but on the condition, nevertheless, that every such person shall take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation, and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation and shall be of the tenor and effect following—to wit:

"I, ———, do solemnly swear or affirm in the presence of Almighty God that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union thereunder, and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves, so help me God."

This proclamation and another proclamation issued the same day by the President against the civil government of North Carolina caused all those agitating questions known in Southern history as "Reconstruction."

The present-day investigator of history may see that General Lee's letter to General Grant bore fruit, for General Grant immediately wrote to the Federal judge at Norfolk that the paroles of General Lee and other Confederate officers must not be violated by any legal prosecution. General Lee was indicted for treason; but when the court received General Grant's letter, all legal proceedings were abandoned and were never heard of again.

This Federal grand jury that indicted General Lee and others was composed of twenty-four men, half of whom were negroes, and was the first to convene in the State of Virginia after hostilities ceased. [A good picture of this grand jury was printed in the VETERAN for January, 1909.] This is the same jury also that indicted Jefferson Davis for treason, but it is known that neither he nor General Lee was ever tried.

An amusing story is told to the effect that when the news reached Washington about the indictment of General Lee at Norfolk an army officer immediately sought General Grant, whom he found playing billiards. The officer, being well mounted, made a dash for the pool room, and when he reached the place dismounted and ran in to report to General Grant. When General Grant heard the news, he hurriedly left the billiard table, and in his shirt sleeves mounted the officer's horse and dashed up the avenue to the office of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and, going into the presence of Mr. Stanton, demanded to know the truth of the rumor that General Lee had been indicted for treason. When assured of the fact, General Grant declared that such a thing must not be done, because General Lee was a paroled soldier. Mr. Stanton told General Grant that as Secretary of War he had approved of the indictment, whereupon General Grant indignantly told Mr. Stanton that he might be Secretary of War, but that he, referring to himself, was General Grant, and with a haughty mien walked out of the office.

General Grant's declaration that his paroles could not be violated seems to have been with him an after thought, as the following telegram to Major General Ord, at Richmond, Va., will show:

GENERAL GRANT'S IMPULSIVE ACTION.

"WASHINGTON CITY, April 15, 1865.

"Arrest J. A. Campbell, Mayor Mayo, and the members of the old council of Richmond who have not yet taken the oath of allegiance, and put them in Libby Prison. Hold them guarded beyond the possibility of escape until further orders. Also arrest all paroled officers and surgeons until they can be sent beyond our lines, unless they take the oath of allegiance. The oath need not be received from any one whom you have not good reasons to believe will observe it and from none who are excluded by the President's proclamation without authority to do so. Extreme vigor will have to be observed while assassination remains the order of the day with the Rebels. U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

General Ord's manly answer is as follows:

"RICHMOND, VA., April 15, 1865.

"Gen. U. S. Grant: Cipher dispatch directing certain parties to be arrested is received. The two citizens I have seen. They are old, nearly helpless, and I think incapable of harm. Lee and staff are in town among the paroled prisoners. Should I arrest them here under the circumstances, I think

the rebellion here would be opened. I will risk my life that the present paroles will be kept; and if you will allow me to do so, trust the people here, who, I believe, are ignorant of the assassination done by some insane Brutus with but few accomplices. Campbell and Hunter pressed me earnestly yesterday to send them to Washington to see the President. Would they have done so if guilty? Please answer.

E. O. C. Ord, *Major General.*"

General Grant to General Ord:

"Headquarters Army of the United States,
Washington, April 15, 1865.

"On reflection I will withdraw my dispatch of this date, directing the arrest of Campbell, Mayo, and others, and leave it in the light of a suggestion, to be executed only so far as you may judge the good of the service demands.

U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant General.*"

"Richmond, Va., April 15, 1865.

"Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant: Second telegram, leaving the subject of arrest in my hands, is received.

E. O. C. Ord, *Major General.*"

"It was after this date that Grant on reflection turned around and informed the President that the paroles he gave at Appomattox should not be broken; that he would defend them. All honor to him for this! And greater honor to General Ord, who pledged his life for the honor of the Southern men who were paroled!"

However, in reviewing this history it would be unfair to General Grant not to state that the above telegram was sent under circumstances of great national excitement. It will be remembered that Mr. Lincoln was assassinated the night before the sending of this telegram.

According to Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," it had been arranged the morning of the 14th of April for General Grant to attend the theater and sit in the box with the President and his family. Late in the afternoon of the 14th this engagement was canceled, and General Grant went to New York City that evening.

The five and a half years that General Lee was permitted to live after the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse he was "nothing more than a prisoner on parole," and as a disfranchised man he was denied all civil rights, and the gentle dignity with which General Lee bore his disfranchisement rendered him all the dearer to the Southern people.

The people of the North cannot appreciate the mighty factor that General Lee was for peace and order after the Civil War. It is the honest belief of the writer that if it had not been for General Lee's influence there would have been waged an unprecedented guerrilla war. That amnesty was denied to General Lee there is no doubt, but whose fault was it? That he earnestly sought to be pardoned was clearly shown by the two letters that have been reproduced. In other of his published letters General Lee gives expression to feelings of aggrievement because no attention was paid to his application for pardon. The fact that the application for pardon had to pass through the hands of Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War accounts for the mislaying or destruction of the paper. And while it was denied to General Lee to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, still no living man could have been more faithful than he to the laws of our country. Both by precept and example he taught the Southern people to submit to the powers that be, and no word of complaint ever escaped his lips. And he is the only prominent Southern man who lived through the period of Reconstruction that did not give offense in some way to the Federal authorities. And now for the Northern people to go out of their way to prohibit the statue of General Lee being placed in the Hall of Fame looks like adding insult to injury.

THE CONFEDERATE GRAY.

BY LILITA M. LEVER.

O what could I tell that hath not been told
  Or sing that hath not been sung,
Though my heart were changed to a harp of gold
  With quivering strings new strung?
I should only echo the martial strain
  Of the bards of yesterday,
Or my words should fall like the drip of rain
  On graves of the martyred Gray.

I should sing again of the starry cross
  That floated so proudly o'er,
Undimmed in the gloom of defeat and loss,
  Till the bugle rings once more
And the drum beat sounds through the hostile hiss
  Of the bullets in the fray,
Where our knighthood courted Death's icy kiss
  For the glory of the Gray.

I should tell once more how the stars by night
  Kept watch with their vision clear
O'er the sleeping champions of Truth and Right,
  Who at roll call answered: "Here!"
And the dirge should sound down the empty years
  For the brave souls passed away,
For the widow's sighs and the orphan's tears
  And the shroud of blood-stained Gray.

Or the maiden's sobs for her fallen love
  Asleep in his youthful prime
With naught but the daisies in bloom above
  For his epitaph sublime;
I should thrill my harp with the passionate pain,
  The yearning of one sad day,
When she watched at the rose-wreathed gate in vain
  For her soldier boy in Gray.

Or my soul should soar to the prouder theme
  Of the Southland's stainless name,
Like a pearl enshrined in the rainbow gleam
  Of a high and deathless fame;
But I could not win from its storied past
  One chapter or sad or gay
That shall not be baptized with tears at last
  For memory of the Gray.

Peal forth, O ye bugles, a welcome clear!
  Ye fifes and ye drums, ring true!
Uprear, O ye Southrons, that emblem dear.
  The cross in a field of blue!
Lo! the dead march on with their noiseless tread
  In the living ranks to-day,
And a glory shines round each silvered head—
  God's benison on the Gray.

[This poem has literary and poetic merit, and for its pure sentiment should find a place in all Confederate literature. It was dedicated to the United Confederate Veterans in Reunion at New Orleans in April, 1906. Miss Lever is now Mrs. Lilita Lever Younge, of New Orleans, and a writer of note. Her father was a Union soldier, her mother a loyal Southern woman.]

TREATMENT OF FORT DELAWARE PRISONERS.

At a meeting of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville, Tenn., an interesting paper on the treatment of prisoners at Fort Delaware was read by Capt. John A. Miller. This fort is situated in Delaware Bay, forty-five miles from Philadelphia, and is a mile distant from any shore. Brigadier General Shoeft was in command of the fort, and was assisted by Captain Ahl, acting adjutant on his staff, Lieutenant Wolfe, and several sergeants, and of all in command Captain Ahl was the most disliked. General Shoef rarely came into the fort.

There were eleven thousand prisoners held in Fort Delaware at different times, 1,600 were exchanged, 4,600 died in prison, and 4,800 were released at the end of the war. When a new party of prisoners came into the fort, they were carried to "Hell's Half Acre," and on their return they were searched and every article of value taken from them. If a man had an overcoat, it was not taken; but it was considered a sufficient cover, and no blanket was allowed him.

They were given starvation diet. They had two meals a day—in the morning a quarter of a loaf of bread, half a cup of coffee, and a piece of pickled pork or beef the size of a man's forefinger; in the afternoon one potato if small, half one if large or medium size, a cup of bean soup with almost as many worms as beans, and a piece of bread. The bread was three-fourths cornmeal, the rest flour, and a loaf was supposed to weigh a pound. This fare was in flush times. When they said they were going to retaliate for alleged ill treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, they cut this amount of rations in half, and the men were so hungry that they watched the water-side for bits of bread that were washed up from the refuse thrown in the bay. They were starved into stealing food, and if caught they were put into a barrel with the top and bottom knocked out which had holes cut for the arms to go through. On the barrel was the word "Thief" printed in big letters. In this rig the man was paraded all over the fort, escorted by a guard with guns at "right shoulder shift" and a band of kettle and bass drums and a fife. Sometimes the prisoners were buckled hands and feet and rolled onto a stone pavement and left for hours, though the thermometer was at zero. Once a Virginia cadet was tied up by his thumbs, with his toes barely touching the pavement, and left till he had barely life in him when he was taken down, and died later from the torture. Many men driven mad by the agony of starvation and cruelty deserted the Confederate cause, and Captain Ahl secured his commission by organizing a company of artillery from these renegades.

NORTHERN MAN ON "THE SOUTH IN HISTORY."

[M. Ryan in a letter to Col. James M. Arnold, a Confederate friend.]

I am very thankful to you for sending me a copy of the Confederate Veteran, in which I read with great interest about "The South in History" from the historical report of U. C. V. Reunion held last April in Mobile. The scholarly, eloquent, and graceful style in which this article is written, the fine and fervent patriotism which breathes in every line, and the incontrovertible facts so succinctly presented, to my mind, make this production a historical and literary masterpiece which should be long preserved.

The charge of cruelty and inhumanity made against the Confederates in the treatment of Northern prisoners—the one dark spot on the glorious escutcheon of the South—is here blotted out, and many who were blinded by prejudice and passion can now plainly see that such a charge was not only unjustifiable, but heartlessly cruel. Of course I was a Northern man, and my sympathies were with the Union cause; but I would not be a good American if I did not join with my fellow-citizens of the South in expressions of admiration, praise, and honor for the gallant men of the Confederacy who, against such tremendous obstacles and odds, put up the bravest, the most gallant and heroic fight ever recorded in history.

The glories of Marathon and Thermopylæ, the heroism and genius of Themistocles, Miltiades, and Leonidas pale into insignificance before the deeds of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jo Johnston, not to speak of a score of others. That war has made the history of the United States of America immortal. For the noble devotion, the heroic self-sacrifice, and the sublime courage humanity is capable of were never before so exemplified to the world as in that struggle. Certainly no better work can engage the survivors of the war and the descendants of the heroes who have passed away than in lovingly preserving every scrap of history and tradition and being fully prepared to refute all slanders and misrepresentations.

We are proud of our great country, North and South, and as true Americans we look on the bravery and valor of the Confederates as well as the heroic achievements of the Northern soldiers as reflecting honor and glory on our whole country and race.



MONUMENT WHERE GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN WAS CAPTURED.

This stone marks the spot where the Confederate raider, Gen. John H. Morgan, surrendered his command to Maj. George W. Rue July 26, 1863, and is the farthest point north ever reached by any body of Confederate troops during the Civil War. Erected by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio, in 1909.

Mrs. Mary S. Long, 305 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., seeks information about her father, George W. Knight, who served from Giles County in the 3d Tennessee Infantry. Her last information of him was from Water Valley, Miss.

REMINISCENCES OF WAR INCIDENTS.

BY CAPT. H. J. CHENEY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In a discussion with some army comrades about the numerous disadvantages with which the Southern soldier had to contend during the Civil War as compared with his more favored Northern foe, such as lack of food, clothing, arms, ammunition, and even proper medicines, which occasioned great suffering and loss of life and which were trivial compared with the mental torture caused by the abandonment of his home, leaving loved ones entirely at the mercy of the foe, subjected perhaps to insult and often suffering for the necessities of life, and these conditions aggravated by the inability to even hear from them except at long intervals, mention was made that sixteen Confederate soldiers were shot at Aults Mills, in Georgia, under the charge of desertion. Several of these soldiers had received letters from their wives stating that they and their children were starving and entreating them to come quickly to their relief. It was believed that these letters were exhibited to the commanding general and that application was made for furloughs which were refused. They then risked life and disgrace by going without leave. After providing for their families, they were voluntarily returning to their commands to report for duty when they were arrested, court-martialed, found guilty of desertion, and shot.

In the conversation I remarked that many an old veteran of these days walking stately and erect bears wounds on his body unseen, while others bear wounds of the heart, untouched by a bullet, far deeper and which time can never heal; and, judging from my own sad experience, there were numbers in those troublous times who could tell touching stories of sacrifice cheerfully made, duties faithfully performed, and orders strictly obeyed. My friends besought me to tell them the story of my experience to which I made allusion. I promised to do so, and here it is:

About six weeks before the battle of Chickamauga I received a message from my wife that our only child, a beautiful little girl about three years old, was desperately ill, and if I did not come quickly I would never see her alive. Dr. John Hadley bore the message to me and volunteered to pilot me to the place in Alabama where my wife and child were sojourning. Although an assistant adjutant general myself and well acquainted with all orders emanating from army headquarters, and that those of recent date forbade any officer or private leaving his command as a battle was thought to be imminent, and another order forbidding any application to be sent to army headquarters except by a courier and through the regular channel, the emergency was so great and time of so much importance that to await the slow process here indicated, with its red-tape requirements, rendered me desperate; and although as a good soldier I deplored the necessity of disobeying both of the above orders, yet in sheer desperation I determined to be my own courier and take my application for leave in person, so that I might plead my cause to my superior officers if necessary. I was at that time assistant adjutant general to Brig. Gen. John C. Brown, who was temporarily commanding a division in Hardee's Corps. I had been directed by General Brown in his absence to approve or disapprove applications for leave or furlough, so that they did not conflict with orders from army headquarters.

In this case, my general being absent, I drew up an application for a three days' leave of absence with the strongest truthful recommendation for its approval of which I was capable, signed General Brown's name to it, and was off post-haste to corps headquarters. Upon my arrival there I found that General Hardee was absent and General Cleburne was temporarily in command of the corps. My heart sank within me when informed of this fact, for well I knew what a strict and stern disciplinarian General Cleburne was and what a stickler he was to have all orders implicitly obeyed; so I felt that my chances to visit my sick child were slim indeed. But it occurred to me that my friend, Captain Buck, who was his assistant adjutant general, might be able to help me in my distress; that he might take the liberty to approve my application without disturbing the General. He quickly informed me that General Cleburne insisted on signing all communications himself. I then asked that he would present my communication to the General and urge its approval with all the eloquence he was capable and its gravity demanded. His reply was that he regretted to deny me, but the General was in a fearful humor, and he disliked to tackle him. I then turned to my old-time friend, Dr. John Erskine, corps surgeon, and asked if he would not present my application and explain to the General that it was my only little one, and I only asked three days so that I might spend one with her. The Doctor replied that he would do anything for me that he could, but that he would as soon attack a lion in his lair. I then decided to see what I could do myself.

I found the General lying on his back upon a pallet spread upon the ground with a large book across his breast. As I pulled aside the flaps to his tent I doffed my hat, at the same time saluting him. He simply stared at me with his cold gray eyes without saying a word. I stepped forward, dropped on one knee beside him, and placed my application between his eyes and the book. Without a word being spoken, he struck the paper a violent blow, knocking it from my hand and across the tent. I was so angered at this insult that it was with the greatest difficulty I could refrain from taking him by the throat and choking him to death; but I drew a camp stool to his side, and as I sat down he said with a strong Irish accent; "Do you know, sir, that your command sends more of these communications to these headquarters than any other command in the army?" I said: "I do not, sir, neither do you know such a thing, because it is not so; and what do you know of our command? My general commands a division like yourself, and none of his communications pass through your headquarters any more than yours through his; therefore how could such a thing be, as I know this is the first communication which has reached these headquarters since you have been corps commander." "Well, sir," he said, "you know that you are now violating orders by not sending your application by courier, and you also know that the orders are peremptory that no officer or private shall leave his command under any circumstances, and here you are asking me to disobey orders by recommending your own leave, as I presume this paper is an application for leave." I replied: "Yes, General, I admit all that you say; but if you will read my application, you will see that there are extenuating circumstances which render my action somewhat pardonable, and I will also say that if I am not a good soldier it is your fault and you are to blame." "How, sir?" he said as he rose to a sitting position. "Well, General, I belonged to your old brigade; you trained me, and I received my first baptism of fire by your side at Shiloh. When you were on foot leading your gray mare by the bridle in that terrific and bloody charge, where two-thirds of my regiment were either killed or wounded and every commissioned officer except two or three was killed or wounded, I was so close to you through it all that I could have placed my hand upon your shoulder."

Before I had finished he was on his feet walking excitedly across the tent. "And you were there with me? Was it not

a hard-fought but magnificent and glorious battle? Were there ever such soldiers as fought that day? No country but ours ever produced such. It was a battle gallantly won and as stupidly lost."

As he paced back and forth his eyes flashed and his countenance was lit up as if in imagination he was fighting this battle over again. He had walked over my paper two or three times, and once kicked it out of his way; but as his excitement subsided he seemed to notice my poor application and remembered the occasion of my visit. He picked it up, sat down by a table for a few moments, wrote rapidly, and when finished handed it to me, saying: "I trust you will find your child better." Upon examination I found he had given me a stronger recommendation than I had given myself; but as I rode to army headquarters to have the finishing touch to my leave, I felt that I had just fought a harder battle than Shiloh.

I left camp in company with Dr. Hadley at four o'clock in the morning, crossed Lookout Mountain, rode down Wills Valley almost to Lebanon, Ala., then up Sand Mountain, and across it twenty miles to a point opposite Scottsboro, Ala., where I found my wife and child with my wife's parents. When in sight of their home, I asked Dr. Hadley how much farther it was to our stopping place. He told me an hour before that it was only five miles, and I felt sure we had traveled farther than that. It was now nearly dark. My horse was so jaded that I could scarcely urge him along with spur, and I was almost worn out. He pointed to a house just in sight and said: "You have been wishing to light your pipe. A clever old Irish gentleman lives there, and we will stop long enough for you to light that pipe. Your wife is at the next place, about half a mile farther on."

It was just dusk as I rapped at the door and a lady's voice bade me enter. I could not see her face nor she mine. I asked her if I could light my pipe at her fire, and picked up a small chunk and blew the fire until it blazed, when suddenly the lady threw her arms around my neck and strived to kiss me, calling me all sorts of loving names. I was surprised, as I had not yet recognized her voice, and supposed she was either demented or it was a mistaken identity, and I was powerless to defend myself from this wild woman. Still holding the fire with my right hand and afraid that I might burn her, I held my pipe with my left, lest I might spill my tobacco, until at last I discovered it was my own wife! A small, plaintive, quavering voice in the next room reminded me that it was my little darling. I found her hovering between life and death, with the slimmest chance for recovery. I sat by her bedside through that night and the next day, tortured by the ever-recurring thought that in a few hours I must leave, perhaps never to see my dear child again, and my wife was so frail and delicate that the shock might kill her too.

While there the question would arise as to what was man's first duty, to his family or his country. If I lost all that life holds dear, what is my country or any country to me? And so through the long, sad hours of that night and day these thoughts surged through my mind, until the fateful moment for me to leave had come. My little darling clung to me with the tears streaming down her wan face, begging me not to leave her. But had I not given General Cleburne my soldierly pledge that I would return before the expiration of my leave, or die in the attempt? And so I left, but with a broken heart and the sad, despairing little face looking into mine with every sorrowful step I made toward camp.

My father-in-law, Col. Matt Stratton, and Capt. Tully Craig, with my faithful negro Ned, accompanied me on my return. After crossing Sand Mountain and as we approached Wills Valley, we were told by parties we met that the valley swarmed with Federal soldiers; and as our route took us down the valley some distance and then across it, we kept a sharp lookout for the enemy. We had just descended the mountain and gained the valley when we saw some hundreds of yards off and approaching us six mounted soldiers. We could not discern at that distance whether they were Federals or Confederates, but supposed they were Federals. They evidently had seen us too, for they were unslinging their guns and getting ready for the expected fray. As they approached slowly I suggested that we had best determine whether we should fight or run. I reminded the gentlemen that as my leave of absence would shortly expire I must force my way, and I felt sure that we would win, only six to four, if Ned would fight. I turned and asked: "Will you fight, sir?" He answered promptly: "Yes, sir, I surely will."

I saw something in the manner or appearance of these soldiers which led me to believe they were Confederates; so I hailed them when about fifty yards from us and asked who they were, and one of them answered that they were Confederates. They informed us that they were a scouting party from Colonel Breckinridge's cavalry regiment, and that there was not a Yankee in Wills Valley. I had observed Ned slowly walking his horse to the rear, while we were waiting the approach of the soldiers, until he was fully fifty yards up the side of the mountain; but as soon as he found there was no fight he came gayly cantering up, when I charged him with cowardice, saying: "I thought you were going to help us." "I surely was," he replied. "Well, what were you doing away off there to the rear?" "I just rode back there on the side of the mountain to get a good start; and when you all got to fighting hard, I was gwine to dash up at full speed and make them Yanks believe I was fetching up reënforcements, then they would be bound to run. O yes, sir, I was gwine to fight."

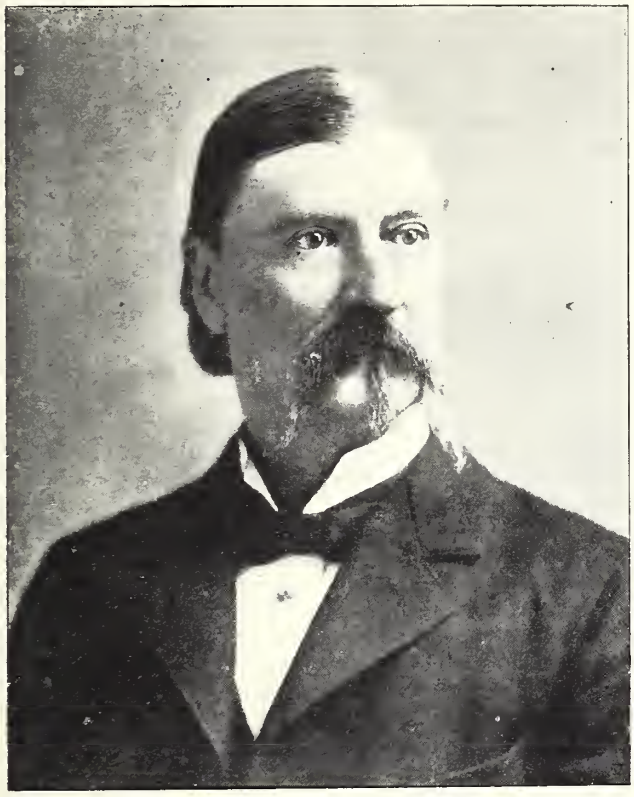
I reported for duty before the expiration of my leave.

It was about six weeks after my return when it became evident that a battle was imminent. Lines of battle were being formed and the skirmish lines were hotly engaged. Mr. C. Duval, from Goodlettsville, Tenn., who was riding by, stopped and shook hands with me. Knowing that he had seen my family a short time before, I asked about them. "Well," he said, "your wife is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances." "What circumstances do you mean?" I asked. "Your child's death," he said. "Why, is it possible that you have not heard it?" "Is she dead?" I made out to whisper. "Yes; she died the day after you left them."

At this moment the battle of Chickamauga opened with a roar. As our command became engaged, I only remember plunging in where the smoke was thickest, where the shell shrieked loudest, the bullets hissed like vipers, and death stalked rampant. All through that horrid day I defied him, but he would not have me, but preferred my friends instead.

As night came on the battle closed. Both armies rested upon their arms where the fighting ceased. We had fasted all day without a morsel of food, with no prospect of any for the next day, as it was a drawn battle and we knew must be fought over on the morrow. To add to the discomforts of this horrible night, it had turned bitterly cold; and as we were not permitted to build a fire, lest we draw the fire of the enemy, without overcoat or blanket, too cold to sleep, we could only lie and shiver and listen to the shrieks and plaints of the wounded all around us. I was sitting alone at the root of a tree, when I was joined by my friend and comrade in arms, Lieut. Trimble Brown, aid-de-camp to Gen. John C. Brown, who, after taking a seat beside me, said: "Captain, you are a braver man

than I. I saw you to-day ride into places I would not dare have gone, and you will pardon me when I say you exposed yourself, in my opinion, time and again unnecessarily." I then informed him of the sad news brought me just as the battle



CAPT. H. J. CHENEY.

opened and how reckless I felt, and had acted no doubt more like a half crazy man, frenzied by heartache, than like a brave man, and how all the day the anguished cries of my little one rose above the screams of the bugle, the roar of cannon, and the crash of musketry. I could hear them above the horrid tumult, I can hear them now, and will continue to hear them so long as life shall last.

A STORY OF MAJOR DEVEREUX.

During the Confederate war Maj. John H. Devereux, then a captain, was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. Col. F. W. Pelton was one of the officers in charge, and he formed a warm friendship for the brilliant young Southern captain, spending many hours in social converse in the casemate in which he was held prisoner. One day Pelton came in and said: "Well, I have news for you. Lee is captured." Devereux was horrified, and dropped on his bunk half stunned. "What will they do with him?" he asked. "Do with him? Do with Lee? What else can they do with such a traitor but hang him?"

The young captain sprang up and, approaching the Union officer, said: "Hang Lee? Hang him, and they will do for the gallows what the Jews did for the cross—sanctify it."

When the question came up a long time after what disposition they should make of Jefferson Davis, whether they should hang him or not, one of the warmest advocates for Mr. Davis was Colonel Pelton. He made a stirring address and told the incident of the Southern captain, and added: "What that Rebel prisoner so eloquently said because of his love and fealty of General Lee is true of President Davis. If we try Jeff Davis, we make a martyr of him; if we hang him, we will do for the gallows what the Jews did for the cross."

Years after the war Major Devereux, then Inspector of United States Buildings, went to Boston and registered at a hotel. On his return from a stroll he was told that a friend had come, paid his bill and taken his baggage, and left a carriage in which he must come to a certain number. Thoroughly bewildered, Major Devereux went to a handsome house, where the children greeted him by name, and a large painting of himself was the first thing disclosed by the opened door. Then down the stairs came a stately gentleman, a beautiful woman beside him. It was Colonel Pelton, and the two men fell into each other's arms in an embrace their common French ancestry explained.

BETTER SENTIMENT IN KANSAS.—N. W. Sutton, Esq., of Dodge City, Kans., writes his Confederate friend, J. T. Walker, at Bass Station, Ala., of relations between veterans in his section of Kansas: "When I recall that I served in the army nearly half a century ago, satisfying my own conscience, that I came here in tatters thirty-five years ago, when there was not a blade of corn, the summers hot and dry, the skies brassy, and the place not fit to live in, and that I helped to subdue it until it has become dotted with comfortable homes, I feel as if I had done something worth while for my fellowman. After the surrender at Appomattox, the followers of Lee and Grant brought with them their young wives and took homesteads. Many of them now lie side by side. Their children have intermarried, so the blood of Puritan and Cavalier flows in the same veins, and on recurring Decoration Days the grandchildren strew flowers alike over the graves of Federal and Confederate. You and I were both wounded; but as our wounds healed, so have those of sectional differences."

"DRAWING RATIONS"—THE "KIDNEY" POTATOES.—Near where Lee's army were encamped was a farm famous for its fine potatoes, which were of the celebrated "kidney" variety. The farmer, finding that his potatoes were being taken, went into the camp to try to discover the culprit. He found one mess cook busily preparing some potatoes that looked suspiciously like his prized "kidneys," and he asked the man where he got them. "Drew them," was the answer. "Does the government supply potatoes like these to you?" asked the surprised farmer. "No; I drew these partly with a hoe and partly by the vines that grow on top of the potatoes, and they are the best draw of rations I have made since I have been in the army." The man's assurance was so funny that the farmer only laughed as he told the soldier not to "draw" any more potatoes, but to come to him and he would give him all he wanted.

FLORIDA ASKS AID TO BUILD WOMAN'S MONUMENT.—William H. Jewell, of Orlando, Fla., chairman of the State committee for erecting a monument to the women of the South, has issued an earnest appeal to all true and loyal Floridians to aid in the great work. No State could boast of nobler women than those who aided the men of Florida in the dark days of the sixties, and no women more deserve the tribute from her sons of a monument which in bronze and marble shall tell the deathless story of her heroism. General Jewell calls on all the men to help the cause not only by their individual contributions, but by inspiring others to give liberally to the honor of those who should be most honored—the women of the South.

THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

BY C. P. VARNER, COMPANY K.

Forty-nine years ago, on April 12, 1861, Company K, 3d South Carolina Regiment, was ordered to meet in Spartanburg with three days' rations and a blanket and take the train for Charleston. General Beauregard had ordered the attack on Fort Sumter, and soon the United States flag was lowered by that gallant commander, Major Anderson. Our company had been organized some weeks before, and this writer was unanimously elected corporal. We had lawyers, doctors, preachers, and West Pointers in our company—a rare combination of Southern chivalry. We had been drilling with our old squirrel guns for weeks in "uniforms" of all colors, made at home by our mothers and sisters, proud soldiers ready to do battle for our country. Out of that one hundred and six, only eleven came back, and they all bore the scars of war.

That was a sad April morning when we started for the war. Many were the tears and heartaches as we kissed our mothers, sisters, and sweethearts good-by. Some of them were killed at Manassas, at Fredericksburg, at Sharpsburg, at Gettysburg, at the Wilderness, the Seven Days around Richmond, at Chickamauga, and many other fields of carnage. As I look over the roll I find only one left. Our regiment was organized at Columbia, S. C. As we marched up the main street that April morning with bands playing, flags to the breeze, beautiful women waving handkerchiefs and throwing bouquets, I thought: "Is this war?" Here in this city of flowers we have the gayest picture of a soldier. Four years and it is the saddest, yet a beautiful city even in ashes. This is war! A few days and we are off for Virginia, soon to be the scene of the great conflict. During a few days' stop at Richmond we enjoyed the hospitality of those noble women, who in the future were to immortalize themselves in the great struggle for freedom.

Our first picket duty was at Blacksborn Ford, on Bull Run, the battlefield of Manassas. We were hurried on to Fairfax C. H., where we were engaged in throwing up long lines of breastworks, and did picket duty in sight of Mount Vernon and Washington City. Here on a hill under a wild cherry tree was buried with the honors of war one of our regiment, the first soldier of the Confederate army. On July 19 the Federal army began crossing the Potomac. The 20th was spent by our company and regiment forming in line of battle and holding the grand army in check; then we fell back to Bull Run, the scene of the first great battle. That Sunday was beautiful, as if nature had adorned herself for the great conflict. Couriers at full speed were bearing dispatches to and from the different commands. General Beauregard could be seen with his field glass watching the enemy and studying the lay of the land. Each was seeking the best position. One hundred cannon are now belching forth their missiles of death, amidst the roar of musketry. The battle is on! Men are dying in the works. Generals Bee and Bartow have fallen, our ranks are wavering; but just over the hill we see a long line of men in double-quick action. Jackson and Johnston are on the field with fresh troops. We hear the Rebel yell as it echoes down the line. The enemy is retreating. Now our whole line of battle, about four miles long, moves forward with a yell that seems to shake the tree tops. We soon realize that it is a stampede. Cannon, caissons, ordnance wagons, and dead horses in many places blocked the road. Our regiment passed in advance by General McDowell's headquarters. I rushed into his tent, and from a table captured an inkstand from which he had written that order: "On to Richmond." It is a fine trophy of the war, and is now in the possession of my son in the Park Bank of St. Joseph, Mo.

We halted about midnight in a long oak grove which had been the rendezvous of United States Senators, Congressmen, their wives and daughters, and many of the élite of Washington, who had followed the army in fine carriages, buggies, and many other vehicles on its way to Richmond. They had brought along vast quantities of everything conceivable to eat and drink. We were tired and hungry, and imagine what a feast we had that night! Everything was behind; men and women rode artillery horses, two or three on a horse. They went through fields and byways—any way to get back to Washington. We lost many noble men and soldiers in that battle, but the victory was complete. So ended the first great battle of the War of Secession. There has been much criticism of our statesmen and men high in official positions as to the good that might have resulted from that victory. No question can arise but that we were too sanguine of success.

Our opponents in war profited by the defeat, and with renewed energy went to work to organize, equip, and drill a large army preparatory for the next spring campaign. They now realized that the Federal army was officered largely by Southern men. Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Magruder, the Hills, Stuart, Van Dorn, and many others had resigned their places in the army and cast their lot with the South.

The remainder of the summer and fall was spent doing picket duty along the Potomac. Winter found us back at the battle ground on Bull Run, where we went into winter quarters. The winter was pleasantly spent. Many were the souvenirs sent home, such as walking sticks from the battlefield sent to our fathers. Some furloughs were granted, but none to me. Our Christmas dinner was a feast. A good Virginia farmer brought to our camp a load of dressed chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc., for sale. He had an old-time half bushel full of gizzards and livers, and for one dollar I bought the pile. Prayer meeting and preaching were common, and did much good. Social games were indulged in. The very hills often echoed with that grand war song, "All Quiet along the Potomac To-Night," which was new and was sung by the soldiers with much zeal and fervor.

JOINS WASHINGTON WITH MEXICAN "FATHER OF INDEPENDENCE."—A handsome monument will soon be built in the City of Mexico costing one hundred thousand dollars and will be unveiled during the centennial celebration. This will be given by the Americans living in Mexico, and will be a joint monument, dedicated equally to George Washington, the "Father of His Country," and to Miguel II Costello, the Mexican "Father of Independence."

NEW U. C. V. CAMP IN ATLANTA.—Camp Longstreet was recently organized in Atlanta with a charter membership of thirty-six. This U. C. V. Camp has some new features, having a sickness or death insurance benefit fund which will be paid in by assessment of its members.

To Comrades of William Jasper Deen.

Mrs. William Jasper Deen, of Magazine, Ark., needs a pension and requests that surviving comrades of her husband help to establish his record as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Captain Young's company from Pontotoc County, Miss., in 1861.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

BY COL. E. J. HARVIE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In August I was requested by Mrs. Thomas Hardaway, President of the U. D. C. of Amelia County, Va., to write an extended sketch of General Johnston's life, and I submit it now without comment, and hope it will serve the laudable purpose she has in view.

General Johnston was born in Virginia in February, 1807; and died at his residence, in Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891. What of him? I shrink from the task to portray the character of such a man. Of his early life before the war I know very little. It was spent in Prince Edward and Washington Counties, Va., until he was appointed a cadet at West Point, graduating in the class of 1829. The first time I ever met General Johnston was in the United States Quartermaster General's office in the summer of 1860. I had just returned from the Pacific Coast, and brought with me letters from prominent army officers and politicians of California, recommending me for promotion in the quartermaster's department.

In October, 1861, I was ordered to the Army of Northern Virginia, General Johnston commanding. A few days later I was appointed to a position on his staff, and to the day of his death I was his devoted friend. I first saw him under fire at Williamsburg in 1862. Mounted on his celebrated roadster, Sam Patch, he placed himself in an open plateau, where balls and shells came thick and fast, apparently as calm as a May morning. Never by accident even while I was with him did he select comfortable quarters on the field of battle for himself or his staff.

I believe it was Turenne who said: "The general who never made mistakes never made war." But I defy any military man to point out a mistake made by General Johnston on the field of battle. At Williamsburg he appeared to me the very god of war. Something about the distribution of troops in Fort Magruder seemed to worry him. Turning in his saddle and catching my eye, he said, "Ride at once to the officer in command of troops and tell him to station them differently," telling me just what he wanted. Dismounting and leading my horse by the bridle, I crept along under the ramparts until I found the officer in command, delivered the message with which I was intrusted, and did not stand on the order of leaving that fire pit. Early the next morning we left for Williamsburg.

On our backward move to Richmond I heard him say: "The folly of sending this army down the Peninsula is only equaled by our good fortune in getting away from there." He was unfortunately wounded at Seven Pines when he had victory within his grasp. His staff was transferred to that of General Lee. Six months after he reported for duty, and on his application I went back to him. A few years before his death—this to show the modesty of the man—I told him the greatest compliment ever paid me was by himself when he applied for me to rejoin his staff. He replied: "Not equal yours to me, sir, when you left General Lee's staff for mine."

The geographical command to which he was then assigned was big in name, empty in reality. He looked more like a caged lion than like a man in command of two great armies. The geographical command referred to included Bragg's army, at Tullahoma, Tenn., and Pemberton's army, at Vicksburg. When Pemberton was outgeneraled and about the time of his overwhelming defeat by the battle of Edward's Depot, General Johnston was ordered to Mississippi, and he quickly assembled a force of 24,000 men. His orders to Pemberton were to leave Vicksburg and try to save his army. A diversion, he thought, to the northwest in conjunction with the troops he himself had assembled might reasonably be expected to succeed. When his orders were disregarded, Vicksburg and its garrison were doomed. Capitulation soon followed.

In December, 1863, General Johnston was ordered to take command of the Army of Tennessee headquarters at Dalton, Ga. The spring following the Dalton-Atlanta campaign opened, and then blazed out the resplendent genius of this great commander. He had to an eminent degree the power of hurling large bodies of men against the detachments of the opposing army. As Forrest would say: "Getting there first with the most men." This is strategy. Contemporaneous history will, I think, show that General Sherman's army was nearly three times as large as that of the Army of Tennessee, and that he lost on that campaig as many men as we had all told. No one will venture to deny that after deploying before our whole front General Sherman had one, sometimes two corps with which to threaten our communications and flank us out of position. We were flanked but not whipped out of Northern Georgia. General Sherman is reported to have said that he never picked up so much as a wheelbarrow on the retreat.

At Resaca General Johnston, surrounded by some thirty men, stationed himself at the side of a hill exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters. A ball of some kind took off the head of a man near by, and his brain was sprinkled over me. We all wanted safer quarters, but no man in that group had the temerity to suggest it.

A Most Remarkable Retreat.

Every day a victory from Dalton or Ringgold to Atlanta, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Kennesaw, etc., would each make a thrilling chapter. I recall a single dramatic scene when, with our horses saddled, we waited the signal for active work. An aid came with sweating horse from General Hood, saying he was flanked on the right. General Johnston with an exclamation said, "It is impossible," and sent General Mackall to ascertain the facts and report.

That night, after a council of war, shared in by Generals Johnston, Polk, Hardee, and Hood, had adjourned, I was summoned to headquarters with Lieutenants Manning, Hampton, and McCurry (a voluntary aid) and charged with important duties. Not one of us slept that night.

Fighting by day and retreating at night, we at last reached Peachtree Creek, and here began the Iliad of our woes. General Johnston was relieved of command and General Hood installed in his place. Like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky came this unexpected blow. Even General Hood seemed appalled. The Confederacy seemed doomed.

Long after the war General Johnston told me that if he had not been relieved of command he would have won that campaign. In common with others, I think so too.

When at or near the close of the war he was again placed in command, he applied for me. I joined him promptly, and was at his side in the battle of Bentonville, the last great battle of the war.

At different times during the war General Johnston had upon his staff some very able men. Among them I may mention without disparagement to others Gen. William W. Mackall, chief of staff, an officer of the old army and the most accomplished staff officer I was ever thrown with; Col. Benjamin S. Ewell, adjutant general, "a man among men" when Virginia was full of giants, President of William and Mary College before and after the war; Lieut. Col. Thomas B. Lamar, assistant adjutant general, one of nature's noblemen. Without previous training he quickly mastered the duties of the office and became a power on the staff. Maj. James B.

Eustis, in charge of military courts and courts-martial. He represented his State (Louisiana) in the United States Senate after the war, and was recently Ambassador to France from the United States.

I never heard General Johnston tell an anecdote, and yet he appreciated and enjoyed wit. I recall two stories he and Mrs. Johnston made me tell more than once. Followed by his staff on the retreat from Dalton, he was passing a long line of army wagons. The roads were bad, and one of the wagons stuck fast in the mud, the driver cursing and swearing and lashing the mules. Just then an army chaplain rode up and said: "My friend, do you know who died to save sinners?" The answer seemed to hiss from the teamster's mouth: "D— your conundrums. Don't you see I am stuck in the mud?" Again some officers met in a tent, I won't say where. Furniture was scarce, only a box in sight, and upon it a little brown jug surrounded by tin cups. One of the officers, drawing upon his imagination for facts, told of European trips, etc. Finally he returned to America and went to live in Florida, where he proceeded to tell of capturing an alligator twenty feet long. A little man in the company ventured to cast just a shade of doubt on the statement. "Surprised, are you?" said the unsuppressed story teller. "O, no," replied the little man; "not at all. I am a liar myself." These stories would always make the General hold his sides.

An extract from a letter of Ex-Governor Porter, of Tennessee, to Colonel Harvie, who was chief of staff to General Cheatham, states: "After the battle of Chickamauga, General Bragg dissolved Cheatham's Division and gave him a division of troops from other States, allowing him to retain one Tennessee brigade upon the ground that so large a body of troops from one State in one division promoted too much State pride at the expense of pride in the Confederate States. When General Johnston assumed command of the army at Dalton, one of his first acts was to restore the old organization. The order to this effect created unbounded enthusiasm in the division. With one impulse the men marched to army headquarters with a band of music and called for General Johnston. General Cheatham escorted him from his room to the front door and presented him to his command with heartiness as genuine as it was unmilitary. Placing his hand upon the bare head of the chief of the army, he patted it two or three times and, looking at the men, said: 'Boys, this is Old Joe.' This was a presentation speech to captivate the soldiers' hearts. They called their own chief 'Mars Frank,' and it meant that here is another to trust and to love. That was the happiest presentation speech ever made by any man—happy because General Johnston had the good sense to appreciate it and happy because it touched and thrilled the hearts and minds of soldiers who loved their own chief. General Cheatham was the only man in the Army of Tennessee who could have made such a presentation speech without offending General Johnston, and to my mind it was the supreme test of the good sense of the last named that he received it in the presence of several thousand private soldiers with all the kindly grace of manner that characterized every act of his noble life."

I was paroled by his side. Alone and almost broken-hearted, I turned from him, realizing that I was leaving behind me the greatest military character that I ever got close to. After the war he was actively engaged in the industrial reconstruction of the South, especially with agricultural, commercial, and railroad enterprises, residing at Savannah, Ga. Later he came to live in Richmond, and was elected to Congress from Richmond (Va.) district, and served one term. After this he was appointed United States Railroad Commissioner in Cleveland's first administration, and after that retired to private life in Washington.

Soon after General Johnston's death I was asked by Confederates living in Washington to write a tribute to his memory. At the expense of repeating myself I incorporate it with this article.

A prince among men has fallen. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, ripe in years and full of honor, died at his residence, in Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. In his death the country loses a great, conspicuous, and noble character, the South its highest type of chivalry and manhood. The peer of Lee, the central figure of a hundred glorious tableaux, looming like Saul "from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people." It is a labor of love to pay tribute to the memory of him who lived and died without fear and without reproach. We loved and honored the man, were influenced by his example, and now mourn his death. His place is beyond the reach of adverse criticism; the judgment of history has made it secure, and his campaign in Georgia is a study for military men all over the civilized world.

Of the generals on either side, it may be safely said that Johnston was excelled by none for energy, courage, skill, pugnacity, and prudence. He could be like Cæsar or Fabius as circumstances demanded. The quickness with which he could strike was shown at Manassas, Seven Pines, and Bentonville, and his strategy was never questioned. When young he learned all the lessons drawn from the world's campaigns and the knowledge of the great men who managed them. He absorbed their wisdom and applied it in action.

The news of his death was received throughout the country with sorrow and regret; and in the South, where he was regarded as the embodiment of Southern sentiment, tears of old and young fell without restraint in homes whose inmates idolize his name. Great in war, he remained great when war reigned no more. Fierce and strong as a soldier, he was gentle and winning as a civilian. Foremost when called to battle, he remained prominent in the avocations of citizenship after he had faithfully performed the duties to which the war assigned him. A Virginian by birth and education, he was a gentleman by the grace of God.

Soon after graduating from West Point in the class of 1829 we see him in Florida, where he was severely wounded just as he had saved a small force from being destroyed by Indians through incompetency of the officer in command.

In the Mexican War he made a daring reconnoissance and gave to another, high in command, his plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he was again wounded. In the capture of Chapultepec he led the assaulting force, and at the gates was shot down, leaving the glory to his successor. In the Civil War how grand, how commanding! On the secession of Virginia, his native State, he resigned his commission as brigadier general and quartermaster general of the United States army, went to Richmond, and was immediately made major general of Virginia troops. Placed in command at Harper's Ferry, he began by eluding Patterson, and appeared with his army on the field of Manassas in time to secure that great victory.

In command of all the troops in Virginia, and realizing the strategic importance of the valley and the value of Stonewall Jackson, it was Johnston's order to this mighty warrior to guard that gate which led to the Valley Campaign.

In his attack on McClellan's left on the 31st of May he had beaten two corps, one-third of the Army of the Potomac, and had victory within his grasp when at the close of the day he

was seriously wounded. The command of the army then fell into other hands.

We next find General Johnston assigned to an extensive command in the West, where he was loaded with responsibility, while practically powerless. In his campaign in Georgia his masterly operations are too well known to need comment here. In his last battle in North Carolina with an inferior force he defeated one wing of Sherman's army and held the ground until his wounded were removed from the field. The terms entered into with Sherman at the close of the war stamp him the statesman.

HEYBURN HOWLS AT "DIXIE."

Heyburn orders the bands to stop playing "Dixie." He waves his hand in Idaho and exclaims: "This is a Republican meeting; we want no such tunes here!" Music that comes "like the sweet South" arouses his rage. He hates everything that comes from the South except the darky delegates to Republican conventions. This is the same Heyburn who was found snarling at the heels of Lee when Virginia set up her majestic statue in the United States Capitol. It is the same Heyburn who has succeeded by constant effort in making for himself a distinct place as the pest of the Senate. He may stop his hired bands in Idaho; but Heyburn can no more stop "Dixie" than the old woman who brushed the beach with her broom could sweep back the sea.

Lee could get no farther than Gettysburg with his armies; but "Dixie" has marched on for forty years, conquering the North, annexing Canada and Mexico, and sweeping its way through Europe. It makes China hum and India pat its foot. Japan is its ally and all Africa its possession. Wherever the blood of man bounds to martial music there "Dixie" sings its stirring strains. It will live long after the bloody shirt has vanished and the mouthiest Heyburn is dead. Long ago it ceased to be the air of a section and took its place among the hymns of the nation. No medley of patriotic airs is complete without it. Like the "Marseillaise," it not only recalls glorious memories and historic deeds, but its notes stir the blood and sound forth like the trumpet call of battle.

"Dixie" will not die. Whole legions of Heyburns braying with 10,000,000 jackass power cannot drown its martial notes. It has become a part of the music of nations and, let us hope, also of the spheres; and if the good things of earth are preserved in the hereafter, Heyburn may find himself greeted when he reaches the heavenly shore by a celestial band playing in its most effective style the tune he hates so much. We trust before that time he may have become reconstructed and reconciled, so that he may not turn his back on Paradise because "Dixie" is in the musical repertoire.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Good Story of Gen. Fred Grant.—An amusing incident occurred at a dinner party recently given in honor of Gen. Frederick D. Grant. The toastmaster told this story of the Grant family: "When Fred Grant was a boy at West Point, his father, Gen. U. S. Grant, wrote to the commandant to ask how his son was progressing. 'You need not worry,' was the reply. 'Your son is getting better marks in everything than you ever did in anything.'" This story was received with laughter. General Grant rose and said that he remembered the incident well, but that the toastmaster had made a mistake of a generation; that it was he and not his famous father who wrote to the commandant, and "it was my son whose father made such poor marks." Then he added good-humoredly: "Never mind, it is all in the family."

STARS AND STRIPES CARRIED THROUGH DIXIE.

Sergt. Gilbert H. Bates, of Saybrook, Ill., writes the Veteran of having read the Boyd paper on General Sherman in the September number, and is much pleased with it. The tremulous handwriting of the author indicates that he is now quite venerable.

Mr. Bates has had a remarkable career in carrying the flag of this country extensively through England and Scotland away back in 1872, at a time when there was much concern over the settlement of the war claims of Semmes's famous war ship, the Alabama. It seems to have been an "I dare you" venture, but the results were pleasing in every respect.

Mr. Bates had previously tried the effect of carrying the flag on foot from Vicksburg to Washington. He unfurled it in the former city on January 28, 1868, and carried it on foot to the Capitol. He states that he never met with insult or unkindness, but that there was continuous expression of good will and kindness from the "Gibraltar of the West" to Washington. He refers to he change that came later through "reconstruction," but there was never any change as to the flag. The "crime" of secession to such men as Sergeant Bates is not so considered at the South, and such sentiment need never be expected.

He arrived at the capital on the seventh anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, April 14, and was publicly received by the President and members of both Houses of Congress. The ceremonies were concluded at the base of the Washington Monument, where the flag was furled for the first time after being thrown to the breeze at Vicksburg.

The Man Who Swore at the Breakfast Table.—David Cardwell, Chairman of the Confederate Infirmary of South Carolina, writes in regard to dismissing a man from that institution for swearing at the breakfast table. Letters and petitions have been sent the board in deprecation. Seriously it would be a very low man who would be guilty of such conduct, but Mr. Cardwell writes: "It is strange that any one would believe such a story, yet they do. The man was furloughed indefinitely because it was to the best interests of the Home. He came to us from a poorhouse, and we had to let him go. We do not wish to add to this poor old man's distress by any further publicity in the case. The commissioners were selected by the Governor, and are hardly liable to do a genuine old soldier an injustice."

Confusion Caused by Unmatched Titles.—A veteran who ranks as "Colonel U. C. V." protests against the use of titles in the organization: "Some years ago I called your attention to the great injustice that is being done to the general and field officers of the Confederate army by the titles now being given to all ranks in the U. C. V. I know that the general officers feel it deeply, and it is more confusing to history and to the younger generations as they hear men called 'General' or "Colonel" when they really had no such titles in the war. I think we owe it to those gallant officers who won their rank in battle to do away with the titles and call the officers of the U. C. V. Commander, Adjutant, and such titles as show their positions. A resolution was introduced at a reunion some years ago by Governor Johnston, of Alabama, to change these titles. Every living general and colonel feels this injustice to them, and these titles should be abolished. As I am on staff with the rank of colonel, you can see that I am unselfish as well as patriotic in what I have written."

TESTIMONY ABOUT BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

[From "Historical Reminiscences" of the San Antonio (Tex.) Express conducted by Gen. J. B. Polley, whose "Charming Nellie" and other stories for the VETERAN are delightfully remembered.]

Writing from San Antonio under date of May 20 LeRoy Farrington says: "I have read numerous articles on 'who was who' and who went farthest, etc., in Pickett's charge, but in every case all credit has been given the Virginia troops. I herewith send you an article on the subject, and one that gives credit to all concerned, especially, though, to Archer's famous Tennessee brigade, whose colors were captured in the Federal works. There were others there besides Virginians."

A battlefield outline shows the position of the various Confederate brigades at the starting point and the route followed by each in the charge. The Tennessee brigade had the post of honor; in other words, it was the brigade of direction and the center of the assaulting column. The Emmitsburg road ran between two forces, and was more properly a lane than a road. On the Confederate side the fence was made of planks; on the opposite side w s the slab fence so often mentioned in accounts of the battle. Beyond this projected wall and to its right was the "clump of trees" where the main conflict occurred. * * *

A single small brigade went up as a support on the left, but it was annihilated by an enfilading fire from the enemy's artillery before it succeeded in reaching the line of the rock fence. Unsupported there was no possibility of success.

I am indebted to Jonas Cook, a member of Pettigrew's Brigade, for much of the matter that follows. The Colonel Fry he speaks of as having commanded Archer's Brigade in the assault on Cemetery Hill was an Alabamian, and in his young manhood had been an associate of William Walker, of Nashville, "the gray-eyed man of destiny." He is now seventy-nine years old; and though a North Carolinian, having enlisted in Company C, 47th North Carolina Regiment, he is now living near Newnan, Ga.

In a note accompanying his sketch Comrade Cook writes: "In charging up the slope the Tennessee brigade (Archer's) was the center of the column and the brigade of direction—that is, the other brigades of the column had orders to press on the Tennesseeans. Theirs was the post of honor. My brigade (Pettigrew's) was on the immediate left of the Tennessee brigade. Just after crossing the road on the way up and while our men were going down in bunches I heard General Pettigrew give a command. The awful roar of the guns prevented me from hearing what was said; but almost instantly Colonel Fry, who was commanding the Tennessee brigade that day, stepped forward a few paces and, turning so as to face General Pettigrew, saluted with his sword, meanwhile standing in an expectant attitude as if he too had failed to catch the order. At this juncture General Pettigrew shouted at the top of his voice: 'I am dressing on you!' There was great confusion in our ranks and in those to our left, and it was necessary for us to dress on something in order to maintain our alignment. The Tennesseeans were moving forward with steady march, and as far as I could see there was not a break in its line except where the shells were plowing through it. My company was next on the left of the first company of the 7th Tennessee Regiment. As we moved forward close to the rock fence I observed just to my right and directly in front of the Tennesseeans a projected rock wall. I do not remember its dimensions, but I recall that it ran at right angles to the main fence for some little distance, then turned back, forming a salient. In the angle thus formed was a single gun, all that was left of a fine Federal battery, the others having been destroyed by our artillery. I saw this gun there as I came out of the fight on my retreat. Not many of us went over that rock fence. General Pickett and his staff never advanced farther than the Emmitsburg road; but his brigade, led by Garrett, Kemper, and Armistead, went higher up. In recrossing the road on my retreat I came up with many of Pickett's men lying in the gulleys and natural depressions in the earth along the line of the slab fence. They had been no farther up than that point, and they were afraid to go forward or retreat, as it looked like certain death either way. Whether they were captured or not, I cannot say. I came out alone and reached our artillery without a scratch, though six bullets pierced my clothes. I saw General Armistead fall dead in the enemy's line. There has been some discussion as to whether the Federal line was broken on Cemetery Hill. I can testify that it was, for I saw part of it give way before I left the rock fence. We lost the hill because there were not enough of us left to hold it. There were nine brigades in that charge, and I suppose ten or twelve thousand men; but Wilcox's Division, ordered to support us, did not get into the fight at all."

Lieutenant Colonel Morris, of the 37th North Carolina Regiment, says of the charge: "Pettigrew's Brigade and Archer's Tennessee Brigade reached the enemy's works in advance of the other brigades and succeeded in driving the enemy from his works in their front, but were exposed to a flank fire both right and left. Six officers on the right of my regiment were wounded in the enemy's works and captured. As we went up the hill we found the enemy in strong force at the Emmitsburg road and a little in advance of the rock fence. These we drove away, capturing many prisoners and starting them to our rear without guard. A flanking party from our left surrounded my regiment after passing the rock fence and captured it."

Capt. George W. Sanderlin (a preacher now), of the 33d North Carolina Regiment, says: "We advanced in close order to the enemy's works, though subjected to an enfilading artillery fire from the left and a murderous musketry fire from our front. We drove the enemy's infantry from their works, and also their artillery. I could plainly hear the Federal officers just beyond the crest of the hill trying to rally their men. In an angle of the stone wall I saw a piece of artillery which had been struck in the muzzle by a shell from one of our guns of like caliber, and the shell remained fastened in the bore. Pickett's troops on our right had been repulsed before we reached the enemy's line, probably at the (Emmitsburg) road. I am well satisfied that our brigade (Lane's) held its position at the enemy's works longer than any other command. When we began our retreat, Pickett's men were well to the rear. Garnett fell at the rock fence, and Kemper went down a few seconds later. Pettigrew and Trimble were wounded at the fence, and Colonel Fry, who commanded Archer's Brigade, also fell there. But if we had suffered, the enemy had suffered too. Hancock, Gibbons, Webb, Sherrill, Smyth, and Stannard lay wounded upon the hill. Armistead spurred his horse through a broken place in the rock fence and called upon the men to follow him. Once through the fence, Armistead rode straight into the Federal line, and there received his mortal wound. About forty of the men who followed him fell inside the enemy's works."

Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Pender's Brigade, says: "On the right Pickett's command had crossed the road (Emmitsburg), while the line farther to the left had yet to pass it. General Pickett and staff, however, stopped at the road, and did not accom-

pany the troops farther in the charge. Pickett's troops were formed with Garnett in front, Kemper on the right of Garnett but somewhat in the rear, and Armistead a hundred yards behind Kemper. On Garnett's left was Archer's Tennessee Brigade, under Colonel Fry, whose numbers had been greatly reduced in the first day's fight. This brigade was the brigade of the direction. Pettigrew's North Carolina Brigade was joined to Archer's Brigade on the left. The first line of the enemy, which lay a hundred yards in front, was thrown back against the rock fence, many being captured and hurried to the rear without guard. At this juncture a front that originally was nearly a mile long had now been compressed into less than eight hundred yards, and the concentrated fire of the enemy's artillery as well as musketry told with fearful effect. Just before reaching the rock fence Brockenborough's Virginians and Davis's Mississippians broke and fell back at the critical moment of the ordeal."

Maj. William Robins, of Lane's Brigade, says: "The charge was made by nine brigades, Garnett's, Kemper's, Armistead's, Archer's, Brockenborough's, Davis's, Pettigrew's, Lane's, and Scales's. Pettigrew's Brigade had the 11th, 26th, 47th, and 52d North Carolina Regiments; Davis's Brigade had three Mississippi regiments and one from North Carolina; Archer's had three Tennessee and two Alabama regiments; Brockenborough's Brigade was composed entirely of Virginia regiments, and so were the troops under Garnett, Kemper, and Armistead, the whole, with Wilcox's Division (in support), making about fourteen thousand troops. Lane's North Carolina troops followed Pettigrew's in the charge and crossed the road on the left of the brigade. Davis and Brockenborough were still farther to the left. Wilcox followed Garnett and Kemper obliquely to the right and stopped before reaching the road. Scales followed Archer's men. The latter was the brigade of direction. As we neared the rock fence Archer's men were confronted by a projected wall, running out from the main fence well down the hill and then turning and joining it again farther up the hill. The projection formed an angle, or salient, and was seventy or eighty yards in front of the Federal Cushing's battery. We routed the first line of the enemy well in advance of this projected wall. Our guns under Col. Alexander had destroyed Cushing's battery, all save one gun, and I learned after the close of the war that this single gun, by order of Cushing, who was wounded, had been run into this angle of the fence for a final shot at us, but was silenced by a Confederate shell that lodged in its muzzle. Archer's men in their advance struck this projected wall. It is hard at this distance from the battle to tell just what troops went over the fence, but enough of us got over to break the Federal line. I know this, for I saw them giving way in confusion at the moment we were ordered to fall back."

Colonel Fry, commander of the Tennessee Brigade, wrote: "My brigade was the brigade of direction, and, approaching the rock fence, we were leading. Garnett was on our right, and I heard him give the command to dress on my brigade. A moment later he fell. All five of the regimental colors of my brigade reached the enemy's works, and many of my officers and men were killed after passing over it."

In corroboration of the foregoing I quote an extract from a letter written by Colonel Shepherd of the 7th Tennessee Regiment and who commanded Archer's Brigade after Colonel Fry fell: "Every flag of Archer's Brigade except one was captured in the works of the enemy. It is believed that the one flag which Colonel Shepherd mentions as not having been captured from his brigade belonged to the 7th Tennessee."

MR. CALHOUN'S REPLY TO MR. WEBSTER.

Hon. B. F. Grady, of Clinton, N. C., writes to Hon. John W. Gaines, of Nashville:

"Your quotation from Webster's Capon Springs address in this month's VETERAN reminds me of an interesting comment on Calhoun's 26th of February, 1833, reply to Webster's 16th of February speech. The late Judge McKoy, of this town, whose father was Clerk of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions in 1833, told me that his father used to entertain his friends with his recollections of 'nullification' and 'bill-of-abominations' times, and among his stories was this: John Randolph, Minister to Russia, was enjoying a vacation, and was in the Capitol when Calhoun was delivering that speech. After Calhoun had got well into his subject, Randolph, having more rights than most people, shouted to a page, 'Remove that hat,' the hat being between him and Webster's face. It was removed; and when Calhoun closed his speech, Randolph shouted: 'He's dead! I saw him die inch by inch.'

"And he was 'dead.' He never undertook to answer that speech. But New England never heard of Calhoun's crusher, and Webster shines in all the literature of the North as 'The Great Expounder of the Constitution.' One of the fairest of their books—Emma C. Willard's 'History of the United States'—says that Webster 'convinced the understanding and thrilled through the heart of every patriot in the Union;' but she says nothing about Calhoun's speech.

"It will be a generation or two ahead of us before the justice of the South's contentions, the greed of New England, and the real bone of contention between the sections will take their proper places in the literature of this country; but the time will come. And then wise men will wonder how the people of this generation, even Southerners, have accepted as true the falsehoods on which the literature of this day is resting.

"I cannot hope to see justice come to the South. I will be seventy-nine years of age the 10th of next month. But I shall 'pass over the river' without a shadow of doubt as to the South's justification.

'Time at last the mist disperses
Which hides from us the fated curses;
Tribes and races must endure,
When, truth and justice thrust aside,
Hate or greed becomes the guide,
And honor's fountain grows impure.'

"I never reached Nashville. I was shot in my face and through my right hand at Franklin, having gone inside the enemy's main breastwork where the road from Columbia entered it. I have often regretted my failure to see your city."

The author of the foregoing has written a book, "The Case of the South against the North; or, Historical Evidence Justifying the Southern States of the American Union in Their Long Controversy with the Northern States." (Sold by the author at $1.15, postpaid.) Comrade Grady was a member of the Fifty-Second and Fifty-Third Congresses.

Ex-Congressman Alfred M. Waddell, Wilmington, N. C., writes of the book: "It presents the subject upon which it was written in a condensed, strong, and unique way that compels attention and interest. The tone of the book is so high, it is so free from prejudice, and so marked by the true spirit of historical investigation as to command the respect of all classes of readers. It is scrupulously accurate as to facts."

The Norfolk (Va.) Pilot said: "It will be gratifying for many an old 'vet' who has always believed that the South was right to read such evidence as Mr. Grady has collected."

BERRY INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, ROME, GA.

Among the mountains which stretch across the Carolinas and deep into Georgia and Alabama are many desolate cabins near which are no schools, libraries are unknown, and even single books hard to find. Here and there on the edge of the mountain country are a few schools, but these hardly affect more than their immediate region. For the State itself the educational problem is a hard one, as the homes are too far apart to gather the children together, and the pride of the mountaineer in keeping his family individual, with little or no contact with any established form of government, has stood in the way of school work. In addition to this bar to progress is the mountain prejudice against the child knowing more than its parents.

All of these conditions confronted Miss Martha Berry in her chosen work. She was born to a life of ease and of sufficient affluence to grant all ordinary wishes; but there was stirring within her a constant desire to work, which impelled her to take up long courses of study, and discontented her with her easy life. Near her home were the flat woods and Possum Trot, a gurgling little mountain stream, and a log cabin which she fitted up as a study. One Sunday some mountain children stopped at her cabin door to stare at her, and in conversation she found that they were ignorant of the Bible and could not read. She invited them in for a talk, and when they left she told them to come again the next Sunday and bring their friends with them; and this was the beginning of the now prosperous Berry Industrial School.

Miss Berry added to her Sunday talks studies in rudimentary education. Gradually through her efforts district schoolhouses were built throughout the mountains, Miss Berry assisting in paying the salaries of the teachers; but the scattered homes of the pupils, added to the prejudice of the mountaineers, raised what seemed an impassable barrier to the advancement of knowledge. Miss Berry realized that the best way to overcome this prejudice was to appeal to their pride and let them aid in the work. An industrial school seemed to most fittingly meet this need, as here a practical knowledge of farming and kindred acquirements could be taught, the labor of the boys aiding this work, and such a school she determined to establish.

She owned eighty acres of land, and on this from her own means and assisted by Miss Edith Brewster was erected a ten-room house, and these two ladies in a phaëton went through the mountains for pupils. They found two boys in a cabin who were paying an aged schoolmaster to teach them Greek, though they had little if any primary knowledge of ordinary schooling. These became their first pupils. Another boy agreed to come for a literary and industrial education at fifty dollars a year, two others volunteered, and the school opened in January, 1902, with five pupils and two teachers. The little school grew as rapidly as circumstances would permit, and at the end of six years it had a hundred and fifty pupils, and the boys under the direction of a carpenter had erected several handsome buildings. From the first the boys did all the work. They have four hours in the class room and two in the field or in the school work, this labor supposedly paying half their board and tuition fees, though more than half the boys pay nothing at all save by their work.

The school has now over a hundred acres of well-tilled land, where the boys, under a professional farmer are taught the scientific cultivation necessary for the preservation of soil values, a large dairy where they are instructed in stock-raising, an orchard for the study of fruit culture, and a cannery for taking care of surplus fruit. The boys are so trained in industrial and educational matters that the graduates of the school are eagerly sought in commercial capacities, and the University of Georgia and the State Technological School both vie to get them because of the spirit of enterprise they manifest in their classes. The school has never been endowed, and has never received over five hundred dollars at a time, its principal contributions having been from fifty or ten dollars down to one dollar. The school is for every day in the year, and it costs fifty dollars per day to run it. It is now proposed to make "endowment" days—that is, to ask that you give fifty dollars in the name of some loved one. The birthday selected will bear that loved name for the year, or as many years as you wish to pay for. In this way you commemorate your loved and aid the two hundred boys of the school and help toward increasing the school capacity for the reception of the many who are turned away for want of room. The Berry School, Rome, Ga., says no gift is too large or too small to be appreciated and used.

INCIDENTAL TO THE BATTLE OF HARRISBURG.

BY F. H. HOLLOWAY, MARBLE FALLS, TEX.

I should like to hear from any old soldier who was with Mabry's Brigade, Forrest's Command, in July, 1864, at Pontotoc, Miss., when the Yanks began to fall back. Do you remember how the ladies shouted and waved their handkerchiefs at seeing the boys in gray after them? How we scoured the thickets for the Yanks, and how they would fire a volley and then run? That was the 13th of July, 1864, and on the 14th we fought the battle of Harrisburg. You old boys will remember how we made the charge through an old field for about three-quarters of a mile, with the shells whirling and bursting all over and around us, and that when we passed the little house to the left and the Tupelo and Pontotoc road the Minie balls came thick and fast. Just before we reached the little hollow and within about twenty feet of the Federal breastworks I was shot in the left arm. In our regiment of one hundred and twenty-eight men seventy-four were killed and wounded in that fight. That was a sure-enough hot time for about three hours, then it got easier. I was with the 38th Mississippi. The 11th Arkansas, Colonel Griffith's regiment, was there, and the men were good fighters. I should like to see an account of that battle in the VETERAN.

FIRST FIELD OFFICER OF MISSISSIPPI TO FALL.

The first field officer of Mississippi killed in the Confederate war was Col. Erasmus R. Burt, of the 18th Mississippi Regiment. Colonel Burt was a native of South Carolina, but moved to Mississippi when a youth.

When the war began, he was State Auditor, but resigned and organized the famous Burt Rifles. He was soon promoted to the command of the regiment, and was killed at the head of his command in the battle of Leesburg, October 21, 1861. He was buried at Jackson, Miss., and the members of his old regiment have recently erected a suitable monument at his grave.

Colonel Burt is remembered as the "father of the Deaf and Dumb Institute" of Mississippi, a successful and highly worthy enterprise. While a member of the Legislature he introduced a bill providing for the erection and maintenance of this institute. He organized a cavalry company in Jackson which at the beginning of the war enlisted in a body in the Confederate service. There were few braver men than Colonel Burt, yet his grave has been unmarked for nearly half a century.

DUTY.

BY JULIA STRUDWICK TUTWILER.

A boy beside his mother's couch
With watchful care is bending,
Her every want with tender touch
And thoughtful care attending.
She lays her hand upon her son
With gentle, soft caressing.
"My daughter and my son in one,"
She says with words of blessing.

A leader bold, yet never rash,
Where armies meet contending,
Where cannon roar and weapon clash
The very heavens are rending,
Calm and serene, unmoved, he rides
'Mid musketry's fierce rattle,
With eye and hand the whirlwind guides
And rules the storm of battle.

A teacher 'mid Virginia's youth,
In quiet patience seated,
He guides them in the ways of truth,
World-honored, though defeated;
A saint in heaven, high glorified,
His memory let us hallow;
Come weal, come woe, whate'er betide,
His noble footsteps follow.

While bards and poets oft have sung
The praise of love and beauty,
The noblest word in every tongue,
Said Robert Lee, is "duty."

WOMAN CUSTODIAN FOR BATTLE ABBEY.

St. George T. C. Bryan, a Virginian, writes from Birmingham, Ala., suggesting that some Southern woman be selected to take charge of the Confederate Memorial Hall at Richmond as soon as completed. In commending the propriety and fitness of a woman for the work he gives concisely an account of what Southern women did in the old days and what they are doing now in the patriotic and sacred cause. He thus refers to the success they have achieved in Richmond: "The Confederate Museum in Richmond was the conception of woman's brain, and the collection of historical records and relics there has been her work of love and genius for order and beauty. The entire management of the Museum has proved for many years that women should have charge also of this work, telling the story of the South's struggle in defense of constitutional rights. No one may question the ability of some Southern daughter to fill this post in every way acceptably. The office should be perpetually filled by a daughter of the South."

Comrade Bryan did not know evidently when writing that Miss Nannie Nutt, of Sanibel Island, Fla., conceived the idea of the Confederate Museum. Her article on the subject appears in the VETERAN for July, 1893.

"A CONFEDERATE WESTMINSTER."

As time advances, removing the actors in the tragedy of the Confederacy from the world's stage, and their memory becomes less and less a matter of personal knowledge, more of tradition, literature, and art should be invoked as custodians of their fame.

War is terrible, but never were soldiers endowed with military genius so unpolluted by its demoralizing breath as Davis, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and many others who have identified their names with the Confederacy. Their deeds and lives we can place without fear of comparison by the brightest episodes in history. Defeat cannot vitiate such virtue and genius as theirs, and for them and the principles which inspired their valor before all the world let us ordain fitting sepulture for ashes, fitting monument for their clearly just cause, for genius and virtue an apotheosis. Can these ends be achieved more coördinately than by the erection of a Confederate Westminster, so to speak, a national mausoleum at Richmond, our capital, where Davis, Lee, and all the heroes of the Confederacy should be interred, their individual fame preserved, and yet blended in the unity of the Confederacy? It is just that this relation between them and their cause be maintained, for one vivifying principle, States' rights, ran through them all, quickening latent genius into flame; and while their individual names were blazoned on the temple of fame, they flashed on the world's horizon as a glorious constellation—the Southern cross, the Southern Confederacy.

In commenting on the above the VETERAN for May, 1896, said: "All honor to Comrade Rouss for what he is doing in this behalf; but we will ever honor a fair maiden of Florida, Miss Nannie Nutt, who wrote in the VETERAN," etc.

No one will be more surprised at the proposition than Miss Nannie Nutt, yet the suggestion is here made that she would make a most suitable custodian or manager.

MASSACHUSETTS MONUMENT FOR PETERSBURG, VA.—DESIGN ACCEPTED.—Capt. C. H. Porter, Quincy, Mass., Capt. Gustave Magnitzky, Boston, and James Anderson, Commander of the Wilcox Post, Springfield, are the committee to select a design for the proposed monument to Massachusetts soldiers which will be erected in Petersburg, Va., at a cost of $4,500. The monument will be of granite twenty feet high and fifteen feet across the base. It will be surmounted by an American eagle. The base is round, and on the front a bronze tablet will hold the names of all the Massachusetts regiments that took part in the battle. Over the tablet is the State coat of arms, and on each side of the base is an olive branch. The original designs called for a laurel wreath, but the committee felt that the peace emblem was more suitable to the friendly feeling that it is their desire to represent. A site for this monument was given by Mrs. Griffith, who owns the Crater farm, and she also promises to take charge of the shaft after it is built. It is expected that at some future time the battlefield will be turned into a national park, and that a military road will extend from Appomattox to Hatcher's Run, and that both Confederate and Federal monuments will be erected. There are three monuments at the Crater already—one to 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, one to Colonel Gowan's 48th Pennsylvania, and one erected by the State of Pennsylvania. When the Massachusetts monument is completed, it will be turned over to the Governor of Virginia and become its property.

BETTER OUTFITS FOR THE SOLDIERS.—Secretary of War Dickinson has been especially anxious to make some reductions in the weight of the "kit" every soldier is required to carry on a march. He approved the action of the board of army officials who are having manufactured at the Rock Island arsenal an outfit which will prove the greatest comfort to the soldiers and increase their efficiency in the field. The board seeks to improve everything a soldier uses except his apparel, ammunition, and rifle. The new accouterment will weigh thirty-eight pounds, which is seven pounds lighter than that now in use.

RESENTS BEING CALLED A REBEL.

BY W. B. LEWIS, ROBERT LEE, TEX.

Do the G. A. R. men who so patriotically (?) protest against the Lee statue remaining in Statuary Hall, Washington, know who were the rebels and traitors in 1860? Will they please be specific enough to quote the law we violated at that time? Have they forgotten that the first declarations in favor of the right we then exercised were made in New England? Have they ever read the Kentucky resolutions prepared by Mr. Jefferson? If so, they have forgotten them. Do they know that the Virginia resolutions were prepared by Mr. Madison, the father of the Constitution, and his report thereon? If so, they have forgotten it all. Do they know what Massachusetts said on the acquisition of Louisiana? Do they know what the five New England States said at the Hartford Convention? Do they know what Massachusetts said upon the annexation of Texas? Do they remember the substance of the resolutions passed by the United States Senate offered by Mr. Calhoun in 1838?

If they will study up on all these questions, they will see very plainly who were the rebels in that unfortunate war. That cannot be called rebellion when it is the execution of a lawful right, and they are very much mistaken if they think we have ever or ever will consent that the term can be rightly applied to us. They must look elsewhere if they ever find the proper place for it.

South Carolina Comrades Thank the G. A. R. Commander.—Comrades C. S. A. of Spartanburg, S. C., took action recently upon a subject worthy of preservation. Col. Alfred Aldrich offered a resolution which was adopted by a rising vote expressing gratitude for "General Order No. 4" by Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. in regard to Memorial Day, wherein he stated: "Forty-two years of compliance with the order issued by Comrade John A. Logan while Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. has continued the observance of annual tributes to the 'deathless dead,' and it is recommended that wherever a grave of a former Confederate is found flowers be placed thereon as a tribute to the bravery of the man who fought on the other side, remembering that he too was an American soldier. While once enemies, we are now a united people. Out of the darkness comes no echo of discord and no strife, while universal fellowship lights the lamp to guide the feet of the republic."

The John B. Gordon Camp, U. S. C. V., was organized at Kansas City, Mo., on May 28 with seventeen charter members. Mr. Todd M. George was elected Commander; Dr. A. L. Porter and Ernest Quinlan, Lieutenants; C. Gray Hodges, Adjutant; Dr. A. G. Swaney, Surgeon; Taswell Gilmer, Quartermaster; Hershel Martin, Color Sergeant; Dr. C. M. Simpson, Chaplain; Hampton Nickell, Treasurer; William Bunting, Historian. This Camp is composed of energetic and enthusiastic workers who will strive to always have a leading place in the work of the organization.

War Controversy by Two Lads.—An incident is reported from Little Rock as follows: Two playmates eight or nine years of age, sons of veterans on opposite sides in the War between the States, were very fond of discussing and expressing "father's" views on the war. All went well until little "Yank" said: "Well, I don't care what you say; we whipped you." Johnny Reb replied: "Come, go with me to the cemetery and I will show you who killed the most men." The Yankee lad did not go.

Lynnville, Tenn., to Have a Confederate Monument.—Mrs. Ella Heflin McLaurin, Chairman of Monument Committee at Lynnville, Tenn., writes: "Over two years ago our Chapter planned to erect a monument to the private Confederate soldier. My nephew, D. M. Gorlon, who was visiting me at the time, contributed the first dollar about the same time Mr. Carmack gave us a free lecture which made us $50. Since then we have had several entertainments, and now our fund is $226. We have some private subscriptions promised, and expect to take a collection of that kind later on. I want to assure you that our Chapter will appreciate any assistance you can render us in any way. While President of the Chapter I proposed this monument. As a true Southern woman and widow of a Confederate soldier you may imagine my interest."

Seeks Information Concerning His Father's Enlistment.—I would be pleased indeed for information about my father's enlistment in the Confederate army. The name is James P. Bryan, and he belonged, I think, to Company E, 1st Trans-Mississippi Battalion Cavalry. He served as a courier. My father, James P. Bryan, died April 10, 1910. R. C. Bryan, care Postal Telegraph Company, Texarkana, Tex.

Mrs. Emma Freer, widow of James Freer, seeks information of his comrades as to the company and regiment in which he served. S. S. Fitzgerald, of Eudora, Ark., knew him and testifies that he was a good soldier, being often in his camp, but he can't recall the regiment in which Freer served. Testimony from comrades of his command is anxiously sought. Address Mrs. E. L. Freer, Clifton, Tenn.

Helping the Arlington Monument Cause.—The Christmas seals to be sold for the Arlington Monument Fund will be distributed promptly. Sixteen States have joined this movement. Although Alabama led in this work, it belongs just as much to other Divisions as they will make it. For information write Mrs. Edgar James, Chairman, Florence, Ala.

AN OLD SONG.

BY ELEANOR D. M'CLAREN, BEMIS, TENN.

I don' know much about dis new style singin';
Ain' none de songs soun' bery well ter me.
Seem lak de chunes ain' got no music 'bout 'em,
An' de words am jes ez foolish ez can be.
But dere's one ole song I hears em' singin' sometimes;
Den my tears dey cain' keep f'm drappin' down
When I hears de chillun singin' in the cornfield
'Bout "Massa's in de cole, cole groun'."

Fur hit takes me back, hit takes me back in mem'ry
Ter de days ob ole dat nebbermore kin be;
An' my gray-haired massa sleepin' in de churchyard—
I wonder ef his sperit 'members me?
O, I'd gib er heap ter hear his voice er-callin'
An' ter hab him come an' order me croun',
'Stid ob me er-standin' gazin' in de distance
Whar massa's in de cole, cole groun'.

Co'se dese am mighty fine, dese days ob freedom;
But somehow folks don' seem de same ter me,
An' de white folks an' de niggers dey don' seem ter
Git erlong ez well ez when we wuzn't free.
An' dey tell me dat my pore ole min' is failin';
But hit won' be long ontell dey lay me down,
An' my sperit will be shakin' han's wid massa's,
Nebber thinkin' ob de cole, cole groun'.

UNION SOLDIER CONCERNING THE LEE STATUE.

BY GEORGE C. ROUND, MANASSAS, VA.

[The Philadelphia Press of September 22 contained this article. It was published at a time for distribution at the Atlantic City Encampment G. A. R. In a personal letter to the Press the author wrote: "I am a native of Kingston, Luzerne County, Pa., was four and a half years in the Union army, and was commissioned by President Lincoln in the signal corps in 1864. At the end of the war I was General Sherman's signal officer at Raleigh, N. C."]

What Would Lincoln and Grant Say?

Comrades of the National Encampment: I believe it would be a stupendous blunder to make a deliverance against the Lee statue at Atlantic City. For four and a half years I served as a soldier under Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant, and I believe that were they alive to-day they would rejoice with me in such a restoration of the Union, as is indicated by the presence of the statue of that illustrious leader of men in the Capitol of the nation. In this connection I submit the following propositions for your consideration: Every inch General Lee is raised on the pedestal of fame raises Grant and the Army of the Potomac, which overcame him in honorable battle. We cannot afford for our own reputation to minimize either the character or leadership of Lee. We can afford to be both magnanimous and just. The war of 1861-65 was no ordinary rebellion. It was more than a civil war. It was the mightiest conflict in the tide of time. It decided the character and organic structure of the imperial republic which will rule the world for a thousand years. Theodore Roosevelt has given it the best name yet. He calls it "The Great War." [Long before Mr. Roosevelt was President this journal named it "The Great War."—Ed. Veteran.]

The Grand Army cannot afford to judge Robert E. Lee as it would the ringleader of a street riot. The Confederacy put up the most effective war against the United States ever waged in the history of mankind. For four years it was a belligerent nation, recognized as such by the world. There is no previous record in the world's annals of the complete overthrow of such a military power. That we finally accomplished it is the great credit we claim for the Grand Army of the Republic. The statue of Lee in Confederate uniform in the national Capitol is not only a perpetual testimony to his personal character and leadership, but still more does it bear eternal witness to the valor and leadership of the armies of the Union.

It is true that charges of treason were made in 1861 against those who would not acquiesce in the election of Abraham Lincoln. The whole question, however, by its tremendous magnitude was taken out of the jurisdiction of courts of law and carried to the "Court of Last Resort." You and I and 3,000,000 more from both North and South were judges, and all of us did our best to bring about a righteous judgment. On the 9th of April, 1865, a decree was entered, in which the President of the Court, Abraham Lincoln, the prosecuting attorney, Ulysses S. Grant, and all the arbitrators on both sides unanimously concurred. I submit that the parole of General Lee and his soldiers at Appomatox had the effect of condoning and cancelling any offenses they were held to have previously committed against the United States.

Four and a half decades have passed since then. Let us cheerfully abide the decision in the famous "Trial by Battle."

In 1870 President Grant, with the approval of Congress, readmitted Virginia into the American Union, with all the rights to which any State is entitled. The President, the Congressmen, and the whole nation knew that Lee was the idol of Virginia. What has happened is exactly what every thoughtful comrade must have anticipated. The governments of the Southern States were turned over to those who fought against us. General Lee's officers and soldiers have for forty years by the hundreds sat in Congress and made laws for us. The statute made in 1864 clearly gives Virginia the right to choose her own heroes. Why should we draw the line on Lee, the best of them all? Let us abide by the law.

What can we count on as the assured results of "The Great War?" An indestructible Union, universal liberty, universal education. Some of my good comrades find fault with General Lee because he did not apply for the removal of his disabilities established by the fourteenth amendment. To my mind his course after the war was honorable in the highest degree and will be to his everlasting credit. There is not on record a single action or word which indicates bitterness or hostility against the United States. He did not retire sullenly to private life. He carefully abstained from politics, acquiesced quietly in the immediate results of the war, and then went ardently at work to begin to bring about their legitimate sequence, universal and public education.

Since 1868 I have been a citizen of Virginia. As a minor school official I have given much of my leisure time to the establishment and maintenance of the public school system provided for in the Constitution of 1869. It is the rapid and marvelous growth of this system which, in my opinion, constitutes the hope of a true union of sentiment and feeling, a real liberty of thought and action, and a genuine reconstruction of the great republic founded by Washington and preserved under the blessing of God by Abraham Lincoln.

The personal counsels and example of Robert E. Lee as an instructor of youth contributed powerfully to the inauguration of this greatest result of "The Great War." I have had unusual opportunities to form an opinion of his character and life not only from his own soldiers, but from Union men of intelligence, and particularly from his neighbor, Rev. William H. Ruffner, with whom, as Virginia's first Superintendent of Public Instruction, I was on terms of intimacy. It was at General Lee's instance and on his personal recommendation that Dr. Ruffner undertook the great work of his life. This was the only case where General Lee gave the weight of his influence in favor of any individual for public office, and his reason for this was because of the supreme necessity for the education of his people, who had been deprived of school privileges during the war.

Finally, comrades, I will add that I can come to but one conclusion, and that is that the guiding principle of General Lee's life was his great saying: "Duty is the sublimest word in human language." Of course we all think that Lee made one great mistake. But I trust that the Grand Army of the Republic will not commit another great mistake by attempting to deprive Virginia of a right given her by the law.

[In copying the foregoing Confederates will generally say "Amen," except that they will demur to the term "righteous judgment" and in "we all think that Lee made one great mistake." We of Dixie Land think that conditions left General Lee only the alternative of fighting to the bitter end.]

J. P. Kinman, of Adairsville, Ga., desires to correspond with any of the survivors of Armstrong's Mississippi Brigade who were in the skirmish at the Gravel House, two and a half miles north of Adairsville, Ga., on the 16th of May, 1864. One of the skirmishers is buried in the family cemetery, and he wants to place a marker at the grave.

WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY JOHN R. JACOBS, SON OF A CONFEDERATE.

In dedicating this to the Daughters of the Confederacy I can find no words more suitable than those of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederacy: "To the women of the Confederacy, whose proud ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love, whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field, whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war, whose fortitude sustained them under the privations to which they were subjected, whose annual tribute expressed their enduring grief, love, and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach our children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires, these pages are dedicated."

A statesman great in days of old,
Soldier, patriot of heroic mold;
Hero of Buena Vista field,
The lion heart that could not yield;
A Christian gentleman whom we esteem—
Let Jefferson Davis be my theme.
The time, the place you may recall
When Davis spoke in Feneuil Hall
For perpetual union to remain,
The rights of sovereign States maintain.
And by a firm, patriotic stand
To unite the leaders of the land;
The rights of all States protect,
The Constitution still respect.
In Feneuil Hall in words of praise
Recalled the deeds of other days:
Of Paul Revere, his knightly ride,
Arousing all the countryside
Of Concord and of Lexington,
Of battle fought, of victory won,
Remembered far-famed Bunker Hill,
Where Warren's voice is echoing still;
Bade Massachusetts pause ere late,
Before she wrecked the ship of State—
Massachusetts, boastful of her deeds,
From South Carolina no encomiums needs;
Like a couchant lion held at bay,
She knew the strength that within her lay.
For Massachusetts, strange to tell,
Proclaimed the Constitution leagued with hell—

The Constitution bond for all,
We must by it stand or each must fall;
The old Bay State, to her pledge untrue,
With all the rest lost State rights too.
John Brown's Harper's Ferry ride,
An insult to Old Dominion's pride—
The Northern battle cry soon to be,
The Union cannot live half slave, half free—
Showed Southern men all hope was lost,
The Union as by a tempest tossed,
The Constitution, our guiding light,
From that moment lost to sight.
The old South State, defiant still,
Would not yield to Massachusetts' will,
And by a stern decree of fate
Lost the majesty of a sovereign State.
To South Carolina greetings send;
Mississippi next States' rights defend,
Florida, Alabama, Georgia from the Union withdrew,
Louisiana, North Carolina, and Texas too.
A shadowy war cloud seemed to skim
Along the bright horizon's brim.
But strong men hoped, with bated breath,
To push aside the veil of death
That shrouded our peaceful land,
And with firm, determined stand
To make for peace our Union still
Composed of States of sovereign will.



JOHN R. JACOBS.

[John Richard Jacobs, the author, son of Richard Jacobs and Elizabeth Elvira Nettles, was born December 3, 1848, in Clinton, La. Later the family removed to Richland Parish, where he spent his boyhood on a cotton plantation. Immediately after the war he went to Cincinnati, where he has since made his home. He is now married and has three children. His father entered the Confederate service in 1862, enlisting in a company called the "Morehouse Avengers," and was one of the six survivors of the company at the close of the war.]

Arkansas and Missouri on justice relied,
Sic semper tyrannis the invader defied.
The Constitution is to be reversed,
The Southern States must be coerced,
The Union saved at the fearful cost
Of sovereign rights forever lost.
To gaze in fear each thought to trace,
And scan with hope each eager face.
From every lip 'twas but one name
Which every Southern heart could claim.
Thus 'twas Jefferson Davis's fate
To guide the Confederate ship of State.
To him alone the God hath sent
To be her only President,
To uphold the justice of her cause,
And with his might defend her laws,
His bright escutcheon bear the scar
Implanted by the Civil War,
To wear upon his limbs a chain—
A martyr for the thousands slain.

"Old Dominion," with sword at rest,
Put forward her motto for the test.
At Manassas Beauregard took stand
To hurl invaders from the land.
"On to Richmond!" cried at Bull Run,
Proclaimed their flight to Washington!
Born on this field, the oriflamme
Forever linked with Davis's name!
Emblazoned on a field of bars
Was the Southern cross of thirteen stars
Which, borne aloft midst battle's strife
For four years of consecrated life,
Proclaimed it to an awe-struck world
The grandest banner yet unfurled.
Proud flag, thou emblem of the free,
Forever draped thy folds must be!
Born 'midst shriek of shot and shell,
Future poets may thy glories tell;
But stars and bars, a nation's pride,
On the field of Appomattox died.

On either side of Rapidan
The line of hostile forces ran,
Preparing for the coming fray
That opens at the dawn of day.
"Halt! Who comes there?" It matters not;
It is only a lone sentry shot.
But at the camp in whispered breath
Is named the comrade who met death.
'Mid war's carnage it's well to see
Those bearded men on bended knee,
Grouped round a camp fire, where
Old Stonewall Jackson led in prayer:

"Our fathers' God, be thou our shield,
Protect thy sons on battlefield;
Be thou our guide, our strength, our might;
Let thy right arm defend the right;
Stretch forth thy hand for victory,

And make our South forever free.
Grant thou, O God, that we may stand
A Christian nation in thy hand.
Lord, give thy servants strength to try
In truth to live, in faith to die.
Lord, not our will but thine be done;
Thine be the glory for victory won."
Brave Jackson met at Chancellorsville
The decree of his Father's will.
All gathered in the silence there,
Saw his lips move in whispered prayer:
"Let's pass the river to setting sun."
The spirit passed, the body's work was done.
At Gettysburg our declining star
Met the turning tide of civil war;
But the Southern States might still be free
If Jackson had lived to fight with Lee.

A thin, gray line from woods emerge
Along the height of Gettysburg
Where Pickett's men, at the General's call,
Batter the living Union wall,
Where each one strove to fall or stand
Battling for home and native land,
That, like that band at Thermopylæ,
In death his shield might honored be.
Then Hancock dashed into the fray,
And for the Union saved the day.
Then night drew on; the battle lost,
Lee withdrew his mighty host,
Not conquered, though in full retreat.
Sullen and strong even in defeat,
They crossed Rappahannock's tide,
And still oncoming foes defied.

The cannons roar, dread war's alarms
Above the clouds, the crash of arms,
And the fierce storms of battle rage
Along the crest of Mission Ridge.
A yell resounds from crag to crag
Along the lines of General Bragg—
A solid phalanx in war's array,
A living line of Confederate gray,
With burnished steel and sabers' glance,
To meet the impetuous foe's advance.
Amid the force and clash of steel
They made that solid phalanx reel!
In vain they sought to stem the tide
That drove them down the mountain side.
Above the gloom of the battle's rout
Hear the exultant victors shout!
Amid the roar of the battle then
Is heard the groans of dying men
As on the field in heaps they lay—
Union blue and Confederate gray.
Be kind, O God, to gray and blue;
Let thy tender word their faith renew.
Dread Appomattox, like a doom,
Over Lee's army cast a gloom.
Like Napoleon's guard, it never flies,
But on the field of battle dies.

Begged Lee should lead them to the field;
They could with honor die, but never yield.

At Richmond, though impending fate
Cast shadows o'er our ship of State,
'Midst deepening gloom great Davis stood,
The champion of our sisterhood.
The Southland, through battles tossed,
Yielded to strength, the cause not lost!
The Union is our Union still,
Of States without the sovereign will,
And must in future be our guide.
Stars and Stripes! our nation's pride,
The people's hope on land and sea,
The Southland proudly bows to thee;
Her sons will defend against the world
With all thy stars to the breeze unfurled.

The Confederate States, its glory past,
Its President into prison cast
Because its people sought to stand
Defenders of their native land—
In the coming years it must be
That all the people shall be free.
Then when time shall all hate efface,
The South will take her proper place.
All hail to thee, our President,
Who to the South thy greatness lent,
Who taught the people to the last
To bless the Union, forget the past!
To gain the end of lasting peace
The bitterness of war must cease.
Arouse, ye sons, around your fires,
Recall the days of your valiant sires,
Recount the glory of their deeds,
The aid they gave to a country's needs.
On glory's field in silence tread
Around the bivouac of your dead,
Where rest the brave in fame's last sleep.
On honor's roll their memories keep,
And future scholars shall proclaim
The noble Jefferson Davis's name!
Davis for home and people yearned;
From prison cell he southward turned,
And blessings round his life descend
In meeds of praise from foe and friend.
Then, like a warrior, fear defies,
Smiling, our noble Davis dies.
Each Southern heart has lost a friend
And pain and grief their bosom rend,
And all the Southland drops a tear
Upon Jefferson Davis's bier.

On Richmond is new glory shed;
Here sleeps in peace our honored dead;
A people bow their heads in gloom
Around their chieftain's honored tomb.
A monument rears its graceful head
Above the slumbers of the dead.
Is Davis lost? No; lives his name
High upon the roll of fame.
Where generations yet unborn will see
This hero of true liberty.
Round Cæsar's head the laurels twine;
For Napoleon the star of empire shine;
The oak and holly, each in one,
Encircle the brow of Washington.
For Davis wreathe the bay about his head;
Let the lily all her perfume shed,
The towering ash its supple length,
Emblematic of our chieftain's strength,
For the Southland's glory and her fame
Rest securely here on Davis's name!

And, Daughters, now my task is done.
Whether our cause was lost or won,
We can point to that glorious day
When our brave soldiers wore the gray.
Beneath the cross of thirteen stars,
Gemming the flag of Confederate bars,
Snatched from fame's field a victory
Like that won at Thermopylæ.
Bravely they stood for a righteous cause,
And died defending their country's laws.
Gave to the world a new patriot band,
The Confederate soldier must the hero stand.

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER.

Proud shaft, thou sign and token
Of loyalty unbroken,
Of woman's love and faith,
True even unto death,
Tell to the world the story,
As from a living mouth,
Why Fame has crowned with glory
The women of the South.

Tell how, on Heaven relying,
Danger and death defying,
Where Duty called they went,
On mercy's tasks intent;
War's bloody wreckage round them,
Where needed most they sped,
While many a midnight found them
Bent o'er some dying bed.

Tell how, with love unceasing,
And faith, the more increasing
The darker overhead,
Disaster's shadows spread,
That tears and anguish brought them,
They, as long years crept by,
Cheered our brave men and taught them
To conquer or to die.

On history's scrolls of glory
Is writ the splendid story
Of men who wore the Gray,
Now wards of Fame for aye.
O shaft, tell thou another;
Speak, like a living mouth,
Of sweetheart, wife, and mother—
The women of the South!

THE LAST ROLL

[It must be apparent to all who are familiar with the VETERAN that diligence should be exercised to condense Last Roll notices as much as practicable. Preference in these sketches is due patrons. They are free except that when pictures are used the cost of $2—average to engraver—is an expense that should always be paid by friends of the deceased. The families of noble veterans frequently seek liberal sketches and then order the VETERAN discontinued.]

DEATH.

Out of the shadow of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
  Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
  Into the rapture of rest.

. . . . . .

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
  Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,
Into a land calm and quiet;
Never a storm cometh nigh it,
  Never a wreck on its shore.

DR. A. C. NORTH.

Dr. Abraham Columbus North was born at the old North homestead, in Coweta County, Ga., October 26, 1838; and died, after a long illness, in Newnan, Ga., January 28, 1910.

With a liberal literary education, Dr. North graduated in medicine both in Philadelphia and in New York in 1860. At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted as a private in Company A, 7th Georgia Infantry, on May 31, 1861. He was elected orderly sergeant of the company, and served as such about a year, during which time he participated in the battle at Manassas, July 21, 1861. Afterwards he was appointed assistant surgeon of the 17th Georgia Regiment, and served in this capacity to the close of the war.

Dr. North was married to Miss Martha Y. Bailey June 29, 1865, and engaged in the practice of medicine in Senoia, Coweta County, Ga., for a number of years. He moved to Fort Worth, Tex., but remained there only a short time, when he returned to his native county town, Newnan, Ga., where he remained, engaging in his chosen vocation.

The Confederate army contained no more loyal and more enthusiastic soldier and surgeon than Dr. North. He was ever faithful in the discharge of his duties. In 1862, after the battle of Second Manassas, Dr. North was left in charge of a Confederate hospital at Warrenton, Va., where he was captured by the Federals and held a prisoner for some time. In 1863 he was captured in a similar capacity at Knoxville, Tenn., but was soon released.

Dr. North was always ready to do whatever he could toward maintaining a true patriotism for his beloved section. He was a leading spirit in establishing and maintaining Confederate Camps of Veterans, Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and reunions of former comrades. The survivors of the 7th Georgia Regiment made two excursions to Virginia for the purpose of reviewing their old battlefields, and Dr. North was the leading spirit in getting up and conducting these excursions.

Dr. North joined the Baptist Church in 1855 at old Ebenezer Church, and was ever faithful to his Christian duties, and was a useful citizen, an affectionate husband, and a kind father. His first wife died April 21, 1904, and several years afterwards he was married to Mrs. Lucy Pinson, with whom he lived happily until his death.

Dr. North was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for many years, and no one enjoyed reading it more than he. He carefully preserved every number from the beginning of his subscription.



DR. A. C. NORTH.

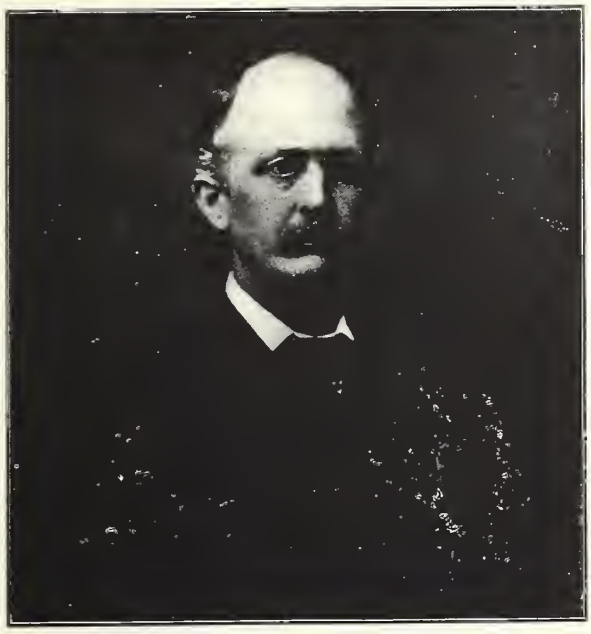
[The foregoing sketch is signed by George H. Carmical, Colonel, J. E. Pendergrast, Sergeant Company G, and John L. Bailey, Private Company A, 7th Georgia Infantry; John B. Goodwyn, First Sergeant Company A, 12th Georgia Artillery.]

CHARLES A. THOMPSON.

Charles Alpheus Thompson was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 22, 1842. He came to Nashville in his boyhood and served as clerk in the store of his uncles, C. A. R. and George Thompson, until the beginning of the great war in 1861. He enlisted in Company B, Capt. James B. Craighead (Rock City Guards), 1st Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. (afterwards Gen.) George Maney. In April, 1861, he went to Virginia, serving for a time under Gen. S. R. Anderson, but ere long returned to the Army of Tennessee, and was in nearly all the battles of Cheatham's command, excepting that of Perryville, which occurred while he was on detached service.

After the war Charles Thompson engaged in business again as clerk for his uncles until 1872, when he embarked in the

jewelry trade with Mr. George R. Calhoun. In 1884, however, his health became impaired, and he sold his interest to his partner and moved to New Orleans. His health grew worse, and was never good again. In 1886 he went to New Mexico, where he remained several years. In 1894 he returned to Nashville, his health growing worse to the end, which occurred April 29, 1910. Part of this time he was connected with the Stief Jewelry Company. In 1867 he was married to Miss Emily Compton, of Nashville, who survives him.



CHARLES A. THOMPSON.

Charles Thompson was generous-spirited; and despite his long illness and its consequent misfortunes, he was a model citizen, husband, and friend. His wife, truly a helpmect, though she also was an invalid for years, shared with our comrade the spirit of helpfulness and good will.

Capt. John Pembroke Jones.

At Pembroke Farm, near Hampton, Va., there was born in the year 1825 a son to John and Mary Booker Jones who received the name of John Pembroke Jones. After a long and useful life, with service in two wars, his career was closed by death at his home, in Pasadena, Cal., on May 25, 1910.

John Pembroke Jones received his early education in the noted John Carey School of Hampton, Va., and then went to William and Mary College. After one year (in 1841) he received an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he attained high rank in his studies and by his personal conduct. He stood second in his class, but in mathematics ranked first, and Professor Chaunvenet expressed the opinion that he had the finest mathematical mind of any student who had ever been under his instruction there. In his senior year (in February, 1847) his class was allowed to participate in the siege of Buena Vista, thus making him a veteran of the Mexican War.

In the years following his graduation he gave brilliant proof of his talents and ability. His mathematical genius showed itself in the line of engineering, and he served on the coast surveys of North Carolina and Virginia. While surveying the mouth of the Cape Fear River in North Carolina he met and married Miss Jane Vance London, who died, leaving one son. He was on duty with the Congress on the coast of Africa at the outbreak of the Civil War, but was furloughed home on account of a severe attack of African fever. On reaching New Orleans he found the war a reality, and telegraphed his resignation to the United States government, volunteered to serve the Confederacy, and did it with distinction during the four years of struggle. He was executive officer on the Merrimac at the time of the second battle with the Monitor. He afterwards commanded the Georgia, the ironclad built and named by the State of Georgia, and later on commanded one of the ironclads built by North Carolina, which he was commanding at the end.

In 1864 he was married to Miss Mary Willis, of Savannah, Ga., and of this union one son survives. At the close of the war he removed to Airlie Farm, Fauquier County, Va., where he resided for a number of years. Later he surveyed the mouth of the Rio de la Plata for the Argentine Republic, making the first satisfactory survey of the river that had ever been made. For a number of years he had resided in Pasadena, Cal., after several years spent in Europe in search of health. His surviving wife was Miss Georgia Newton, of Norfolk, Va. His elder son, Pembroke Jones, lives in New York City, while the second son, Edward Jones Willis, who took his grandfather's name, resides in Richmond, Va.

Captain Jones was a man of most charming personality, and his wealth of experience and intercourse through years of service in all parts of the world and association with master minds and the refined society of many countries made him a most interesting companion for young and old. His shipmates and classmates spoke in unstinted praise of his courage, wonderful ability, and unfaltering patience, of his charm of character, and the poetic beauty of his imagination. He was nicknamed Paul Jones by his associates in the navy, and the officers of his squadron spoke in devoted admiration of him as the Bayard of the United States navy. It seems strange that one of his gentle nature should have followed the profession of arms. He was gentle, considerate, and kind always, though unselfishly courageous and patriotically devoted to his duty. At the time of the visit of the fleet to San Francisco he was not able to be present at the banquet, and a vacant chair was placed at the head of the table in his honor as the oldest living graduate of the United States Naval Academy.

Dr. Spencer Brown.

Dr. Spencer W. Brown was born in Cumberland County, Va., fourscore and six years ago. A sketch states that he went with his parents to Saline County, Mo., in early life. He was educated in Central College at Fayette, and graduated in medicine and surgery in Jefferson College, Philadelphia. He was happily married to Miss Elizabeth Henton, of Lafayette County, Mo., to whom were born one daughter and three sons. The wife, four children, and four grandchildren survive. One son, Benjamin H. Brown, graduated with distinction at the Military Academy in Lexington, Mo., and afterwards at Washington and Lee, in Lexington, Va. He is now a noted surgeon in Michigan.

Two of Dr. Brown's brothers were Methodist preachers, Rev. William J. Brown and Dr. Addison P. Brown.

Dr. Brown spent about half a century of his life in the practice of medicine at Waverly, Mo., where he was eminently successful. He was a Confederate surgeon, and while in care of the wounded he was captured and imprisoned at Fortress Monroe. He was a very handsome man, with optimistic spirit, and so gifted with humorous conversational powers that he secured extraordinary liberty and privileges for a prisoner.

Instead of occupying a cell, he spent much of his time in one of Old Point Comfort's best hotels.

G. W. Buford.

On June 3, 1910, Goodloe Warren Buford, known in Lafayette County, Miss., as "Tubby" Buford, died at his home, at College Hill, of heart failure. He was born at that place in October, 1837, and had spent his life in that community.

Goodloe Buford was a member of the "Lamar Rifles," 11th Mississippi Regiment, A. N. V., having enlisted at Oxford, Miss., in April, 1860. He participated in a number of battles of the war, and was wounded several times, once very seriously. Those who knew him well testify to his faithfulness in all duties, and he was liberal and generous-hearted, his hand being ever open to those he loved.

"Uncle" Press Roberts.

Old Uncle Press Roberts is dead. No longer will the faithful old darky be seen trudging along with shuffling gait behind the gray-clad ranks of Company A. Never again will the black hand of the faithful old slave be raised in salute to "de colonel" or "de cap'n" at a Confederate Reunion, for old Uncle Press has joined the phantom ranks of gray on the other side of the river.

. Although he was seventy-two years old, he was tilling his field near Germantown when he was overcome by the heat, and after lingering several days died.

When the war broke out, Uncle Press followed "massa" into the thick of the battles. He stuck with the Confederate army until the end; and when the news of the surrender came, he felt as badly as any gray-coated soldier. After the war he rarely missed a Reunion, attending to the baggage and looking after the comfort of the members of Company A.

During the four years that Col. Edward Bourne was commander of the Tennessee Regiment of Veterans Uncle Press was his body servant, and there was no more faithful man in the regiment. Many white friends attended the funeral.

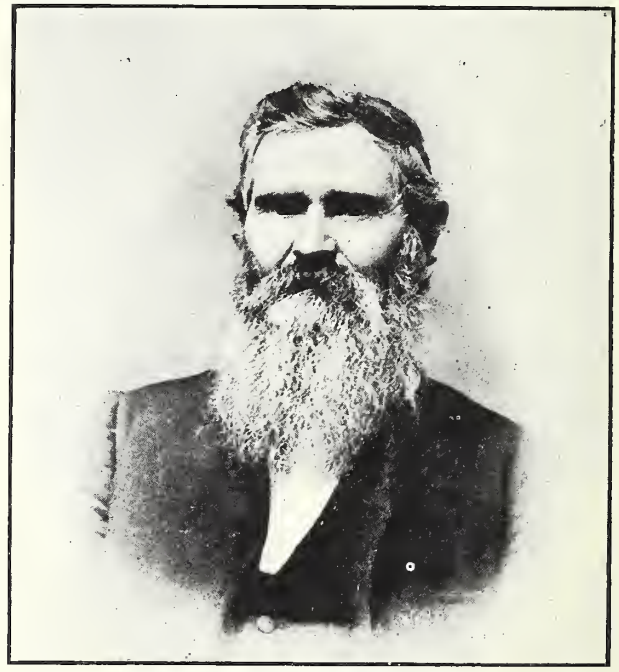
Colonel Bourne in sending the above from the Memphis Appeal to the Veteran writes: "He was one of the faithful old darkies who followed and served his master in the Confederate army throughout the war, and ever since had loved the Confederate soldiers and the cause for which they fought. At all times he voted as he understood they wanted him to vote. He rarely missed any large gathering of Confederates in this section, and was always cheerful and ready to serve the old soldiers. He served me faithfully over four years."

Maj. D. A. Grimsley.

From resolutions passed by the bar of Culpeper County, Va., on the death of Judge D. A. Grimsley, Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit of Virginia, the following sketch is taken:

"Daniel A. Grimsley was born April 3, 1840, in Rappahannock County, Va., and passed his boyhood days upon his father's farm. At the age of twenty, when the first call for troops was made upon the breaking out of the War between the States, he enlisted as a private in the Rappahannock Cavalry, under command of Capt. John Shackleford Green, and served his State and country nobly throughout the four years of war. Soon after enlistment he was elected first lieutenant of his company, and within a few days thereafter was made captain, and later on promoted to major and lieutenant colonel of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, to which the Rappahannock company belonged.

"At the close of the war Major Green commenced the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1867, and began the practice of law at Culpeper. He rose rapidly in his profession, and soon took position in the front rank. He was elected to the State Senate in 1869, and remained a member until 1879. In 1880 he was appointed Judge of the Sixth (now the Ninth) Judicial Circuit. In 1885 he represented Culpeper County in the State Legislature, and in 1886 was again elected judge, remaining upon the bench until his death, on February 5, 1910. He was a man of the highest type of character and a citizen of lofty patriotism. He was a son of the celebrated minister, Rev. Barnett Grimsley, and throughout life was devotedly attached to his Church, taking active part in its work. His death was deeply felt wherever he was known, and his comrades of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Culpeper, as well as of his Church expressed their esteem in memorial tributes."



RAMSEY W. KNOX.

Early in '61 R. W. Knox volunteered in the Western Army, Company G, 9th Tennessee Regiment, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. He served throughout the war in this regiment with its hardships and perils. He was wounded but once during the four years. He was in Alabama at the time of the surrender, and soon capitulated, bag and baggage, to one of Alabama's fair ladies, Miss Mary J. Jackson.

Comrade Knox was a true Southern man, and was uncompromising during Reconstruction times. He was a wise counselor and a safe leader during this era, and did much to drive out the carpetbagger and scalawag politicians.

Mr. Knox died May 29, 1910, on his farm, near Eclectic, Ala., where he had lived since '65. His wife died the year previous. Of the eight children—four boys and four girls—who lived to be grown and married, he is survived by all except the oldest son.

David F. Mahood.

David F. Mahood was born at Pearisburg, Va., December 6, 1840; and died March 3, 1909, at his home, in Ansted, W. Va., from paralysis. He grew to manhood at Fayetteville, Va. (now W. Va.), and was among the first to espouse the Southern cause, joining Company I, 8th Virginia Cavalry, the "Kanawha Rangers." During the four fiery years of Southern

trial this heroic young patriot displayed undaunted heroism, devoted zeal, and steadfast loyalty. He was captured in the early summer of 1864 at Lynchburg, Ohio, and taken to Camp Chase, where he was held until the close of the war.

Comrade Mahood was married in 1868 to Margaret J. Colman, of Deepwater. He was successful in his business life, having been engaged in mercantile business for nearly fifty years, until his death, and had been located in many places: Oak Hill, Deepwater, Berkeley, Victor, and Ansted, W. Va., towns near New River, where his energetic and industrious life was crowned with success. He is survived by his wife, daughter, and granddaughter.

FLORA ADAMS DARLING.

[The meed for the restoration of the union of our States is due no less to the tender charity of American womanhood than the fine nobility of American manhood. There never was a battle for which women did not suffer most, and a peace never followed that women did not most rejoice. The first to nurse the wounded and to soothe the dying soldier, they were the first to deck his grave with flowers. They were the first to organize for the relief of the destitute left stranded by the ebb of the bloody tide, the first to take a step and to make a mark to perpetuate the memory of the patriot. These prefatory remarks are most fitting in the tribute here made.]

Flora Adams Darling was born of New England parents, of one of the nation's most famous families, being a lineal descendant of John Quincy Adams. The wife of a Southern soldier, she was true to him in life and revered his memory dead. In her warm heart the South and North were wedded anew, and the best of her bright and beautiful life was almost passionately devoted to the restoration of mutual good feeling between Northern and Southern soldiers and the stirring of common pride in the bravery of the men of both sides.



MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING.

Flora Adams, the daughter of Harvey and Nancy Dustin Adams, was born in Lancaster, N. H., July 25, 1840; and died January 6, 1910, in New York City. She was married March 12, 1860, to Edward Irving Darling, only son of G. Irving and Marie Dumas La Fitte Darling, of Louisiana. Soon after her marriage Fort Sumter was fired on. Young Darling at once returned to the South, leaving his young bride behind. Not long thereafter he met Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, a member of President Davis's Cabinet, and through his influence obtained an appointment in the Confederate army. In one of the early engagements in the South Colonel Darling was wounded. Owing to the influence of the Adams family, it was arranged that Mrs. Darling be sent under a flag of truce through the Confederate lines. General Burnside was then in command of the Union forces on the south side of the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg, and General Lee on the north side of the river, or at Fredericksburg. Just before the great battle at Fredericksburg Mrs. Darling was received by General Lee and sent South to her husband. She nursed him through his illness, and subsequently devoted much time to nursing Confederate soldiers, her early prejudices against the South having become dissipated as soon as she knew the Southern people. Subsequent to this Colonel Darling was transferred to the blockade service, and on one occasion, when attempting to run the blockade of the Mississippi River with a vessel loaded with cotton bound for Bermuda, the vessel was fired on by the shore batteries of the Federal forces and was sunk, the gallant Darling going down with the vessel. When apprised of the fact of her husband's death, Mrs. Darling applied for the protection of a flag of truce that she might return to her parents in the North, which was arranged between Gen. Dabney H. Maury, commander of the Confederate forces at Mobile, Ala., and General Butler, commander of the Federal forces in New Orleans. Soon the flag of truce vessel arrived at Hitchcock's Landing, about six miles above New Orleans. Two hours thereafter a Federal sergeant boarded the vessel, demanded claimant's key to her trunk, and informed her that he had orders to seize her and her trunk, and showed an order from Gen. James A. Bourne, provost marshal, to that effect. Claimant was put in prison, where she remained eight days, when she managed to escape. Securing the assistance of the English consul and other influential friends, she was granted a parole, and in a few days thereafter she was sent on board the Baltic, an old government transport loaded with four hundred and six sick soldiers, and sent to New York. Her trunk with its valuables was never recovered.

Soon after reaching her New England home Mrs. Darling hastened to Washington and laid before President Lincoln the fact of the unjust confiscation of her property. He had her case investigated and promised that amends and restitution should be made. The President's death prevented the carrying out of this just purpose. Her case was so seriously retarded that it took thirty-five years by eminent counsel through the courts and Congress before it was won and she was reimbursed. The case to many had become hopeless, but through the undaunted perseverance of her last attorney, Judge William B. Matthews, of Washington (a Virginian), who remained her devoted friend to the last of her lovely life, it was finally won. The hardships and incidental expense were great, and it came too late for the recipient to get much benefit from it.

Mrs. Darling loved the people of the South. Endowed with a brilliant intellect and blessed with a heart overflowing with affection, she never missed an opportunity, and many a one

she made, to cause Northerners and Southerners to think better of each other. Tender and true always to the memory of the gray-clad youth who was her husband and who gave his life to the Southern cause, she delighted in acts of kindly consideration for all who had been Confederate soldiers. Many distinguished Confederate survivors knew and admired her. In his last years she was an intimate friend of Mr. Jefferson Davis. After his death, she engaged George B. Matthews, a distinguished artist of Virginia, to paint two life-size portraits of the President of the Confederate States. She presented one of them to the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, Miss., and the other to William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va.

Mrs. Darling died while on a visit in New York to her brother, John Quincy Adams, and just as she was about to return to her home, in Washington.

In the national capital Mrs. Darling was one of its most distinguished women, well known and beloved for her singularly refined virtues and her inspiring work in many fields of charitable and patriotic endeavor. Here her remains were buried in the Congressional Cemetery, and a beautiful and appropriate monument marks her grave.

Mrs. Darling was perhaps the foremost spirit in the founding of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In 1890, at the initial meeting of the organization, a resolution unanimously adopted read:

"*Resolved,* That we hereby elect Mrs. Flora Adams Darling a lifelong member of this society in recognition of her loving interest and labors, which have resulted in the founding of this society of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

In 1897 in New York City the "Daughters of the Revolution" organized as "Darling Chapter," and resolved that Mrs. Darling should be "known and recognized as Founder and Director General of the National Society." She received from time to time many other honors from similar organizations. Upon her death the Flora Adams Memorial Association was organized with the following officers: President, William B. Matthews, of Washington, D. C.; Vice Presidents, former Senator James B. McCreary, of Kentucky, Hon. George G. Battle, of New York, Senator Moses E. Clapp, of Minnesota, Representative Charles L. Bartlett, of Georgia, Hon. Theodore Sutro, of New York, and Mrs. Adeline F. Fitz, President General of the Daughters of the Revolution; Secretary, Miss Matilda Smedley, founder of the American National Institute Prix de Paris; Treasurer, Dr. Lyon Tyler, President of William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

Notwithstanding her unremitted attention to everyday duties and to the patriotic organizations with which she was conspicuously connected, Mrs. Darling wrote many books of much merit and interest. Among her best-known sketches and stories may be mentioned: "Memories of the Civil War," "A Winning, Wayward Woman" (1890), "Was It a Just Verdict" (1890)? "The Bourbon Lily" and "A Social Diplomat" (1898), "The Senator's Daughter," and "Senator Athens, C. S. A." She was a member of the Society of American Authors. This early culture abided with her to the end in a grace and symmetry of character which brought her throughout her life unstinted admiration and the unconstrained devotion of countless friends. All of the life of her richly endowed womanhood was gladly devoted to doing good in the broadest and deepest way and in an effective manner.

[The foregoing sketch "by a friend" is not an exaggeration of Mrs. Darling's extraordinary qualities. Though of New England ancestry and rearing, she was ever ardent for right recognition of the Southern people in the qualities that make them great. The Editor of the VETERAN knew well personally of her devotion to the South for fully a quarter of a century.]

DR. W. F. McDOWELL.

Dr. W. F. McDowell died at Banks, Ala., September 27, 1910. He was born in Alabama on the 23d of September, 1834, and spent his life in that State except when in the Confederate army. He enlisted as second lieutenant in Company B, 51st Alabama Cavalry, and served in Hogan's Brigade, Allen's Division, Wheeler's Corps. After the war he lived at Tuskegee and Montgomery until a few years since, when he removed to his country home near Banks. He was married to Miss Sue Davis, of Alabama, in December, 1859, and she survives him with four daughters and two sons to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

Comrade McDowell was a chemist by profession, and was preparing himself to be a physician when the war came on and changed his plans. He was a true friend and an honorable, upright citizen, and a loyal Church member for fifty years. His twelve months of illness were borne with the same heroic patience that characterized his conduct during the war.

JOHN STALEY ROWE.

John Staley Rowe, son of William Jefferson and Caroline Ruth Rowe, was born at Rowesville, S. C., in February, 1842; and died on the 11th of September, 1910, at his home, near Orangeburg, S. C. He was educated at Pine Ridge Academy and at Natchez, Miss., and was a member of the Lake Providence Cadets, Company B, 4th Louisiana Regiment, under R. J. Barrow as colonel and Dr. Francis Witcher as captain. Comrade Rowe took part in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Jackson, Miss., in all the engagements of Johnston's army from Dalton to Atlanta, in Hood's army on the Tennessee campaign, and in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. He was then assistant brigade commissary of Quarles's Brigade, and was paroled at the mouth of White River, Ark., on the 1st of June, 1865, having been for four years and two months in the army. He returned to South Carolina, and was happily married to his cousin, Miss Mary Augusta Kumff, in February, 1867. He was engaged in planting and the lumber business in Orangeburg County since the war.

R. J. THOMPSON.

D. J. Hyneman, of Corinth, Miss., reports the death of R. J. Thompson, of Tallahatchie County, Miss., of whom he writes: "I knew him for three years, not only as a member of the same company but of the same mess, and can truthfully say a better soldier never entered the Confederate service. At the commencement of the war he enlisted in the 15th Mississippi, General Featherston's old regiment, and at the end of his term of enlistment he joined Baxter's company of Van Dorn's Scouts, afterwards a part of the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, and served with it as a true and faithful soldier until the close of the war, surrendering with his regiment near Washington, Ga., after the capture of Jefferson Davis."

FOSTER.—Report comes from Lakeland Camp of Confederate Veterans, Socrum, Fla., of the death of O. P. Foster, who served in Company I, 63d Georgia Regiment. He fought under Johnston and Hood, participating in the battle of Franklin and many others. He was paroled in North Carolina in May, 1865. He was sixty-five years old, and was a fine musician and a high-toned gentleman.

"ECHOES FROM DIXIE."

The Confederate Choirs have been doing much appreciated work in presenting the songs of the "Old South," and their services have been in demand at reunions and entertainments even in the far Northwest. It is their intention now to join with the Sons of Veterans and erect a Confederate monument in Seattle, Wash. A friend writes from there that "even the Indians are singing 'Dixie.'"

Under the direction of Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va., leader of Choir No. 1, these old songs have been compiled in attractive form as "Echoes from Dixie," and the collection is offered at fifty-six cents, postpaid. It is a neat edition in paper binding, with cover in the Confederate colors. Words and music are given. The collection is excellent.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Dr. Randolph H. McKim is soon to give through Longmans, Green & Co., New York, "A Soldier's Recollections." It will contain data from a diary that he kept during the war, and will therefore be pleasingly accurate. The volume will contain also an oration by him on the "Motives and Aims of the Soldier of the South." Dr. McKim was first a soldier in the ranks of Stonewall Jackson's army, then a staff officer in the army of Gen. R. E. Lee, and finally a chaplain in the cavalry brigade of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

He describes his book as "the simple story of an obscure soldier's life in the Army of Northern Virginia." His narrative begins at the University of Virginia at the outbreak of the war and ends with the close of the great drama at Appomattox. * * * Though not aspiring to be a history of the war, the book presents spirited pictures of some of the famous Virginia battles: Manassas, Winchester, Cross Keys, Chancellorsville, Stevenson's Depot, Cedar Creek, and of Stonewall Jackson's wonderful campaign in the Valley of Virginia in 1862. Much space is given to the Gettysburg campaign, and the battle is vividly described, with many interesting personal incidents. The author's sketch of the soldiers' winter quarters brings vividly before the reader the high standard of intelligence and education often found among the rank and file of the Confederate army, and his experience on furlough in the winter of 1862 introduces us to the conditions of life in the homes of the gentry of Virginia at that period of the war, when the Southern people were as one family and every house was the Confederate soldier's home.

For the first nine months of the war Dr. McKim was chaplain in the field, when fighting and praying were strangely commingled. The chaplain was on the firing line, and many were his narrow escapes. Two religious services a day was the rule in the 2d Virginia Cavalry. The book gives a graphic and pathetic picture of the close of the struggle and the surrender of Lee's army.

A paragraph from Dr. McKim is as follows: "The dissolution of the Union was not what the Confederate soldier had chiefly at heart. The establishment of the Southern Confederacy was not what he had chiefly at heart. Both the one and the other were in his mind secondary to the preservation of the supreme and sacred right of self-government. They were the means to the end, not the end itself."

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME.

I. On the Brink of the Maelstrom. II. The Constitutional Issue Involved in the Civil War. III. First Experiences of a Raw Recruit. IV. Our First Battle—Manassas. V. Camp Life. VI. Winter Quarters, 1861-62. VII. A Winter Furlough. VIII. The Opening of the Campaign of 1862. IX. Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign. X. Between Campaigns. XI. The Battle of Chancellorsville. XII. The Opening of the Gettysburg Campaign. XIII. The Battle of Stephenson's Depot. XIV. The March to Gettysburg. XV. Battle of Gettysburg: Observations and Personal Incidents. XVI. Stuart's Brigade at Gettysburg—A Narrative. XVII. Preparation for the Chaplaincy. XVIII. Early's Valley Campaign of 1864. XIX. Winter Campaign of 1864-65. XX. The Close of the Drama and the End of an Era. Appendix: Oration at Nashville, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in the Gettysburg Campaign, A Reply to Col. H. Mosby.

The price of the book is $2, with eighteen cents for postage.

"THE JOURNAL OF JULIA LE GRAND."

A STORY OF EVENTS IN NEW ORLEANS, 1862-63.

EDITED BY KATE M. ROWLAND AND MRS. M. LE GRAND CROXALL.

Of this book Miss Rowland writes: "The period, the place, the circumstances of this diary are replete with the romance of the great war that made for the Confederate States of America the glorious name in history which is the rich inheritance of our people to-day. The story of New Orleans, the proud, the beautiful city, in her thraldom under Butler and Banks is here interwoven with a family chronicle. But it is not merely a graphic recital of thrilling events. The writer, a lady of rare intellectual powers, of fine attainments, and great beauty of character, suffuses her pages with the charm of her own personality. Now humorous, now pathetic as she tells of the trials and mortifications to which she and her friends were subjected, she preserves always a certain elevation of thought, a dignity of soul, displaying in the stress and strain of her environment noble traits of patience, forbearance, and charity. Though a resident of Louisiana from her girlhood, she was born in 'my Maryland,' and was of Maryland ancestry."

This book will be a handsome volume, and should be in the library of every Southern home. Bound in full cloth, ornamented with gold, 12mo, clear type, antique paper. 300 pp. Price, $1.50. Advance subscriptions now being received. Address Miss K. M. Rowland, 300 Fourth Avenue, Richmond, Va., and inclose $1.50 for a prepaid copy of "The Journal of Julia Le Grand."

"WOMAN ON THE PINE SPRINGS ROAD."

Miss Katie Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., has written another book under the above title.

Here is a new book by Miss Daffan, who wrote "Woman in History," said by one reviewer to be "charming" and by another to be the source of a "liberal education." It is written with the buoyancy that made "Woman in History" such delightful reading. A young girl seeks advice and inspiration of the woman on the Pine Springs Road. In it the heart of woman is laid bare. As a flower turns to the sun, the girl seeks the older woman and questions her with the wistful inquiry of an untried woman heart, craving to know the values of life or its mysteries, and the woman tells of woman and her destiny plainly and frankly.

Miss Katie Daffan is a well-known Texan. She is prominent in patriotic, educational, and literary circles throughout the great State. She has been President of the Texas Woman's Press Association and of the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a student, a club woman, a teacher, and a lecturer. Her opportunities have been good for writing on the problems facing womanhood.

The book is to be 12mo and handsomely printed. Price, $1.50 net; postage, 15 cents. Orders accepted in advance.

VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, by President Davis, giving in condensed form the most important facts relating to the secession of the Southern States and the organization of the Southern Confederacy, with descriptions of the leading engagements on the field, making a record of accurate historical data. It should be used in schools as well as have a place in every Southern library. Only a few copies left. Bound in cloth. Price, $4, postpaid.

R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By Henry A. White. The author has gathered his data for this volume from the widest and most authentic sources, and accepted facts only after careful research, and he gives an account of our General that is vivid, personal, and new in form. Neatly bound in cloth, $3. See advertisement in this number.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which bring out most interestingly the domestic side of General Lee's character, while the connectional comments by Captain Lee add much to the entertaining qualities of the book. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. The best biography of the great general ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Published in two volumes. Six hundred pages, cloth. Price, $4.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A history of the operations of his command and a masterly vindication of his plan of operations. In half morocco, $3.25; sheep, $2.75, postpaid.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. Doubtless the most interesting personal narrative on the War between the States, presenting the part taken by this matchless soldier. In cloth, $1.50; the first edition, cloth, $3; memorial edition in half morocco, $4.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. This book has become well known as standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle," therefore needs no further commendation. It was written with great care, every important statement being verified by unquestioned testimony. Illustrated. Cloth-bound. Price, $4.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French, of Florida. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, illustrated, giving an interesting account of his service in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.

MEMOIRS OF HON. JOHN H. REAGAN, Postmaster-General of the Confederate government. Occupying this position in President Davis's Cabinet throughout the war, Mr. Reagan was regarded as one of the masters who shaped the fortunes of the Confederacy. A notable volume. Price, $3.24, postpaid.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke. The history of this most remarkable command by one who participated in its many adventures under dashing John Morgan and succeeded him. Cloth. Price, $2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTEEN PRESIDENTS. By Col. John Wise, of Virginia. "Every one of them," he says, "possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality, and dominating force." Bound in cloth and illustrated with pictures of Presidents from Tyler to Roosevelt. Price, $2.50.

CAMP CHASE. By Col. W. H. Knauss, a veteran of the Federal army, who gave his services freely toward the preservation of the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, and in this book gives its history during and since the war, with a list of those there buried. Cloth. Price, $2.20, postpaid.

PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett. An entertaining and charmingly written history of the gallant commander and the men he led up the heights of Gettysburg to fame. Cloth. Price, $2.50.

SERVICE AFLOAT. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy and giving the history of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Cloth, $4, postpaid.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. A companion book to that by Admiral Semmes by one who served under him during the wonderful career of the Alabama. Only a few copies of this volume on hand. Price, $3.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, $1.50.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. "A worthy and true account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is of heroic suffering and strength of character." Price, $1.50.

A BELLE OF THE FIFTIES. By Mrs. Clement Clay Clopton, of Alabama. These reminiscences cover a period before the war, when as the wife of the distinguished Senator Clay, from Alabama, she took part in the gay life of Washington society; during the war when she, in common with her sisters of the South, sacrificed and suffered; and after the war when she made such persistent effort to secure the release of her husband from prison. Handsomely bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, $2.75.

A SOUTHERN GIRL IN 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Baltimore. This is a similar volume of reminiscences written in a charming style. The book is beautifully bound and illustrated with pictures of the prominent men and beauties of that time. Price, $2.50.

A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE CIVIL WAR. By Mrs. Myrta Lockert Avary. The heart story of a young woman whose soldier husband made one of the great army of Lee. Cloth, $1.50.

DIXIE AFTER THE WAR is a later book by Mrs. Avary, and gives fascinating and pathetic glimpses of events during and immediately after the war, with numerous illustrations of notable persons, a hitherto unpublished photograph of Hon. Jefferson Davis forming the frontispiece. A handsome cloth volume. Price, $2.75.

BRIGHT SKIES AND DARK SHADOWS. By Dr. Henry M. Field, D.D. A series of sketches in his travels through the South, a number of pages especially devoted to the battle of Franklin, etc. Cloth. Price, 50 cents (reduced from $1.50).

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE. In two large volumes are given some of the most masterly efforts of American oratory. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $5 per set.

HANCOCK'S DIARY. By R. R. Hancock, a member of Forrest's command, whose record includes a history of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest. Reduced to $1.25.

OLD TALES RETOLD. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Some of the most interesting events in Tennessee history rewritten by this talented daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and published in an attractive volume. Price, $1.

MESSAGES AND PAPERS OF THE CONFEDERACY. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. In two volumes. Per set, half morocco, $10; cloth, $7.

LIFE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. By Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. More especially a history of his military campaigns and valuable for its accuracy. Cloth-bound. Price, $1.50.

A Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson. By E. A. Moore, with introduction by Capt. R. E. Lee. A most interesting story of the experiences of an artilleryman. Highly indorsed by the press of this country and Europe. Cloth-bound, $2, postpaid.

From Bull Run to Appomattox. By Luther W. Hopkins. An account of the four years' service of a boy in Stuart's Cavalry—a book interesting alike to the young and old, containing descriptions of events never before recorded. It should be in every library. Cloth, $1.19, postpaid.

Southern Poets: Father Ryan's Poems. Cloth, $1.50. Other bindings procurable. Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited by his wife. Price, $2. Poems of Henry Timrod. Cloth, $1.50. Memorial Edition.

Robert's Rules of Order. Adopted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as their guide. Price, 75 cents.

Military Annals of Tennessee. By Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, D.D. Half morocco, $5; full morocco, $7.50.

Songs of Dixie. A collection of the songs so popular during the war, both words and music. Paper cover, 75 cents.

War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy. Compiled by Dr. M. B. Wharton. Cloth. Price, $2.

Southern States of the American Union. By Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Price, $1.50.

Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones, D.D. A personal friendship between General Lee and the author gave valuable material in the preparation of this work, which is a revised edition and contains many letters of General Lee not heretofore published. Cloth. Price, $2.

Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession. By Maj. E. W. R. Ewing. Price, $1.

Confederate Operations in Canada and New York. By Capt. John W. Headley. Cloth. Price, $2.

Other Books at $2.

Four Years under Mars Robert. By Maj. Robert Stiles.

Women of the Confederacy. By Rev. J. L. Underwood.

Recollections of a Lifetime. By John Goode, of Virginia.

Story of the Confederate States. By Joseph T. Deery.

Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision. A late book by E. W. R. Ewing, a prominent young attorney of Washington, D. C., and well known as the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." This work is valuable in giving a full history of this noted case, with a thorough examination of the opinion delivered by the Supreme Court in March, 1857. Cloth-bound, $3, postpaid.

Judge James A. Pearce, of the Maryland Court of Appeals, says of this work by E. W. R. Ewing:

"I have read many criticisms of the Dred Scott decision, favorable and unfavorable, but I have seen none which so illuminates and fortifies that great decision as Mr. Ewing's work. The history of the case is so fully and so fairly stated as to disarm adverse criticism in that regard except from perverse and malignant partisanship, which nothing can silence; and the author's statement of the course of the pleadings and his analysis of their bearings upon the questions raised in the record and of the duty thereby imposed upon the court not to shirk any responsibility in deciding all of the questions raised are, in my judgment, as masterly as they are sound and convincing.

"It is able, exhaustive, and, to my mind, sound and conclusive, as near absolute demonstration as can be attained outside of the exact processes of mathematical science. The style is in keeping with the argument, and of the noble work I think it may be truly said: 'Totus, teres, atque rotundus.'"

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY

A Library of Confederate States History in Twelve Volumes

Written by able and distinguished Southern men, with Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, Editor-in-Chief.

This extensive Confederate publication has the commendation of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The military history of each Confederate State is given separately. Such writers as Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia, Capt. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, touch on the Constitutional questions and the Civil and Political events which brought on the Confederate movement, while the military history of the States is given by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland; Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, of Virginia; Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr., of North Carolina; Gen. Ellison Capers, South Carolina; Gen. Joe Wheeler, Alabama; Col. Chas. E. Hooker, Mississippi; ex-Governor Porter, Tennessee; Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, Kentucky; Col. Moore, Missouri; Gen. J. M. Harrell, Arkansas; Prof. Dimitry, Louisiana; Governor Roberts, Texas; Gen. Robert White, West Virginia.

The Veteran has by cash payment secured control of the entire edition of this valuable work, and while the supply lasts will furnish the entire edition

AT HALF PRICE

This is a fine opportunity to secure a most complete history of the Confederate Government at moderate cost. Cloth, $24.00; half leather, $30 00.

This most complete Confederate history should be in every private library South and every public library in the country. Order at once, and if not convenient to pay cash, the amount may be sent in partial payments. Address

CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

MEMOIRS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beautiful and Just Tribute by His Wife

No one was so well prepared to write of the exalted character of this grand man as his wife, who in the close comradeship of over a quarter of a century had seen that character develop through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, in shadow and sunlight.

Mrs. Davis had kept her finger upon the pulse of the exciting times of war, and thoroughly understood the bearing of events upon the life of Mr. Davis; and her book portrays these scenes in a masterly manner, leaving out no side lights that are needed for a thorough comprehension of things as they were.

The VETERAN has the sole agency for these books, only a limited number of which can be had, as they are out of print. While the edition lasts they will be sold at a bargain. They are in two volumes, octavo, richly illustrated.

PRICES, WITH BINDINGS, PER SET

Best English Cloth	$ 5 00
English Grained Cloth	6 50
Half Morocco, Marbled Edges	7 50
Half Russia, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges	8 00
Half Calf, Marbled Edges	10 00
Full Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt	12 00

The VETERAN will supply them at 20 per cent off, paying the postage or express.

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Wireless Telephones for the Ears

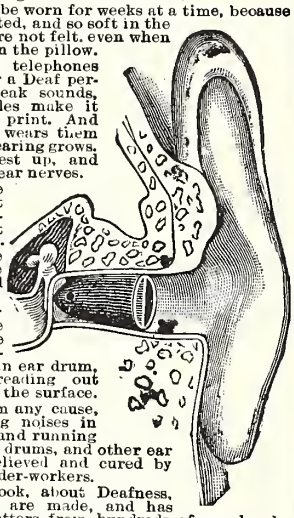
They make the Deaf hear distinctly.

They are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

They are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking off the strain—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds.

And they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt, even when the head rests on the pillow.



These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds, just as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And the longer one wears them the better the hearing grows. Because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves.

By making the sounds louder, it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable.

Wilson's Ear Drums make sounds strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading out weakly all over the surface.

Deafness from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by these little wonder-workers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who were deaf but who now hear.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—tell how their hearing was brought back to them, almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

This book has been the means of making 326,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Get the free book for proof. You owe it to yourself and to your friends to learn how to be well.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 99 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky. (1)

CONFEDERATE MAT

A MAT FOR FRAMING THE CONFEDERATE NOTE

Has the Confederate flags crossed at the top and the famous "Lines on the Confederate Note" grouped about a space for the note. Makes an interesting and attractive addition to any collection of Confederate pictures. Can be had for 15c. apiece, or $12.50 per hundred, by applying to

MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN SIMMONS
Martinsville, Va.

Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **May 30, 1911**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected.

Respectfully,
W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky.

Whatever is the matter with SORE EYES USE Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Mrs. H. F. Jones, of Portales, N. Mex., makes inquiry for the edibles peuliar to each Southern State, and also for the distinctive flower of each State. Those having information on these subjects will kindly write to her.

The relatives of James Andrew Hardee, who enlisted in Captain Newton's company of Fayette County, Ala., are very anxious to know something of his death, which, they think, occurred during the past winter. Any surviving comrades or friends will confer a favor by writing what they know of him to Mrs. S. J. Ferguson, Waleska, Ga.

Mrs. E. L. Freer, of Clifton, Tenn., a worthy Confederate widow, asks that she be allowed to send in your magazine subscriptions, including the VETERAN. Mrs. Freer is a cripple, and is trying to support herself in such work, and will appreciate all orders. The VETERAN vouches for her reliability.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2219 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, announces that enrollment for the fall classes will shortly begin. This institution is recognized and indorsed by leading physicians everywhere. Free scholarships in the two-year course are available, and provide room, board, laundering, incidental expenses, and railroad fare home on completion of the course. A home study course and a resident short course are also provided. The school provides full instruction under safe and wholesome conditions, and opens the way to almost immediate financial betterment for those who need to increase their earning power.

Thomas M. Shields, of Tularosa, N. Mex., who was the last lieutenant of Company E, 6th Illinois Cavalry, wants to know the name of the officer who was in charge of General Stewart's left in the battle of Nashville, Tenn., on December 15, 1864. In his "Memoirs" General Hood speaks of this "left" of Stewart's on December 15 and on the 16th, the same being his left center; he also speaks of the mound that was charged by the Federal troops at 3:30 on the 16th. His reason for making this inquiry is that he has the sword of an officer who was killed at this mound fort and of which General Hood speaks. This sword will be returned to the nearest relative of that gallant officer.

Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

Uniforms

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

The M. C. Lilley & Co.
Columbus, Ohio



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

Southern Authors

Southern authors who have book manuscript should consult COL. WM. H. STEWART, Box 14, Portsmouth, Va., who represents responsible publishers.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

The Story of a Cannoneer under

Stonewall Jackson

"The best book on the war yet written."
"Should be read by every man and boy in the South."
"No malice, no bitterness—just a soldier's life."
Reviewed favorably by papers in both North and South.
Price, $2, including postage. Address the author.

E. A. MOORE, - - - Lexington, Va.



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ **General Marcus J. Wright** indorses it as follows: "I regard it as **one of the finest paintings I ever saw.** The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is **most remarkable.** The Lithograph copy is a **most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies."** ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27x16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ **Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture.** Those desiring to procure this great Lithograph must order now, as the supply is nearly exhausted and no more will be printed. Address

MATTHEWS & COMPANY, 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

Christmas Gifts

Many Novelties in Our New Catalogue. Write for One.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
Department B
1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.

Wanted—Agents to sell Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Glassware, Chinaware, etc. Free illustrated catalogue. Factory prices. Liberal commission. Agents make money selling these goods.

Address T. E. HANBURY & CO., Steiner Emery Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. F. L. Robertson, of Waycross, Ga., wishes to hear from any surviving members of the 2d South Carolina Regiment who were comrades of her husband, Fred L. Robertson. He went into service with the "Columbia Guards" at the age of eighteen when a student at the Arsenal. Comrade Robertson was well known to many readers of the VETERAN. He died in December, 1908.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal
Miss E. M. Clark, L. L.A., Associate Principal

Red, White, and Red Flour

"OUR COLORS"

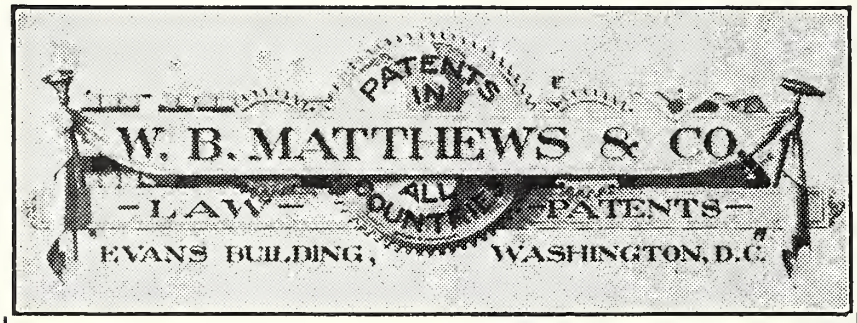
USED AT THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI

Manufactured in an Ex-Confederate's mill of the best Missouri soft wheat, and each sack guaranteed.

Show this to your grocer, ask him to wire or write us for quotations on a mixed car of Flour, Meal, and Feed. The grocer saves selling cost, and a large sack of RED, WHITE, and RED Flour will be yours free in the first car ordered.

The Higginsville Milling Co.

Daily Capacity 1,000 Bbls. **Higginsville, Mo.**



¶ Patents Procured in All Countries. ¶ Trade-Marks and Labels Registered. ¶ Practice in Federal Courts. ¶ Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents. ¶ Validity Searches, Etc.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

OFFICE: 515 to 522 Evans Building, Washington, D. C.

BOOKS FOR THE PUBLIC SPEAKER

Edited by Edwin DuBois Shurter, Associate Professor of Public Speaking in the University of Texas.

AMERICAN ORATORY OF TO-DAY. A collation of speeches by some two hundred distinguished American speakers. $1.65 net; postage, 15 cts.

THE COMPLETE ORATIONS AND SPEECHES OF HENRY W. GRADY. The first separate and complete edition of Grady's speeches ever published. $1.50 net; postage, 10 cts.

JOKES THAT WE MEET: HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE WRITER, TALKER, AND SPEAKER, with a six-page Index of Titles. A good book for Christmas cheer. 65 cts. net; postage, 6 cts.

SOUTH-WEST PUBLISHING CO.

AUSTIN, TEXAS University Station — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Mills Building

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

25 Cents a Bottle

BUY YOUR CLOTHING IN NEW YORK

You save store rent, clerk hire, etc. We buy manufacturers' samples, and save you 50% of cash. Up-to-date men's suits, $3.90; pants, 75cts.; boys' suits, $1.00. Write for circular. Agents wanted. **New Era Clothing Co., 533 8th Avenue, New York.**

Mrs. Sallie Rickman, of De Queen, Ark., wishes to inquire for any comrades of her husband, J. C. Rickman, who, she thinks, belonged to the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Biffle's Regiment. She wishes to get a pension, and needs proof of his service.

Vic Reinhardt, of Terrell, Tex., would like to hear from any of the 25th Alabama Infantry field band—Forrester, Lynch, Quimby, Melton, Abe Carmichael, Bob Ferrell, Coleman—who are now living. He thinks that John A. Doyle, another member, died soon after the war.

The Sovereignty of the States

AN ORATION ADDRESSED TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE EIGHTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT WHILE THEY WERE GATHERED ABOUT THE GRAVES OF THEIR FALLEN COMRADES, ON THE BATTLE GROUND OF MANASSAS, JULY 21, 1910

BY WALTER NEALE

Price, $1.00 net; postage, 10 cents.

THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT, **Norfolk: "We have commended heretofore the service rendered to Southern literature by this firm in the encouragement it has extended to authorship in the fields of history and biography. Within a few years past the works of this character issued from the Neale presses would form a valuable library of themselves."**

ALEXANDER HUNTER, for two years a foot soldier in Pickett's famous division, for two years a member of the celebrated Black Horse Cavalry, author of that great book of reminiscence of a private soldier, "Johnny Reb and Billy Yank," and author of other important books, in a letter to the author: "I must congratulate you upon giving to the public one of the finest historical essays ever printed. Not only is it well written, but it shows a depth of historical research that but few men would undertake. It presents a real history of the Revolutionary War, brushing aside the old traditions with the cold logic of facts, as a broom that sweeps the hoary cobwebs from the wall."

GENERAL T. W. CASTLEMAN, Commissioner of Louisiana Military Records, in a letter to the author: "I think that your oration should be in the hands of every young man in the South, and I have failed to meet a veteran that I have not called his attention to it."

THE ACADEMY, London: "We can safely assert that, for English readers at least, no more wildly exciting book has appeared for many years. The American reader may, for aught we know, find the sensation tame, but even if this be so, the Englishman's surprise will be in no way diminished. . . . American politics, seen through English glasses, are characterized by a certain unsatisfactory vagueness; they seem to lack clear dividing lines; it is difficult for the alien to appreciate the difference between Democrat and Republican, or even to remember it when appreciated. Persons, we feel, count a great deal more than causes; Bryan and Roosevelt, at any rate, mean something. But when we look into this volume we find that there are political ideals, ideals passionately held and expressed, which have as little to do with the Democratic-Republican feud as the White Rose Club with Tariff Reform. And it is important to note that this is no mere anonymous brochure, but a speech, or, as the speaker prefers to call it, an oration, publicly delivered by a responsible orator on a great occasion.

"The book rains surprises from the very first page. In his preface the author condemns the false modesty of those who are content with such words as 'speech' or 'address' as descriptions of their public utterances. He concludes: 'This account of the sovereignty of the States is an oration. So it is called.' . . . We do not wish to quarrel with the word 'oration;' there is fancy enough and passion enough to hold and carry away an audience feeling the same things as the speaker. There is the magnificent exaggeration that has always been the right of an orator. We find John Marshall, the judge whose decisions had so much to do with the suppression of State liberties, described in these terms: 'If I were asked that question' (Who was the most infamous of American traitors?), 'in reply I should name John Marshall, a Virginian, than who no greater traitor has lived since the time of Judas Iscariot.' For amateurs of election speeches we will append the following, which may appeal to them as less *use:* 'Come, while we are among ourselves, let us admit that we hate our enemies, and also let us admit that we know that they are still



WALTER NEALE
PRESIDENT OF THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY, AUTHOR "THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES," "THE BETRAYAL, IN COLLABORATION," "MASTERPIECES OF SOUTHERN POETRY," AND OTHER BOOKS.

our enemies.' About the opening apostrophe, which is practically repeated in the peroration, we are in doubt; we know not how far it is to be taken literally: 'Soldiers of the Eighth Virginia Regiment, the war is not over, nor yet may you unbuckle your armor; take up the arms that you laid down at Appomattox, then on to the front, for the hardest of the fighting is yet to be done.' We cannot think that these words are entirely figurative when we read the orator's scathing remarks on the Peace Commission, which, in his view, 'threatens the human race;' it 'may effect the amalgamation of all the nations of the earth, and may reduce all men, by stages of degeneration, to mere barbarians.' 'War,' he says again, 'is not an unmitigated evil.'

"It is late to speak of the main thesis of this address; it is implied in every sentence of it; but we will venture to state it specifically—America is not a nation; Virginia and all the other States that comprise the union, which, by the way, is to be spelled with a small 'u,' are and have always been nations in the fullest sense of the term; the King of England was also the King of Virginia, the King of Maryland, and the king of all the others. The War of Independence affected these individual sovereignties not at all. The liberty of secession belonged irrevocably to every member of the Union. It is the converse of Imperialism, and it is the converse of Socialism; it would be hard to style so full-blooded and virile a creed parochialism. The analysis of the history of the States is extraordinarily lucid and instructive, written, though it is, merely to develop a constitutional thesis. The facts are sound. . . . The account of the War of Independence is one of the most astonishing passages. This is how it is introduced: 'I shall not enter into a detailed account of the causes that led the rabble of a part of the people of each of the American nations to rebel against their king.' Truly, the rocks of Time have sent back a strange echo to Chatham's 'My lords, I rejoice that America has resisted!'"

JOHN W. DuBOSE, author "Life and Times of Yancey," "General Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee," and for forty years probably the leading biographical writer of the South, in a letter to the author: "You are doing the most memorable historical work of America. You alone are candid with your facts. You have chosen a most impressive and delicate manner of appealing to the country in your oration. The book should stand as an immortal testimony to the State of Virginia and to the Confederacy."

THE EVENING JOURNAL, Richmond: "Mr. Neale, aside from being an aggressive thinker and a profound student, has the courage of his convictions. There are times, in sooth, when the author's literary audacity almost makes us gasp; but belated Truth, long crushed to earth, more than once has looked weird when she regained her feet. At times, too, Mr. Neale's very fierceness of speech makes the message more potent—drives it home with sledge-hammer blows, when delicate diplomatic touches would count for naught."

THE EXAMINER, **Chicago: "The books that The Neale Publishing Company are presenting to the public on war times and incidents are useful contributions to the record of that great struggle, which can not be too voluminous."**

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Flatiron Building, New York **431 Eleventh St., Washington**

THE

LIBRARY

—OF—

Southern Literature

Compiled at the University of Virginia

PRESIDENT EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN, Editor-in-Chief

This inspiring work, comprising 7,500 pages, handsomely illustrated and bound into sixteen volumes, preserves and classifies the brilliant writings of our talented and patriotic ancestors.

Southerners have not realized the richness of thought of our men of letters, but now for the first time can be known what comprises the literature of our native land and where to find it.

This magnificent project of reclaiming and preserving these literary treasures has been conducted at great expense by means of a bureau of research participated in by every Southern institution of learning, and represents several years of earnest labor.

——For Particulars, Address——

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

—OR—

The Martin & Hoyt Company

PUBLISHERS

GRANT BUILDING **ATLANTA, GEORGIA**

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVIII. DECEMBER, 1910. No. 12.

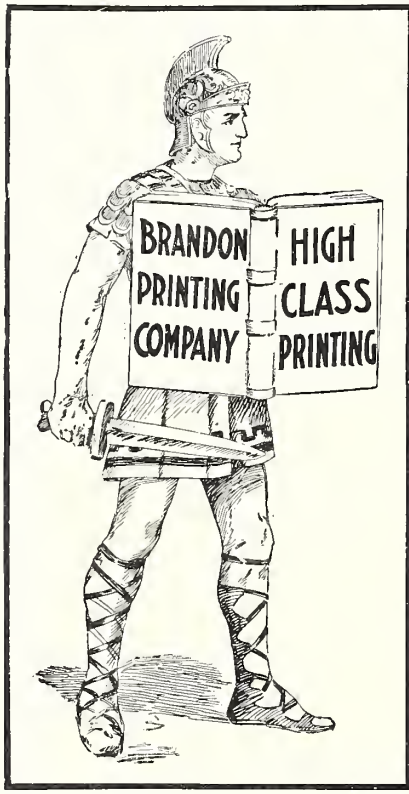
LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

	PAGE
United Daughters of the Confederacy at Little Rock	547
Official Correction of Error in Name	547
Alabama State Reunion	548
Commander Missouri Division, U. C. V.	549
An Unselfish Patriot	549
Appeal to Sons of Veterans	550
To End Wars—Suggested by Texas Comrades	55[illegible]
Editorial	552
Friend of Sherman's Friend Boyd	553
Letter from Sherman to Grant	553
Dixie at Home and Abroad	554
Tributes to Grenfell and to Montgomery	555
Capture of Dr. Mary Walker	556
One Night with Guerrillas	557
First and Tenth Georgia Regiments	559
Jefferson Davis Home Association	560
The Shiloh Monument Fund	561
Monument to Hood's Texas Brigade	562–565
History of Hood's Texas Brigade	565–566
Dedication of Zollicoffer Monument	567–575
Life's Ladder—Poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox	575
Arkansas Monument at Shiloh	576
Reunions at Franklin in Two States	577
Last Roll	578–583
Judge H. H. Cook's Greeting at Franklin, Tenn.	584
Lists of Many Kinds of Books for Christmas	586–587

THE AVERAGE MAN

Wants a steady income, good health, friends, and a happy home.
He is more certain to have all of these if he is prudent in the way he handles his money. If he saves, he will finally receive enough income from his bank account to be of material assistance to him in meeting his usual obligations.
Saving will relieve him of worry, raise him in the estimation of friends, and eventually enable him to own his own home and provide liberally for his family.
$1 opens an account in this bank which pays 3% interest per annum.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, Nashville, Tenn.
"The Only Million-Dollar National Bank in Tennessee"
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS 6 TO 8



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.



I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster General, United Confederate Veterans

BOOKS FOR THE PUBLIC SPEAKER

Edited by Edwin DuBois Shurter, Associate Professor of Public Speaking in the University of Texas.

AMERICAN ORATORY OF TO-DAY. A collation of speeches by some two hundred distinguished American speakers. $1.65 net; postage, 15 cts.

THE COMPLETE ORATIONS AND SPEECHES OF HENRY W. GRADY. The first separate and complete edition of Grady's speeches ever published. $1.50 net; postage, 10 cts.

JOKES THAT WE MEET: HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE WRITER, TALKER AND SPEAKER, with a six-page Index of Titles. A good book for Christmas cheer. 65 cts. net; postage, 6 cts.

SOUTH-WEST PUBLISHING CO.
AUSTIN, TEXAS University Station — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Mills Building

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Send a new subscription and ask for "The Heart of Dear Old Dixie" free.

BETTER THAN BONDS.

"A Sure Legacy for Whom You Love."

We offer for sale a tract of land lying on top of Cumberland Mountain about nine miles from Winchester, Tenn. This tract contains one hundred acres, less one acre sold for public school purposes. On it are two strong chalybeate springs, about one-fourth of a mile apart, and the flow of water, judicioulsy conserved, would be ample for ten thousand guests. About fifteen feet from the main chalybeate spring is a spring of freestone water—copious, cold, and pure. These waters conjoin a rod or so below, forming a beautiful cascade. Hundreds have been restored to health by their use.

The only drawback is a very rough road by the hauling of much lumber, yet it is in such demand that improvements will evidently be made ere long.

An old issue of the Winchester News Journal states: "These springs are well known for their curative properties. Many of our local citizens can attest to this as a desirable summer resort."

There are several houses on the property, much of the land is in a good state of cultivation, and the price is $1,000 on easy terms, a trifle over $10 per acre. It is well known as Keith's Springs, but has been owned until recently by Major Slatter individually for thirty years. S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Nashville.

W. J. SLATTER, Winchester, Tenn.

The Direct Route to
Washington
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York and
all Eastern Cities
from the South
and Southwest
is via Bristol and the

Norfolk & Western Ry

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

Best Route to
Richmond
Norfolk, and all
Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, Western Passenger Agent
Chattanooga Tenn.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent
Roanoke, Va.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to he called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY. 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1910. No. 12. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

THE UNITED DAUGHTERS IN LITTLE ROCK.

It is intended to give from time to time and as soon as practicable a summary of the work by the Little Rock Convention. It was one of the best conventions ever held, although many noble women who have been active in previous conventions were absent—many of them dead. The hope in our organizations is specifically in the United Daughters, and too much prominence cannot be given to them in their many important undertakings. Every State President, U. D. C., is requested and urged to send concise reports of what is best for their Divisions. A page from each would be helpful to every other. This fact is emphasized. So far the only brief report since the meeting in Little Rock is from Mrs. R. H. Sansom, of Tennessee.

MRS. SANSOM'S REPORT TO HER DIVISION.

At the General Convention of U. D. C., held at Little Rock November 8-12, many important measures were enacted affecting the interests of the organization. Among others was the adoption of amendments to the constitution which alter it considerably. So that I advise the careful study of same in the minutes when issued.

Only one general officer was changed, this giving us a new Recording Secretary General, whereby Kentucky was honored in the selection of Mrs. Roy McKinney as Mrs. Dowdell's successor. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. McKinney at Paducah, Ky.

The hospitality of the beautiful City of Roses was unmeasured and unexcelled. Its generous citizens gave us superabundantly of everything to add to our pleasure. And at this interesting meeting of the Daughters the fact was also delightfully proven that Little Rock is amply able to care for the crowds which the Confederate Reunion will attract there next May. For, in addition to this convention, they were at the same time entertaining the Confederate Veterans of Arkansas, who were holding their State Reunion there, the two bodies holding meetings simultaneously in different halls in the elegant and capacious Hotel Marion, which afforded ample accommodations for both gatherings, with room to spare.

It is also now timely to remind our Daughters of the Confederate Christmas Seals and urgently request that the obligation our State pledged at the Clarksville Convention be fulfilled in a generous use of them on all holiday packages, and thereby materially aid in raising the fund for the Arlington monument. The seals can be procured through our Arlington Director, Mrs. J. W. Clapp, 388 Orleans Street, Memphis.

ERROR IN NAME OF PATRIOTIC UNION VETERAN.

DR. ALLEN W. GRAY, OF CHICAGO, THANKED FOR HIS DEFENSE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

On page 120 of the published proceedings of the Convention of the U. C. V. held in the city of Mobile last April appears an error in name.

General Paddock escorted to the stage and presented Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, formerly President General U. D. C. Mrs. Stone made a brief address on the manly action of Dr. J. A. Carr, of Chicago, in defending the character of Gen. R. E. Lee from the ill-timed attacks of the G. A. R. Post as to the admissibility of his statue to Statuary Hall. She suggested that the Adjutant General be directed to wire Dr. Carr the thanks of the convention for his stand taken in the matter. The motion was adopted amid great cheering, and a message was sent to Dr. J. A. Carr by William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.: "I am proud to inform you that a resolution was unanimously adopted at a large meeting of the United Confederate Veterans held this day by a rising vote as follows: 'Resolved, that the thanks of this association be wired to Dr. J. A. Carr, of Chicago, for his manly and noble defense of the name of R. E. Lee before the Chicago G. A. R. Post.'"

Although this message was sent promptly and letters written subsequently, no trace of Dr. Carr could be found, nor any one who knew him. After a long hunt, the Adjutant General has recently learned that it was not Dr. Carr who was the defender of General Lee, but Dr. Allen W. Gray, whereupon General Mickle wrote to Dr. Allen W. Gray:

"*My Dear Comrade:* I am to-day sending you a copy of the minutes of the Mobile Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. At the bottom of page 120 you will find the action of the convention with regard to one Dr. J. A. Carr. I am pained to know that a grave error has been made, as it was not a Dr. Carr, but that you are the patriotic individual who merits the thanks of the boys in gray. I can but express the regret I feel that an error has been made in giving credit to the wrong party. However, it was the laudable motive of your action which has called forth this mark of appreciation."

Dr. Gray's reply to General Mickle November 3, 1910:

"Your letter of November 1 and copy of the minutes, as stated, just received. I am sorry that 'Carr' ran over me, but it does not seem to have injured me except in the delayed receipt of your important message. So far as the part I took on January 1, 1910, in the Gen. Robert E. Lee statue

affair, please tell the 'boys' (you know whom I mean, those old 'Johnny Rebs' who entertained us so enthusiastically 'when we went marching through Georgia') that upon that occasion I simply did my duty, as of old at the front, for the cause I believed right.

"There is an old saying that the 'devil is not so black as he is painted.' It applies to us 'old Yanks.' We bear no enmity to the Confederate veterans, and in our open meetings freely fraternize.

"'As in all bodies, near or far,
We too have in the G. A. R.
A few (thank God, they're very rare),
A few we very well could spare,
Who never heard the Rebel yell
Nor the shriek of a Rebel shell,
Never faced a line in gray,
Yet always have the most to say.'

"As to that protest against placing Lee's statue in the Hall of Fame, did you notice how the Illinois Department and the National Encampment of the G. A. R. sat down upon it? Did you notice how President Taft said, 'No cause for action?' Not a single G. A. R. Post in Chicago indorsed that protest.

"The meeting of January 1, 1910, in which I attained so much notoriety, was an unofficial, open 'camp fire,' open to the public. Citizens, ladies, children, and even ex-Confederates were present. In no sense was it an 'official expression' of the G. A. R., nor does it express our sentiments."

In order to give wide publicity to this correction of the error made at Mobile, General Mickle sends it to the VETERAN.

SPIRIT OF A CONFEDERATE'S PATRIOTISM.

[From William T. Hamilton, formerly a "Pelham Cadet" of the Alabama Cadet Corps, 1862-64, now at Colon, Panama.]

It is assumed that you have many bouquets thrown at you for the interesting and valuable conduct of your journal, but none are more sincere than mine. In these piping times of peace, as also of intense, aggressive, aggravating commercialism, a publication like the VETERAN is necessary for the preservation and presentation of truth to the children of the Southland. There is a monument at the foot of Canal Street, New Orleans, which commemorates the most brilliant period of Louisiana history, yet there are young men in that city who know nothing about it. I am proud that I was identified in a small way with the Alabama branch of Confederate history.

The American flag in Central or South America is a pretty thing to look at, but amounts to very little in the way of protecting American citizenship, a matter utterly incomprehensible to me. The Spanish-American element in these little two-by-four republics hate United States Americans very cordially, and every one knows it except the authorities at Washington. They have insulted and abused Americans times without number, and under the inefficient consular system the work goes on. The Roosevelt régime made a bluff and changed things a little; but the present "foreign policy," or want of foreign policy, is a curiosity and should be exhibited around the world in a glass case. "The evil that men do lives after them." There does not seem to be patriotism enough and commercial prestige enough in the Congress to make decided effort for its restoration. Even here on the Isthmus, where Uncle Sam is building a ditch for the use of the rest of the world, you see the ships of all nations; but only the Panama Railroad, owned by our government, is under the American flag. Foreign ships under colors of their governments bring American material in the larger quantity from American ports to build an American enterprise.

ALABAMA STATE REUNION, BIRMINGHAM.

Brief reports from the Alabama State Reunion picture an occasion of much pleasure to comrades and joy to the young people. Gen. George P. Harrison, who was a sure-enough general and worthily wore his wreathed stars in the sixties, continues actively in command of the Division. Indeed, he would be taken for one of the younger set not old enough for service until late in the war. Gratitude is expressed for General Harrison's kindness in hearty commendation of the VETERAN to the Convention. All Division Commanders should do likewise.



MISS MARY ROSALIN TARDY, BIRMINGHAM.

Formerly Sponsor for the North Alabama Brigade; Now on the Staff of Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V.

Gen. A. C. Oxford, Commander of the entertaining Brigade, had, in addition to his regular staff, an escort of twenty young ladies, well-trained equestriennes, "whose dignity and beauty eclipsed everything in the parade." General Oxford was re-elected Commander of the Brigade. The next State Reunion will be held in Montgomery on the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Confederate government.

WORK OF ADJUTANT GENERAL FORREST.

In a recent letter Nathan Bedford Forrest, Adjutant General U. S. C. V., writes: "I returned last night from a three weeks' trip through Arkansas, where I succeeded in organizing a number of new Camps. I am very much pleased at the progress of the Sons this year, as I find that I can organize a Camp in every town by going there personally. I think that I will have more Camps in good standing in Arkansas alone this year than we had in all the South last year. This is my first trip since my illness, but I hope to be able to get in shape in the next few days to get my affairs thoroughly straightened in the next few days to get my affairs straightened out. I go to Birmingham to attend a reunion of the Alabama Division."

APPEAL TO THE SONS OF VETERANS.

[Comrade A. S. Collins in an address before the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., made special appeal to the Sons of Veterans. This subject should be discussed at all Reunions.]

As I look into your loving eyes I see mirrored there the old religion which still burns brightly on the altars in your hearts. It is the same faith that sustained you as you scaled Little Round Top and dashed the red waves of invasive war against the walls of the startled and dismayed modern Babylon. It is the same religion which for four years upheld you and our cause on a hundred crimson battlefields and comforted you in camp and on weary march through winter's chilling blasts and summer's burning heat. But, comrades, the day waneth and "the night draweth nigh, when no man can work." Soon our sun will touch with vermilion fingers the western hills and sink forever behind the ramparts of eternity. Shall it be that we shall leave behind us Egyptian darkness in the field where we have held up the torch of truth to defend and to enlighten the world as to the real facts of our grand history? Can it be that our sons, "sprung from our loins and children of our brains," will prove untrue to their sires and we have no representatives in all this wicked world when falsehood and perversion shall endeavor to obscure our fame and cover our undefended names with shame? We are told in Holy Writ that God's chosen people wandered away among the surrounding heathen nations—the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, the Canaanites—that by compromises and perversions they sought to blend their own pure and God-given religion with those of their pagan associates; that even in far Babylon, to please and make fair weather with its ruling classes and to win earthly success, they fell down and worshiped gods of gold and stone. But, thanks be to our God, we read that upon the fulfillment of the term of the captivity, chastened and regenerated by adversity, they returned to the holy city, Jerusalem, with shouts of joy and the songs of Zion on their lips. They entered the neglected temple; they stood before the altar, where the Shekinah is, before the tabernacle in the holy of holies, where rests the ark of the covenant. And there they relit the fires upon the altar and offered sacrifices only to the true and living God.

Comrades, where are our sons? Can it be true that the change of circumstances, the new atmosphere, charged with miasma, has settled upon them like a cloud? That, breathing that atmosphere, laden with strange doctrine, they have wandered far afield among the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and by somewhat natural and apparently excusable compromises with conditions they could not control have yielded to perversions which can no more blend with the faith of their fathers than can an arch sinner enter the portals of paradise? * * * But, thank God, blood is thicker than water.

Son, do you know who you are? Have you forgotten your proud lineage? Hear me: Do you remember that old mother in the home away down on the Suwanee River? Do you remember how she sang you to sleep? Her voice was not trained by the classic masters; it was tuned to the melody of the spheres by "the ancient of days." And her lullaby was not one of these modern rag-time jingles, barren of gospel and devoid of saving power. Her lullaby was one of the songs of Zion. It was sung by that mother voice right off of the mother heart on its altar where burned brightly the same fire which burns in the hearts of these, my comrades, your fathers. It was taken out of the inspired mouth of Job, "a man of Uz," and she sang as she rocked you to slumber:

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

. . . . . .

Sons of Confederate Veterans, do you know your rich heritage, far more to be desired than gold or precious stones or costly and vain apparel? an inheritance nobler than that of sons and other sires in all the tides of time?

Thank God, "blood is thicker than water." They will come quickly at your call, even back from Babylonish captivity, and, having been regenerated and made free by the truth from the lips of their dying fathers, they will return to Zion, the city of our King, and there in the temple they will serve, as we have served, as priests before the altar of the living God, and they will seize and hold aloft the torch of truth which we have held and kept burning brightly these many years. And when we close these records and our reunions, they will take our places, wear our uniforms, and continue reunions as our representatives in the years to come. And when Comrade Cunningham (God bless him!) shall grow lonesome for us who have gone before, yearning to see once more his comrades in Beulah Land, shall lay aside that sword on whose gleaming blade is engraven "Truth," they will seize it and through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN defend our history until there shall remain on this mortal ball no man who will dare to write "Traitor" over their sacred dead.



JOHN C. LEIRD.

On page 458 of the October VETERAN is an account of the capture of the 30th Illinois Regiment flag near Atlanta on July 22, 1863. See the gallant comrade with the flag above and reread the sketch of this faithful and gallant soldier.

COMMANDER MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.

Maj. Gen. George M. Jones, who was unanimously elected Commander of the Missouri Division, United Confederate Veterans, at Marshall, Mo., September 28, 1910, and whose home is in Springfield, Mo., was born and grew to manhood in Shelby County, Tenn. He is a son of Henry T. Jones, who was a local preacher in the Methodist Church, South, and for several years a member of the Shelby County Court. At about the age of seventeen years he began his business life as a clerk in the wholesale house of Cossitt, Hill & Talmadge, Memphis. Three years later he went to Missouri, where he yet resides, and in 1860 cast his maiden vote for Stephen A. Douglass.

In the spring of 1861 he enlisted in Campbell's company of State troops under the call of Governor Jackson. At the end of his six months' State service he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was a member of the 3d Missouri Cavalry, commanded by Col. Colton Greene, who at the close of the war located in Memphis, and died there a few years ago.

The service of "Captain" Jones, as he is known to his friends and acquaintances, was almost wholly in the Trans-Mississippi Department and under Generals Marmaduke and Price.

To Captain Jones as president of an association organized in 1869 for that purpose, aided by loving and loyal spirits of both men and women, is largely due the credit for having gathered up the remains of the Confederates who were killed in the battles of Wilson Creek and Springfield and those who died from wounds or sickness in this historic region and deposited them in what is now a beautiful Confederate cemetery which, with the stone wall surrounding it, cost $6,000, and then the splendid monument in the center, costing $12,000, makes it perhaps the most beautiful Confederate cemetery in all the Southland.

The omission of the report of the new officers of the Missouri Division was a singular oversight. Brigade Commanders chosen were Brig. Gen. J. Will Towson, of Shelbina, Mo., and Brig. Gen. James A. Gordon, of Marshall, Mo., respectively for the Eastern and Western Brigades. There was much merriment and good feeling in the election throughout. The most pathetic incident of all was when General Gordon in responding to the heartiness with which he had been honored began with the expression: "I wish my wife was here."

MILL SPRINGS AND FISHING CREEK.

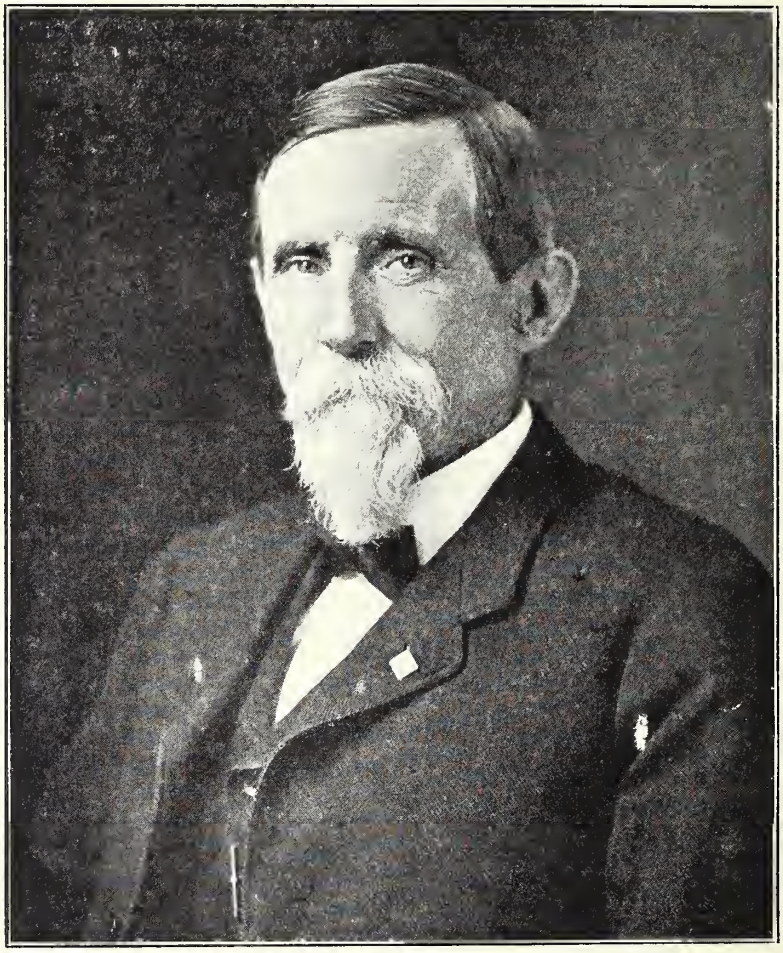
It seems unfortunate that the battlefield on which General Zollicoffer was killed was so inappropriately named. The Federals designate it as Mill Springs, which is miles away and across the Cumberland River, while the Confederates call it Fishing Creek, which is miles distant in the opposite direction. The "War Records" use both names. Logan's Cross Roads is quite central to the battlefield. The National Cemetery is about a mile distant, and the post office, about midway, is called Nancy. Who can suggest relief from the unfortunate dilemma? There ought to be a fixed single name for it.

A. C. Copeland, of Crossville, Ala., of the 3d Confederate Cavalry, desires information of his comrades, John Plummons, Thomas Redmond, or others, of that regiment.

AN UNSELFISH PATRIOT.

"I will vote for secession, though it may precipitate war, which is bound to come, and I would rather it would come in my day than in that of my children."

This was the unselfish speech of Dr. Thomas Q. Martin as he cast his vote for the secession of Mississippi January 15, 1861. War did come quickly, and from the beginning Dr. Martin rendered service to his country by ministering to sick soldiers in Corinth, Miss., his home town. Later he volunteered and was made lieutenant in Company G, 32d Mississippi Regiment. Many fathers and mothers consented to their sons enlisting in that regiment because "the boys would be near the good Doctor."



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE M. JONES.

Lieutenant Martin marched with Bragg into Kentucky. He came out of the battle of Perryville exhausted, sickened on the march back to Tennessee, and died in the courthouse at Knoxville October 24, 1862. He was laid to rest with military honors in Grey's Cemetery.

His devoted wife, Mrs. Sallie M. Martin, was left to rear and support six young children. This duty she successfully discharged, and passed to her reward at Texarkana, Ark., March 2, 1898, loved and revered by all who knew her.

In sending renewal ask some one to send with you, and there will be no extra expense, as you would send with your own. Many could be added to the list by this suggestion.

JOSEPH FRANCIS, A GALLANT STAFF OFFICER.

Joseph Francis was born April 3, 1844; and died November 28, 1898. He enlisted in Company E, 17th Tennessee Regiment, in May, 1861, and served as a private about ninety days, when he was detailed on special duty as postmaster of the regiment, and afterwards as postmaster of Zollicoffer's Brigade. He served in the campaign from Cumberland Gap, through Kentucky, including Fishing Creek and Mill Springs, where General Zollicoffer was killed, and Tennessee, and was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro. He was in Winchester, Tenn., while convalescing, rejoined the army at Tullahoma, and was detailed for duty at General Bragg's headquarters in the adjutant general's department. Not yet strong enough for service, he was given a furlough for sixty days, after which he was again detailed for mail service at army headquarters in Chattanooga. Later he rejoined his command, and was appointed on Gen. John C. Brown's staff, where he served to the close of the war, except for a time when adjutant on post duty at Jacksonville, Ala., and at Corinth, Miss., while the army was passing through those places. He was in the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and was detailed to store the division baggage at Atlanta. He was in all the general engagements of that campaign except Chickamauga. He was slightly wounded at Marietta, Ga., where his brother, Turney Francis, was killed. He remained on detached duty at Corinth until we were forced to evacuate that place and where we burned much of our supplies. Rejoining the army at Columbia, S. C., he witnessed the burning of that city by the Federal forces, and was of the force left behind to prevent as long as possible the crossing of the Federals over the river in front of the city. This force was completely cut off from the retreating Confederates. Comrade Francis was captured the next morning through the treachery of a man whose house he was trying to save from Federal soldiers who were attempting to fire it, and remained in prison until the war ended.



JOSEPH FRANCIS AND DAUGHTER.

Joseph Francis was a son of Col. Hugh Francis, of Fayetteville, Tenn., and brother of Nannie Francis Arnold, wife of Comrade James Arnold, of Wartrace, Tenn.

TO END WARS—IN ACCORD WITH THE HAGUE.

At a regular meeting of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans held in Paris, Tex., November 12, 1910, a special committee appointed for the purpose at a previous meeting made report, which was discussed and unanimously adopted, and the Adjutant was instructed to forward copies to the Texas Senators and Representative Morris Sheppard and to the State headquarters of the Confederate veterans.

A MEMORIAL TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Whereas the fundamental principle of the Christian religion is peace, and Jesus commanded Peter to put up his sword, telling him that 'my kingdom is not of this world;' and whereas the people of the United States and most of the civilized nations of both continents claim to be Christian nations following in the footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth; and whereas war is the reverse of Christianity, sanctions every form of crime, from theft, robbery, arson, and murder, and necessarily overthrows civilization and Christianity; and whereas all difficulties and differences between nations can be easily settled by a congress of nations without loss of life, honor, or property; and even if not settled justly, the loser would not lose the life of one good citizen, to say nothing of the loss of thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property by war and the inexpressible suffering on battlefields, in loathsome prisons, and the heartbreaking desolation of the widows and orphans of the slain; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That we respectfully petition your honorable body to take immediate and decisive action for the cessation of war throughout the civilized world by securing the coperation of all civilized nations willing to join the United States in establishing a congress of nations, fully empowered to adjudicate all national and international differences and difficulties, and finally and permanently settle the same.

"Committee: E. L. Dohoney, W. B. Berry, H. O. Brown."

"THE HEART OF DEAR OLD DIXIE."

The author of the above, Mr. Jacob Closz, is a German, but came to America early, and is now located in Chicago. As a lyric writer he studied the sections impartially, and he soon began to comprehend "the heart of dear old Dixie." He writes:

"The song was written several years ago, and minor modifications of the lyric and music were made from time to time, the last one being suggested by an item in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN just before publication.

"Of late, after reading from the VETERAN and from the records of the several organizations which it so nobly represents, and noting, in a measure, the unutterable tenderness, the boundless devotion welling from the heart of Dixie, I am overwhelmed with a sense of my inability to measure the height of Dixie's honor or to sound the depth of Southern love.

"I realize that I am treading upon consecrated, sacred ground; and while wishing I could have done more, I am proud of what I have done within the limits of the lyric which I humbly offer as a tribute to the heroic devotion of the South—the South that was, the South that now is, and the South that will be.

"Ever rising on the plane of an exalted civic sentiment, the sons and daughters of heroic fathers and mothers, who deserve no end of honor for the promulgation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the maintenance of their rights under the Constitution of our common country, will continue to hand down to generations yet unborn the priceless heritage of patriotic devotion; while heroes and heroines of Dixie Land will never fail or falter in the ever-waging warfare for the rights of man."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.



This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Confederate Associations throughout the South are requested to commend it and to coöperate diligently in extending its circulation.

EIGHTEEN YEARS COMPLETED.

The spirit of thanksgiving in all that it implies, in a most sacred sense, for the blessings that have attended almost uninterrupted service for eighteen years is herein expressed.

The VETERAN was founded in January, 1893, by its sole owner, who has been at the helm in every issue except parts of two, one under care of Dr. John A. Wyeth in New York and the other by a severe illness in Nashville, respectively a little more than ten years and one year ago. Save the passage through a suit for libel, well known to the older readers—which will be recalled by notice of a sale of pictures for storage in this issue—the eighteen years are filled with recollections of gratitude as perhaps no other person has so fully enjoyed. With all its faults, the Editor is blessed with the consciousness of having done the best he could all the time, and his generous patrons have been most gracious in overlooking many faults and omissions that have caused deep regret.

In so far as man can be grateful for special providence the promoter of the VETERAN is humbled in many blessings far beyond what he could have anticipated, and he asks survivors to join him in gratitude. One complaint he makes now against personal friends is their indifference to his work. It is the mystery that he cannot solve. Many of them not yet taking the VETERAN would be subscribers if he had personally solicited. But this he cannot do. It would be a good time now to show their friendship. Think of a tax of one dollar a year or $2.50 for three years for a cause with its merit and the good that it is doing all the time for unfortunate men and widows of the Confederacy, and surely some will join the list for the future, the feature of friendship being added.

The present time seems most appropriate for active interest in the VETERAN. To those for whom generous friends may subscribe for next year this issue will be sent complimentary. Such subscription would be a continued feast throughout the year. Send four dollars and five names of persons to whom you would have it sent until 1912.

By names of subscribers the date "June 09" or "Oct 10" means June, 1909, and October, 1910. It never means the day of any month. It was a misfortune to abbreviate the year. Note this; and if the date is short of "Jan 11," you may know that it is time to help again. Thank you.

Much prepared for this issue is held over for the many pages given to the Zollicoffer monument and its dedication. Hardly one in every thousand of our readers will ever see that place, so it was considered worthy to make the tribute liberal in space as it is in merit. After all, much of interest on that subject has been omitted. One pleasing event, for instance, occurred at the dedication of this monument. When the time arrived for the unveiling, the band struck up a medley of Southern airs, and little Eliza Bennett Young, the daughter of General Young, jumped from the grasp of her mother, with whom she sat on the platform, and ran out to the side of the sheeted stone shaft. At a signal from her father, who stood near, the child, cramped on all sides by the surging onlookers, drew the drapery from the monument amidst prolonged cheers.

CONFEDERATES SHOULD WORK HARMONIOUSLY.

If we are indeed "a band of brothers," whether "native to the soil" or not, we should make our watchword "Harmony" in its literal sense. The tendency has grown lately to jealousy among Daughters in petty features, very much to the injury of the cause for which they organized. Happily, this small sentiment does not prevail conspicuously in the general organization, yet there are such unhappy conditions with Chapters which are very hurtful to the cause.

Comrades should protest against such a thing in their meetings. They could do much good if they would only try. In such connection it might be shocking to charge that they are guilty also. The small remnant of those who served throughout the war and are entitled to the cross of honor should look beyond any personal promotion to the good they may accomplish. There is a responsibility in any office, from the lowest in a Camp to the Commander in Chief, and every comrade should feel honored in his election to it, never forgetting that he is representing many times the number who are dead to those who are living, and that in soberness he should do his duty without regard for his personal advancement. Then in elections there should be no candidates. Let comrades consider the efficiency of members; and when they are commended, the man so honored should see to it that there be no factional opposition. Occasionally an officer concludes that honors should go around and positively declines to accept a reelection, but will "retire to the ranks" for faithful service. Let such example be a guide.

There is hardly anything more beautiful in Confederate lines than to see several of the former Presidents General in State and Chapter work as modest and diligent as the humblest.

SORROW IN DEATH OF OVERTON DICKINSON.

Widespread sympathy is extended to the parents and other relatives and friends of Overton Dickinson, whose death occurred on Thanksgiving day, 1910. Quite recently his father, Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, returned from a tour around the world, and he came home for a brief visit before resuming his duties in Washington, and hardly had gotten back to the capital before he was called to Nashville by the death of this eldest son.

The funeral services were held at the home of Dr. W. G. Ewing by Revs. J. I. Vance and J. H. McNeilly, at which there was a large attendance of relatives and friends of the Overtons, McGavocks, and Dickinsons, eminent families in Nashville and the South for about a century.

One who knew Overton Dickinson well wrote of him in the Nashville Tennessean: "His nature was dominated by a rare combination of gentleness and fortitude. His life was an embodiment of consideration for others in which consciousness of self was completely lost."

ANOTHER NASHVILLE HOME SADDENED.

Mrs. Emma Berry Cheatham, of Nashville, died recently in New York City, where she had gone for treatment and surgical skill. Mrs. Cheatham was typical of the best element in Southern womanhood in every aspect. Her husband, Dr. Richard Cheatham, died some years ago, leaving with his wife one daughter, Miss Mary Cheatham, who survives her. Mrs. Cheatham's brother, Mr. W. W. Berry, and sisters, Mrs. John M. Bass and Mrs. J. A. Trousdale, are all that remain of her family. Mrs. Trousdale will long be remembered by the gift of valuable property at Gallatin, Tenn., to the Daughters of the Confederacy. It is the most valuable asset owned by Confederates in Tennessee.

FRIEND OF SHERMAN'S FRIEND BOYD.

BY R. J. HANCOCK, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In the September VETERAN there is a mistaken view of Col. David F. Boyd. I doubt if there is a living man who knew Colonel Boyd as I did. Our acquaintance began when he was my principal and tutor at Homer, La., session of 1858-59. Our friendship was as warm as it was lasting, which was to the day of his death, and no man knew him better. He was born in Wytheville, Va., about 1834, and he was educated at the University of Virginia, graduating with distinction.

When the Confederate war broke out, Boyd enlisted as a private in a company from Rapidan Parish, and at the organization of the 9th Louisiana he was promoted to the command of the regiment. After the battle of Front Royal, Va. (1862), the quartermaster of the brigade was killed, and Captain Boyd took his place, and served also as commissary of the 9th Louisiana Regiment. When Gen. Dick Taylor was made major general and assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department, he asked that Colonel Boyd be allowed to go with him; and after reaching their destination, he made Colonel Boyd his chief of engineers.

When Colonel Boyd was captured by the Jayhawkers, he had $12,000 sewed up in the legs of his boots. At first these Jayhawkers decided they would kill him and throw his body in the Black River, or Black Warrior River. Finally they decided to take him to General Sherman and allow him to have Boyd killed. They were surprised to see Sherman embrace him and offer him the privilege of his tent, etc., which Boyd declined, explaining that his own people would not understand it, and he preferred to share the life of ordinary prisoners, which he did, and was soon sent to New Orleans and exchanged. It is needless to say that Colonel Boyd carried the $12,000 in his boots and paid off his men when he reached the Confederate lines. I had this from Colonel Boyd himself, whom I knew to be a truthful and high-toned man. I think he held this position to the end of the war.

It is true there was a friendship between Boyd and Sherman till Sherman's death, and Colonel Boyd was a man of as warm and tender feeling as a woman, yet he was not the man to go to Sherman's grave and shed a tear over it. He was not that kind of man, and he was totally incapable of making any such allusion to President Jefferson Davis as you attribute to him. That part of Dr. Green's and Colonel Heath's narrative is all a myth. They didn't know Colonel Boyd as I knew him.

Now as to Sherman. When Warmuth, Pinchback, Kellogg, and a black-and-tan Legislature were holding high carnival in New Orleans and threatened to make the Louisiana State University a mixed school, Boyd wrote to Sherman and had him to go to New Orleans and make them a speech which induced them to make it a white school. Afterwards Sherman went to Washington and had the Federal arsenal and barracks turned over to Louisiana for the State University.

I was led at the beginning of hostilities to believe that Butler would steal silver spoons and other valuables from private houses, but I never heard of his burning the houses. With Sherman and Sheridan it was different. They would not only loot a private house, but they would burn it over the heads of women and children and leave them no food, no raiment, and no shelter save the canopy of heaven. In my opinion, the world never saw such cruel wretches.

In conclusion, I take the VETERAN and love to read it; but I must say that the true and impartial historian will come along some day, and these mistakes and discrepances will give him a lot of trouble if they are not discontinued.

12*

[The spirit of Comrade Hancock's paper must be accepted as fair; but the reference to "Jeff" Davis is in the body of the article, and there was no more occasion for doubting its accuracy than any other part of the letter. It is hard to reconcile Colonel Boyd's reputation as given by Hancock and others with so lavish a tribute to Sherman without a word of criticism. Let us accept the theory submitted in the outset by the VETERAN that Boyd was hypnotized by Sherman, the Nero of the nineteenth century.]

J. P. Parker, of Troy, Ala., writes: "The name of CONFEDERATE VETERAN is so indelibl inscribed on my heart that eternity's endless rounds can never erase it. The eulogy of Maj. David F. Boyd on Gen. W. T. Sherman reminds me forcibly of the picture I saw in the old blue-back speller, where a farmer went out on a cold day and brought in an adder that was nearly frozen and warmed it to activity, and it bit the farmer's child. That is as near as Sherman could be portrayed to the world. * * * I served in Company A, 2d Georgia Battalion, Wright's Brigade, Mahone's Division, Hill's Corps, A. N. V., and saw the last of a flag and uniform that went down in defeat, but was never disgraced."

A comrade in high official relation with "the blue and gray" writes: "I am inclosing you my check for $5. Please credit it on my subscription in any way that will suit you best. I want to say that I am a great friend of the VETERAN. I could not get along without it. Its historical value cannot be estimated; but let me tell you, my dear friend, that the tommy-rot you published in the last issue of the VETERAN concerning barn-burner Sherman was an outrage. We had reason to think better things of you. When the VETERAN begins to publish things laudatory of Sherman, Hooker, and Sheridan and that gang, please cancel my subscription without ceremony."

[This friend wrote too impulsively. He has been more for "the other side" than the VETERAN ever has. He evidently did not read the editorial comment upon the Boyd paper. If he will reflect upon the comment of the VETERAN, he must agree that the Boyd paper is of value to history, and, moreover, that Sherman's knowledge of the Southern people made his villainous course to the death all the more reprehensible. Our friend is mild too in calling Sherman barn burner. He burned palaces and mansions and much else besides barns.]

LETTER FROM GEN. SHERMAN TO GEN. GRANT.

BY W. A. EVERMAN, GREENVILLE, MISS.

Colonel Boyd's sketch of General Sherman caused me to look up an old clipping from a newspaper printed some years ago in which was copied a portion of a letter from General Sherman to General Grant August 4, 1863, concerning the trial of certain men before court-martial for outrages committed while camped near Vicksburg. It states: "The amount of burning, stealing, and plundering by our army makes me ashamed of it. I would quit the service if I could, because I fear that we are drifting into the worst sort of vandalism. In this case I caught the man in the act. He is acquitted of the deed because his superior officer ordered it, and the superior officer was acquitted, I believe, because he had not set the fire with his own hands. And thus you and I must go through the war justly charged with crimes of which we blush."

What strange contrast with Sherman's burning Atlanta, with only women and children and helpless people there, occupying in less than one year after writing the above! Then of his gloating over laying waste of the country from there to the Atlantic Coast.

DID SHERMAN "LOVE" SOUTHERNERS?

[G. N. Saussy, of Hawkinsville, Ga., in Macon Telegraph.]

Captain Boyd was professor of ancient languages in the Louisiana Military Academy at its organization, in 1859. Gen. William T. Sherman was its first superintendent, and conducted successfully the operations of this State institution until the secession of the Pelican State. Captain Boyd goes into particulars of Sherman's career, and shows the Southern people what an extremely erroneous opinion they had formed of the character of the celebrated actor in the great tragedy of the early sixties.

For his spectacular march from Chattanooga through Atlanta to Savannah and thence to Columbia and on to Greensboro, N. C., our people had viewed General Sherman as a satellite of his majesty who presides where Sherman places war. * * * But it remains for Captain Boyd to remove this wrong impression. He shows General Sherman as the personification of love. General Sherman had spent the greater part of his manhood years with the Southern people, had absorbed much of their ideas, and endeared himself to them, especially in and around Alexandria, La. We have been under the delusion that General Sherman was brutal. Captain Boyd drops the scales from our eyes, and in graceful and glowing language shows him a loving and gentle friend of the South.

But Captain Boyd refrains from explaining the method of love (?) as evinced in that spectacular torchlight procession from Chattanooga to Greensboro via Atlanta, Savannah, and Columbia. He somehow evades this little episode in General Sherman's career. Perhaps the dead languages of which Captain Boyd was professor and master at the military academy prompted him to let that dead past bury its dead. To the survivors of his torchlight procession—those survivors whose homes came in the line of his march—that remarkable paper of Captain Boyd's will be a wonderful revelation. It is to be feared this long-delayed interpretation of that divine characteristic of the Federal captain comes too late to win disciples to that faith. And this remarkable eulogy of General Sherman is penned by one claiming to be a Virginian—a Calhoun Democrat and a Confederate officer.

Sumner Cunningham in his editorial qualifying the space given and comments made on Captain Boyd's paper is charitable enough to credit the effusion to hypnotism. Certainly that is a mild word in this connection. How a Southern man who had given his services to the Confederate cause can find anything excusable in the character of General Sherman, as evidenced in his manner of conducting warfare, is passing strange. The effusive paper ought to be read by every living sufferer from Sherman's loving (?) method of making warfare.

Classed with Butler the beast, Miles the malicious, Neal the outlaw, and Pope the pestiferous, Sherman the savage goes down into that infamy that must halo his memory as long as the pages of history tell the truth of the great tragedy of 1861 and 1865.

G. A. R. Men to Honor Confederate Dead.—At the reunion of South Carolina Confederate veterans held at Spartanburg on August 17 and 18 Col. Alfred Aldrich, of Bramwell, offered a resolution, which was adopted unanimously by a rising vote, in reciprocity for General Order No. 4 of the G. A. R. with reference to the observance of Memorial Day on May 30, in which the G. A. R. Commander said: "It is recommended that wherever the grave of a former Confederate is found flowers be placed thereon as a tribute to the bravery of the man who fought on the other side, remembering that he too was an American soldier. We were once enemies, but are now friends. We are now a united people. Out of the darkness comes no echo of discord between brothers, no strife, but universal fellowship lights the lamp to guide the feet of our young republic." Such sentiments from magnanimous veterans should prevail rather than the jaundiced twaddle of sutlers and camp followers and army contractors, who oppose the placing of General Lee's statue in our Hall of Fame.

"DIXIE" AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY CURTIS B. HALEY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In this liberal age it is more or less amusing to every true American, whether born North or South before or since the war, to hear anybody rail at the playing of "Dixie." The recent order of Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, to stop the bands from playing "Dixie" sounds like a wail from the dead past. It appears that Senator Heyburn was born in Pennsylvania just nine years before the war and removed to Idaho when he was thirty; and if we are to judge from his utterances on the subject of placing the statue of General Lee in the United States Capitol and from his order about "Dixie," we are prone to conclude that he has never emigrated far enough from his two homes to broaden his mind and his heart sufficiently to make him an efficient representative of a sovereign people in our national Congress.

Let those who will rail at "Dixie," it will long continue to arouse the blood of patriotism wherever it is heard. It has been my pleasure to hear its rousing strains played under three flags—the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and the Green, White, and Red (Mexico's emblem)—and I almost regret that I did not come into this world early enough to hear it played in its natural setting, under the Stars and Bars.

I recall with pleasure and amusement an occurrence at the Exhibition Grounds at Toronto, Canada, during the great International Epworth League Convention in 1897. The grand stand was filled with a multitude of more than twenty-five thousand souls who had gathered to hear noted speakers and to witness a game of lacrosse. Two or three bands were playing simultaneously; and after rendering some of the Convention songs, they gave us "God Save the Queen," which elicited considerable applause. They then played "Yankee Doodle" as a compliment to the delegates from just across the border, and this brought forth a little applause here and there throughout the throng. Next came "La Marseillaise" and a little more clapping of hands; whereupon the thought passed through my mind: "I hope they won't play 'Dixie;' for if they do, I'll certainly make a fool of myself." Other national airs were played; and when I was least expecting it, the bands started up with "Dixie." They had no more than played the first strain than there was throughout the grand stand such a round of tremendous applause as I have not heard elsewhere from that day to this, not even in the South. And that was in a foreign land, mind you! Since that time I have never again been afraid of "making a fool of myself" anywhere when the band played "Dixie," knowing full well that where musicians play the soul-stirring air there will be responsive hearts to render applause.

Information is desired of the war record of Dr. Judson Culp, son of Elder Peter Culp, who was well known in Tennessee and North Mississippi. Dr. Culp went into the Confederate army as surgeon from Fayette County, Tenn., and was killed in battle in Georgia or Alabama. This information is wanted by his son, Brown Culp, of Stephens, Ark., who wishes to become a member of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

GALLANT COL. ST. LEGER GRENFELL.

In response to a request for some account of Lieut. Col. St. Leger Grenfell, Capt. F. M. Colston, of Baltimore, Md., sends the following which we add to data published in former issues of the VETERAN:

"Colonel Grenfell was a member of a notable English family which has given some distinguished soldiers to her service. He was a typical soldier of fortune from his youth, and his services and adventures were so varied and romantic that they would seem to belong to the knights of the Middle Ages. His first service was in a French Lancer Regiment, but afterwards he fought against the French in Africa. It seemed to make no difference to him where or whom he fought so there was plenty of fighting. He even got a yacht and fought the Riff pirates. In the Crimean War of 1853-55 he became a brigade major in the Turkish contingent of the allied forces, and then served with the English army in the Indian mutiny of 1857. From there he went to South America, engaging in some of their little wars; but the Confederate cause attracted him, and he ran the blockade to join us.

"He was naturally drawn to Morgan. Gen. Basil W. Duke in his 'History of Morgan's Cavalry' gives an account of him. He says that he came just before Morgan left Knoxville for his 'first Kentucky raid,' which was in July, 1862, and he became Morgan's assistant adjutant general, and afterwards chief inspector of cavalry, in which he was 'the terror of the entire front.' General Duke says that 'he was a thorough and very accomplished soldier, cheerful and contented when he could shoot and be shot at, fond of discussing military matters, but did not like to talk about himself.'

"In September, 1863, he was on the staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, but left there in 1864. Capt. Theodore S. Garnett was on Stuart's staff at that time, and says that he was an elderly man with gray hair, side whiskers and mustache, tall, erect, and soldierly, very eccentric and reserved. It is thought that General Stuart did not entertain a very high opinion of him. His methods were probably not in accordance with Stuart's ideas.

"Colonel Grenfell afterwards became involved in an attempt to release the prisoners at Camp Douglas, and, being tried as a spy by a military commission, was condemned to death; but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and he was sent to Fort Jefferson on the Dry Tortugas. There he was kept until the spring of 1868, when he escaped with three companions and set out for Cuba in a small boat. They were never heard of again, and it is supposed that they perished in a storm or accident during the voyage.

"Colonel Grenfell came to the Richmond arsenal in the winter of 1862, being then with Morgan, and I remember that he was interested in obtaining cavalry equipments, and especially in discussing sabers, which was his favorite weapon. He was then about middle age, tough and wiry-looking, and the beau ideal in appearance of a fighting officer."

TRIBUTE TO LIEUT. COL. J. G. M. MONTGOMERY.

BY J. M. WILLIS, EUCHEE, TENN.

Reading the communication of Mrs. M. E. Montgomery, of Cartersville, Ga., concerning her husband, Col. J. G. M. Montgomery, in the March VETERAN and seeing his picture in the August issue more than compensate me for what I have paid the VETERAN in the years I have been taking it.

I was born on a farm near Cleveland, Tenn., and I always took our marketing to Montgomery's store. My father said John Montgomery was the soul of honor. When the war began, J. G. M. Montgomery, although a New Yorker, raised a company for the cavalry service. He was elected captain of the company, D, 5th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry. He was elected lieutenant colonel, and served throughout the war as such. He was a born leader. Our colonel, G. W. McKeny, was elderly, so all the arduous service, such as raiding, scouting, etc., devolved on Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery.

I made several applications to become a soldier when the company was made up. Being only thirteen years old, I was refused, but the next year, in 1862, they took me. I had just passed my fourteenth birthday. I served to the end.

Colonel Montgomery was the finest-looking soldier on horseback I ever saw. He always led where danger was greatest. I had lost sight of him since he made us his farewell speech. There were few dry eyes. I was put in the hospital the day we were paroled, and did not reach home till late in the summer.

Sleep on, gallant old Colonel! The Georgia winds never sang a requiem over the grave of a braver soldier than Col. J. G. M. Montgomery.

OVER FIELDS ONCE BAPTIZED IN BLOOD.

BY REV. W. D. BARGER, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

In the lovely Indian summer days of November, 1909, I walked over the field near Lynchburg, Va., where General Early defeated Hunter in his burning expedition in 1864 and forced him to retreat by the Gauly River route through the southwestern part of Virginia to the Ohio Valley.

Charlottesville is a beautiful little city among the hills—the foothills of the famous Blue Ridge Mountains—the seat of the State University, one of the foremost in the country. The campus grounds are beautiful, with a number of commodious buildings for the use of the different departments. Young men come here from many States, and even foreign lands, to prepare for the battles of life. Gordonsville, Orange C. H., and Culpeper are all situated in a splendid farming country. In and around these towns the great armies of the sixties mobilized and formed their plans for hard-fought battles. To my right and not far away stretches the vast Virginia wilderness, where in May, 1864, was fought the three days' battle in which many thousands of men lost their lives by shot and shell. Many were burned to death. The dense thickets caught fire, and it spread over the ground where the wounded lay. Owing to the shifting conditions of both armies, the poor unfortunates could not be removed, and died in the agonies of fire. In this same wilderness in May, 1863, just a year before, the South lost one of her bravest and most brilliant soldiers—the immortal Stonewall Jackson.

At Brandy Station in June, 1863, was fought one of the greatest cavalry fights of the war. The ground is ideal for such a combat. Whole square miles of level country reach out in every direction—a rich, smooth plain over which rode some twenty thousand men, columns coming into deadly collision, horses, standing on hind feet, the sharp click of the saber and the keen report of the pistol making a medley of confusion equaled only by that of Napoleon in the battle of Jena. No wonder the infantryman stood leaning on his musket, bewildered by the sublime spectacle. The cannoneer stood idly by his gun, enraptured by the scene before him—nothing grander, nothing more thrilling in the tragic events of the world. It was tragic for the North and tragic for the South. That day in the thickest of the fight flashed in the bright sunlight the sword of Stuart, the Prince Rupert of the South.

All is peace now. The ground once torn by hoofs of war is now covered with crops of corn and green meadows. Prosperity has come again, and the angel of peace hovers over this fair, green valley.

On the plains of Manassas and along Bull Run I tramped about and thought of the two great battles fought over this same ground in 1861 and 1862, both of which were decisive victories for Southern arms. Here some of my neighbors and boyhood friends gave up their lives for the cause they loved. At Fredricksburg in the National Cemetery sixteen thousand Union soldiers lie buried, bearing silent testimony to the work of death as it went on in December, 1862. Picking up a Minie ball on Marye's Heights, made famous by the Washington Artillery and Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, I observed here and there a Confederate monument bearing aloft on its tall, neat shaft the dignified figure of a soldier in gray, standing with gun at parade rest.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION PACIFIC DIVISION.

Gen. William Cole Harrison was reëlected Commander of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., at its eleventh annual Reunion, held recently at Los Angeles, Cal. It is reported as "the largest, most enthusiastic reunion ever held in the Far West." The convention was held in Druid's Hall; the picnic in Sycamore Grove. Gen. William C. Harrison, Commander of the Division, presided over the convention, extending a cordial welcome and congratulations upon the general good feeling and highly prosperous condition of the association, and of this Division in particular. The roll call showed eleven Camps present, with four absent. At the election of officers General Harrison was elected to succeed himself as Commander. Gen. E. D. Edwards, of Fresno, Cal., was reëlected to command the California Brigade. The New Mexico will meet to elect a Commander. Resolutions were passed on the death of Lieut. Col. Waterman, Assistant Adjutant General of Division Staff.

CAPTURE OF DR. MARY WALKER.

A. J. Baker, of Paradise, Tex., who was first sergeant Company B, 10th Confederate Cavalry, writes of the capture of Dr. Mary Walker, of the Federal army, near Tunnel Hill, Ga., in the latter part of the winter of 1864 or early in 1865:

"The 10th Confederate Cavalry of General Hume's division, Allen's Brigade, was in winter quarters at Tunnel Hill, occupying some old infantry quarters of the previous winter. The regiment was doing picket duty on Taylor's Ridge, between the Confederate and Federal forces, which were stationed at the foot of the ridge on the east side, near the Nickajack Cave. We occupied a dangerous part of the line. A short while before they had made a raid on our post and killed one of the regiment. Their frequent raids on the pickets on that post had so incensed General Wheeler that he resolved to put a stop to them; so he had a picket force selected, and, with the aid of a guide to pilot him down the mountains on the east side, he took charge of the force in person and moved out to where they kept their main picket force, stationed under a large shelving rock on the side of the road near the top of the ridge. A short while before day he divided the force, taking with him the larger part, and, with the guide, followed a bridle path that led down the mountain, and thus came in between the main force and the force stationed at the shelving rock.

"Captain Knight, of the 10th, was left in charge of the men on the west side with orders to send out some men on the settlement roads that led by this post at the rock. In case they had sent out any scouts on our side, they would not return and come up in our rear. Captain Knight was to attack the force at the rock and to fire into them as they lay asleep. When the time agreed upon arrived, he moved cautiously along the road and came upon their sentinel, posted about fifty yards from the rock, and completely surprised him. They had evidently sent out scouts in the night. Side by side with Captain Knight I approached the guard. He halted us and asked: 'Who comes there?' Captain Knight replied: 'Friend with the countersign.' Upon being told to advance and give the countersign, Captain Knight walked up to him, and in pretending to give him the countersign poked his pistol to his head and told him he would blow out his brains if he gave the alarm. He surrendered, and we charged up to the rock and poured a deadly fire into the sleeping Yanks under the rock. Those we didn't kill or wound went at breakneck speed down the road, running into the trap set by General Wheeler, and he got nearly all who attempted to make their escape.

"A short while after this occurred Dr. Walker approached the lines near the point where the picket was killed early in the morning. O'Brien was on the vidette post. He was an Irish boy of Company B, 10th Confederate Cavalry, and was on the extreme post. Dr. Walker rode up near O'Brien, saluted, and told him she had a request to make of him; that she had written a letter to a lady friend living in Dalton and wished him to mail it for her at Tunnel Hill. He gave her to understand that he would accommodate her, and she handed the letter to him. He took the letter and told her he would take her along with him to see that the letter was posted. 'O, indeed not,' she said. 'Don't you see that I am a Federal surgeon?' and called his attention to a green sash she wore. She had on a blue suit, bloomer skirt, a military hat, one side of the brim turned up and pinned with a star. O'Brien took her to the lieutenant in charge of the picket force, who detailed a couple of men and sent her under guard to General Wheeler. He read her letter and communicated with General Johnston at Dalton. General Johnston rode up to Tunnel Hill, and after consultation with General Wheeler took her to Dalton. They passed through the camp of the 10th Regiment, and she recognized O'Brien, her captor, who was standing on the side of the road to see them pass, and spoke pleasantly to him. She was sent by General Johnston to Richmond, Va., and turned over to General Winder, who was in charge of Libby Prison, and, according to a Richmond paper, was confined there until the close of the war, or nearly so."

In order to secure a pension, Mrs. Mary A. Caussey, of Mist, Ark., Route 1, Box 52, asks that any comrades of her husband, James Cornelius Caussey, will write her as to his service. He enlisted in 1861 in Yazoo County, Miss., and served in the army until captured and taken to Rock Island, where he was kept for eighteen months—until the close of the war. She does not know his company and regiment. He was a grandson of Mr. Burl Scott, of Mississippi.

PRISON LIFE IN THE OLD CAPITOL.—James J. Williamson, 132 Valley Road, West Orange, N. J., author of "Mosby's Rangers," writes that he contemplates publishing ere long a history entitled "Prison Life in Old Capitol" from a diary that he kept while a prisoner there, with "Reminiscences of the Civil War." This, he thinks, will appeal to a large number of the old soldiers and their descendants as well as others interested in the general history of the South during the Civil War. A limited edition is proposed, and he solicits advance subscriptions. Price, $1.50.

ONE NIGHT WITH GUERRILLAS.

BY DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX.

"What fates impose that men must needs abide,
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

One cold wintry day, capped off with a howling Northern blizzard, during the latter part of the great war, a comrade and I were crossing the Volunteer State on furlough on the way to our mother home, in Trigg County, Ky. As the shades of the dismal day were closing in, with our boots frozen and icicles pending from our bridle bits, we halted in front of an old colonial home, the yard filled with majestic oaks and many snug cabins in the background, and hailed a courtly old gentleman who came out. We made known our wants; and after scrutinizing us for a moment, he invited us in, at the same time ordering a servant to care for our horses. He ushered us into a family room with blazing fire and introduced a grand old mother. We soon became acquainted, and they diligently sought of us all the war news. The hospitable old Southern gentleman then brought out an old-fashioned decanter and a jar of honey, remarking that as we had been about freezing all day and now had the outside warmed up he would warm the inner man. It thawed us out. A hot, steaming supper with Lincoln coffee was then announced, and at the table we were introduced to the two beautiful daughters of the house. They had brothers, sweethearts, and friends in the war, and they also plied us with many questions.

Supper over, we were taken into a comfortable parlor, and the young ladies at the piano made music that we thought vied with angels. They gave us soul-thrilling war music. But the hearty welcome, the bountiful supper, peach and honey, angelic music made time fly like a May morning dream. The old clock on the mantel told of midnight. We timidly suggested to the good people that wearied nature demanded sleep. The host led us upstairs to a well-warmed bedroom. In a few seconds we lay between fleecy blankets on a feather bed, and sleep embraced us immediately, when we dreamed of heaven and angelic music. The grand old Southland was full of just such people and homes.

After one short hour in the land of dreams, there came a terrible rapping on the front door. The old gentleman responded, and inquiry was made if two Confederate soldiers were lodging there. He told him they were, and the captain of the marauders then ordered us into his ranks. We demurred, but our host told us they were desperadoes, carried a black flag, and there was no telling what they might do if we resisted their demands. We thought discretion the better part of valor. We were soon dressed, our horses were at the door, and without a word we mounted and fell into ranks. We were marched over the frozen roads and ice for about five miles, when a cabin in the woods was surrounded and the doors were profanely ordered opened. Immediately lights were struck and a door opened, revealing a Federal soldier, his three little girls in homespun, the wife and mother, a pleasant-faced, care-worn little woman. They all seemed to know the bloody character of the marauders into whose hands the husband and father had fallen, and their petitions and prayers made to the cruel and inhuman group and to God in heaven were heartrending. They knew the doom of their loved one.

We were deeply impressed, and resolved that the black flag roughs should not kill the prisoner. The leader ordered us to mount, and directed that some one carry him as a second rider. I saw my chance and remarked rather carelessly that I would take the prisoner, so spurred up close and he mounted. Order was given to forward the column, and we marched thus about four miles and halted in front of a prosperous-looking home. Most of the men went into the yard, and in a short time Tom Light returned and told me that they had a rope around an old man's neck and were torturing him to make him surrender his money.

I thought now was my time to do two good deeds. I had been telling the prisoner of his doom, of which he was aware, as he knew the parties and their brutality, unless he could make his escape. He thought I would kill him if he ran, but I told him no, that I would shoot once over his head and yell. I told him then was his time to go, and he leaped off and frazzled the wind to a blackjack thicket not fifty yards away. I immediately commenced firing and yelling and chasing him. The torturing crowd dropped the old gentleman and broke for their horses, thinking they were attacked, and the command was ordered to march.

I knew the captain would have a reckoning with me, so I prepared my story and my navies. I wore a heavy-caped overcoat and drew the navy beneath my cape, one thumb on the hammer, one finger on the trigger, the muzzle bearing on his heart. He soon rode up and bluntly said: "You are the man who carried the prisoner." "Yes, sir." "Well, I want to know how he escaped." I told my tale, and he remarked: "You tell a very plausible tale; but if I knew you turned the prisoner loose, I would crash a bullet through your brain." I remarked, "And would be doing just right," lying like a dog, but I just had to do it to save my bacon. Preventing a robbery and a murder, I felt justified in the eyes of man and God.

About four weeks after these occurrences a squadron of Confederate cavalry lay in ambush. The black flag desperadoes were marching by. A sheet of fire and lead saluted them—every saddle was emptied. Thus ended the wild and murderous career of this company of robbers and murderers.

We have ever believed that we were under the guidance and protection of the God of heaven that night, for why else should they have ordered in two strangers? why should the prisoner have fallen to my care? Stopping to rob the old man played directly to my hand, aiding me to make good my mental oath. I should be glad to hear from any one conversant with these happenings.

"FOUR GRAVES ON BATTLEFIELD OF BULL RUN."—G. W. Lail, Cynthiana, Ky.: "In the July VETERAN, page 336, Ed W. McNeill, of Morgantown, W. Va., contributes an article regarding the discovery of four graves of Confederate soldiers in the woods on the battlefield of Bull Run, and among them was the name of G. W. Shumate, Kentucky volunteer. G. W. Shumate was a private in Company C, 1st Kentucky Infantry, Capt. Joe Desha commanding. The marker at the head of the grave of G. W. Shumate was placed there by First Lieut. Whipp Rogers, and he carved the inscription on his gravestone. I was a member of that company, and had charge of the squad that fired the salute over his grave. He was buried south of the Orange and Alexander Railroad, less than one mile east of Manassas Junction. G. W. Shumate enlisted from Harrison County, Ky., and served until his death, which occurred in 1861. First Lieut. Whipp Rogers was afterwards killed at Augusta, Ky., while fighting as captain under Gen. John H. Morgan in the fall of 1862. This is contributed in the hope that it may be of interest to VETERAN readers."

Mrs. C. H. Ogilvie sends five years' subscription from Arcola, La., with the sentiment: "God grant that we may live to renew it at the expiration!"

FIRST AND SIXTH GEORGIA REUNION.

The fifteenth annual reunion of the First and Sixth Georgia Cavalry met August 10, 1910, at Howell's Springs, near Rome, where they were royally entertained by the sons of the two regiments. Short addresses were delivered by Ed Maddon, Dr. John L. Branch, John W. Maddox, and G. W. R. Bell. The veterans, members of their families, and many friends were then feasted on delicious Georgia watermelons, Brunswick stew, and barbecued kid and lamb.

At 1:30 P.M. the business meeting was called to order by Vice President H. H. Logan, of the Sixth Georgia, at Howell's Spring, near Rome, Ga., President John W. Tench being absent.

Dr. J. L. Branch, of the First Georgia, and William Hardin, of the 6th Georgia, were appointed a committee on memorials. On motion of Judge J. W. Maddox, of the Sixth Georgia, the constitution was so amended that a son of the First and Sixth Georgia may be eligible to any of the offices. J. D. Hanks, a son of the Sixth Georgia, was elected President; Jake C. Moore, a son of the First Georgia, was elected Vice President; G. W. R. Bell, of the Sixth Georgia, was elected Chaplain.

The next meeting is to be held at Rome.

[Report of the above comes from H. H. Logan, Vice President, and J. A. Wynn, Adjutant and Secretary.]

A memorial comes with the report that since the last reunion the grim reaper has taken nine of the First Regiment and four of the Sixth Regiment. See list in Last Roll.

CANDID ADDRESS TO G. A. R. VETERANS.

BY DR. R. S. WARD (CO. C, MORGAN'S SQUADRON), CLARKSON, KY.

[Accepting an invitation to address Union veterans of the local Post, Dr. Ward, after formal introductory remarks, made this address as reported to the VETERAN.]

How different the return home of the Federal soldier to the Confederate! The former with flying colors marched home to the sound of martial music to receive the plaudits of his people. The Confederate soldier, paroled in Virginia, a thousand miles or more from home, barefooted and ragged and without a dollar in his pocket, walked through a desolated country to where was once his home, but now a pile of ashes. He did not sit in the ashes and give up in despair, but sprang with the same alacrity to restore the waste places and rebuild his home and section that he did to arms to protect his land from spoliation.

What the Confederate soldier achieved in war without pay and even without sufficient clothing or food he has excelled in peace. He had withstood the mightiest army ever marshaled for four long years. The time is now fast approaching when the world will give full meed of praise to the courage, fortitude, and devotion of the Confederate soldier. Our flag went down, but without a stain.

Nearly two hundred years after the discovery of this continent there came to the bleak shores of New England a colony of men calling themselves the Pilgrim Fathers, or Puritans. They came, they said, seeking religious liberty and freedom from persecution, but in course of time as they grew strong they grew bigoted and intolerant. They persecuted other religious bodies and drove them out of the colony; they burned innocent men, and women, and little children as witches. The descendants of these witch burners are the same men who many years after attempted to set up a moral standard for the balance of the world. They passed what are known as the "blue laws," some of which were the most absurd imaginable, among which was one that a man was not allowed to kiss his wife on Sunday and many others as ridiculous. Not many years afterwards a ship sailed for Africa and kidnapped a shipload of natives, and this was the first link in the chain of events which brought on the most stupendous war since the dawn of time. It drenched this continent in fratricidal blood, and the end is not yet. The negro is still a menace to our civilization. I am no apologist for slavery; but Northern men commanding Northern ships introduced slavery into this country, and after trying slave labor and finding it unprofitable sold the slaves to the South, and then held up holy hands in horror at the enormity of slavery.

The State of Georgia held a State convention to protest against the importation of slaves; but after the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, who, by the way, was not the inventor of the gin, Joseph Watson antedating Whitney by several years, the culture of cotton became profitable and the slave trade was acquiesced in. At this point I will state that the first steamboat ever operated was by Judge Longstreet, father of Confederate General Longstreet. Anæsthesia was discovered by Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, and the first sewing machine was invented by a Mr. Goulding.

In the course of time there sprang up an abolition party in the North with the sole object of freeing the slaves of the South, notwithstanding the Constitution recognized slaves as property. The abolitionists said: "The Constitution is in league with hell and a covenant with the devil, and slavery should be abolished."

Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was an infamous slander upon the people of the South, and John Helper wrote a volume entitled "The Irrepressible Conflict." While there were many books written against the South, the two mentioned inflamed the Northern mind more than any others. In 1858 Lincoln ran against Douglas for the United States Senate, and in a speech at Freeport, Ill., he made the statement that this country could not exist half free and half slave; that it must be all free or all slave. About this time John Brown, with some other fanatics, seized Harper's Ferry and tried to incite a servile insurrection and murder the men, women, and children of the South. In 1860 Lincoln was elected President by the Northern people on a sectional platform, not getting the electoral vote of a single Southern State.

Many people said the South was too hasty; they ought to have waited for an overt act. What were the speech of Lincoln, the books of Mrs. Stowe and Helper, and the John Brown raid? The South struck at the only time it could before its hands were tied, and it struck a knightly blow! No people since the dawn of time ever made a more heroic, self-sacrificing effort than the Confederates. They had an army and navy to organize and to equip throughout the machinery of government to put in motion, and all this without money. All this was done and the most gigantic war of all times carried on for nearly fifteen hundred days. We had great men, good men, Christian men who, believing we were right, gave their lifeblood freely in defense of their homes, their wives, and their children. No people ever fought more bravely or sacrificed more; and when the war closed, they had nothing but God above and the earth below.

The Federal government mustered into service 2,800,000, besides 34,000 seamen; the South mustered 600,000 all told. You matched us man for man and then had 2,200,000 more. What men could do we did, but the odds were too great and we were overwhelmed. There were 200,000 Germans, 200,000 negroes, and 400,000 men of the Southern States against us.

Well, Appomattox came and with it came the end of the war. These disasters were followed by a reign of terror worse

than war. It was the carpetbaggers' era. The white people, the soldiers who defended their homes and firesides, were disfranchised and their former slaves were given the ballot. It was said this was done to punish them—punish them for what? Men who would not fight under such circumstances would be despicable.

Sherman went with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other and devastated a district forty miles wide and three hundred miles long, and only the great God of heaven will ever know the awful fate of hundreds of women and children in that area at that time. Everything—cattle, hogs, sheep, mules and horses that could not be used—was wantonly shot down. Young ladies were found picking up grains of corn where Sherman fed his horses out of the filth, washing and boiling it to eat. It was the best they could do. But, thank God, that desert blossoms now, and no other country is so prosperous as is the South. Last year the South produced eight billion dollars' worth of commercial products, eight thousand millions, a sum almost too stupendous to contemplate.

I have referred to the days of Reconstruction. If it had been left to the gallant fellows who faced us on so many bloody fields, we would have been spared such horrors, for "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring;" but it was the politicians of the Thad Stevens type who were too cowardly to fight but persecuted us after we were down.

You had good men, brave men, and a lot of them; you had some good generals, but we had better. Towering far above all others stood Robert E. Lee, a man pure and without reproach. He had all the elements of greatness; he was a Christian, and the world has not known a greater soldier. "God made only one of him, and that was enough since Christ." General Grant's memory will always find a warm place in every Confederate heart; for when the authorities at Washington threatened to arrest General Lee, General Grant prevented it.

I cannot close my address without paying a tribute to the faithfulness and loyalty of the slaves. There was a bond of sympathy and affection existing between master and slave that was sublime. I had a happy childhood. I had no young brothers and sisters, and my childhood playmates were slaves. We played, hunted, and fished together, and a happy, joyous life we had. Good slaves were rarely ever punished. Now and then you would find a cruel master, as now cruel, brutal, drunken husbands who abuse their children and whip their wives. If they were the unhappy, discontented people they were pictured, why did they not rise when their masters were in the army? Instead they toiled patiently to keep us in food and took loving care of the women and children left to their care. I love the memory of old slave times; I love the old family slaves as I do my own kindred. The South is going to raise a monument, towering high above the earth, to their memory.

The pleasantest part of my address is to pay due tribute to the women of the South. I wish that I had a poet's fancy or that I could wield a painter's brush that I might paint in glowing words or colors the glorious women of the South. God bless the living and hallow the memory of the dead! The South will ne'er forget their patience, their sympathy, their gentle, loving loyalty to the Southern cause. They took the costly wraps that they could not replace from their fair shoulders and made shirts for the boys in gray; they took the carpets from their floors and made blankets for them; they took the bells from their churches and cast them into cannon. They were of more than Spartan mold: they were the daughters of the Cavaliers who rode with Spotswood round the land and Raleigh round the seas. Their type can flourish nowhere so well as in Dixie. Glorious women, gentle, loving, trustful, beautiful as an angel's dream, pure in mind and thought as vestal virgins! God bless the women of the South!

MEMORIES OF MANY CONFLICTS.

BY N. B. LITTLEJOHN, STILWELL, OKLA.

I am a South Carolinian by birth, and proud of it. My parents removed to Texas and settled in Lamar County. When the war broke out, I enlisted in an independent company in June, 1861, composed of the finest young men of the county. Our first service was as escort for Gen. Ben McCulloch. After his death at Elk Horn Tavern, Ark., we went with Generals Price and Van Dorn.

At the reorganization of the army, in 1862, we joined a Texas battalion commanded by Maj. R. P. Crump, of Jefferson, Tex., becoming part of the 32d Texas Regiment, Ector's Brigade, composed of the 10th, 11th, 14th, and 32d Texas Regiments, and we were assigned to the Army of Tennessee. We went in the Kentucky campaign with Gen. Kirby Smith, in which we met a Federal column commanded by General Wilson at Richmond, Ky., and gave them a genteel "licking." At Murfreesboro we were commanded by Maj. Gen. John P. McCown. We were on the left and brought on the attack at daylight Wednesday, December 31, 1862, and by sunrise we had captured sixteen pieces of artillery, their camps, and a number of prisoners, forcing their right around on their center.

Later we were sent to Mississippi to reënforce General Johnston. We participated in the battle of Jackson, Miss., and afterwards we were returned to the Army of Tennessee. The 11th Texas was mounted and assigned to duty under Gen. Sul Ross. The 39th North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Col. David Coleman, was assigned to Ector's Brigade instead of the 11th Texas. They were magnificent fighters.

The first day at Chickamauga we lost two hundred out of my regiment of three hundred and twenty. We did not run against breastworks, but stubborn Northern men. Late in the afternoon we captured the heavy batteries, and met with heavy loss. When we charged the last one, I fell as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon, and so ended my career as a Confederate soldier, for I have an empty trousers' leg from the effects of that last charge, made on Saturday evening, September 19, 1863.

G. F. McCauley, of Vinson, Okla., is interested in Price's raid through Missouri in 1864. He says he went out in the State Guard under Gen. Jeff Thompson, and for several months they were in the swamps about Bloomfield and New Madrid, Mo. They were disbanded at the latter place in December, 1861. He then went South and joined Company B, 3d Missouri Cavalry, under Gen. J. S. Marmaduke. He had three severe spells of fever in the four years of war, has had many ups and downs since, but is still "up and doing." He wants to hear from any survivors of Company H, 44th Mississippi, Blythe's Regiment.

J. S. Stallings, of Humboldt, Tenn., writes that he recently traveled through the Gulf Coast country of Texas on a pleasure trip on the Navidad River. Some twenty or twenty-five miles below old Texana they passed the remains of a Confederate boat, said to have been destroyed to prevent capture by the Federals, as it was heavily laden with arms and provisions. If there are any survivors of this incident, an account of it would be of interest to VETERAN readers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

Contributions through the Veteran.

Jason W. James, Alpine, Tex	$10 00
Richard, Hugh Logan, and James Prather, Richmond, Ky.	1 00
J. Coleman Gardner, Springfield, Mo	1 00
H. H. Padgett, Ridge Springs, S. C	1 00
T. H. Hunt, Tulsa, Okla	1 00
T. A. Nettles, Tunnel Springs, Ala	2 00
W. F. Young, Longview, Tex	1 00
MacDonald Chapter, U. D. C., Sedalia, Mo	25 00
Mrs. S. A. Hunley, Baltimore, Md	1 00
T. H. Neilson, New York City	1 00
Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, U. D. C., Covington, Ky.	10 00
Charles Warren, Buchanan, Ky	1 00
S. B. Watts, Indianapolis, Ind	3 00

Additional Contributions to the Treasurer.

Camps.

Albert Sidney Johnston, No. 70, Paris, Tex (Second contribution; entire amount, $55.)	$ 5 00
Paragould Camp, No. 449, Paragould, Ark	5 00
Westmoreland, No. 980, Hague, Va	5 00
Ben Robertson, No. 796, West Point, Miss	5 00
Camp E. Kirby Smith, New Castle, Ky	25 00

Chapters.

Treasurer General, Wadesboro, N. C	$ 4 00
Gastonia Chapter, Gastonia, N. C	5 00
Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, Ark	1 00
J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, Ark	1 00

Individuals.

O. H. Spencer, Nellie, Ala	$ 1 00
J A. Weems, Union Springs, Ala	1 00
Robert P. Morrison, Mount Hope, Ala	1 00
J. M. Sparks, Fort Smith, Ark	1 00
Sam H. Davidson, Evening Shade, Ark	1 00
Gov. A. W. Gilchrist, Tallahassee, Fla	5 00
J. J. Ashby, Brooksburg, Ind	1 00
James T. Buchanan, Brooksburg, Ind	1 00
Daniel Grebe, Madison, Ind	25
Maj. J. M. Brother, Owingsville, Ky	1 00
Commercial Club, Fairview, Ky	10 00
W. C. Pryor, La Grange, Ky	1 00
D. N. Gordon, Eminence, Ky	1 00
A. M. Burt, Louisville, Ky	2 00
Miller Wilhoit, Shelbyville, Ky	1 00
W. M. Wilhoit, Buechel, Ky	1 00
W. H. Bemis, Shelbyville, Ky	1 00
G. R. Mattingly, Bardstown, Ky	1 00
A. L. Harned, Boston, Ky	1 00
Griffin P. Theobald, Louisville, Ky	1 00
Dick D. Smith, New Castle, Ky	1 00
J. P. Ripy, Lawrenceburg, Ky	1 00
J. T. Crossfield, Frankfort, Ky	50
John Sherley, Louisville, Ky	1 00
M. G. Wilson, Owensboro, Ky	1 00
John H. Nave, Owensboro, Ky	1 00
J. M. Montague, Lexington, Ky	1 00
W. M. Steenbergen, Bowling Green, Ky	1 00
W. E. Settle, Bowling Green, Ky	2 50
Col. John H. Whallen, Louisville, Ky	20 00
C. F. Estill, Lexington, Ky	1 00
C. Calmes, Winchester, Ky	1 00
C. H. Meng, North Middletown, Ky	5 00
J. S. Lawrence, Barlow, Ky	$ 1 00
J. V. Slayer, Fulton, Ky	1 00
J. J. Baucom, Fulton, Ky	1 00
J. A. Collins, Fulton, Ky	1 00
W. P. Taylor, Fulton, Ky	25
R. H. Mitchell, Fulton, Ky	1 00
W. A. Williamson, Fulton, Ky	25
W. D. Morgan, Fulton, Ky	50
J. D. Jones, Fulton, Ky	1 00
J. B. Brooks, Fulton, Ky	25
Mrs. Joan Uland, Fulton, Ky	25
H. C. Wesson, Water Valley, Ky	25
W. G. Pirtle, Water Valley, Ky	25
J. T. Daughaday, Water Valley, Ky	1 00
C. A. Church, Water Valley, Ky	50
H. W. Stevens, Water Valley, Ky	1 00
J. R. Veatch, Crutchfield, Ky	1 00
Lee Patrick, Crutchfield, Ky	25
C. A. Barber, Crutchfield, Ky	25
B. W. McClure, Crutchfield, Ky	1 00
Robert Hicks, Crutchfield, Ky	50
Col. H. Buchanan, Hickman, Ky	2 00
W. M. Stoker, Hickman, Ky	1 00
A. M. DeBoe, Hickman, Ky	1 00
Mrs. A. K. McConnell, Hickman, Ky	1 00
B. P. Willingham, Wingo, Ky	1 00
J. H. Taylor, Sedalia, Ky	25
Col. Henry George, Pewee Valley, Ky	1 00
D. G. Nelson, Madisonville, Ky	1 00
J. T. George, Mayfield, Ky	1 00
G. J. Puryear, Mayfield, Ky	1 00
W. F. Smith, Louisville, Ky	1 00
G. W. Buchanan, Milton, Ky	1 00
A. E. King, Milton, Ky	1 00
W. E. Thompson, Bagdad, Ky	1 00
W. H. Hall, Milton, Ky	25
O. W. Spalding, Sanderson, Ky	50
L. T. Crabb, Louisville, Ky	1 00
F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky	1 00
W. W. Duncan, Milton, Ky	1 00
Miscellaneous contributions at Fulton, Ky	11 65
E. Polk Johnson, Louisville, Ky	10 00
Tag Day collections at Franklin, Ky	81 00
J. William Noyes, New Orleans, La	2 00
Andrew J. Vaughn, Jackson, Miss	1 00
R. J. Harding, Jackson, Miss	5 00
Gov. E. F. Noel, Jackson, Miss	5 00
J. H. Shelby, Sikeston, Mo	5 00
A. S. McKennon, Atoka, Okla	5 00
R. Johnson, Reeves, Tenn	1 00
J. N. Stitt, Union City, Tenn	1 00
J. B. Foy, Dukedom, Tenn	1 00
M. A. Walker, Covington, Tenn	2 00
Charles Waddle, Fayetteville, Tenn	2 00
Mrs. Emma McDonald, Houston, Tex	1 00
O. Y. Holt, Houston, Tex	5 00
W. W. Harrold, Houston, Tex	1 00
I. B. Morseman, Houston, Tex	1 00
Will Powers, Houston, Tex	1 00
J. C. Hutchison, Houston, Tex	5 00
W. D. Cleveland, Houston, Tex	5 00
W. E. Sanders, Bryan, Tex	1 00
J. P. Boyett, Bryan, Tex	1 00
A. B. Wilcox, Bryan, Tex	1 00
Bryan Eagle, Bryan, Tex	1 00

William Christian, Houston, Tex.....$ 1 00
Magnolia Park Land Co., Houston, Tex..... 5 00
G. A. Brandt, Houston, Tex..... 1 00
T. W. Scott, Drakes Branch, Va..... 1 00
Thomas Shannon, Portsmouth, Va..... 2 00
J. M. Fourqurean, Richmond, Va..... 5 00
R. C. Marshall, Portsmouth, Va..... 5 00
D. A. Brown, Jr., Richmond, Va..... 1 00
Winston Parrish, Portsmouth, Va..... 1 00
Rent from property at Fairview, Ky., to Nov., 1910... 71 00
Collections through CONFEDERATE VETERAN..... 19 00

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THE VETERAN.

H. H. Padgett, Ridge Springs, S. C.....$ 1 00
T. H. Hunt, Tulsa, Okla..... 1 00
T. A. Nettles, Tunnel Springs, Ala..... 2 00
W. F. Young, Longview, Tex..... 1 00
MacDonald Chapter, U. D. C., Sedalia, Mo..... 25 00
Mrs. S. A. Hunley, Baltimore, Md..... 1 00
Charles Warren, Buchanan, Ky..... 1 00
S. B. Watts, Indianapolis, Ind..... 3 00
J. T. Weaver, Fort Smith, Ark..... 1 00
Henrietta H. Morgan Chapter, U. D. C., Covington, Ky. 10 00
Albany Camp, U. C. V., Albany, Tex..... 5 00
I. M. Chism, Albany, Tex..... 1 00
W. A. Williams, Albany, Tex..... 1 00
W. B. King, Albany, Tex..... 1 00
J. M. Frierson, Albany, Tex..... 1 00
D. G. Simpson, Albany, Tex..... 1 00
J. J. Goss, Albany, Tex..... 1 00
T. H. Neilson, New York City..... 1 00

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE TREASURER.

Fred Ault Camp, No. 5, Knoxville, Tenn.....$10 00
James Cantey Chapter, Seale, Ala..... 5 00

INDIVIDUALS.

Hon. James B. McCreary, Richmond, Ky.....$25 00
M. G. Miller, Louisville, Ky..... 1 00
Col. Andrew Broaddus, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
Presley H. Tapp, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
Randolph Blain, Louisville, Ky..... 1 00
J. P. Claybrook, Louisville, Ky..... 1 00
Maj. Joseph E. Caldwell, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
Col. Ernest MacPherson, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
Z. L. Wallis, Louisville, Ky..... 1 00
Q. D. Vaughan, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
J. B. Gathright, Louisville, Ky..... 25 00
John T. Ashbrook, Indianapolis, Ind..... 1 00
Mrs. S. D. Robertson, Yazoo City, Miss..... 1 00
W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
M. D. Monserrate, San Antonio, Tex..... 2 00
Dr. H. M. Clarkson, Haymarket, Va..... 1 00
R. M. Hogan, Trenton, Ky..... 2 00
George Hannen, Frankfort, Ky..... 5 00
Rent from property at Fairview, Ky..... 17 00

The January VETERAN will contain a summary of receipts and disbursements as it does that of the Arlington monument.

Julian S. Levy, of New Orleans, La., who served in Company D, 5th Louisiana Regiment, Hays's Brigade, corroborates the statement appearing in the VETERAN for August, page 367, as to the burning of General Blair's house, near Washington, during the raid of General Early, and adds: "The Confederates did not set fire to the house; it was caused by the Federal shells. I remember distinctly our endeavors to extinguish the flames. Personally I helped to carry furniture, pictures, etc., from the burning house."

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. R. W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM AUGUST 22 TO OCTOBER 20, 1910.

Wayside Home Chapter, Millen, Ga.....$ 3 00
Fannie Gordon Chapter, Eastman, Ga..... 1 00
S. J. Wilkins Chapter, Atlas, Okla..... 5 00
Forrest Chapter, Brownsville, Tenn..... 5 00
Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, Tenn..... 10 00
Lee pictures, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn..... 1 00
Julia Beckwith Neal Chapter, Fayetteville, W. Va..... 10 00
Tom Barrett Chapter, Ghent, Ky..... 1 00
Tuscumbia Chapter, Tuscumbia, Ala.....$ 5 00
Mobile Chapter, Mobile, Ala..... 5 00
John B. Gordon Chapter, Wetumpka, Ala..... 1 00
James Canty Chapter, Seale, Ala..... 2 00
Mat Mahon Chapter, Hartsells, Ala..... 1 00
Mrs. A. W. Newsom (personal), Huntsville, Ala..... 5 00
Tuskegee Chapter, Tuskegee, Ala..... 2 00
Josiah Gorgas Chapter, Montevallo, Ala..... 1 00
R. E. Rhodes Chapter, Tuscaloosa, Ala..... 3 00
Cradle of Confederacy Chapter, Montgomery, Ala..... 2 00
John T. Morgan Chapter, Talladega, Ala..... 2 00
W. C. Sloan Chapter, Imboden, Ark..... 1 00
Judge Ben B. Lindsey (personal), Denver, Colo..... 5 00
Wayside Home Chapter, Millen, Ga..... 3 00
Fannie Gordon Chapter, Eastman, Ga..... 1 00
Maysville Chapter, Maysville, Ga..... 2 50
Fort Tyler Chapter, West Point, Ga..... 1 00
Charlotte Carson Chapter, Tifton, Ga..... 1 00
Sylvania Chapter, Sylvania, Ga..... 10 00
Atlanta Chapter, Atlanta, Ga..... 25 00
Mrs E. G. McCabe (personal), Atlanta, Ga..... 25 00
Athens Chapter, Athens, Ga..... 10 00
Tom Barrett Chapter, Ghent, Ky..... 1 00
Private Robert Tyler Chapter, Hickman, Ky..... 5 00
Henrietta H. Morgan Chapter, Newport, Ky..... 10 00
Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris, Ky..... 4 00
Earlington Chapter, Earlington, Ky..... 1 00
Warren Grigsby Chapter, Stanford, Ky..... 5 00
Jefferson Davis Chapter, Guthrie, Ky..... 1 00
Gen. Basil W. Duke Chapter, Henderson, Ky..... 5 00
Mrs. W. B. Blackman, of Alexandria, La..... 16 00
Emmet MacDonald Chapter, Sedalia, Mo..... 5 00
Mrs. Ella Robinson (personal), St. Louis..... 10 00
M. A. E. McClure Chapter, St. Louis, Mo..... 75 00
Carlton-Joplin Chapter, Caruthersville Mo..... 20 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, Minn..... 5 00
R. E. Lee Chapter (pictures), Minneapolis, Minn..... 2 50
A Northern sympathizer, Minneapolis, Minn..... 1 00
Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Roswell, N. Mex..... 15 00
S. J. Wilkins Chapter, Athens, Okla..... 5 00
Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Wagoner, Okla..... 2 50
Forrest Chapter, Brownsville, Tenn..... 5 00
Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, Tenn..... 10 00
Shiloh Chapter (pictures), Savannah, Tenn..... 1 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, Puryear, Tenn..... 10 00
Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn..... 25 00
Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
Tennessee Division, U. D. C..... 50 00
Exchange from Texas Director..... 68 84
J. B. Neal Chapter, Fayetteville, W. Va..... 10 00
Mildred Lee Chapter, Spokane, Wash..... 10 00

It is expected to give hereafter the aggregate amount received in each report similar to that of the Arlington.

MONUMENT TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

DEDICATION IN AUSTIN OCTOBER 28, 1910.

[The reunion of the Hood Texas Brigade Association at Austin on October 27 and 28 was notable for the large attendance of survivors, the delightful hospitality extended, and the happy and appropriate service of dedicating the brigade monument. An excellent report of the proceedings and incidents is given in the Austin Statesman. It is given without embellishment.]

A person happening in on the old soldiers in the Senate chamber before the House was called to order would have been impressed anew with the strength of the tie that binds together men who have campaigned and fought and slept side by side through four years of bloody war. The enduring tenderness of that tie is a proverb, but it is necessary to attend a reunion of these old men to get the full force of the statement. The handshakes, the joyous exclamations at the sight of a long-absent comrade, the glad tears and fond embraces all attest the deep sincerity and genuine warmth of feeling welling up in the hearts of these survivors of a glorious era.

Gathered together were the majority of the two hundred and fifty surviving veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade, tottering old men, come from the four corners of the State, and some of them from beyond its borders, they and their wives, daughters, and sons, drawn by the common impulse of love and sentiment. Old and young, men and women, entered into the spirit of the occasion, for all honored the cause and admired the heroism of the men who fought for it. * * *

Some of the best things that happen at a Confederate reunion are those spontaneous and unforeseen incidents of which the printed program gives no hint. Such an incident was that when the aged Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Dallas, entered the hall shortly after the exercises were begun, and was escorted to the speaker's stand. His presence plainly was unexpected to the majority. He was greeted with a lusty Rebel yell, the audience rising as one man to do honor to "Old Tige," the Trans-Mississippi fighter and octogenarian, who made a journey of two hundred miles to be with his comrades of the Virginia Army.

The address of the President, William R. Hamby, was well received. Especially pleasing was his earnest declaration that it was not a "lost cause" for which the Southern soldier fought, but that its principles were being vindicated with the passing years. "If the men of the North fought to preserve the Union," the speaker declared, "the men of the South fought to preserve the principles on which the Union was founded."

The old soldiers were welcomed on behalf of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., by the Chapter President, Mrs. W. T. Wroe. Mrs. Wroe referred touchingly to her own sacrifice of a father and a mother to the Southern cause, and affirmed her undying interest in all persons and things connected with the Confederacy.

Ex-Gov. Joseph D. Sayers was introduced, and in extending welcome declared that Austin had a peculiar interest in the Hood Brigade, not only because its monument stands here, but because of the gallant Carter and his Tom Green Rifles, who marched away from Austin in the opening days of the conflict. Most of his address was devoted to a review of the brigade's war record for a period of three months, from June to September, 1862. The losses of the three Texas regiments at Gaines Mill, he declared, were two hundred and seventy-five, or fifty-five per cent of a total of four hundred and twenty-eight men; at Fraser's Farm the 1st Texas lost heavily; at Second Manassas the losses were three hundred and sixty-six, and at Sharpsburg sixty-three per cent of a total of six hundred and five fell. In this battle, the speaker said, the 1st Texas lost one hundred and eighty-six out of a total of two hundred and twenty-six, or eighty-two and one-third per cent. "Hood's was the greatest brigade that ever enlisted under any flag in any cause in any country, and they certainly have long deserved a monument."

A response to the addresses of welcome was made by Maj. A. G. Clopton, of Jefferson, who spoke in glowing terms of Austin's proverbial hospitality. Speaking of General Hood, he declared that Hood was opposed to the surrender at Appomattox, favoring a fight to extermination. He added that if General Hood had lived till now he would completely reverse it, for he would see that the cause for which he fought, States' rights, still lives.

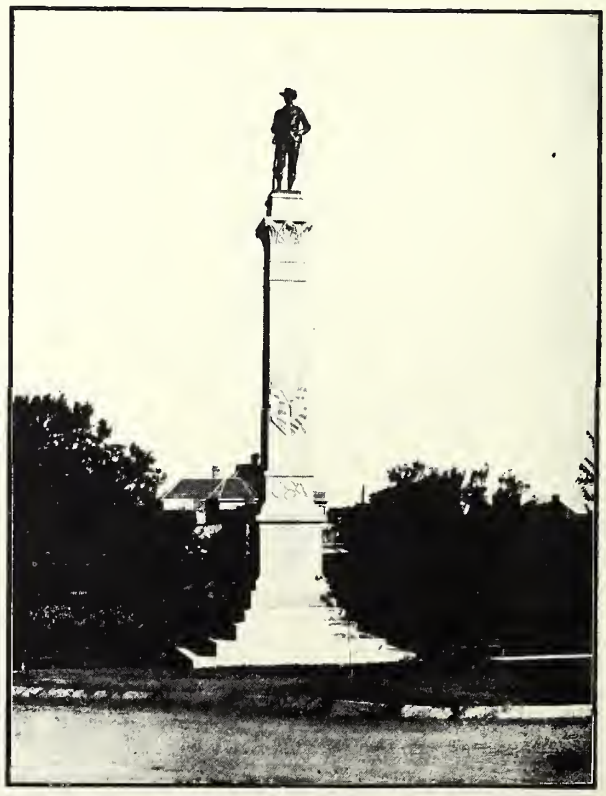
Maj. F. Charles Hume, of Houston, also delivered an eloquent address in response.

The program was interspersed with music, and a medley played by Mrs. Cecilia Townsend, of Austin, pleased the audience immensely.

The Senate chamber was appropriately decorated with Texas, Confederate, and United States flags, also palms and ferns.

The afternoon of the first day was a continual feast of things good for the soul. There was the reading of telegrams and letters from distant comrades. Letters from W. A. George, in whose possession the 5th Texas flag had been for forty years, were of particular interest. This flag, with the torn banners of the other two Texas regiments, was presented to the association. Telegrams from Mike Powell, colonel of the 5th Regiment, and Hon. O. B. Colquitt expressed regret. An interesting address was made by General Cabell.

The memorial address was delivered by Capt. W. E. Bary,



MONUMENT TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

of Navasota, and at the end of his speech he called attention to the fact that one of the two survivors of the battle of San Jacinto, W. P. Zuber, was in the house, and amid much enthusiasm the aged man was assisted up on a table. He thanked them for the honor, but said that he took it rather as a proxy for those who have preceded him "across the river."

The poem, "Hood's Texas Brigade," was read with much feeling by Judge West, of Waco, father of Miss Decca Lamar West, who was unavoidably absent.

Several excellent musical selections were rendered, the routine business was transacted, and the veterans and ladies took a trolley ride to the Confederate Home.

At night a delightful musical program was rendered, and an address by Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, Vice President of the Daughters of the Confederacy from San Antonio, was enjoyed. A band concert during the reception followed, at which the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy acted hostess.

The reputation of Hood's Texas Brigade had become so noted that the Librarian of Congress wrote to General Hamby in 1908 seeking information, and stated: "The known statistics of these regiments are so remarkable that if missing figures can be obtained it will establish a record equaled by few, if any, organizations in the Civil War or indeed in modern warfare."

GLORY OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

ADDRESS OF W. R. HAMBY AT THE DEDICATION.

President Davis in an address to the soldiers of the Texas brigade soon after they reached Virginia in 1861 said: "The troops of other States have their reputation to make; the sons of the Alamo have theirs to maintain." Nearly four years later, after the Texas brigade had lost more than three-fourths of its total enrollment in killed and wounded, and when the ranks of all commands had been greatly depleted by the casualties of the war, and when many brigades were not as large as regiments formerly were and regiments not as large as companies originally were, an order was issued by the Confederate War Department for the consolidation of small commands into more compact and effective organizations. At that time the Texas brigade was composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas and the 3d Arkansas. They were the only troops from States west of the Mississippi River in the Virginia Army and had less than five hundred men able for duty; but proud of the record they had made, they sent Major Martin, of the 4th Texas, "Old Howdy" of blessed memory, to see the President and protest against their being consolidated with troops from other States which would cause the Texas brigade to lose its identity. After hearing the appeal of Major Martin and recalling the words of General Lee at the battle of Darbytown that "the Texas brigade is always ready" when informed by a staff officer that it was the only command in line and ready for the assault he had ordered, Mr. Davis then said: "Go back to your command, Major Martin, and tell your comrades as long as there is a man to carry their battle flag the Texas brigade shall retain its organization."

Some years after the war Hon. John H. Reagan, jurist, statesman, and patriot, with a long and honorable record in the service of the republic of Texas, of the State of Texas, in the Federal Congress before the war, Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederacy during the war, and United States Senator after the war, said: "I would rather have been able to say that I had been a worthy member of Hood's Texas Brigade than to have enjoyed all the honors which have been conferred upon me. I doubt if there has ever been a brigade or other military organization in the history of the war that equaled it in the heroic valor and self-sacrificing conduct of its members and the brilliancy of its services."

Gen. Stephen D. Lee wrote in a personal letter to me only a few weeks before his lamentable death: "It was my fortune to hear the volleys of Hood's Texas Brigade, one of the first volleys of the war, which is still ringing in my ears. I saw them pierce the Federal line at Gaines Mill, I saw their magnificent charge at Second Manassas, and I witnessed the glory the brigade won at Sharpsburg. I saw them sweep the enemy from their front; I saw them almost annihilated, and even then I saw them contribute the greater part to the repulse of Hooker's Corps, then of Mansfield's Corps of the Union army. I saw them hold off Sumner's Corps until reënforcement came; I saw them pursue the enemy; I saw them broken, shattered, and falling back before overwhelming numbers, the few who were left giving the Rebel yell with more spirit than the hurrahs of the Union troops advancing upon them."

When a regiment or a brigade claims to have lost heavily in battle, you ask for the list of killed and wounded. Judged by this standard, no brigade on American soil ever achieved greater distinction or wrote its name higher upon the scroll of fame, and it would be a reproach to the State that sent them forth to battle and whose name they bear if no monument had been erected to their gallant dead and in honor of the proud record made by Hood's Texas Brigade. All the civilized nations of the world have their monuments and their memorials to perpetuate in loving memory the patriotic service of their heroes and their statesmen. Monuments are milestones that mark our civilization and our patriotism; they awaken old reflections and dormant sympathies and keep alive the life-giving principles of freedom; they tell of the consecrated love of a grateful people to their honored dead; the lessons they teach are elevating and ennobling; they inspire the people with reverence and animate them with love and devotion to their country; they give stability to national pride as the surest means of perpetuating the remembrance of the glorious achievements of their sons; they arouse the patriotism and stimulate the pride and teach the people to look to their own country for real glory. A land without monuments is a land without gratitude; a land without gratitude is a land without patriotism; and a land without patriotism is a land without liberty. Our country may be encircled with fortresses and bristling with the cannon and bayonets of a standing army, but our real safety depends upon the patriotism and the martial spirit and valor of our people.

Comrades, God has blessed us with life and health and strength to see this blessed day when we dedicate this monument which shall tell of men, of deeds, not words; men whose every heart throb was for country, men whose actions and motives were consecrated by the highest and noblest inspirations that can animate the human heart. It will tell to coming generations how our comrades fought and how they died; it will tell how they served a nation that was born in a flame of glory, that was baptized in the blood and tears of its people, and that died amidst their anguish and sorrow. * * *

We are not here to revive war memories, but we honor ourselves when we preserve and perpetuate the memory of our comrades. Because we are Southern men, because we honor and reverence the memory of our dead comrades we are none the less American; and should danger threaten our country from any source whatever, the sons of the South would be foremost in every conflict.

This monument was erected by comrades and friends to tell to coming generations the imperishable fame and glory of Hood's Texas Brigade and what it dared to do for duty. Many of our comrades sleep in unknown and unmarked graves. We cannot cover them with flowers, but we dedicate this monument in loving memory of them and consecrate it as a memorial to American valor, American citizenship, and American patriotism, for our comrades died to preserve and perpetuate the principles upon which this government was founded.

In dedicating this monument let us hope that whatever passion and prejudice once animated us are forever buried, and that our motives and our actions may be characterized by the highest, the noblest, and the purest inspirations. In the language of Robert E. Lee, the world's greatest soldier, it will tell: "The men of the Texas brigade fought grandly and nobly; that no brigade did nobler service or gained more honor for their State." Whether in the countless skirmishes or in the storm of battle at Gaines Mill, at Malvern Hill, at Manassas, at Boonsboro Gap, at Sharpsburg, at Fredericksburg, at Gettysburg, at Chickamauga, at the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor, at Bermuda Hundreds, at Petersburg, at New Market Heights, at Fort Gilmer, at Darbytown; whether as the advance guard of a victorious army or as the rear guard of the overwhelmed but undismayed fragments of the Confederacy; wherever duty called and the flag of the Confederacy waved, Hood's Texas Brigade was there until that flag was forever furled upon the banks of the Appomattox. Not until the Federal army was almost within the suburbs of Richmond did the sublimest courage of the ragged, barefooted, and starving men of he Texas brigade shine forth in such heroic achievements. With scant supply of meat and half rations of corn meal, and flour a luxury almost unknown, by day and by night, either in the assault or in the trenches, always on duty, the entire brigade only of a skirmish line, yet each day as the line grew thinner and hungrier their dauntless courage challenge the respect of their enemies and the admiration of the world as they trod the paths of duty and of glory in their march to the grave of the nation they had served so faithfully and so bravely.

All that was mortal of the Confederacy was buried more than forty-five years ago, but the moral power and grandeur of the Southern soldier is now immortal. Our country is grander and stronger and better than it ever could have been if the war between the North and South had not been fought. Recalling our sacrifices and our struggles, our joys and our sorrows, our triumphs and our defeats, let us bury every passion and every prejudice, every ignoble thought and every unworthy feeling, and in the presence of this monument to our dead comrades and in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol of our great State let us pledge anew our love, our reverence, our fealty, and our devotion to the great principles upon which our government was founded. Teach your children and theirs the priceless value of civil and religious liberty. Teach them never to forget that all free governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Teach them that no man can be a good citizen who does not honor and respect the Constitution of his country and who does not obey its laws; teach them that no man can be a good citizen who does not love his State and who does not feel a just pride in its sovereignty and in the blessings of local self-government.

Let me appeal to you, sons and daughters of Texas, children of the Confederacy, to cherish the memory and emulate the virtues of those men in whose honor this monument has been erected. In the race for success in life, in the eager rush for commercialism do not forget the great principles for which the South fought and to which your fathers so bravely and faithfully consecrated their young hopes and aspirations.

In behalf of our comrades, the living and the dead, we want to extend to all of our patriotic friends our most grateful appreciation for their generous assistance; but especially do we thank Maj. George W. Littlefield, of Austin, and Hon. John H. Kirby, of Houston, and the patriotic ladies of the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. President Chilton, of the monument committee, was its chief promoter, and his whole heart has been in the work, and I congratulate him upon the completion of his labor of love, and with all my comrades I rejoice that we will now unveil a monument to which all Texas can point with pride.

Standing at rest, this typical soldier of the Texas brigade accepted the results of the war in the utmost good faith. While he is at peace with God and man, yet he stands ready for any duty to which his country may call him. In the gleam of the morning and the gloam of the evening this sentinel in bronze will stand typical of comrades who were true to the flag they had sworn to defend, typical of comrades who have gone into their last bivouac, waiting for the bugle call of the Great Commander that shall summon them to God's eternal dress parade.

With uncovered heads, standing in the presence of this stainless monument to the memory of the men of Hood's Texas Brigade, who fought for the principles upon which our government was founded and who sacrificed their lives in heroic devotion to those sacred rights, we appeal to the truth of history and to the intelligence of the civilized world for the vindication of the actions and motives of the people of the South. The spirits of our dead comrades rise like the sun in his noontide majesty and tell us they did not die for a "lost cause."

May God bless and sanctify this monument which has been erected in honor of our dead comrades! May the archangel who stands at the right hand of the Almighty Father bless it and with all the army of the heavenly host sing an anthem for the honor and glory of Hood's Texas Brigade!

General Hamby Refutes Idea of "Lost Cause."

The address of General Hamby as President of the association gave much pleasure. He made another address at the reunion which concisely yet forcibly vindicates the South against leadership in the slave trade or as "traitors" and "secessionists," citing authorities and dates as proof that each of these terms, if applicable at all, is against the North:

"Comrades, it is now more than forty-five years since you stacked your arms at Appomattox and returned to your homes footsore, weary, hungry, and ragged; but as each year passes the glory of your record shines with increasing brightness. Forty-five years ago, when the Confederate flag, which you had served so well, was forever furled, but few of you had reached your manhood; but as we look around us to-day we see the beardless boy has grown into the gray-haired grandsire, the youngest of whom is fast approaching his threescore and ten. The most of your comrades have heard their last tattoo and are waiting the reveille for roll call on their last parade grounds, where we too must soon report for inspection and where we will all be judged by our record as God gave us the intelligence to know our duty and the strength and the courage to do it.

"The South accepted the defeat of her armies in the utmost good faith, and not one man in ten thousand would change the result if he could; and I feel that I voice the sentiment of

every Confederate soldier when I salute the stars and stripes as the flag of our country, the only flag and the only country to which we owe allegiance, but that does not mean we fought for a 'lost cause.' The soldiers of the Confederacy rebelled against Federal power, but they were not traitors. Those who still call us traitors and rebels think treason is the child of the South and that it was conceived in the sin of slavery and was born in the iniquity of secession. They overlook the fact that treason, slavery, and secession are all children of New England. The first of all the colonies to legalize traffic in human slavery and to pass laws for the regulation and control of trade in African slaves was Massachusetts. The first speech ever made in favor of the dissolution of the Union was made by a Congressman from New England. The first convention ever held on American soil to consider the question of secession was held in New England, and was participated in only by representatives from New England States. They did not then think that secession and the right of local self-government were treasonable heresies."

Historic Sketch of Hood's Texas Brigade.

Hood's Texas Brigade is reported to have suffered greater losses in proportion to numbers than any similar body of troops in American history. Organized in 1861, it served throughout the war in the center of strife with the Army of Northern Virginia until Lee's exhausted legions laid down their arms at Appomattox. It was in every large engagement with the exception of Chancellorsville, and, besides, did desperate fighting in Georgia and Tennessee, especially at Chickamauga and in the siege of Knoxville. At Gettysburg it occupied Lee's extreme right, and on the second day its loss was appalling.

It was commanded by Gen. John B. Hood, a West Point graduate, who, previous to the breaking out of hostilities, had been a lieutenant in the United States army. While it retains Hood's name, General Hood had been promoted to major general, and Col. J. B. Robertson, of the 5th Texas, was advanced to the command; but in the spring of 1864 he was transferred to Texas, and Gen. John Gregg, a Texan, succeeded him. General Gregg was killed at Darbytown, and Col. R. M. Powell, of the 5th Texas, was in command at the surrender.

J. J. Archer, formerly a lieutenant in the United States army, was made colonel of the 5th Regiment, J. B. Robertson lieutenant colonel, and W. B. Botts major. These three regiments, the 1st, 4th, and 5th, were the only Texas troops that served in the Virginia Army throughout the war.

In the course of the war General Hood rose through the grades of brigadier, major, and lieutenant general to full general. He was conspicuous as a fighter, and was seriously wounded in the arm at Gettysburg, later losing a leg at Chickamauga. After the war he engaged in business in New Orleans, where he died during the yellow fever epidemic in 1879. He was born in Kentucky in 1831.

Colonel Wigfall, of the 1st Regiment, became a brigadier general, but soon resigned to become a Confederate Senator from Texas. Colonel Black was killed in the battle of Eltham Landing, Colonel Rainey was wounded at Gaines Mill, and Major Dale was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg. At the close of the war F. S. Bass was colonel of this regiment and R. J. Harding lieutenant colonel. The latter is now living in Jackson, Miss. Colonel Powell is now living in St. Louis, eighty-four years of age. He was wounded a number of times. Lieutenant Colonel Upton was killed at Manassas, and Major Whaley at Freeman's Ford, on the Rappahannock.

Of the regimental officers of the 4th Texas, Lieutenant Colonel Marshall and Major Warwick were killed in the battle of Gaines Mill. Colonel Key was wounded a number of times. Lieutenant Colonel Carter was killed at Gettysburg. Major Townsend lost a leg at Manassas. Col. John D. Bane was wounded several times, but survived the war.

Capt. E. H. Cunningham, of San Antonio, is the only survivor of the original captains of the 4th Regiment. Maj. A. G. Clopton, of the 1st Texas, and Col. P. A. Work are the only surviving captains of the 1st Regiment. Col. R. M. Powell, alone of the original captains of the 5th Texas, is now living.

"It is doubtful," said General Hamby, "if among the officers of the three regiments who survived the war there was a single one who escaped being wounded."

At the beginning of the war the three regiments numbered about 3,500 men; they lost in killed and wounded during the war more than eighty per cent of the total enrollment. Less than three hundred are now living.

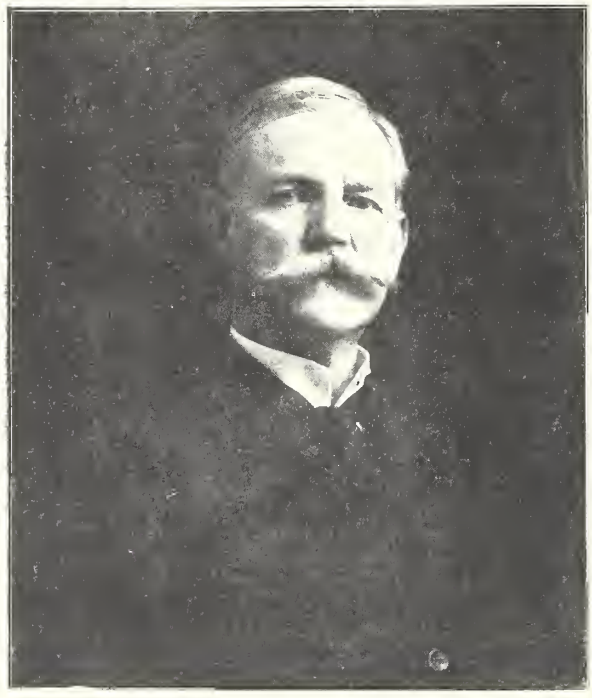
The three battle flags of the three Texas regiments were exhibited at the dedication. The original battle flag of the 4th and the Lone Star flag of the 5th Texas had been so riddled with shot and shell by October, 1862, that they could hardly be recognized as flags; and as the men naturally were extremely proud of them and were anxious to preserve them, the two flags were sent by Col. S. H. Darden to Texas and presented to Gov. F. R. Lubbock to be preserved in the archives of the State.

Chaplain A. N. Davis wrote in his diary October 7, 1862, of the "Lone Star" flag that belonged to the 5th Texas Regiment, "I learned that it had been pierced forty-seven times and seven ensigns had fallen under it," and of the flag made and presented by Miss Lula Wigfall to Colonel Hood for the 1st Texas Regiment, with the motto, "Fear not, for I am with thee. Say to the North, Give up; and to the South, Keep not back," which was engraved on the spearhead. Nine ensigns had fallen under it on the field, and it had brought off the battle scars of sixty-five balls and shot, besides the marks of three shells. It was the only flag in the review that had gone through so many battles and had so many marks of honor. It was understood that this was the last time it would appear upon parade, for it is an object of too much pride to the regiment and honor to the State of Texas to be kept in camp.

Of the flag of the 1st Texas Regiment, Val C. Giles, of Austin, who was a member of Company B, 4th Texas, writes: "Hanging on the wall in the Texas State Library is a worn-out, faded, silken relic of the eventful sixties—a Lone Star Texas flag, so tattered and torn by war and time that the casual observer will pass it by unobserved. It has a history, but is silent now, as silent as the gallant fellows who carried it, fought for it, and died under it in the old cornfields at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1861. Triumphantly it waved over the 1st Texas Infantry on the banks of the Potomac at Yorktown, at Eltham's Landing, at Seven Pines, at Gaines Mill, at Malvern Hill, at Freeman's Ford, at Second Manassas, at Boonsboro Gap, and went down in blood on the battlefield at Sharpsburg. The 1st Regiment was so proud of this flag that they carried it in a silk oilcloth case, and never unfurled it except on review, dress parade, or in battle. The whole brigade was proud of it; and when we saw it waving in the Virginia breeze, it was a sweet reminder of home, a thousand miles away. It was made and presented to the 1st Texas Infantry by Miss Lula Wigfall while her father, Louis T.

Wigfall, was colonel of the regiment early in 1861. Later on she made a beautiful battle flag out of her mother's wedding dress and gave it to the 4th Regiment while they were in winter quarters on the Potomac. This flag is now in the possession of the Daughters of the Confederacy and in the capitol building."

The following is an extract from the New York Herald of September 20, 1862: "While our lines rather faltered, the Rebels made a sudden and impulsive start and drove our gallant fellows back over a part of the hard-won field. Here, up the hills and down through the woods and standing corn, over the plowed ground and the clover, the line of fire swept to and fro as one side or the other gained a temporary advantage. It is beyond all wonder how men such as these Rebel troops are can fight as they do. That those ragged wretches, sick, hungry, and always miserable, should prove such heroes in the fight is past explanation. Men never fought better.



GEN. W. R. HAMBY.

There was one regiment that stood up before the fire of two or three of our long-range batteries and two full regiments of infantry. Although the air was vocal with the whistle of bullets, they stood and delivered their fire in perfect order."

MRS. ELLA K. (NEWSOM) TRADER WRITES A BOOK.

Mrs. Ella K. (Newsom) Trader, the South's "Florence Nightingale," has written a "Reminiscence of War Times" that will doubtless be of interest and historic value. "A believer in justice" writes from Washington October 13, 1910, an appeal to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"*Dear Friends:* Passing through Washington *en route* to my home in New Orleans, I called upon an old lady whose fortune, beauty, talents, and energy had been sacrificed on the altar of the Civil War. She championed the cause with an intense desire to alleviate the suffering of the Southern soldiers, and I have had the honor to read the manuscript of a biography of her life during those days. She has been referred to as the 'Florence Nightingale of the Confederacy,' but I was shocked to learn that not one Chapter of the U. D. C. has ever commended her work, as England did the Florence Nightingale of the Crimean War. Compare England's tribute to what we have done for this old lady, and see if we dare feel satisfied with our work.

"Some months ago she was knocked down by an express wagon and injured so severely that she was compelled to temporarily give up her work. She is now seventy-two years of age, and still actively at work for a livelihood. She is retiring and modest to a fault. I am sure when the various Chapters learn of her condition they will do what is right. In my humble opinion the South owes this wonderful woman a debt her people should strive at once to pay.

A Paragraph Copied from Her Biography.

"Mrs. Ella K. (Newsom) Trader, from her heroic and unselfish devotion to the cause of the sick and suffering soldiers of the Confederate army during the great war, richly deserves to be called the 'Florence Nightingale of the South.' She is a native of Brandon, Miss., and the daughter of the late Rev. T. S. N. King, a Baptist minister of prominence and ability. She sacrificed ease, wealth, health, and almost life itself in the cause of her beloved Southland. She organized hospitals for the sick, wounded, and dying, often laboring from four in the morning until midnight. In 1885 an attempt was made at Asheville, N. C., to secure the means by which a suitable residence was to be erected for her, the movement to be known as 'The Newsom Home Fund,' but the plan failed.

"It is not too late to do for her, although the years are going by quickly, so Chapters U. D. C. should unite in this just and worthy cause. I would suggest that you communicate with Mrs. Trader in regard to the publication, saving an expense that she could not well incur without some guarantee of help from the Chapters in selling her book. Mrs. Trader's address is 1112 Thirteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C."

G. A. R. Men Favor Marking Graves in Tennessee.—Ernest Mead, Box 2074, Boston, Mass., writes to his brother, located in Nashville: "In regard to the marking of the battlefields around Nashville, you will be glad to know that I have had an interview with Commander Gilman, of the National G. A. R., and State Commander Brown, of the Massachusetts G. A. R., meeting them together by appointment, and at Commander Gilman's suggestion I am going to forward for Commander Brown, the State Commander, a letter to A. J. Gahagan, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who is now or has been Commander of the Tennessee Department of the G. A. R., this letter to be a request from the Massachusetts Department to the Tennessee Department to take up this matter of marking the battlefields of Nashville, Franklin, and Stone's River. I shall keep in touch with it and shall endeavor to have it brought up at the next State Encampment, which will be held in Boston next spring, and shall also endeavor to have it brought up at the next National Encampment in another year, and I hope that something may result therefrom. Please tell these facts to Capt. Thomas Gibson, with my best regards."

Lost a Leg at Spring Hill, Tenn.—In a personal letter Dr. J. D. Read writes from Lampasas, Tex.: "I am the only survivor of four brothers, all the family of a widowed mother. All escaped unhurt except myself. I lost my leg as the result of a wound received at Spring Hill, Tenn., November 29, 1864, fell into the hands of the enemy after Hood's retreat, and was taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, where I remained till May 12, 1865. My only sister married a brave Confederate soldier who lost his arm at Seven Pines, Va."

DEDICATION OF ZOLLICOFFER MONUMENT.

The event indicated by the above heading will long remain unique in the memory of those who were present.

Some years ago Gen. Bennett H. Young went to Fishing Creek, then considering the erection of a monument; but he found that the Reconstruction spirit was such that freinds advised against the project, even fearing that some miscreant would destroy it. His heart was fixed upon the merit of that mission, however, so he went again some months ago and found the kindliest spirit among the people he dreaded before. Telling two friends, Mr. Shuttleworth and Mrs. Duke, now residing in New York, of his plans, each cordially agreed to bear one-third of the expense, and the project was carried to a happy consummation. A Union soldier veteran donated one acre of land, which includes the monument site and the place where more of the Confederate dead were buried—in a pile. Other Union veterans showed liberal sentiment, and the event was one of the great days in history. At one time during the exercises there was some disturbance by conversations on the outer margin of the assembly, which numbered five thousand persons, when a venerable man with commanding and penetrating voice called attention and said: "I was a Union soldier, and am here to attend this service, and you must all be quiet." His counsel was heeded. Indeed, the interest in all the proceedings was wonderfully gratifying. General Young's address tells the history of the event, so that other comment is unnecessary.

GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG'S ADDRESS.

Confederate Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The events which bring us to this place at this hour are full of pathos and tragedy. By the spot where this monument stands on the 19th of January, 1863, Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer died. A few feet away, under the mounds on our right, repose in endless sleep more than one hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers who on that fatal day offered their lives upon the altar of the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. General Zollicoffer's body was carried through the lines with such attention as brave men would naturally show to a gallant fallen foe; but to those soldiers buried here was measured out the harder fate of war. Heaped together under the law of martial necessity, which knows neither mercy nor pity and is oftentimes ruthless in its operation, they were laid side by side, row upon row, and so when covered with earth, stones and logs, bushes and evergreens they remained without attention to this day. Here in the solitude of this forest, undisturbed by plow or hoe, monarchs of the wood have stood as sentinels and guardians over the spot where rest "war's richest spoils, the ashes of the dead." These scenes about us this morning show that strife, hate, and conflict have all passed away, and in their stead have come peace, quiet, and reconciliation. There is now no sound of shrill drum, no sharp-toned trumpet, no shouts of warring hosts, no roar of artillery to disturb the silence of this place. These have been forever silenced, and those who forty-nine years ago were enemies now are friends. Those who once fought each other to-day gather about this resting place of these well-nigh forgotten dead, and with loving tribute jointly wreathe their graves with garlands and unveil and dedicate monuments to commemorate their courage and their fidelity.

Such a scene as this is possible nowhere except in this great republic. England would not tolerate such a dedication as we this day make to a nation's foes of fifty years ago, and in neither France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, nor Italy has there ever been such a scene as invests the quiet and stillness of these sylvan surroundings while we consecrate to the memory of these Confederate dead these enduring memories.

William McKinley, one of the most lovable of all American statesmen, had the courage to declare some years before his death that the American nation owed it to itself, to its history and its traditions to care for the graves of the Confederate dead. He held that the United States should have the same oversight of these as was exercised toward the graves of those who died under its own standards. I have always thought, and now affirm, that this act of President McKinley's did more to bring peace and good will between the sections, to eliminate forever the hate and passion, the outgrowth of civil war, and to make these States forever and forever one and indissoluble than any single occurrence in our national history. There ought never be a man in all the South who would not with gratitude and love, as the occasion offers, scatter sweetest flowers upon the grave of the man who thus declared for the broadest nationalism and the noblest patriotism, and who should not ever speak sincerest words of grateful remembrance of this true evangel of national peace and good will.

The men who died here came altogether from three States, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, and, so far as we now know, only one or two persons from the Southland have come to visit this battlefield or to inquire what became of those who by the misfortune of war found a last resting place beneath this blood-stained soil.

At the end of 1861 and beginning of 1862 a Confederate force was organized near Burnside, nine miles south of where we are gathered. With what we now see was mistaken courage the force thus organized crossed the Cumberland River and erected fortifications on the north boundary. Behind them was the Cumberland River, before them a foe that outnumbered them. Here early in January Gen. George B. Crittenden, who had been an officer before the war in the United States army, then promoted to major general in the Confederate service, came and assumed charge of these Confederate forces. He had under his command about four thousand effective men, divided into two brigades. The first brigade was commanded by Brig. Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, and was composed of the 15th Mississippi, Lieut. Col. E. C. Walthall; 19th Tennessee, Col. D. H. Cummings; 20th Tennessee, Col. Joel A. Battle; 25th Tennessee, Col. Sidney S. Stanton; Rutledge's Battery of four guns, and two companies of cavalry commanded by Captains Saunders and Bledsoe. The second brigade, under Brig. Gen. William H. Carroll, of Tennessee, was composed of the 17th Tennessee, Lieutenant Colonel Miller; 28th Tennessee, Col. John P. Murray; 29th Tennessee, Col. Samuel Powell; two guns of McClung's Battery; 16th Alabama, Col. W. H. Hood; and the cavalry battalions of Lieutenant Colonel Branner and Lieut. Col. George R. McClellan.

About midnight on the 18th of January, 1862, these brigades started from their base on the Cumberland River and marched to this point. There were then several forces of Federals which were combining and which, when combined, were to be moved against the forces under Generals Crittenden, Zollicoffer, and Carroll. Believing that these forces might be attacked in detail, defeated separately, and dispersed, a council of war was called, and it was decided to make the advance and to bring on this battle before the Federal forces could be united. After marching from twelve o'clock until about 6:30 on the morning of the 19th of January, the combating forces met at this point. The 19th Tennessee, under Colonel

Cummings, was in advance, and had vigorously and gallantly attacked the 10th Indiana Federal Regiment, when General Zollicoffer, under fatal misapprehension, believing that Colonel Cummings was firing upon his Confederate associates, ordered the firing to cease. Advancing as if to give an order, General Zollicoffer was killed as he discovered his mistake. Other troops were promptly moved into action. The 15th Mississippi, commanded by Colonel Walthall, who afterwards was promoted and became one of the most successful major generals in the Confederate service and later one of the ablest United States Senators, bore the severest brunt of the engagement. It suffered a loss of forty-four killed and one hundred and fifty-three wounded, and conducted itself, as did the other troops, with distinguished courage and fortitude. Its list of casualties reached more than twenty-five per cent of those in line.

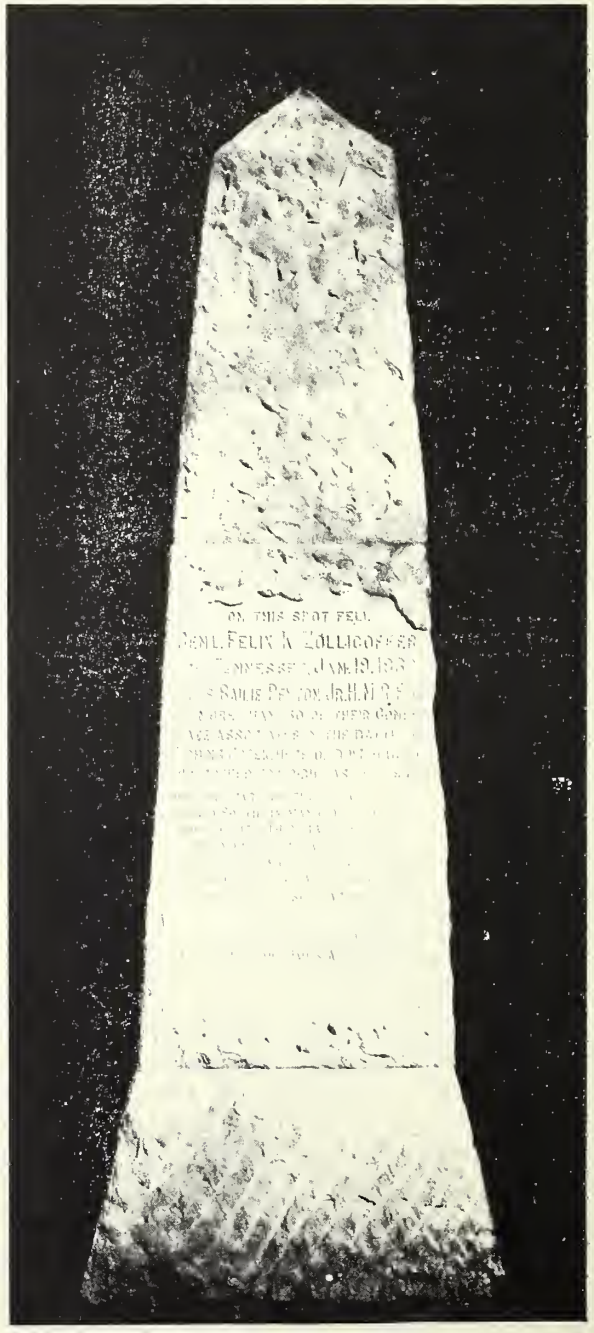
Armed with flintlock muskets, these soldiers had marched for more than six hours in a drizzling rain through slush and mud and water, facing great obstacles, but meeting them with sublime heroism. The trickling of the water had moistened the powder in the pans of the flintlock guns, and it was with great difficulty that the Confederate troops were enabled to fire the weapons at all. The large number of killed, in proportion to the wounded among the Confederate forces, demonstrates that the fighting was at close range and desperate.

General Crittenden reported his loss at one hundred and twenty-five killed, three hundred and nine wounded, and ninety-nine missing; but it is certain that these figures do not tell all the tragedy of the engagement. The Confederates were outnumbered. General Thomas had either in action or striking distance the 9th, 14th, 17th, 31st, and 38th Ohio, the 2d Minnesota, the 10th Indiana, Carter's Tennessee Brigade, the 10th and 12th Kentucky Regiments, Wolford's Cavalry, and three batteries. The Federal death loss was less than one-third of that suffered by the Confederates, and the wounded were two hundred and seven. With inferior arms, under most adverse circumstances, the battle went sorely against the Confederates, and after four hours they were badly defeated. There were no means of transportation to carry off a large number of the wounded, there was no time to bury the dead, and so all the dead and most of the wounded were left in the hands of their foes. The dead were, as often comes in war, buried without ceremony or funeral rites, and here they have remained far from their homes, with their names unknown, with burial places unmarked for nearly forty-eight years.

There was always something pathetic to me in the death of General Zollicoffer. He had been a brilliant statesman, a versatile scholar, and an excellent soldier. He was possessed of great wisdom, endowed with the highest degree of courage, and on the battlefield was calm and collected. He loved the South and its cause with measureless devotion. War exacted no nobler tribute from the Southland in that mighty conflict for independence than Felix K. Zollicoffer. He not only gave his life, but he left behind him six motherless children, who were to face the conflicts and battles of life unprotected. I doubt not that in the passing instant of consciousness, when death stared him in the face, when probably he realized that the end was at hand, his last prayer and thought was for heaven's care over the motherless children, who in their home on the banks of the Cumberland, near Nashville, were all unconscious of the tremendous sacrifice a nation's cause was demanding of their noble and chivalrous father.

The misfortunes of the Confederates at this particular period of the war were very marked. Fort Donelson and Fort Henry fell quickly after the defeat at this place, and it appeared as if the tide of battle with irresistible force was to entirely sweep away the armies of the Confederacy in the West. The Army of Tennessee was yet to be reorganized under the command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who less than three months later was to die on the battlefield of Shiloh, thus bringing to the South one of its irreparable misfortunes and removing from its legions one of the greatest of its generals and the wisest and most experienced of its military leaders.

I want, first of all, to thank you people of Pulaski County for your generous and helpful consideration in the erection of this monument. I may without trespassing upon the proprieties of the occasion say that in visiting this place a few years ago



THE SPLENDID SHAFT WITH ITS MAIN INSCRIPTION.

I did not think the spirit of the people was such as to receive with any degree of cordiality the suggestion to erect a monument on this spot to General Zollicoffer and his deceased comrades; but I now desire to say in the year 1910 that no proposal ever met with greater kindness and that no people could have acted more courteously in perfecting the plans to make this occasion a very great success, and the thousands of people who I see before me now about this monument speak most unmistakably of the broadness, the generosity, and sympathy toward the survivors of the Confederate cause who are now here to do honor to the memory of their fallen associates.



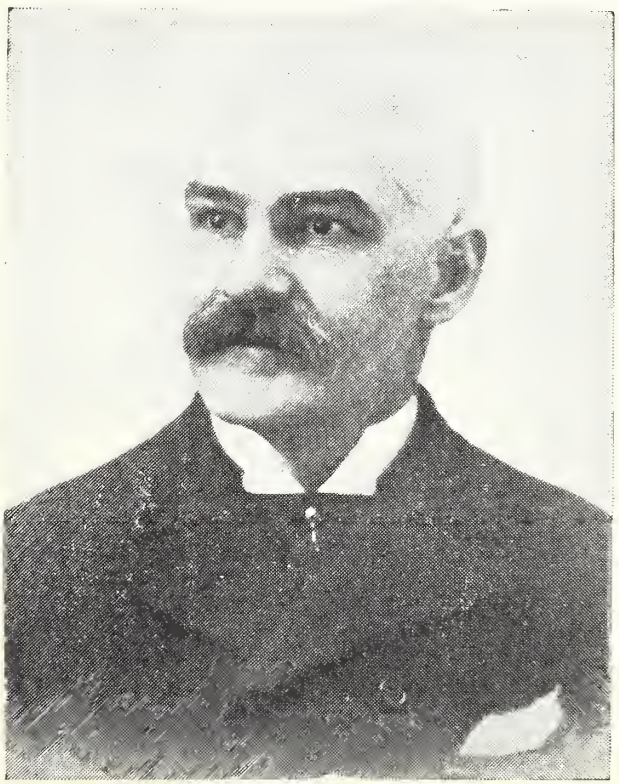
MRS. L. Z. DUKE.

It may not be inappropriate to say that the idea of constructing this monument created in the speaker's mind by the peculiar circumstances surrounding General Zollicoffer's death originated and took form some seven or eight years since. By a series of misfortunes and misunderstandings, not now necessary to relate, this project was delayed until the middle of the present year, when he mentioned the matter to Mrs. L. Z. Duke, who has done such splendid and generous things for the Confederate cause in Kentucky. She willingly acquiesced in the proposal to bear her share in the expense of the construction and placing of these stones. There was another in Louisville whose tenderness of heart and whose liberality no figures can measure, who, when informed of this purpose, insisted that he should unite with Mrs. Duke and myself in this tribute of love to these soldiers of the Southland; and so Mr. James A. Shuttleworth, the sagacious and successful Louisville merchant, has done his full share in providing for the installation of these memorials. No outside help was sought, no subscription was asked; but the three who have coöperated in bringing about this happy result desired to have the satisfaction of doing this thing this way and to make it their humble contribution to Southern valor.

We believe that the people of Tennessee and Mississippi and Alabama will appreciate this unselfish work of love, and that they will rejoice that their fallen sons have, after the lapse of so many years, been remembered and the place where their heroic dead found sepulture on this far-off battlefield is to be for all coming time preserved from oblivion.

Each of the regiments engaged in this battle later in the war were to win renown and to suffer tremendous fatalities. At Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Franklin, Petersburg, Resaca, Dalton, and hundreds of other battlefields they made incalculable offerings for the liberty of the South. The battle at Fishing Creek, while disastrous, was limited in fatality. Up to this period of the war the armies of the Confederacy had not suffered such losses as they were compelled later to endure. In most of the great battles of the world ten per cent in killed and wounded was considered heavy mortality. At Fishing Creek about twelve per cent of the men engaged were either killed or wounded. Before Shiloh, the first great battle of the war, marked by tremendous mortality, Fishing Creek stood well up in the percentage of casualties in battle; but later, when regiments and brigades were to see in a single engagement one-third of their numbers swept away by the tide of conflict and go down in death or by wound, this rate of decimation would be held of but small moment. Should I speak at this hour of the valor and courage of the Confederate troops, I say nothing in derogation of the superb history of the Federal army; but as we exalt the valor and gallantry of the Confederate soldier, and when we look back over the history of the war and see under great difficulties what the Federal army accomplished in overcoming so great and so valiant a foe, the men who marched under the stars and stripes and constituted the Federal armies have no just ground of complaint against those who magnify Confederate courage.

As the representative of the promoters of this successful



MR. JAMES A. SHUTTLEWORTH.

effort to build this monument and locate the slab over the mound that covers the dust of the Confederates who here died, I cannot refrain from thanking Capt. William G. Trimble and Mrs. Trimble, of Somerset, Ky. When it was suggested that this monument should be built years ago, before the beautiful spirit that dominates and controls this meeting was manifested by everybody, Captain Trimble and his wife, guided by the noblest instincts of generous hearts, offered to deed, without cost to myself and other trustees, this acre of ground. It is true that it may not have a very great money value to Captain Trimble and his wife, but it had a tremendous sentimental value to the men and women of the South; and without even solicitation this good man and woman were glad to do this thing for our Confederate people, and to-day I voice the spirit of the entire Southland when I thank Captain Trimble and his wife for this magnificent manifestation of broad-minded liberality. We sincerely regret that serious illness of Captain Trimble holds his wife at his bedside in Somerset, and we shall by this providence be prevented from according her honor at this hour. I desire also to express the grateful recognition of all those who love the cause of the South to Judge O. H. Waddle, to Cecil Williams, Esq., to Mr. and Mrs. William Burton, and to Mr. and Mrs. V. K. Logan, and the neighbors and friends who are gathered here about us; and though we do not name them, they will nevertheless ever be held in high esteem and sincere remembrance.

I would be no thorough mouthpiece on this occasion if I did not mention one circumstance which will appeal to the gratitude of every Confederate. There lived from her earliest youth in the humble farmhouse adjoining this spot a little girl named Dorothy Burton. She caught echoes of what the patriotic impulses of the nation prompted in the decoration of the Federal dead half a mile north of this place, where with tender care a nation guards the dust of its soldiers, and while the bands were playing and the orators were speaking at the Federal cemetery this little girl gathered beautiful



DOROTHY BURTON HUDSON AND "ZOLLIE TREE."

mountain flowers; she pulled ferns on the banks of the rippling stream down at the foot of this hillside whose overflowing waters sing soft requiems over the dead who sleep on this knoll. From her mother's garden she plucked roses and made wreaths, and each day when the Federal dead had their graves covered with floral tributes this little girl out in the forest, with none to teach her but the promptings of a true woman's soul, laid upon the graves of these Confederates, sleeping so far from their homes beneath the tree which shadowed the spot where Zollicoffer's blood was shed, nature's lovely offering, and hung chaplets on Zollicoffer's Oak, and with mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. William Burton, kept vigil about the tomb of our dear but unknown dead. When first I came here years ago she was but a little girl, and I was told how years before she had done this beautiful and loving act for our dead. She has since married, and a little girl has come to bless her home and heart, and she calls the little baby Zollie Tree Hudson. This name was given at the suggestion of our friend, Mr. V. K. Logan. I do not recall an incident that is surrounded with more that is beautiful and tender in child life or woman's life than the care that this little girl in this far-away place, where there are but few Confederates and where, taught by a Spirit which comes only from heaven, she placed these tokens of love upon the graves of these Southern heroes.



JUDGE O. H. WADDLE, MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

We are not here to-day to measure the deeds of the Confederate volunteers by any comparative standard. The conditions which surround appeal to the highest and loftiest sentiments. Two of Zollicoffer's daughters, Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond, of Nashville, and Mrs. R. H. Sansom, of Knoxville, have come from their homes to honor and bless this occasion with their presence. The noblest and holiest sentiments touch every heart in this great audience. With these

children of General Zollicoffer we mingle our tears as we mark the spot where their beloved father died, where they in surrendering his splendid life to the cause of the South made the costliest sacrifice the human heart can measure on



MRS. RICHARD H. SANSOM.

the altar of their country. The State welcomes these noble women to its borders, and Kentuckians of all classes and beliefs speak to them in unmeasured sympathy of their gifted and gallant sire and tell them that amid their tears the people of this commonwealth are glad to honor the memory of him they so justly and truly revere.

What dreadful exaction the great war made on the American people! It took from the Southland nearly a quarter of a million of precious lives. It took from the Federal soldiery more than 450,000 of its numbers. We stand aghast at the immensity of these figures.

In the mighty clash of Anglo-Saxon soldiery, guided, as each believed, by a principle, we find the truest demonstration of the real greatness and courage of the race that now rules the world and controls the destiny of mankind. Six hundred and fifty thousand men died to settle the issue arising in the dark days of 1861 to 1865. The human mind can with difficulty comprehend the awfulness of such a sacrifice. To-day, standing by the graves of these Confederate dead, with faces upturned to heaven, we ask if this dreadful holocaust was in vain, and the answer comes back that He who directs all nations and peoples and rides high over the stormy and surging passions of humanity had a fixed and well-defined plan and purpose of this gigantic destruction.

We can see now that in this conflict and out of it the God of nations was molding and fashioning manhood and womanhood worthy of this republic and which was to promote and evolve a national standard which would make America the freest and greatest upon which the sun in its eternal journeyings would ever rise and set. We can point to this republic to-day as the most enlightened, successful, progressive, and patriotic nation that ever existed, and, looking backward for the past half century of its illustrious career, we must admit that the lessons and experience of the Civil War bore the chiefest part in the splendor of our national development.

Over the entrance to the Confederate burial ground at Camp Chase, Ohio, where sleep 2,300 of our nameless Southern dead, the kindly hand of a Federal soldier carved these words: "They were Americans." And here to-day we all point to these graves of the long-neglected Confederate soldiery on the one side and the beautifully kept Federal cemetery half a mile away on the other side, and with the instincts of a just and noble national pride, softened and uplifted by the glorious record of both armies and passing years, we can proudly say: "These were all Americans."

In a very little while we shall go away from this spot, made sacred, at least in the hearts of the men and women of the South, by the preciousness of the Confederate dead it holds. To the care of our friends who have come with us to-day to perform this long-delayed duty we commit the custody of this little park. These dead left loving ones scattered over the States of Mississippi, Tennessee, and Alabama. Some long watched and waited for the return of the young soldier boys who marched away at the call of duty to serve their country and maintain its cause. Here they were cut down in the pride and joy of youth. Mothers, sisters, fathers, and friends longed for tidings of those who here found soldiers' graves, but in most cases no word ever came to tell of the tragic fate that overtook these Southern heroes.

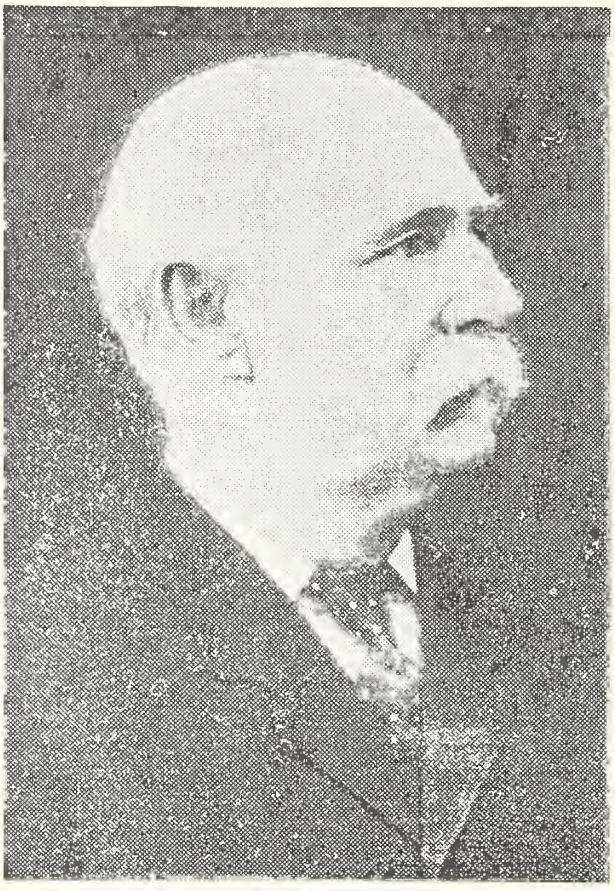
On this remote battlefield benedictions will be wafted to you from the Southland for the kindness you have this day shown, and for all my people we again thank you for the consideration shown to the memory of our beloved dead.

Gen. W. E. Haldeman, Commander of the Kentucky Division, accepted the monument in a very practical address. He



MISS "RIDIE" ZOLLICOFFER (DECEASED),
Who was an eminent artist.

spoke for the veterans of Kentucky, who honored him as their Commander, for the people of Kentucky, and especially the men and the women of Pulaski County. He expressed in appreciative spirit gratitude to the donors of the monument. He bowed reverently to the two daughters of General Zollicoffer with his "heart on his lips." General Haldeman gave then a



MAJ. GEN. W. B. HALDEMAN,
Commander Kentucky Division, U. D. C.

brief but comprehensive sketch of General Zollicoffer, seeking to impress the country folk of that vicinity with the honorable, generous nobleman to whom the monument was dedicated. He said that many of us would never be there again, and added: "I am going to ask the good women and the brave men of this county to care for this monument and the small spot of ground that surrounds it. Lay a flower on the graves of the dead here when you decorate the soldiers of the blue who fell in this battle, and the living Confederates and their descendants will honor you as you thus pay tribute to our dead. May the example of Dorothy Burton by the people of Pulaski County be imitated and perpetuated each succeeding year!

Plea for Care of Shaft.

The Courier-Journal report of the event said: "S. A. Cunningham, Editor of the Confederate Veteran, was presented as the representative of Tennessee; but he declined to occupy more time than to commend General Haldeman's address for the care of the Zollicoffer monument and the grounds. Mr. Cunningham expressed pleasing confidence that such would be done because, while he said he had attended more veteran gatherings doubtless than any other person, he never had seen such a large audience show more anxiety to hear everything said. 'With such assurance,' said he, 'I gratefully bow to Kentucky.' His talk was to the point, and it appealed to the listeners."

In the name of Pulaski County Judge R. C. Tartar made a speech in which he aptly thanked the donors for the gift to that section of the State. He assured the visitors that the monument and the undecorated graves in the plot of surrounding ground would be well taken care of.

J. M. Arnold, a Confederate veteran who lives in Cincinnati, made an excellent extemporaneous address, paying tribute to the bravery of the "women who were left behind" by the men of the South and the North who went away to war when the call came in '61. He related a few incidents, of which he had personal knowledge, of the untiring and heroic work of the nurses who went upon the battlefields after the fighters had moved to care for the wounded and the dead. "It was the women of the North and the South who as nurses most often transmitted the message of a dying youth to his mother and who sent to the palled home down in Georgia or back in Indiana the little blood-stained Bible or battered locket as a memento of the living sacrifice some mother had laid on the altar of liberty."

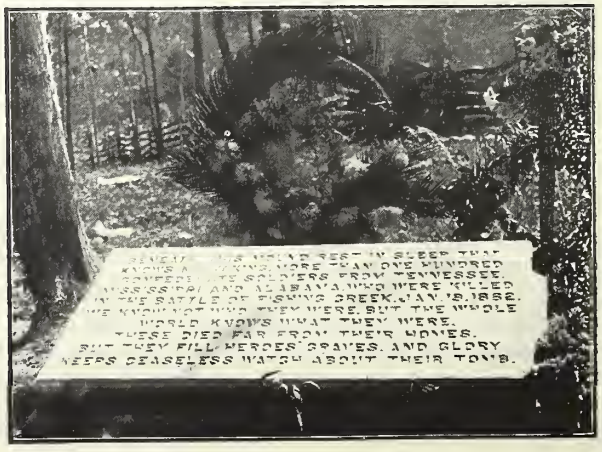
At the close of Mr. Arnold's talk General Young presented Mrs. Octavia Bond and Mrs. R. H. Sansom, daughters of General Zollicoffer.

Floral Tribute by Mrs. R. H. Sansom.

[Mrs. Sansom, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., and youngest daughter of General Zollicoffer, sent from Knoxville a magnificent floral offering to the gallant dead of her father's command in the battle of Fishing Creek, and Rev. John R. Deering, Chaplain of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., made the presentation in her behalf.]

Comrades and Fellow-Citizens: I came here to be a silent and unobserved spectator of these pleasing, pathetic, solemn ceremonies; but by the partiality of friends, and especially of Colonel Cunningham, I find that I am the most distinguished man among you. I am honored above you all in being just now chosen to receive and present for the graves of our unknown dead lying on this field this magnificent floral tribute from Mrs. Richard Sansom and Mrs. Octavia Z. Bond, daughters of the fallen commander in the Fishing Creek battle. They present it in grateful memory of the valor and patriotism and self-sacrifice of those unknown private soldiers who died on this field and under the command of their beloved General Zollicoffer for their country.

Without the distinction of rank, without the hope of fame, and without the fear of death, with nothing to animate them



but the knowledge of history, the sense of right, convictions of duty, and love of country, they came from their distant homes and here fought and died for Dixie land.

No man more fully appreciates the leaders and commanders of our forces than I; but my hero is the boy who in the long ago embraced his mother, kissed his sisters, bowed for his father's benediction, wiped away his sweetheart's tears, and



GROUP STANDING ABOUT THE MONUMENT.
Eliza Bennett Young, who unveiled it.

said a long "good-by, good-by" to home and hurried to the front to meet the invaders of his native land. He had no thought of honor, cared for no place in history, wanted no human plaudit or earthly reward. There was nothing in his heart but fear of God, defiance of his enemy, love of home and kindred, and determination to do his full duty. I know and honor him. I cherish the memory of the unnamed, unknown heroes of this Fishing Creek battle. I claim kinship with them, and I bid you lay this splendid floral memorial tenderly, lovingly on their graves for the daughters of their dead general.

Address of S. D. Van Pelt, Department Commander Kentucky G. A. R.

[Judge Waddell, master of ceremonies, introduced Capt. S. D. Van Pelt, of Danville, Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, as "a brave Union soldier who desires to pay tribute to the memory of the Confederate soldiers lying in the field."]

Gen. Bennett H. Young just now said that this was the happiest event of his life. Allow me to say that it is one of the happiest of my life. Allow me to express my sincere appreciation for this privilege of appearing before this assemblage of Confederates, assembled to do honor to a worthy Confederate officer who offered up his life on this hallowed spot for the cause he so dearly loved. It is altogether proper that this memorial should be erected here, and I rejoice to know that it has entered into the hearts of his loving comrades to do this while they live.

It was my fortune to have served on the Federal side in that great conflict, and must say that I was no less sincere in the belief that my cause was right and just. However, as the great and good McKinley said on a tour of the South: "Every soldier's grave made during the unfortunate Civil War is a tribute to American valor. And while when those graves were made we differed widely about the future of the government, those differences were long ago settled by the arbitrament of arms, and the time has now come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling under the providence of God when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

Many of my Confederate comrades here assembled can testify to the fact that for more than thirty years it has been my custom, together with my comrades, while engaged in decorating the graves of the Federals who fell in that unfortunate war, that the graves of the Confederates received at our hands the same attention and the same honor which was conferred upon the Federals. In our cemetery at Danville there are in the government plot over three hundred Federals and less than one hundred Confederates. We have never had flowers enough for all, but we scatter them over the Confederates and place a flag at every grave, both Federal and Confederate.

Why not? We are now all Americans and friends, all one people. That unfortunate struggle was a family quarrel. We have made peace, and we are a reunited family. This fact was demonstrated in our late war with Spain. Our Southern men sprang to arms as quickly and as earnestly as did any other section of this great country. No foreign nation will have the audacity to attack us. Let us strive to live in peace as neighbors and stand by one another as friends and neighbors, ever ready to encourage, help, and assist one another as friends and comrades.

Although it has been more than forty-eight years since the battle of Mill Springs, I desire to congratulate you now on the success of this most worthy memorial to a most worthy citizen and soldier. Gen. Felix Zollicoffer was far more than an ordinary man. He was a born leader, and was one of the most prominent citizens of Nashville, Tenn. He was a scholar and a writer, a man of force, and was popular. While not strictly a military man, he possessed the qualities of military genius. His career was cut short before his great talents had opportunity to develop. His untimely death was a wonderful discouragement to his cause. In the summer of 1863, while my regiment (7th Kentucky Cavalry) was camped at Nashville, I visited the cemetery where General Zollicoffer was buried, and, standing beside his grave, I meditated with sadness the fate of so useful a genius, and I rejoice at this opportunity of helping perpetuate his memory, though it be in a feeble way.

A few days ago a prominent citizen met me on the street at Danville, and we discussed the dedication of this monument. He remarked that General Fry had boasted of having killed General Zollicoffer. I replied that such was not the case, and that such a reflection was a very great injustice to General Fry, for a kinder, more generous-hearted, chivalrous man than General Fry could nowhere be found.

About seven years after the death of General Zollicoffer erroneous reports were circulated in the newspapers in regard to this matter, and General Fry became much annoyed; and at the request of Colonel Kelly, editor of the Louisville Commercial, General Fry himself wrote the following statement:

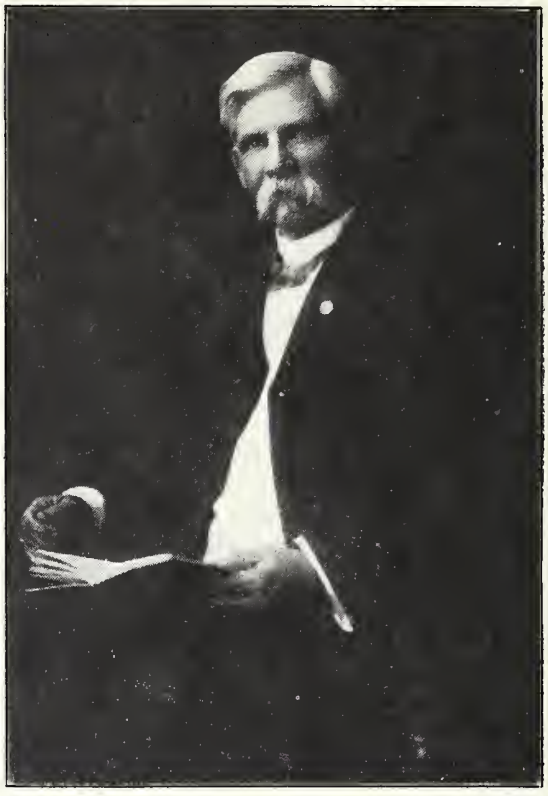
"There is another matter to which I would like you to allude. [Right here I wish to say that this was to General Fry's confidential clerk, who had been with him and associated with him intimately for at least a year, and who assured me that this is the only mention he ever heard General Fry make regarding this matter.] It is this: General Zollicoffer's friends have suffered the impression to go abroad, without any correction from those of them that know better, that his body was not cared for after his death, that it was treated in a brutal manner both by Federal officers and soldiers. The truth is that as soon as it could be done his body was taken to the rear, placed in a tent, his clothing, which was besmeared with mud and blood from top to toe, taken off, and his body washed and dressed in a suit of clothes consisting of coat, pants, vest, shirt, drawers, and socks, all furnished from my wardrobe. It was then placed in a wooden coffin (the best that could be had in that part of the country), sent around to Lebanon under an escort commanded by Lieut. Sidney Jones, and then placed in a metallic case and sent through the lines by the way of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to his friends in Nashville for interment. I am not positive that the metallic case was furnished at Lebanon, but it was obtained before sending the body through."

This, my friends and comrades, is Gen. Speed S. Fry's own written statement, written when these matters were all fresh in his memory. I will state that the body was placed in the metallic case at Danville, and, moreover, the people of Danville, those who had opportunity, treated with the utmost respect and honor the remains of the dead chieftain. All this I feel that I owe in respect to the daughters and representatives of General Zollicoffer's family who are here present on this occasion.

A word to the old veterans here assembled: Comrades, I glory in calling you all comrades. We are all one people, striving to make our country the best country the sun has ever shone on. Let us strive together for our mutual interests. While I was honest and sincere in the belief that our cause was right, we may have been wrong. However, be that as it may, no one has ever heard me say that I know we were right. Comrades, let us eliminate that ugly expression from all our public utterances, for such expressions can do no possible good. Our saying so does not make it so. I rejoice to say that we to-day are living in the brightest and most prosperous period of this world's history. What makes this country prosperous beyond that of all others is the fact that this is a Christian nation, founded on the Christian religion; and so long as we live as Christians and carry out Christian principles we are bound to prosper. We old veterans love to honor the names of Lee and Jackson and Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, Wheeler, and, last but not least, that true genius, Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer. Let us, therefore, recognize one another as comrades indeed. Let us be faithful as comrades, be faithful as citizens and as true Christians, and our lives will thus be worth living. Again let me admonish you to be free men, free American citizens. Be slaves to no man. Be slaves to no vicious habits. Be true to right principle, true to your country, and then will our glorious country continue to prosper.



W. A. MILTON, LOUISVILLE, KY., ADJUTANT GENERAL.



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG,
Commander Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

In the group picture, page 573, is Eliza Bennett Young, daughter of Gen. Bennett Young, who was chosen to unveil the monument. The profile of face against the shaft is that of Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. The other daughter of General Zollicoffer present, Mrs. R. H. Sansom, now President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., stands between General Young and the monument. The crowd about the shaft will give an idea of its massive proportions. The popular little daughter

of General Young was fittingly selected by the Zollicoffer family for the distinction of the unveiling, and the honor was well earned by her father. Indeed, it is a matter of pride,



MRS. OCTAVIA ZOLLICOFFER BOND,
Gifted as Author and Lecturer.

and gratitude that General Young inaugurated the movement and followed its every purpose to the end. The labor and expense incurred by him voluntarily and so cheerfully was delightfully rendered, and he is happy in the result.

Letter from Dorothy Hudson.

Request was made by the Veteran of Dorothy (Burton) Hudson as to how she became interested in the decoration of Confederate graves, and in her simple note she states: "I was a little girl about ten years old when my father moved to the vicinity. I didn't know the graves were there until my father told me, and I wanted to know why they were not decorated as well as those of the Union soldiers. Then at the next decoration I took it upon myself to do so and decorated them. The mounds were there i tnhe wilderness, and could not be found until we cleaned up the ground from the road. Friends from Somerset told me that I was doing right. I have met several friends on both sides who appreciated my work. I praise the good Lord and the good people for helping me.

Tribute by Dr. W. M. Gentry, Surgeon 17th Tenn. Inf.

General Zollicoffer was commissioned brigadier general by Gov. Isham G. Harris in April, 1861, to command Tennessee volunteers in the War between the States. He organized his command at Camp Trousdale, on the border line of Kentucky. In June he was ordered to Cumberland Gap, and in a few weeks he moved his camp to Cumberland Ford, ten miles distant in Kentucky. After a stay of several weeks, he was moved farther on the London road to locate the enemy. After a march through London, the enemy was found fortified at Wild Cat, on Rock Castle River. After a reconnoiter it was decided to make an attack on the fort, which proved to be a very strong position, well fortified at every approach. The hills on each side were very steep, and in many parts high, steep cliffs of rock made it impossible for the men to advance in line of battle. The battle was fought, and we retreated, General Zollicoffer perceiving that the position was not worth the loss of the men necessary to take it.

The command was brought back through the Cumberland Gap, down Powell's Valley to Jacksboro, where it was camped for some time, and afterwards moved down the valley, on through Monticello, Ky., thence to Mill Springs, and after crossing the Cumberland at Mill Springs the battle of Fishing Creek was fought, when our gallant general was killed.

It was the writer's privilege and pleasure to be on intimate terms with General Zollicoffer, and he considered him an excellent officer, prudent, wise, and considerate, very attentive to his duties and fatherly to his men; indeed, he was fondly called "Pap Zollicoffer," though only fifty years old. His whole command entertained filial affection for him.

Much more of the event might be given. Dr. Tichnor, of New Orleans, spent several days at Somerset and gave one of the prominent addresses; but already more space has been given the subject this time than could well be spared.

It is a pity that either "Mill Springs" or "Fishing Creek" is designated as name of the battle, as both are miles away. It is near Logans Cross Roads.

LIFE'S LADDER.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Unto each mortal who comes to earth
A ladder is given by God at birth,
And up this ladder the soul must go,
Step by step, from the valley below;
Step by step to the center of space
On this ladder of lives to the starting place.

In time departed, which yet endures,
I shaped my ladder and you shaped yours.
Whatever they are, they are what we made,
A ladder of light or a ladder of shade;
A ladder of love or a hateful thing,
A ladder of strength or a wavering string,
A ladder of gold or a ladder of straw—
Each is the ladder of righteous law.

We flung them away at the call of death,
We took them again with the next life breath,
For a keeper stands by the great birth gates,
And as each soul passes its ladder waits.
Though mine be narrow and yours be broad,
On my ladder alone can I climb to God.
On your ladder alone can your feet ascend,
For none may borrow and none may lend.

If toil and trouble and pain are found
Twisted and corded to form each round,
If rusted iron or moldering wood
Is the fragile frame, you must make it good.
You must build it over and fashion it strong,
Though the task be as hard as your life is long;
For up this ladder the pathway leads
To earthly pleasures and spirit needs,
For all that may come in another way
Shall be but illusion and will not stay.

In useless effort, then, waste no time;
Rebuild your ladder, and climb and climb.

UNITED STATES SENATOR A. S. CLAY.

Alexander Stephens Clay, for the past thirteen years United States Senator for Georgia, died in Atlanta November 13, 1910, aged fifty-seven years. He was born on a farm in Cobb County, Ga. He began his career as "a typical backwoodsman, an awkward, ungainly country boy," but through worthy aspiration he died crowned with the highest honor that Georgia can convey upon a citizen. "Yet no other man save his colleague has ever been elected to three terms in the United States Senate." He stood not in the limelight, but went about the many duties devolving upon him, and it was these achievements without ostentation that caused the extraordinary success of his honored and exceptional career.

Former Governor Terrell has been chosen to succeed Senator Clay. Senator Terrell is a faithful, zealous friend to Confederates.

ARKANSAS MONUMENT AT SHILOH.

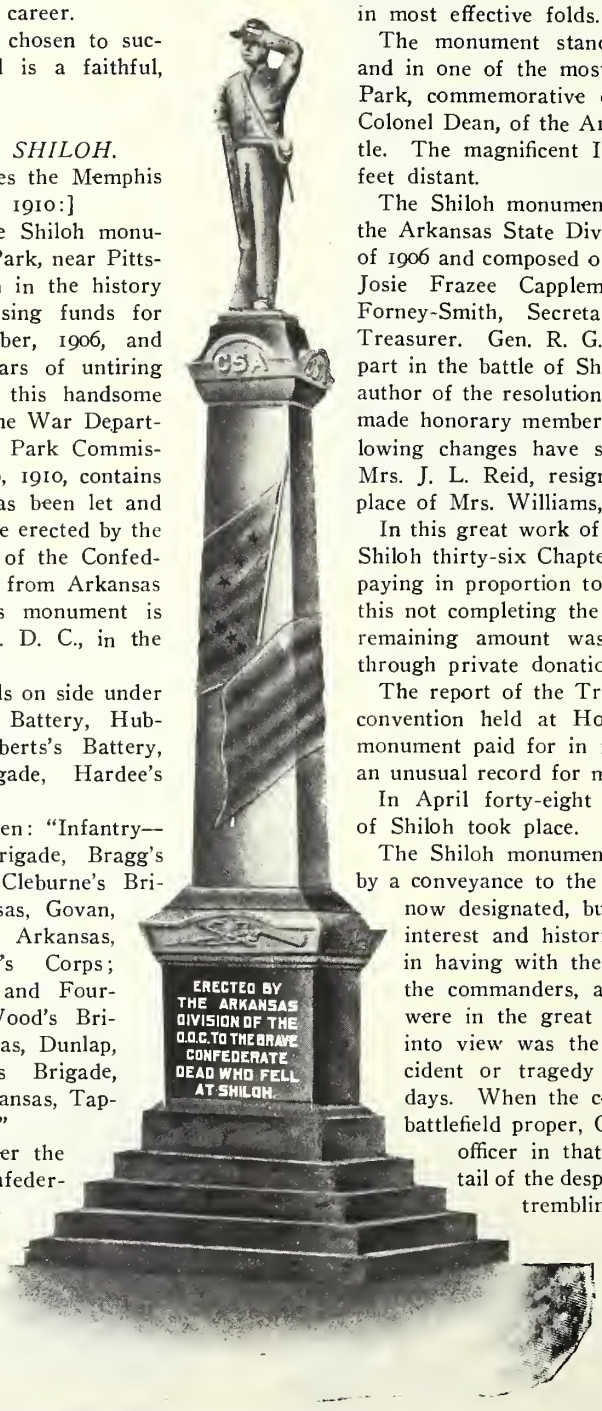
[Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman writes the Memphis Appeal from Little Rock November 5, 1910:]

The completion and erection of the Shiloh monument in the Shiloh National Military Park, near Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., marks an epoch in the history of the U. D. C. of Arkansas. Raising funds for the monument was begun in October, 1906, and completed in October, 1910, four years of untiring zeal and labor being represented in this handsome granite shaft. The annual report of the War Department of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, contains the following statement: "Contract has been let and foundation put in for a monument to be erected by the Arkansas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, 'to the brave Confederate dead from Arkansas who fell upon this battlefield. This monument is erected by the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., in the year 1910.'"

This inscription is under cross swords on side under cross cannons: "Artillery—Calvert's Battery, Hubbard's Battery, Trigg's Battery, Roberts's Battery, Shoup's Battalion, Cleburne's Brigade, Hardee's Corps."

On side of gun, bayonet, and canteen: "Infantry—First Arkansas, Fagan, Gibson's Brigade, Bragg's Corps; Fifteenth Arkansas, Patton, Cleburne's Brigade, Hardee's Corps; Third Arkansas, Govan, Sixth Arkansas, Hawthorne, Seventh Arkansas, Dean, Shaver's Brigade, Hardee's Corps; Eighth Arkansas, Patterson, Ninth and Fourteenth Arkansas Battalion, Kelly, Wood's Brigade, Hardee's Corps; Ninth Arkansas, Dunlap, Tenth Arkansas, Herrick, Bowen's Brigade, Breckinridge's Corps; Thirteenth Arkansas, Tappan, Stewart's Brigade, Polk's Corps."

On the face of the monument under the seal of the State of Arkansas: "Confederate troops from Arkansas present at and engaged in the battle of Shiloh. The following-named field officers or Arkansas troops were killed or died of wounds received on the battlefield of Shiloh: Lieut. Col. A. D. Grayson, Thirteenth Arkansas; Lieut. Col. John M. Dean, Seventh Arkansas; Lieut. Col. A. K. Patton, Fifteenth Arkansas; Maj. J. T. Harris, Fifteenth Arkansas; Lieut. Col. Charles E. Patterson (mortally wounded), Third Arkansas."



MONUMENT ERECTED BY MORRISS BROS., OF MEMPHIS.

The total height of the monument is twenty-eight feet; size of base, ten feet square; cost, $3,000. The top of the monument bears a lifelike heroic (seven feet) figure of a Confederate soldier with gun "at rest" in the right hand, while the left hand is raised above the eyes as he gazes beyond the Tennessee River watching the approach and steady advance of the Federals. The Confederate stars and bars are entwined entirely around the main shaft and draped in most effective folds.

The monument stands on the principal driveway and in one of the most historic places of the Shiloh Park, commemorative of the spot where Lieutenant Colonel Dean, of the Arkansas brigade, fell in the battle. The magnificent Iowa monument is only a few feet distant.

The Shiloh monument committee was appointed by the Arkansas State Division, U. D. C., in the autumn of 1906 and composed of the following members: Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, Chairman; Mrs. C. A. Forney-Smith, Secretary; Mrs. J. Lawson Reid, Treasurer. Gen. R. G. Shaver (who took an active part in the battle of Shiloh) and Mrs. R. J. Lea (the author of the resolution to build the monument) were made honorary members of this committee. The following changes have since been made: In place of Mrs. J. L. Reid, resigned, Mrs. B. D. Williams; in place of Mrs. Williams, deceased, Mrs. P. J. Rice.

In this great work of erecting a State monument at Shiloh thirty-six Chapters, U. D. C., contributed, each paying in proportion to its number of members; and this not completing the sum specified by contract, the remaining amount was collected by the committee through private donations.

The report of the Treasurer at the recent U. D. C. convention held at Hope, Ark., showed the Shiloh monument paid for in full, with $1.08 still in bank—an unusual record for monument builders.

In April forty-eight years ago the terrible battle of Shiloh took place.

The Shiloh monument committee had a rough ride by a conveyance to the Shiloh Military Park, as it is now designated, but a ride fraught with keenest interest and historic love. They were fortunate in having with them Gen. R. G. Shaver, one of the commanders, and two other gentlemen who were in the great battle. Each spot as it came into view was the means of recalling some incident or tragedy of those two eventful April days. When the committee entered the park, or battlefield proper, General Shaver, a commanding officer in that battle, pointed out every detail of the desperately contested ground. With trembling finger and in excited tones he explained in detail many events of the battle. The spot where Colonel Dean received his death wound was located, and then dedicated with simple but fitting ceremony for the foundation of the Shiloh monument of Arkansas.

REUNIONS AT FRANKLIN IN TWO STATES.

The Orphan Brigade of Kentucky and the Tennessee Confederates were in session the same day at Franklin in each State. The latter sent the following greeting: "The Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers in session at Franklin sends most cordial greetings to the Orphan Brigade, Franklin, Ky. Tennessee Confederates will ever bear affectionate esteem for their Kentucky Confederate brothers, who shared with us all the hardships of four years' active service. Come again to Nashville. We will do better than before."

The Orphan Brigade met in Nashville some years ago, and they were made the most special guests. The Tennessee Associations meet next at Murfreesboro.

At both of these reunions the olden-time reputation for Southern hospitality was splendidly maintained. Many things occurred at each that should be of record in the Veteran.

THE ORPHAN BRIGADE.

BY JACK J. M'GRATH.

(Read by Gen. W. B. Haldeman at the Kentucky reunion.)

We're gathered together to-day, boys,
The wreck of a gallant band,
To live again the days of strife
And clasp each comrade's hand.

We're gathered together to-day, boys;
Though our eyes are dimmed with years,
Our hearts beat true for the cause we fought,
And we shed no craven tears.

In days gone by our hair was jet,
Though some had hair of gold;
But now 'tis like our uniform,
For we are growing old.

Each year our ranks are thinned by death,
But the shattered remnant still
Will meet each year and voice the love
That death alone can kill.

And when the great Commander calls
The last one to his chair,
The whole, the reunited band,
Will welcome you—up there.

Gen. Thomas Benton Smith—Twentieth Tennessee Regiment.—At a recent reunion of the 20th Tennessee Regiment at Nashville, Tenn., in the beautiful Centennial Park, where was held the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in 1897, Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, an early commander of the regiment, who has been in the Tennessee Insane Asylum nearly ever since the war from a saber cut on the head after he surrendered in the battle of Nashville, was in command for a drill and short parade. The regiment was formed as a company, and the drill master, though now somewhat venerable, although he is said to have been the youngest brigadier general in the Confederacy, carried the men through the manual of Hardee's tactics as if half a century were but half a year. General Smith was self-poised, full of the animation of the old days as could be imagined. When they stood at "Right dress! Eyes right!" he said: "Throw them sticks down; you don't need them." A picture of that scene and a repetition of all he said would be most pleasing. General Smith has times of deep depression, and is sad over his long "imprisonment;" but he is always happy at Confederate gatherings, and is still a magnificent specimen of Confederate manhood. The organization of this regiment is maintained with diligence, much to the credit of the late Dr. W. J. McMurray, who wrote its history. Comrade D. C. Scales was reëlected President of the organization, despite his protest. Ralph Neil is Secretary for life. The after-dinner speeches were amusing and pathetic.

In a note from President Scales he states: "T. B. Smith enlisted in Battle's company as second lieutenant in 1861. This company was organized at Camp Trousdale into the 20th Tennessee Regiment, of which Joel A. Battle was elected its first colonel. Gen. Thomas Benton Smith was elected colonel at the reorganization of the regiment after the battle at Shiloh. He was the second commander of the regiment, and commanded it until he was made brigadier general. He was one of the most gallant officers in the Confederate service, was constantly with his regiment, and took great pains never to miss an engagement."

Remarkable Survival of Company Officers.—J. H. Hastings, of Shelbyville, Tenn., writes: "Company A, 17th Tennessee Regiment, was organized at Flat Creek, Bedford County, Tenn., in May, 1861; reënlisted at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862. At the reorganization F. B. Terry was elected Captain; J. D. Floyd, First Lieutenant; J. H. Hastings, Second Lieutenant; R. A. Campbell, Third Lieutenant. Just as the regiment was going into action at Perryville Lieutenant Campbell was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. Wiley Driver was elected to fill the vacancy, and these four continued to be the officers until the close of the war, and now, over forty-five years after the war closed, all are living. Terry lives at Chattanooga, Floyd and Hastings at Shelbyville, and Driver at Columbia, Tenn."

Breckinridge Flag to the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment.—Information is anxiously desired that may lead to the recovery of the battle flag which was presented to the 20th Tennessee Regiment by Gen. John C. Breckinridge as "the bravest regiment is his corps." The flag was made of the wedding dress of Mrs. Breckinridge, and the presentation speech was made by Col. Theodore Ohara, of Breckinridge's staff, at Tullahoma while the Army of Tennessee was stationed there after the battle of Murfreesboro. If recovered, it will be placed in the Confederate corner of the History Building at Nashville and treasured as a sacred relic of the 20th Tennessee Regiment. Any information will be most gratefully received by the surviving members of the 20th Tennessee Regiment as well as the writer, who is one of a committee to find the flag. Address Miss Annie W. Claybrooke, Nashville, Tenn.

There is an elaborate account of this presentation in the Veteran for April, 1894, page 118. If any one knows the fate of the flag, the information would be appreciated, while its recovery would be a source of profound gratitude.

To Purchasers of Pictures at Mobile.—While taking pictures at the Mobile Reunion there were several veterans who wished to secure pictures of the old negroes there. Unfortunately I lost the list of names. One gentleman paid for a picture. If those persons still desire the pictures, same will be sent them. Mrs. Ruth Evans Denison, 538 Washington Avenue, Marshall, Tex.

War Record of John J. Sellars.—Mrs. Harriet P. Sellars, widow of John J. Sellars, desires to hear from any acquaintances of her husband during the Civil War with a view of getting his record as a soldier, also the company and regiment of which he was a member. He enlisted from Williamson County, Tenn., in 1861, and served the full four years. Her address is 1412 Arthur Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

THE LAST ROLL

Deaths in Frank Phillips Camp, Florida.

Deaths in Camp Frank Phillips, U. C. V., Graceville, Fla., during 1909 and 1910:

Green B. Yawn, born in Baker County, Ga., 1845; enlisted in Company E, 4th Florida Regiment, 1863; died July, 1909.

John D. Fraser, born in Columbia, S. C., 1845; enlisted in Company F, 5th Georgia Regiment, 1861; died August, 1909.

A. Carmichael, born in South Carolina, 1833; enlisted in Company C, 31st Georgia, 1861; died November, 1909.

H. G. D. Yawn, born in Baker County, Ga., 1843; enlisted in Company F, 11th Florida Regiment, 1863; died January, 1910.

J. J. Norman, born in Earle County, Ga., 1842; enlisted in Company G, 17th Georgia Regiment, 1862; died February, 1910.

Rev. John W. Johnson, born in Henry County, Ga., 1833; enlisted in Company G, 6th Florida Regiment, 1861; died March, 1910.

Calvin Toule, born in Barnwell District, S. C., 1836; enlisted in Company G, Florida Regiment, 1861; died April, 1910.

Henry Tindel, born in Dale County, Ala., 1837; enlisted in Company C, 25th Georgia Regiment, 1862; died July, 1910.

Carter A. Lee, born in Dale County, Ala., 1840; enlisted in Company H, 15th Alabama Regiment, 1861; died October, 1910. He was the first Mayor of Graceville, Fla.

Deaths in First and Sixth Georgia Regiments.

The following comrades were reported as having died since the last reunion: First Georgia—Henry Moore, Floyd County, Company G, November 8, 1909; John Summerville, Haralson County, Company A, January, 1910; E. T. Camp, Carroll County, Company B, February, 1910; W. W. Williams, Floyd County, Company C, 1909; H. A. Lovelace, Bartow County, Company I, February 5, 1910; C. A. Neal, Bartow County, Company I, February 11, 1910; Lieut. S. H. Scott, Company A, died in Texas in April, 1910; W. A. Overley, Floyd County, Company G, May, 1910; A. L. Orr, Cobb County, Company D, June, 1910. Sixth Georgia—Taylor Lawrence, Company G; W. H. Cothran, Company C; James Firestone, Company C; Lieut. J. A. Hall, Company G—all in 1910.

Leo Waterman.

Leo Waterman died at Los Angeles, Cal., on June 24, 1910, aged sixty-six years. He enlisted in the 1st Louisiana Regiment, C. S. A., on April 6, 1861, as bugler, and was paroled May 10, 1865. He was a valued member in the U. C. V. association, holding the office of Adjutant of Camp 770, and was also Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of the Pacific Division, U. C. V. Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the Division submitted by a committee composed of B. L. Hoge, W. C. Bowman, and Ben Weller.

Dr. John Bennett White.

Dr. J. B. White, the son of William White, was born in 1844 at the old White homestead, near Franklin, Tenn. He was educated at the University of Tennessee. He practiced medicine for a time, but the greater part of his life was spent in the drug business. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church for nearly half of his life.

When a boy of sixteen he went to Mississippi and joined General Chalmers's escort, and he rode with Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle." He joined the Cheatham Bivouac in Nashville twenty-seven years ago and took an active interest in everything pertaining to the Confederacy. Loyal and faithful to the cause for which he fought, his last thoughts were of his comrades. He requested that he be buried in his uniform of gray. He died September 25, 1910. The funeral services were conducted at the residence by Rev. W. T. Haggard on Tuesday morning, the veterans taking charge of the remains at the grave.

Dr. White was married in 1877 to Miss Sue Webb, of College Grove, daughter of Dr. Samuel Webb and Adelaide Battle. His wife and their only children, Dr. Sam White and Mrs. James Henderson, survive.

Dr. John Hutchins.

Dr. John Hutchins died at Selma, Ark., on September 28. He was much beloved in the community in which he practiced his profession. A devoted wife and two sisters survive him.

Dr. Hutchins was born at Woodbourne, near Natchez, Miss., in 1842. As a Confederate soldier he served in Company B, 10th Mississippi Regiment, under Col. Robert A. Smith. He was a brave soldier, and took an active part in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Franklin, and Nashville. After the battle of Atlanta he had been on detached service, but was with Hood in his Tennessee campaign. After that he was taken sick and was furloughed home. Upon recovery he rejoined the army and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

H. D. Shaw.

H. D. Shaw, whose death occurred at his home, in Carrollton, Miss., in May, 1909, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., seventy-five years ago, his father being from Massachusetts and his mother a Virginian. He came South when a mere boy. Thoroughly imbued with the principles of pure patriotism and wedded to the State of his adoption, he enlisted as a private in one of the first regiments to be mustered in from Mississippi. As a noncommissioned officer he was in active service in different branches of the army, both in Virginia and the Western Army, to the close, and to the end of his life remained true to the principles for which he had suffered. The last work of his active life was, at the age of seventy, to devote his entire time to the raising of the fund with which to erect a monument to the twenty-seven hundred Confederate soldiers who enlisted from Carroll County, Miss. This he accomplished, and had the satisfaction of taking part in the unveiling of that monument now standing in Court Square, and one of the handsomest of its kind in the State.

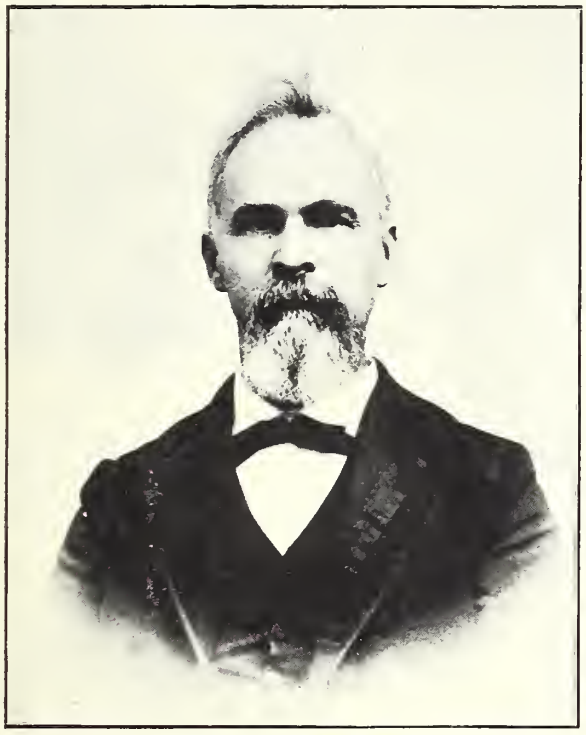
John W. Wagoner.

John W. Wagoner died recently at his home, in Chickasha, Okla. He was born in Simpson County, Ky., in 1839, and served under Gen. Joe Shelby during the war. He was wounded in a skirmish near Lexington, Ky., about the close of the war and taken prisoner, and was in the hospital when the surrender came. He was a member of the Joe Shelby Camp of Chickasha and a consistent member of the Church for fifty years. Six children survive him: four girls, two boys.

Quarterman.—Robert Edward Quarterman was born in September, 1837; and died January 13, 1910. He was born in Liberty County, Ga., and served faithfully during the war as a Confederate soldier, and was a member of Charles C. Jones Camp, U. C. V., Flemington, Ga.

Jeremiah M. Whitmire.

Jeremiah M. Whitmire was born in Greenville County, S. C., in February, 1838; and died at the home where he was born and reared in November, 1909. He was in Asheville, N. C., at the outbreak of the war, and responded to the call for volunteers by enlisting in a company organized and commanded by Capt. Z. B. Vance. The company marched to Raleigh, N. C., where it was mustered into the 14th North Carolina Regiment as Company F. The regiment was ordered at once to Virginia and became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in all the principal battles of that army except the two at Manassas. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville and at Spottsylvania, and in each case returned to his company as soon as able. By his gallantry he won his way up as a commissioned officer, and was exceeded by none in his faithfulness to duty.



JEREMIAH M. WHITMIRE.

After the war he returned home and engaged in farming, in which he was very successful. He represented Greenville County in the Legislature for three terms, was postmaster of his town, and a prominent member of the Church and active in his lodge, A. F. M. He is survived by his wife and four children. Faithful to every trust through life, he was mourned by a large number of devoted friends.

George W. Ponder.

George W. Ponder died at Shawnee, Okla., on July 9, 1910, in his seventy-sixth year. He enlisted in Company B, 16th Alabama Infantry, in July, 1861, and was in the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky. At Shiloh he was severely wounded in the head by a Minie ball, and was left for dead. For several months he was not able for duty. He was made first lieutenant in the 4th Alabama Cavalry (Colonel Winns), and served till the surrender. He was a trusted official and performed his duty faithfully, however hazardous the undertaking.

At the close of the war Comrade Ponder engaged in the mercantile and hotel business in Moulton, Hartselle, and Birmingham, Ala. He lost his wife and two daughters, and only one daughter survives him. As a soldier and citizen his record is unblemished.

Dr. Thomas G. Paden.

Thomas G. Paden was born August 25, 1844. His father was one of the earliest settlers of Tishomingo County, Miss. In 1861 he volunteered as a member of Company H, 32d Mississippi Infantry, Lowrey's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee, and made a gallant soldier, taking part in such battles as McLemore's Cove, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold's Gap, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw, Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville. In the battle of Franklin he and J. C. Dean, of his company, were the only ones out of about thirty who escaped unhurt. Comrade Paden was near General Strahl when he was mortally wounded, and heard the General's dying words: "Keep on firing."

After returning home from the war he studied medicine, and for over forty years was a prominent physician of his community, a faithful member of the Church, loved and respected by all who knew him. He leaves a widow, one daughter, and three sons.

John C. Henry.

On the 21st of April, 1910, comrades of New Orleans mourned the passing of another veteran into the long sleep. John C. Henry was born March 31, 1840, at Cambridge, Md., a descendant of an officer of the "M yland Line" of Revolutionary fame. At the age of twenty-two he left home and made his way to Richmond, Va., where he joined Company A, 2d Maryland Infantry, commanded by Capt. William H. Murray. This was in September, 1862, and he remained with the command until the surrender at Appomattox, having been with his regiment in the battles of Winchester, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, Weldon Railroad, Squirrel Level Road, Hatcher's Run, Pegram Farm, Petersburg, and Appomattox. Stewart's Brigade, to which the 2d Maryland was assigned, assaulted Culp's Hill at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, and took the line of Federal works, occupying the same through the night. A further advance the next morning failed, and after a desperate conflict the Confederate line was retired to the position of Rock Creek. The 2d Maryland commemorated this service by the erection of a monument which stands on the Federal line of works. Of the four hundred which the regiment carried into action, more than one-half were killed or wounded. Comrade Henry received three wounds, the last one near Petersburg the day before the evacuation. He proved himself a brave and gallant soldier. In 1890 he became a citizen of New Orleans and identified himself with Camp No. 1, U. C. V., and his remains now rest in the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia in Metairie Cemetery.

John D. McLean.

John D. McLean was the son of Green McLean and Emeline Dusenberry, born and reared in Lincoln County, Tenn., and from there enlisted as a private in the Confederate army. He became first lieutenant of his company before the close of the war, and in the latter part he was serving as captain. His company was a part of the 8th Tennessee Infantry. At the battle of Murfreesboro Lieutenant McLean was wounded, but kept at the head of his company until the battle was over. He served through the war, never missing a battle of his regiment. After the war he removed to Patterson, Ill., and died there on June 11, 1910. He lived a useful life in both States, and reared an intelligent and useful family.

Capt. William T. Chase.

[Written by Warner Ball, Esq., and read by F. G. Newbill at the unveiling of Captain Chase's portrait September 20, 1910, at Lancaster Courthouse, Va.]

Sometimes there is a joy in sadness. While we miss Capt. William T. Chase and his friendly greeting, it is a pleasure to pay a tribute to the memory of one of our best, noblest, and bravest. And while his children can rejoice in the love of an honored father, Lancaster is proud of his record as soldier and citizen.

William Tell Chase enlisted from Lancaster County, Va., April 3, 1861, and was mustered into the Confederate States' service at White Marsh, Va., as first lieutenant of Company C, 40th Regiment Virginia Infantry, under Capt. William Henderson and Col. John M. Brockenbrough, to serve during the war. The regiment was assigned to Field's Brigade, A. P. Hill's division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in many battles. He was promoted to captain May 22, 1862, and was wounded at Cold Harbor July 27, 1862, and at Gettysburg July 3, 1863. He was retired on April 25, 1864, on account of wounds received in battles. He was ever ready and among the first to answer the call of Virginia (his native State) and the Southern Confederacy. After the war he proved himself to be a successful business man and worthy citizen. He was married twice, each of his wives in her day presiding with queenly grace in his hospitable home.

John Wesley Colyer.

John Wesley Colyer, a veteran of Morgan's Cavalry, was born near Somerset, Ky., in 1834; and died recently at his home, in Perry, Ga. His father was a Virginian of Revolutionary ancestry, and his mother was Lydia Purvis, of South Carolina, also of Revolutionary stock. When the war began, John Colyer was a merchant in Kentucky; but he joined Morgan when in command of a squadron in 1861, and served with him for nearly a year, participating in the daring exploits in Tennessee that first made the name of Morgan familiar throughout the country. In 1862 he was on Morgan's famous Kentucky raid, and was in the battles at Tompkinsville, Lebanon, and at Cynthiana, where he was wounded July 17, 1862. After Kentucky was occupied by the armies of Bragg and Kirby Smith, Comrade Colyer organized a company of cavalry, of which he was elected first lieutenant and M. B. Perkins captain. This was made Company C of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, under command of Col. J. Warren Grigsby. On the return to Kentucky he served about Murfreesboro under General Buford, and took part in that battle and the raid to Lavergne. He joined Morgan again, and was in the battles of Milton, Snow's Hill, and other places early in 1863, and in June set out on the memorable raid through Ohio. He was wounded in the fight near Buffington's Island and made prisoner. After being in the hospital at Covington for three months, he was sent to Camp Chase and thence to Johnson's Island, and kept there until June, 1865.

Lieutenant Colyer went to Georgia in December, 1865, and made his home at Fort Valley, farming and merchandising. In 1883 he was elected sheriff of Houston County, and served for six years. He then made his home in Perry, Ga., and engaged in farming. He was twice married, his first wife dying in February, 1861. Two daughters survive that marriage, Mrs. E. M. Staley, of Dade City, Fla., and Mrs. R. H. Hartley, of Fort Valley. His second wife, who was Miss Mary E. Lowman, of Crawford County, Ga., survives him with one son, W. L. Colyer, of Fitzgerald, Ga.

Marvel Holbert.

Marvel Holbert was born in Rutherford County, N. C., February, 1834; and died at Mount Vernon, Tex., July 25, 1910. He was one of the pioneers of Texas, going to Titus County in 1851. He enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company D, 11th Texas Cavalry, served nine months, and was discharged at Tupelo, Miss. Regaining his health, he reënlisted in the 7th Texas Infantry. On account of wounds received he was discharged in April, 1865. Comrade Holbert was a true Confederate soldier, and was proud to bear that name. He was in the battles of Raymond, Miss., Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Ga., and Franklin, Tenn. He was one of the most punctual members of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., and fellow-members officiated at his burial. He leaves a wife, four children, two step-children, and many relatives to mourn their loss. He became a Church member in 1853, so that he was a "soldier of the cross" for fifty-seven years.

Comrade P. A. Blakey, who sent this notice, writes: "When attending the Reunion last at Nashville, we passed through Franklin, Tenn. When the train stopped, Comrade Holbert called me to the window and, pointing to a spot on the little rivulet, said: 'Captain, on the ninth day after I was wounded I crawled out there, pulled off my bloody shirt, and washed it.' So he was with you in that bloody conflict at Franklin."

Col. M. C. Saufley.

With the stars and bars of the Southland enfolded about him, all that was mortal of Judge M. C. Saufley, of Stanford, Ky., was laid to rest. Death came very suddenly to him on the morning of August 12, and life for him, which had been full of honors and rich in the respect and esteem of his fellow-men, closed in his sixty-eighth year. He was born in Monticello, Wayne County, Ky., and was the son of Henry Rinehart Saufley, who had come with his father and three brothers from Wythe County, Va., to Kentucky early in the history of the State. Judge Saufley was one of a large family of children, but the only survivor now is his sister, Mrs. C. A. Cox, of Jonesboro, Tenn.

When the war broke out, Comrade Saufley was a lad of nineteen, and with several brothers immediately entered the Southern army. He first enlisted as a private in Breckinridge's Brigade of Kentucky Infantry, but showed such aptitude for military affairs and such bravery that he was promoted to a first lieutenancy in Morgan's command, with whom he served throughout the war. He was captured on the celebrated Ohio raid, and experienced prison life at Allegheny City, Pa., Point Lookout, and Fort Delaware.

Soon after the war Judge Saufley was married to Miss Sallie Rowan, of McMinnville, Tenn., whom he had met during the war. She was a daughter of a distinguished Tennessee lawyer, S. D. Rowan, and a great-granddaughter of Governor Caswell, the first Governor of North Carolina.

Judge Saufley prepared for his life work at the Louisville Law School, and quickly forged to the front in his profession. He was elected County Judge of Lincoln County in 1870, serving until 1874. In 1888 he was appointed by President Cleveland as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the territory of Wyoming, remaining in the West until it was admitted to Statehood. Returning to his home in Kentucky, he was soon elevated to the circuit bench in 1892, and during his long career since on the bench he had won the reputation of being the best circuit judge in Kentucky. His third term had just begun when death cut his career short. The death of a favorite son last March doubtless hastened the end. Six of the eight children survive him, with the loved wife and mother.

WIFE OF ROBERT C. CROUCH.

At her home, near Morristown, Tenn., June 3, 1910, Mrs. Mary Scott Crouch, wife of Robert C. Crouch, departed from this life for the beyond after many weary months of suffering. Mrs. Crouch was born November 28, 1853, and was happily married on April 12, 1881. She is survived by her husband. Her daughter and only child preceded her to the other world nine years.



MRS. MARY SCOTT CROUCH.

Mrs. Crouch was educated at Salem, N. C., a cultured, refined, and intelligent woman. Her devotion to her husband was beautiful. She delighted in good works, and her great, loving heart impelled her to noble deeds. She was gentle and considerate of the poor. Her faith in God was steadfast. She was, with her husband, a member of the Presbyterian Church at Russellville. The one who knew Mrs. Crouch best wrote of her: "Her beautiful life was lived for others."

Comrades of her husband, in whom she was ever ardently interested, were especially attentive through her last illness, and she was borne to the grave by them with the honors of the W. B. Tate Camp. In all of life's duties, as neighbor, friend, and Christian, "she did what she could."

COL. R. H. LINDSAY.

Robert Hume Lindsay was born in Montrose, Scotland, in 1833, and was the fifth of twelve children. His parents were William and Mary Hume Lindsay, the latter a niece of the celebrated Joseph Hume. The father served as a government officer for forty-eight years. Robert was educated in Scotland, and served his apprenticeship in the Glasgow Apothecary Company. He came to the United States in 1851 and qualified as a pharmacist at Milledgeville, Ga., but in the same year removed to Shreveport, La., which continued his home for the rest of his long and useful life. In 1857 he embarked in the cotton business, and was so engaged at the outbreak of the war. At the first call he enlisted and assisted in raising a company known as the "Caddo Fencibles," of which he was made third lieutenant. This company was attached to the 16th Regiment, Louisiana Volunteer Infantry. In November, 1861, he was made captain, and in 1862 promoted to major of the regiment, and for gallant service on the field he was brevetted colonel of the 16th Regiment, having command in this capacity until his surrender at Meridian, Miss., May 17, 1865.

Throughout the campaign in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi Colonel Lindsay was always conspicuous in discharge of his duty, and with his regiment won renown on many hard-fought fields, at all times being noted for his coolness, courage, and heroism. He was devoted to his men, and cheerfully shared with them the privations and hardships of the camp and march. During the campaign beginning at Dalton, Ga., Colonel Lindsay's regiment was connected with Gibson's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, and was engaged with the enemy almost every day. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, Farmington, Perryville, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, 22d and 28th of July before Atlanta, Jonesboro, Ga., and Jackson, Miss. With the rear guard covering Hood's retreat from Tennessee after that disastrous campaign were the Louisianians of Gibson's Brigade, with Colonel Lindsay and his regiment, who never faltered, but fought desperately against tremendous odds, and it was the stubborn resistance of the Louisianians in this masterly retreat that saved Hood's army from utter annihilation. On April 16, 1865, Colonel Lindsay was the rear guard, and saved 3,000 men with a loss of 22.

After the war he returned to Shreveport, where he became a prominent citizen, taking an active part in the business, political, and religious work of the community. He was a splendid Bible scholar, and for 37 years was a ruling elder in his Church.

Colonel Lindsay was a member of the State Pension Board, and it was while attending a meeting of the Board in Baton Rouge, La., that the fatal summons came. He died on July 1, 1910, and was buried with Confederate honors at Shreveport by his Camp, the Gen. LeRoy Stafford.

In 1875 Colonel Lindsay was married to Miss Margaret Blake, daughter of Rev. T. C. Blake, of Nashville, Tenn., who survives him with two daughters, Miss Nannie Blake, of Shreveport, and Mrs. Walter Stewart, of Memphis, Tenn.

He was brave in battle, true in time of peace, honored and loved. Years ago he wrote important papers for the VETERAN.

HON. B. F. DIXON.

"Carolina mourns the loss of a distinguished son," said Governor Kitchin, of North Carolina, in his tribute to his official associate and close friend, Hon. Benjamin Franklin Dixon, State Auditor, whose death occurred in September. The State was in mourning for this most lovable son, and people thronged the corridors of the Capitol at Raleigh while his remains lay in state. The casket was draped with the United States and State flags and the well-worn and moth-eaten battle flag of the 14th North Carolina Regiment, in which he had served so valiantly, coming out with the rank of captain. On the casket was also his Masonic apron, and over the whole was laid the sword which he had wielded in battle for the South. Surrounding all and relieving the somberness of the mourning draperies were many lovely floral tributes. A special guard of honor from the Confederate Home shared watch with the North Carolina National Guard.

This was a many-sided man—soldier, physician, preacher, teacher, statesman—excelling in all. His first public act as a beardless boy was to enlist in defense of his State. His last public address was before the Confederate veterans at their recent reunion in Norfolk, Va. He loved his State, and gave her devoted service as soldier and citizen, and she honored him with some of the highest offices. In the State administration he was a wise counselor, with firm convictions and clear judgment. Dr. Dixon was full of knowledge, a man of courage and frankness, tempered by a genial manner which softened the directness of speech. He was a fine conversationalist and gifted as an orator, with a singular beauty of person, and a voice of rare power to sway his hearers. Those who knew him best admired him most, and in his going feel the loss of one who had made the world better and brighter for having been a part of it.

Capt. Walton Penn Snowden.

Walton Penn Snowden was born near Winchester, Tenn., some seventy years ago, his father removing to Mississippi when he was only five years old, and he grew to manhood in Aberdeen, Monroe County. Death came to him on October 8, 1910, while he was driving alone from his home to Brooksville, where he was to make arrangements for himself and wife to take a Western trip in search of health and recreation. He left a handsome estate which he acquired.

Captain Snowden enlisted in the first company that left Aberdeen, the "Vandorn Reserves," which became Company F of the famous 11th Mississippi, Davis's Brigade. He participated in all the battles of his regiment, receiving his baptismal fire at Seven Pines, fought through the seven days about Richmond, Second Manassas, and at Sharpsburg, where he was desperately wounded, his regiment losing every field officer in the engagement. He had been made orderly sergeant soon after enlisting, and filled this arduous position so well that he had the honor of leading the company as captain in the famous charge that the brigade made with the gallant Pickett on that fatal day at Gettysburg. Out of four hundred and forty-six privates and twenty-two officers who went in the fight, only ninety privates and two officers came out living and unhurt. He was seriously wounded while leading his company, and was captured and taken to Johnson's Island, where he endured prison horrors until the surrender.

Captain Snowden was married soon after the war to a Miss Henson, who lived only a short while, leaving one daughter, Mrs. Dr. Crease, of Bakersfield, Cal. In 1875 he married Miss Mollie Bush, who was his guiding spirit for eighteen years, and then he was left again to fight the battle of life alone. Two daughters had blessed this union, who are now Mrs. J. S. Cavett and Mrs. A. McIntosh, of Noxubee County, Miss. His surviving wife was Mrs. Will Hodges, who was his loving companion and helpmeet and a fond mother to his orphan children. He was a man respected and loved by all who knew him, and leaves a name of priceless worth.

James H. Irvine.

The death of James H. Irvine, of Fairville, Mo., marked the passing of a gentleman of the old school, one who never lost sight of his ideals, and in business, as in private life, never lowered his standard. He was born in Saline County, Mo., near Fairville, his father being a pioneer settler of that county, and the family was among the leaders of the community. At the beginning of the war James Irvine joined the company of his uncle, Edward Brown, as first lieutenant; but the company was captured soon after leaving Jefferson City and thrown into prison at McDowell's College, St. Louis, and later sent to Alton, from which prison they were paroled. Irvine then went South and joined the cavalry of Marmaduke's command, under General Price, and was in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Lexington, and others, and was in Shreveport, La., when the army disbanded.

He was married in 1857 to Miss Emma Hudson, of the Mount Carmel neighborhood, and to this union were born fourteen children, thirteen of whom live to honor their father's memory. In 1889 he removed to a ranch near Syracuse, Kans., where he lived until 1906, when he located at Springfield, Mo., which continued to be his home. He was visiting his daughter, Mrs. E. B. Chenoweth, of Bartlett, Tex., when the final summons came, on the 14th of June, 1910. His old comrades of Campbell Camp, of Springfield, attended the burial, and six Sons of Veterans bore the pall to the narrow confines which marked the end of a kindly life.

Frank Goodman.

Prof. Frank Goodman, a famous expert accountant, died in Little Rock July 28, 1910, leaving several sons who are becoming established in that beautiful city. The wife and mother, who was Miss Pattie Sims, of Nashville, died a year ago, and both are buried in beautiful Mount Olivet Cemetery, Nashville.

Professor Goodman was not a Confederate. He was born in New York fifty-three years ago, but he came South in his boyhood and espoused the spirit and interests of the Southern people the remainder of his days. His wife was a delightful woman, beautiful in person and in Christian character. As an expert accountant he did much intricate work for the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, and for the United States government. His work on bookkeeping was the accepted guide for many years. Soon after Father John B. Morris, of the Catholic Church, a native Tennesseean, was made Bishop of Arkansas, he employed Professor Goodman for service, and he then removed to Little Rock.

In his younger days, before being bereft largely of hearing, he was marvelous in his friendly, liberal, and progressive spirit.



FAMILY GROUP OF FRANK GOODMAN.

This fact is beautifully illustrated in a sketch by Dr. W. H. Bumpas, of Nashville. He was buried by the Masons, having been a Knight Templar. It is gratifying to be able to present the picture of himself and family, as he furnished a very expensive engraving for a tribute to the wife of the Editor thirty-one years ago.

Henry Clay Drexler.

Henry C. Drexler was born in Grand Gulf, Miss., in November, 1845; and his death occurred on September 22, 1910. In 1862 with his widowed mother and sisters he refugeed to Rocky Springs, Miss., where he enlisted in McCay's company of the 38th Mississippi Infantry, and he was in every engagement until captured. He was in prison for nearly twelve months. After the war he became a merchant at Rocky Springs, and was very successful. He was generous and helpful to young men in making their way. He was twice married, and is survived by his widow and nine children.

Maguire.—Comrade Patrick Gregory Maguire died on September 15 at Camp Nicholls Soldiers' Home, New Orleans, La. He enlisted in the Hannibal (Mo.) Light Artillery at New Orleans in 1862, and later served in Guibor's Missouri Battery until the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where he was disabled. After the surrender he taught school in Western Louisiana until failing health caused him to seek shelter at the Home. He was a native of Ireland, and seventy-three years of age.

Tributes to Departed Daughters.

Tributes of respect were paid in the U. D. C. Convention at Little Rock to departed members by representatives from the States in which the members had lived. Sister Esther Carlotta, of Florida, presented the names of Mrs. Maria C. Drysdale, the honorary President of the Florida Division, and Mrs. Susan Hartridge.

The name of Mrs. Julia P. Bate, the widow of Senator Bate, of Tennessee, was presented by Mrs. Sansom, of that State, and also the name of Mrs. Mark S. Cockrill.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, former President General, presented the name of Mrs. Emma C. Noble, of Texas.

Mrs. Kline, of Missouri, spoke of Mrs. Betty Scott Roberts, of St. Louis.

The name of Mrs. Robert Park, of Georgia, was presented by Miss Alice Baxter, the President in that State.

Mrs. Clapp, of Memphis, Tenn., brought the name of Mrs. Medora A. Brooks, of her city, a member of the Sarah Law Chapter.

Mrs. Ross, of Alabama, spoke of Mrs. M. D. Bibb and Mrs. Sarah B. Bethea, both of Montgomery.

Mrs. Randolph, of Virginia, spoke of the memory of Mrs. Alfred Gray. She also fittingly mentioned Mr. Joseph Bryan, who had been a faithful worker in all Confederate lines.

A beautiful part of the memorial service was the singing of Miss Annie Stedman, of Paragould. Her voice was clear, soft, and sweet, and the audience sat in rapt attention. She sang "Lest We Forget."

The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Hyde, of the Second Presbyterian Church in Little Rock, who made the invovation at the memorial service.

Mrs. J. L. Patterson.

Mrs. Eleanor Wadsworth Patterson was born in Jacksonville, Ala., February 9, 1848, the daughter of John and Sarah Pope Wadsworth, representatives of prominent Southern families, whose genealogical record extended to 1369, showing descent from the Woden family of Saxony and from Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Her death occurred on August 15, 1910.

Eleanor Wadsworth was educated in Rome, Ga. In January, 1868, she was married to J. L. Patterson in Chattanooga, Tenn., and in 1872 they went to Montana and located on a farm near Bozeman, which had since been their home. To them were born six children, a son, who died at the age of nineteen, and five daughters, and there are now seven grandchildren. Mrs. Patterson was a woman of strong character whose influence was felt for good in her community. She was a faithful Church worker and one of the organizers of the local Chapter, U. D. C., which she had served as President.

To the foregoing Miss Evie Morris, of Helena, adds: "It was through Mrs. Patterson's instrumentality that we have an organization in Montana. She was intensely Southern, and was always liberal in aiding any call. We feel very much discouraged, and know no one will be such an inspiration to us. She was buried in a beautiful gray casket, with the colors of the U. D. C. in floral pieces, one a cross of honor sent by the Bozeman Chapter."

Marvel Holbert.

M. Holbert was born in Rutherford County, N. C., February 7, 1834; and died at Mount Vernon, Tex., July 25, 1910, survived by a host of relatives and friends. He was a true Confederate soldier, and was severely wounded at Raymond, Miss., and again in the battle of Franklin, Tenn. He was discharged at Atlanta, Ga., in April, 1865. He was a member of the 11th Texas Cavalry, afterwards a member of the 7th Texas.

Comrade Holbert was a constant patron of the Veteran, and carefully filed away every copy he received. As long as physically able he attended all the general Reunions of U. C. V. The Ben McCulloch Camp at this place, of which he was a zealous member, has sustained a sad loss in his death. He shed tears of sorrow, as he feared the Sons of Veterans would fail to espouse the cause of the Confederate veterans when they are all gone. He had been a citizen of Texas for forty-nine years, and was a devoted member of the Missionary Baptist Church for forty-seven years.

He was a good citizen and a devoted husband and father.

Thomas Jefferson Smith.

Thomas J. Smith was born in Russ Common, Ireland, March 10, 1835; and died at his home, in Mount Vernon, Tex., September 29, 1910. He was a member of Company I, 9th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, from October, 1861, and served to the close of the war. He was never paroled. He served chiefly in the Tennessee department of service, was twice wounded, and was in the following battles: Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Stone Mountain, Lookout Mountain, Franklin, and Thompsons Station, and many skirmishes. He attended many of the general Reunions, having attended at Mobile. He captured five Federal soldiers when alone and marched them to General Ross's headquarters. Being asked by the General how he had succeeded in this capture, he replied promptly: "I surrounded them." He was at one time captured by the Federal cavalry. While holding the guard's horse he mounted the horse and made good his escape.

Comrade Smith was a farmer, a grocery merchant, and a member of the "Old Line" Baptist Church. Many relatives and friends attended his funeral. He was a zealous reader of the Veteran and a worthy type of the Confederate soldier. Rest, comrade, rest.

Dr. W. B. Dashiell.

Dr. W. B. Dashiell died at his home, in Terrell, Tex., on August 14, 1910, after a lingering illness of several months. He was originally from Shelbyville, Tenn., where lives his sister, the only surviving member of his family, now eighty years of age. He went to Texas in early manhood, and there married a Miss Greer, who died, leaving two children. His second wife was a Miss Jones, of Tennessee, and to them were born a son and daughter. Dr. Dashiell served in the medical department of the Confederacy, and at the close of the war was surgeon of Parson's Brigade. He was at one time a member of the Legislature, prominent in all enterprises, and was one of the old type of Southern gentlemen. His wife and four children survive him.

John Randolph Finley.

John R. Finley was born in Union County, Ky., in 1844, removing while a child to Virginia. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, and was a member of the signal corps under Capt. E. J. DeJarnett and Maj. Pat Millican. He served throughout the war, and was in some of the fiercest battles—the Wilderness, Petersburg, and many others—and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox.

He returned to Kentucky, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Marion, Crittenden County, Ky., served as County Attorney from 1870 to 1874, and was United States Gauger under Cleveland. He married Miss Elizabeth Gregory in 1870. Six children were born to them, five of whom survive. He departed this life September 13, 1910.

KEEP YOUR GRIT.

Hang on! Cling on! No matter what they say.
Push on! Sing on! Things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit.
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.
Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down;
Grab a spar or something—just refuse to drown.
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit;
Smile in face of danger and hang on to your grit.
Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away;
Make a little error and give up in dismay.
Kind of man that's needed is the man with ready wit,
To laugh at pain and trouble and keep his grit.

—*Selected, in American Issue.*

JUDGE H. H. COOK'S GREETING AT FRANKLIN.

In his welcome address at the Franklin (Tenn.) Reunion Judge H. H. Cook said:

"In the name of the people of Williamson County, we welcome you to Franklin. That you may know how genuine and how true our welcome is, we have only to state that this county sent more soldiers to the Confederate army than she had voters, that one-fifth of her population served in the armies of the Confederacy. Then in the name of the noble and devoted women of this county we welcome you to Franklin. As an evidence of their devotion we point you to the beautiful monument which they have erected upon the Public Square to forever perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier. In McGavock Cemetery, near the beautiful Harpeth River, rest our comrades who fell upon the battlefield of Franklin. * * * Our devoted women have cared for their dead all these long years, and with equal fortitude and devotion they have served and cheered the living. By their aid and devotion have we been able to save and to perpetuate the Christian civilization of the South.

"Comrades, our devotion to the Confederate government was great. It stood for all that was near and dear to us—constitutional government, State rights, personal liberty, and all that is good and noble in government. It stood for all that is grandest and best in a Christian civilization—a right to control and to manage our own home affairs and to work out our destiny surrounded, as we were, with many difficult problems unknown to the people of the North. The words of Naboth, 'Jehovah, forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers,' were engraven upon the hearts of the South.

"We were right in the sixties, and we make no apologies for the past; but we have been and are still willing to join all good men both North and South and do all in our power for the general good. But, comrades, while this is true, we should firmly insist that history should be correctly written and that our motives should be fully expressed. * * *

"John Brown, in violation of the Constitution of the United States and that of the State of Virginia, by the aid of the North, invaded the State of Virginia, shed the blood of her citizens, and attempted to overthrow her civil government.

"The brave soldier who did his duty has never had in his heart any bitterness against the brave soldier who fought and did his duty in the army for the North; but there are great moral and constitutional questions to be settled. The North must point out and show to the ages to come the spirit that actuated her people.

"Fifty years is a long time to love, cherish, and worship a government departed, but we are justified in our devotion to the Southern Confederacy—the only government that ever rose, reigned, and fell without the guilt of a single crime."

General Gordon delivered an address of half an hour in which he made an able presentation of the cause of the Confederacy, reciting historical facts bearing upon the events leading up to the Civil War.

Elder R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General, spoke briefly but earnestly, urging that bitterness of feeling wherever found should be discouraged and banished from the heart.

NOTED CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS.

To Be Sold on Storage Account.

The portraits that figured largely in a libel suit against the proprietor of the Veteran some years ago will be recalled by the following, which has had wide circulation:

"Eleven life-size portraits of the most noted of Confederate officers and generals will be sold at an early date by the sheriff of Kenton County, according to an order handed down by Circuit Judge M. L. Harbeson. The order was issued in the case of T. W. Sandford against John C. Underwood and J. H. Mersman. Sandford is suing the defendants for a bill of $361.78 for storage on the portraits, and the court ordered that they be sold to satisfy the claim.

"The following officers in uniforms are portrayed on the canvasses: Gens. Robert E. Lee, A. S. Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Lieut. Gens. Leonidas Polk, N. B. Forrest, S. D. Lee, Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Admiral R. Semmes, Gov. Isham G. Harris, and Gens. John B. Gordon and Wade Hampton, all names dear to the hearts of every true Southerner. The pictures are of great value and were painted by Prof. E. A. Andrews, a noted artist and former director of the Cochran School of Art of Washington, D. C.

"The paintings were originally made for a Southern organization, but were never taken by them. Underwood is said to be living in New York, and it is claimed that he sold the pictures to Mersman after storing them."

It will be observed that all of the foregoing is quoted, so the Veteran does not assert on its own account that "the pictures are of great value," etc.

Courier to Gen. F. M. Cockrell—W. F. Read.—The widow of W. F. Read, who lives at Lampasas, Tex., would be glad to hear from any member of F. M. Cockrell's Missouri brigade who knew her husband. He was enrolled in Company E, 1st and 3d Missouri Volunteer Cavalry (dismounted), and served as courier to General Cockrell in Mississippi and Georgia. In a letter to him from General Cockrell, dated February 12, 1909, he refers to his old captain, Harry Wilkinson, who died in Vicksburg, Miss., some years ago, leaving a family there. He also mentions Smith, of Company A, 2d Missouri Infantry; Col. Elijah Gates, at St. Joseph, Mo.; Lieutenant Colonel Cooper, Howard County, Mo.; Capt. Joe Flanagan, Ed Pitcher, and Captains Mauper and Danner; also Judge J. V. Cockrell, his brother. If any comrade who recalls the little courier of General Cockrell who for a time rode a white horse that was conspicuous by his prancing when the band played will write to Dr. J. D. Read at Lampasas, Tex., the favor will be appreciated. There was a sketch of her husband, W. F. Read, in the Veteran for September, 1909.

No Intrenchments for Manassas Battle.—Referring to the article in the October Veteran from the Atlanta Journal under title of "Brief, Vivid Account of First Manassas," P. N. Vaughan, of Selma, Ala., calls attention to the statement, "So well intrenched were the Confederates," etc., and says that "no intrenchments were used by either army at the battle of First Manassas."

OUR DWINDLING HOST OF IMMORTAL HEROES.

As a constant attendant upon Confederate Reunions, the sad fact has become more and more apparent to me that the Confederate soldier is fast passing away. Soon there will be no more Reunions, no more gatherings and parades of the maimed, halting, and worn old veterans, whom it is our custom to cheer on the streets every Memorial Day. The boys in gray are growing feeble, and are now old, old men. They were boys of the most dashing type in the days of '61, but that was nearly half a century ago. Soon, all too soon, and O'Hara's beautiful verse will apply also to them:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo.
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

As an old soldier I preface my remarks with the statement that the object of this article is to eulogize the Daughters of the Confederacy, and I voice the sentiments of thousands of old soldiers who have not the means of expressing their thanks to those noble women for their glorious work in erecting monuments to Confederate soldiers. We feel this sense of gratitude, because it shows on their part a spirit of present appreciation. Not content merely to decorate the veteran's grave after he is dead, they are erecting beautiful memorials while he is alive and can see and appreciate the sentiments and reverence with which he is esteemed.

There is nothing, not even his commanding officer's praise when he was an intrepid youth, which so kindles and fires the old soldier's heart as the sight of a monument erected to him and to the cause for which so many of his comrades died. It is a sight indeed to see a handful of these tottering veterans saluting a monument builded in memory of their heroism and which will all too soon become for them a memorial instead. They are fast leaving us, fast mustering beyond the river, answering the last roll call in the halls of eternity, and no more beautiful assurance that the Old South is cherished can be found anywhere than is shown in these marks of appreciation and in the spirit which erected them. The wounds and scars of war may heal, but it is fitting that the glories of heroism should be forever cherished as an inspiration to our South of the future.

War is a man's fight, but a woman's burden. True to the instincts, fortitude, and appreciation which made them real heroes of the war, our Southern women have with the same enthusiasm thrown their best efforts into this worthy cause, until to-day there are standing in the South hundreds of monuments erected to the Confederate soldiers. The time was when these were largely confined to the leading centers, where the Chapters were in command of considerable wealth; but it is now becoming a point of pride with the local Chapters everywhere in the remote towns and countries as well as in the larger cities to erect their own local monuments. To this laudable ambition and noble sense of love is due the great number of memorials now standing to the Confederate soldier, and it is to be hoped that they will have contributed more and more to the survivors of the Confederate army before it is too late for the veterans to realize and know the appreciation in which they are held.

It is not my custom to refer to any business firm in my editorial columns, and I hesitate to do so now, but a sheer sense of justice impels me to give justice where it is due. The rapid increase in the number of monuments erected and the ability of Chapters apparently without funds to raise costly monuments has been personally inquired into by many lovers of the cause; and in almost every instance the generous hand of the McNeel Marble Co., of Marietta, Ga., can be traced as the pilot who has carried through and been responsible for the consummation of the laudable ambitions of these patriot women of the Southland, for they have extended credit without a guarantee of any kind, and have reposed trust without a definite knowledge that they would ever be reimbursed. To such loyal sons of a Confederate captain we owe a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid.

In conclusion, I offer homage to the generous spirit and loving loyalty of the Confederate daughters, and nothing could be more appropriate than that a shaft be raised in memory of the good women who before and after the war have so bravely borne the heaviest burden of that historic conflict.

THE REUNION.

BY FRANK BRANAN.

Where sturdy bulwarks once were built,
And men in battle slain;
Where blood of friend and foe was spilt
To fertilize the plain;
Where unprotected homes were spoil
And pillage of forays—
The Peach, the queen of Southern soil,
Her royal scepter sways.

Her crimsoned blossom is aglow
With blood that heroes shed,
And gracefully her branches grow
Like laurels for the dead.
Her boughs of lusciousness are stripped
By summer's stealthy hand;
The nectar of her fruit is sipped
Throughout the common land.

As round a sweet communion we,
In fellowship divine,
Repentance and humility,
Partake of bread and wine—
To children of the Union may
This luscious feast be spread!
We wear no more the blue and gray;
The dead past buries dead.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

SOMETHING APPROPRIATE FOR YOUNG AND OLD IN THESE VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, by President Davis, giving in condensed form the most important facts relating to the secession of the Southern States and the organization of the Southern Confederacy, with descriptions of the leading engagements on the field, making a record of accurate historical data. It should be used in schools as well as have a place in every Southern library. Only a few copies left. Bound in cloth. Price, $4, postpaid.

R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By Henry A. White. The author has gathered his data for this volume from the widest and most authentic sources, and accepted facts only after careful research, and he gives an account of our General that is vivid, personal, and new in form. Neatly bound in cloth, $3.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which bring out most interestingly the domestic side of General Lee's character, while the connectional comments by Captain Lee add much to the entertaining qualities of the book. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. The best biography of the great general ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Published in two volumes. Six hundred pages, cloth. Price, $4.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A history of the operations of his command and a masterly vindication of his plan of operations. In half morocco, $3.25; sheep, $2.75, postpaid. This is about half price.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. Doubtless the most interesting personal narrative on the War between the States, presenting the part taken by this matchless soldier. In cloth, $1.50; the first edition, cloth, $3; memorial edition in half morocco, $4.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. This book has become well known as standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle," therefore needs no further commendation. It was written with great care, every important statement being verified by unquestioned testimony. Illustrated. Cloth-bound. Price, $4. A year's VETERAN with this.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French, of Florida. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, illustrated, giving an interesting account of his service in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.

MEMOIRS OF HON. JOHN H. REAGAN, Postmaster-General of the Confederate government. Occupying this position in President Davis's Cabinet throughout the war, Mr. Reagan was regarded as one of the masters who shaped the fortunes of the Confederacy. A notable volume. Price, $3.24, postpaid.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke. The history of this most remarkable command by one who participated in its many adventures under dashing John Morgan and succeeded him in the command. Cloth. Price, $2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTEEN PRESIDENTS. By Col. John Wise, of Virginia. "Every one of them," he says, "possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality, and dominating force." Bound in cloth and illustrated with pictures of Presidents from Tyler to Roosevelt. Price, $2.50.

CAMP CHASE. By Col. W. H. Knauss, a veteran of the Federal army, who gave his services freely toward the preservation of the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, and in this book gives its history during and since the war, with a list of those there buried. Cloth. Price, $2.20, postpaid.

PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett. An entertaining and charmingly written history of the gallant commander and the men he led up the heights of Gettysburg to fame. Cloth. Price, $2.50.

SERVICE AFLOAT. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy and giving the history of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Cloth, $4, postpaid.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. A companion book to that by Admiral Semmes by one who served under him during the wonderful career of the Alabama. Only a few copies of this volume on hand. Price, $3.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, $1.50.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. "A worthy and true account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is of heroic suffering and strength of character." Price, $1.50.

A BELLE OF THE FIFTIES. By Mrs. Clement Clay Clopton, of Alabama. These reminiscences cover a period before the war, when as the wife of the distinguished Senator Clay, from Alabama, she took part in the gay life of Washington society; during the war when she, in common with her sisters of the South, sacrificed and suffered; and after the war when she made such persistent effort to secure the release of her husband from prison. Handsomely illustrated. Price, $2.75.

A SOUTHERN GIRL IN 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Baltimore. This is a similar volume of reminiscences written in a charming style. The book is beautifully bound and illustrated with pictures of the prominent men and beauties of that time. Price, $2.50.

A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE CIVIL WAR. By Mrs. Myrta Lockert Avary. The heart story of a young woman whose soldier husband made one of the great army of Lee. Cloth, $1.50.

DIXIE AFTER THE WAR is a later book by Mrs. Avary, and gives fascinating and pathetic glimpses of events during and immediately after the war, with numerous illustrations of notable persons, a hitherto unpublished photograph of Hon. Jefferson Davis forming the frontispiece. A handsome cloth volume. Price, $2.75.

BRIGHT SKIES AND DARK SHADOWS. By Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D. A series of sketches in his travels through the South, a number of pages especially devoted to the battle of Franklin, etc. Cloth. Price, 50 cents (reduced from $1.50).

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE. In two large volumes are given some of the most masterly efforts of American oratory. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $5 per set.

HANCOCK'S DIARY. By R. R. Hancock, a member of Forrest's command, whose record includes a history of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest. Reduced to $1.25.

OLD TALES RETOLD. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Some of the most interesting events in Tennessee history rewritten by this talented daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and published in an attractive volume. Price, $1.

CAMPAIGNS OF WHEELER AND HIS CAVALRY. The manuscript of this book was prepared by members of General Wheeler's staff just after the close of the war, when matters were fresh in mind, and it is one of the most complete histories that has been written of any command engaged in the

Civil War. Edited by W. C. Dodson, of Atlanta. Bound in cloth at $2.50; half leather, $3.

Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision. A late book by E. W. R. Ewing, a prominent young attorney of Washington, D. C., and well known as the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." This work is valuable in giving a full history of this noted case, with a thorough examination of the opinion delivered by the Supreme Court in March, 1857. Cloth-bound, $3, postpaid.

Life and Times of C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Confederate States Treasury Department. By Henry D. Capers, A.M., Ph.D. A valuable work on this department of the Confederate government and the man who controlled it. Bound in cloth, sheep, and leather at $2.50, $3, and $4.

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. In two volumes. Per set, half morocco, $10; cloth, $7.

Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee. By Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. More especially a history of his military campaigns and valuable for its accuracy. Cloth-bound. Price, $1.50.

A Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson. By E. A. Moore, with introduction by Capt. R. E. Lee. A most interesting story of the experiences of an artilleryman. Highly indorsed by the press of this country and Europe. Cloth-bound, $2, postpaid.

From Bull Run to Appomattox. By Luther W. Hopkins. An account of the four years' service of a boy in Stuart's Cavalry—a book interesting alike to the young and old, containing descriptions of events never before recorded. It should be in every library. Cloth, $1.19, postpaid.

Southern Poets: Father Ryan's Poems. Cloth, $1.50. Other bindings procurable. Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited by his wife. Price, $2. Poems of Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition. Cloth, $1.50.

Robert's Rules of Order. Adopted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as their guide. Price, 75 cents.

Military Annals of Tennessee. By Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, D.D. Half morocco, $5; full morocco, $7.50.

Songs of Dixie. A collection of the songs so popular during the war, both words and music. Paper cover, 75 cents.

War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy. Compiled by Dr. M. B. Wharton. Cloth. Price, $2.

Southern States of the American Union. By Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Price, $1.50.

Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones, D.D. Cloth. Price, $2.

Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession. By Maj. E. W. R. Ewing. Price, $1.

Confederate Operations in Canada and New York. By Capt. John W. Headley. Cloth. Price, $2.

Other Books at $2.

Four Years under Mars Robert. By Maj. Robert Stiles.

Women of the Confederacy. By Rev. J. L. Underwood.

Recollections of a Lifetime. By John Goode, of Virginia.

Story of the Confederate States. By Joseph T. Deery.

Any books not listed here will be ordered for patrons of the Veteran at publishers' prices. This includes current fiction.

Many of the prices in the foregoing have been reduced through fortunate purchase by the Veteran to low figures.

For Sale—Sixteen-page magazine containing picture of Jefferson Davis, his birthplace, history of his life, picture of Baptist church erected on his birthplace. Something interesting. Twenty cents, postpaid. C. B. Brewer, Fairview, Ky.

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY.

A Library of Confederate States History, in twelve volumes, written by distinguished men of the South, and edited by Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia.

The extensive Confederate publication in twelve volumes, bearing the title of "Confederate Military History," has been commended by reports of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The purpose of the undertaking was to present a library of general information on the issues involved in the great contest between the Northern and the Southern States, and also the military history of the Confederacy by separate States.

In the first volume Hon. J. L. M. Curry clearly and ably discusses the constitutional questions involved in the secession of States from the Federal Union as those questions appeared in the political status of 1860. To Prof. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, was assigned the task of portraying the policy and the action of the South in territorial extension, with all the benefits which the Union derived from the policy of American expansion advocated by the South. Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, follows in the same volume with a full presentation of the civil and political events which brought on the Confederate movement, and he adds to his contribution sketches of President Davis and his Cabinet, Vice President Stephens, the Confederate generals and the lieutenant generals.

The next ten volumes contain military history of the States engaged in defending the Confederate States against the military forces of the United States: Maryland, by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; Virginia, Maj. Jed Hotchkiss; North Carolina, Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr.; South Carolina, Gen. Ellison Capers; Alabama, Gen. Joe Wheeler; Mississippi, Col. Charles E. Hooker; Tennessee, Ex-Governor Porter; Kentucky, Col. J. Stoddard Johnston; Missouri, Colonel Moore; Arkansas, General Harrell; Louisiana, Professor Dimitry; Texas, Governor Roberts; West Virginia, Gen. Robert White.

The twelfth volume has a most admirable history of the course of the Southern States during the odious Reconstruction period and the material progress of the South since the war. This production is from the fair mind and good heart of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee. Captain Parker writes of the wonderful Southern navy. Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., describes graphically the morale of the Confederate armies; and in the same volume General Evans outlines the military history taken as a whole. Other important features appear in all these volumes, especially the sketches of very nearly all the generals of the Confederacy.

This truly great contribution to Confederate literature, written by devoted Confederates and edited by General Evans, surpasses anything yet undertaken or that ever may be expected on behalf of the Southern cause, and will be received and preserved as an invaluable compendium of the records of the most momentous period in American history.

The Veteran did not commend this work in the outset because of the price, which was $48 for the cloth and $60 for the half-leather sets. But the price is now reduced to one-half the original, and the Veteran controls the entire edition, which it offers at half price. Every Southerner who can afford the expense of half price should secure sets at once, and every library, North as well as South, should be diligent to secure this great history.

The Veteran has become able to supply all Confederate literature on the best possible terms. It has sought all the years of its history to secure such literature at low prices.

325,000 Escape Curse of Deafness

Little Invisible Sound Transmitter Does Wonders for the Deaf

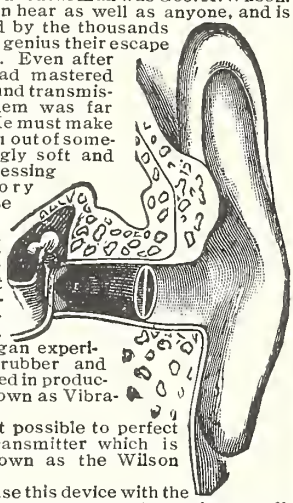
Nearly half a million victims of Deafness have escaped from the Prison of Silence.

How did they do it?

By the use of a marvelous little Sound Transmitter, made of Vibratory Rubber.

Nobody but a deaf man would have had the infinite patience and dogged determination to study and experiment for years—to perfect the tiny Transmitter. That deaf man was Geo. H. Wilson.

Today, he can hear as well as anyone, and is almost idolized by the thousands who owe to his genius their escape from deafness. Even after Mr. Wilson had mastered the laws of sound transmission, the problem was far from solved. He must make the Transmitter out of something exceedingly soft and light, yet possessing great vibratory power. The use of metal was impossible in so delicate a device. Ordinary rubber did not possess the necessary vibratory qualities. Mr. Wilson began experiments with rubber and finally succeeded in producing what is known as Vibratory Rubber.



This made it possible to perfect the Sound Transmitter which is commonly known as the Wilson Ear Drum.

Do not confuse this device with the speaking tubes or ear trumpets, or the complicated and expensive portable telephones which make the wearer look conspicuous and feel ridiculous. The Wilson Sound Transmitter or ear drum is so small that it rests completely **out of sight** in the ear holes.

So soft and comfortable that the wearer forgets all about it. So magical in its results that it makes the deaf hear distinctly, **and instantly.** So many deaf people have written to Mr. Wilson for information in regard to the Sound Transmitter that he has written a little book about it. And just to make the story complete, he has put in several hundred letters from people of every station in life who are using his Sound Transmitters.

Copies of this fascinatingly interesting book are now being mailed. If you wish one, simply write a post card immediately to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 156 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky (9)

CONFEDERATE MAT

A MAT FOR FRAMING THE CONFEDERATE NOTE

Has the Confederate flags crossed at the top and the famous "Lines on the Confederate Note" grouped about a space for the note. Makes an interesting and attractive addition to any collection of Confederate pictures. Can be had for 15c. apiece, or $12.50 per hundred, by applying to

MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN SIMMONS
Martinsville, Va.

Confederate Soldiers

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **May 30, 1911**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected.

Respectfully,
W. L. JETT, Attorney, Frankfort, Ky

If afflicted with SORE EYES Use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Lewis Peach, of Chapel Hill, Tenn., makes inquiry for Lieutenant Galleon, of Company A, 8th Tennessee. He was wounded in the skirmish at the mouth of Chickamauga Creek November 24, 1863, and his ankle badly shattered.

Clarence Jefferies, of Laredo, Tex., seeks information of his grandfather, Dr. W. C. Jefferies, of Union District, who was a soldier in the Confederate army from beginning to end of the war. He was residing at Montgomery, Tex., when the war broke out, and enlisted in a Texas regiment.

Mrs. J. W. Magarvy, of Rives, Tenn., seeks information of her husband's soldier life. Three old soldiers of the 6th Kentucky Regiment wrote to her, one at Glasgow, one at Hartsville, Tenn., and one from another place, and also a Captain Page, but she can't recall his address. She lost her trunk and letters, and will be glad to hear from them again.

Miss Ida V. Martin, of Wylie, Tex., wishes to know if her uncle, John L. Haynie, who served through the war in Tennessee troops, is still living. He went to Arizona shortly after the war, and was in that section when last heard from. She will appreciate any information of him.

The McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga., still have a number of beautiful half-tone engravings of the Gen. John B. Gordon monument erected in Atlanta by the Gordon Memorial Association which they are sending to officers of Chapters who contemplate the erection of monuments in the future. Any officers or friends desiring one of these engravings can get it by sending names and addresses as above.

What is he? Rev. C. M. Farrar, of Black Betsy, W. Va., says he must be a Confederate soldier still, as he never surrendered and was never paroled, yet he was never sworn into the C. S. A. He writes of having been wounded and captured at Piedmont June 5, 1864, and wants somebody who was in it to write of that fight. He also makes inquiry of the Norvell family in Tennessee, descendants of Woodson C. Norvell, eldest brother of his mother, who left his home, in Albemarle County, Va., and settled in Nashville, Tenn., and asks that they will write to him.

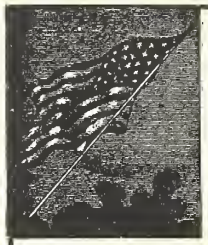


Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

Uniforms

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for catalogue. Our goods are strictly military and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Send for catalogue and prices.

The M. C. Lilley & Co.
Columbus, Ohio



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 38 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

KU KLUX KLAN

This booklet published by order of Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and proceeds to go to the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, 25cts. each; postage, 1c. for single copies, 3c. for six, 5c. for twelve. Address MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Historian, Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

Southern Authors

Southern authors who have book manuscript should consult COL. WM. H. STEWART, Box 14, Portsmouth, Va., who represents responsible publishers.

LET ME DO YOUR SHOPPING

No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, 607 Atherton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

HISTORY OF THE LAUREL BRIGADE

Commanded by Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, Originally by Gen. Turner Ashby, and of Chew's Battery, Commanded by Col. R. Preston Chew, Both of Army of Northern Virginia

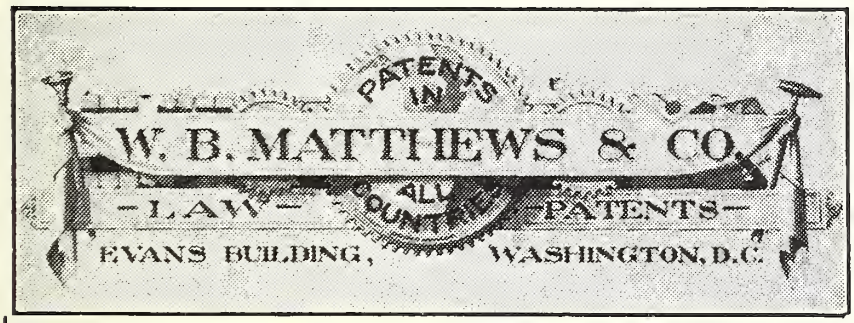
By the Late CAPT. WILLIAM N. McDONALD

A book of 499 pages, containing the muster rolls of the companies forming the brigade, and 36 illustrations representing the likenesses of the officers of the brigade, and pictures of Rosser's defeat of Custer at Trevilians Station, Va., and of Ashby's charge at Middletown, Va.

The author, Capt. William N. McDonald, was the son of Col. Angus W. McDonald, and was a Master of Arts of the University of Virginia. He enlisted as a private in the Second Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, on the 19th of April, 1861, and was subsequently transferred to the Laurel Brigade, where he served as Ordnance Master on the staff of General Roper, and afterwards served as Chief of Ordnance of Mahon's Division of Lee's Army, with the rank of Captain of Artillery. His service in the army was continuous from the date of Virginia's secession until the surrender at Appomattox.

Price of the book, $2.00. Address either

MAJ. A. W. McDONALD or
MISS MARY Y. McDONALD
CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., W. VA.



¶ Patents Procured in All Countries. ¶ Trade-Marks and Labels Registered. ¶ Practice in Federal Courts. ¶ Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents. ¶ Validity Searches, Etc.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

OFFICE: 515 to 522 Evans Building, Washington, D. C.

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.

Wanted—Agents to sell Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Glassware, Chinaware, etc. Free illustrated catalogue. Factory prices. Liberal commission. Agents make money selling these goods.

Address T. E. HANBURY & CO., Steiner Emery Building, Atlanta, Ga.

GUNSTON HALL

1906 Florida Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Preparatory and Special Courses. Art, Music, and Languages. New building, specially planned for the school. Washington offers exceptional opportunities to students. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal
Miss E. M. Clark, L.L.A., Associate Principal

Mrs. George T. Sherrod, Route No. 4, Arlington, Tenn., would like to hear from any surviving members of Harvey's Scouts who knew her husband in the service.

F. M. Bunch, of Pulaski, Tenn., has volumes of the VETERAN for 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, and 1908, as well as extra back numbers, which he wishes to dispose of. All are in good condition.

N. B. Holifield, of Mayfield, Ky., needs the January and March numbers of the VETERAN for 1893 to complete his file, and is willing to pay for them liberally if in good condition. Write him as to condition and price asked.

John E. Roller, of Harrisonburg, Va., is exceedingly anxious to secure a copy of the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine for October, 1906, which will complete his file of the magazine. Any one having the copy for sale will do well to communicate with him, stating condition and price asked.

Hon. Joseph F. Johnston, of Washington, D. C., wishes to secure information in regard to a medal of honor having been voted to Capt. Charles M. Hooper, of Company D, 5th Battalion Infantry, by the Confederate Congress. Surviving comrades will probably be able to give the particulars of this presentation.

C. P. Robarts, of Guernsey, Ark., asks that any comrades of Thomas Lantar, who served in Company A, 59th Georgia, under Colonel Stanford, Major Cook, and Capt. William Stokes, will kindly write him of this comrade's service, as he needs a pension, and the testimony of surviving comrades is necessary in order to secure it.

Mrs. F. A. Savell, 153 South Jefferson Street, Mobile, Ala., wishes to ascertain the company and regiment in which her father, A. F. Gresham, served. He was a resident at Pollard, Ala., at the time of his enlistment. He wrote his wife from Atlanta, Ga., in 1864 while in the hospital there; and as nothing further was heard from him, he must have died there. Any information as to his service or fate will be appreciated. Gresham was a Master Mason and treasurer of his lodge.

The Story of a Cannoneer under

Stonewall Jackson

"The best book on the war yet written."
"Should be read by every man and boy in the South."
"No malice, no bitterness—just a soldier's life."
Reviewed favorably by papers in both North and South.
Price, $2, including postage. Address the author.

E. A. MOORE, - - - Lexington, Va.

A NICE CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR PRESENT



The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ **General Marcus J. Wright** indorses it as follows: "I regard it as **one of the finest paintings I ever saw.** The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals **is most remarkable.** The Lithograph copy is a **most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies."** ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27x16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ **Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents. Every home should have a picture.** Those desiring to procure this great Lithograph must order now, as the supply is nearly exhausted and no more will be printed. Address

MATTHEWS & COMPANY, 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

Christmas Gifts

Many Novelties in Our New Catalogue. Write for One.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
Department B
1231 Pa. Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

25 Cents a Bottle
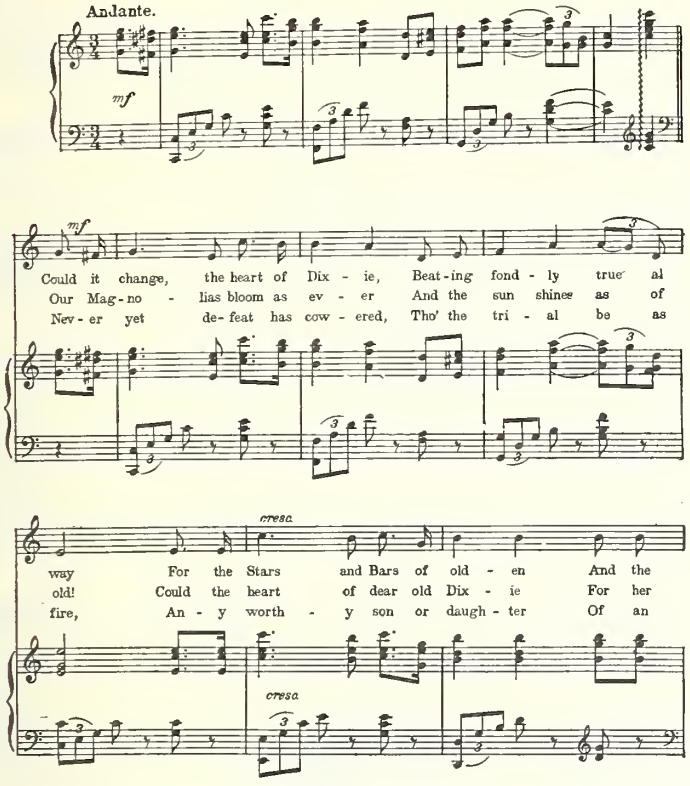
Jack J. Spencer, Spear Mansion, St. Augustine, Fla., wants to find a veteran who was acquainted with Joshua Lumsden, of Company A, 15th South Carolina Volunteers.

D. J. Ford, of Mexico, Mo., has the last five volumes of the VETERAN in fine condition which he wishes to dispose of. This is a good opportunity to get some nice volumes.

A. C. Copeland, of Crossville, Ala., would like to hear from his comrades, John Plemmons, Thomas Redmond, or any others of the 3d Confederate Cavalry, to which he belonged as a member of Company B.

The Heart Of Dear Old Dixie

Lyric and Music
By JACOB CLOSZ



Copyright, MCMX, by Jacob Closz

A tribute
to the heroic devotion of the Southland.
A great sentiment set to stately, noble music—national in scope.

Supplied by your dealer; or mailed, postpaid, for 25 cents; 3 copies for 50 cents; 8 copies for $1 by the publishers. :: ::

Nice for Christmas

FREE COPIES TO CONFEDERATE CHOIRS

A descriptive and thematic catalogue of
"The Heart of Dear Old Dixie"
and other Closz songs mailed free on application. Liberal terms to agents everywhere. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

THE CLOSZ CO.

Music Publishers

6438 Emerald Ave. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

NEAT and NOBBY are the UNIFORMS made by

PETTIBONE

Prices from $7.50 Up

Our Catalogue No. 336 is filled with illustrations and interesting prices on Uniforms, Insignia, Flags, and Novelties for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Have YOU Seen It? It's Yours for the Asking

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI

ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIR HOLIDAY PRESENT

UNDER THE MALTESE CROSS
ANTIETAM TO APPOMATTOX

Campaigns Army of Potomac

Sixteen chapters of sieges, marches, camp life, and reminiscences, with four hundred war-time illustrations and portraits. Twenty contributed articles by veterans.
850 pages. Price, $5.00. Express, 50 cents extra. Published by

155TH REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION
Chas. F. McKenna, Secretary
702 Frick Building **Pittsburg, Pa.**

Mrs. T. M. Anderson, of Pickens, Miss., has the following numbers of the VETERAN which she will dispose of at one dollar per volume or fifteen cents per copy, the purchaser to pay transportation charges, proceeds of the sale to be applied to the Jefferson Davis fund and the "Immortal Six Hundred" monument. She has May, July, August, November, and December, 1900; lacks April, May, and September, 1901; lacks January, August, and September, 1902; volume complete for 1903; lacks October, 1904, August, 1905, and January, 1906; volumes complete for 1907, 1908, and 1909.

Mrs. E. J. Lee, 64 East Avenue, Atlanta, Ga., is anxious to secure the war record of her husband, Barney D. Lee, who served in Company L, 38th Georgia Regiment, Wright's Legion, Joe Thompson's artillery. The command reported is a little confusing, but it is published as given in the hope that some one may be helpful to Mrs. Lee in furnishing the information.

FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX

By L. W. HOPKINS

Of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry

7¾x5¼. Pages, 219 Cloth. Illustrated.

$1.10, Including Postage

Buy this book for your library. It is in many of the best libraries in the country.
Governor Mann, of Virginia, says of it: "I read it through at once; in fact, found it difficult to put it down until it was finished."
The *Youth's Companion* frequently quotes from it and has placed it on its Premium List. Every one says that it is fair to both sides.

L. W. HOPKINS

408 N. Eutaw Street **Baltimore, Md.**

CONFEDERATE BANNERS

Instead of an ordinary Christmas Card, send our "Confederate Banners" book to your Southern friends. Besides being an attractive souvenir, it is a concise and authentic history of the various flags used by the Confederate Army. The beautiful colorplate group of flags is worth the price, 25 cents. Address **Miss Mary Lynn Conrad, 178 S. Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va.**

If afflicted with SORE EYES use **Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

THE SOUTH'S GREATEST JEWELRY STORE

The B. H. STIEF CO.

WRITE FOR OUR FINE NEW CATALOGUE

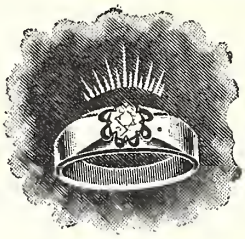


No. 119, $100.00
Extra Fine Diamond

Are You Ready for Christmas

Our Record and **Reputation** as **Diamond Merchants** is one that we think enviable, and our large and magnificent stock **Allows the Best Selection.** We can convince you of this fact if you'll favor us with a call. We have almost everything that can be desired in Diamond Jewelry—if not we are prepared to make it, and will gladly submit designs when desired.

If you can't call, write us. Open evenings till Xmas.



No. 231, $35.00



No. 319, $60.00



No. 261, $50.00

High Grade Selected Diamonds

We have Diamond Rings and Studs **from $5.00 to $500.00 and up.** We can convince you, if you'll call, that

We Can Save You Money on Diamonds

THE B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO.

404 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

For prompt attention to orders from VETERAN readers, address Desk 14

NASHVILLE, TENN.